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## HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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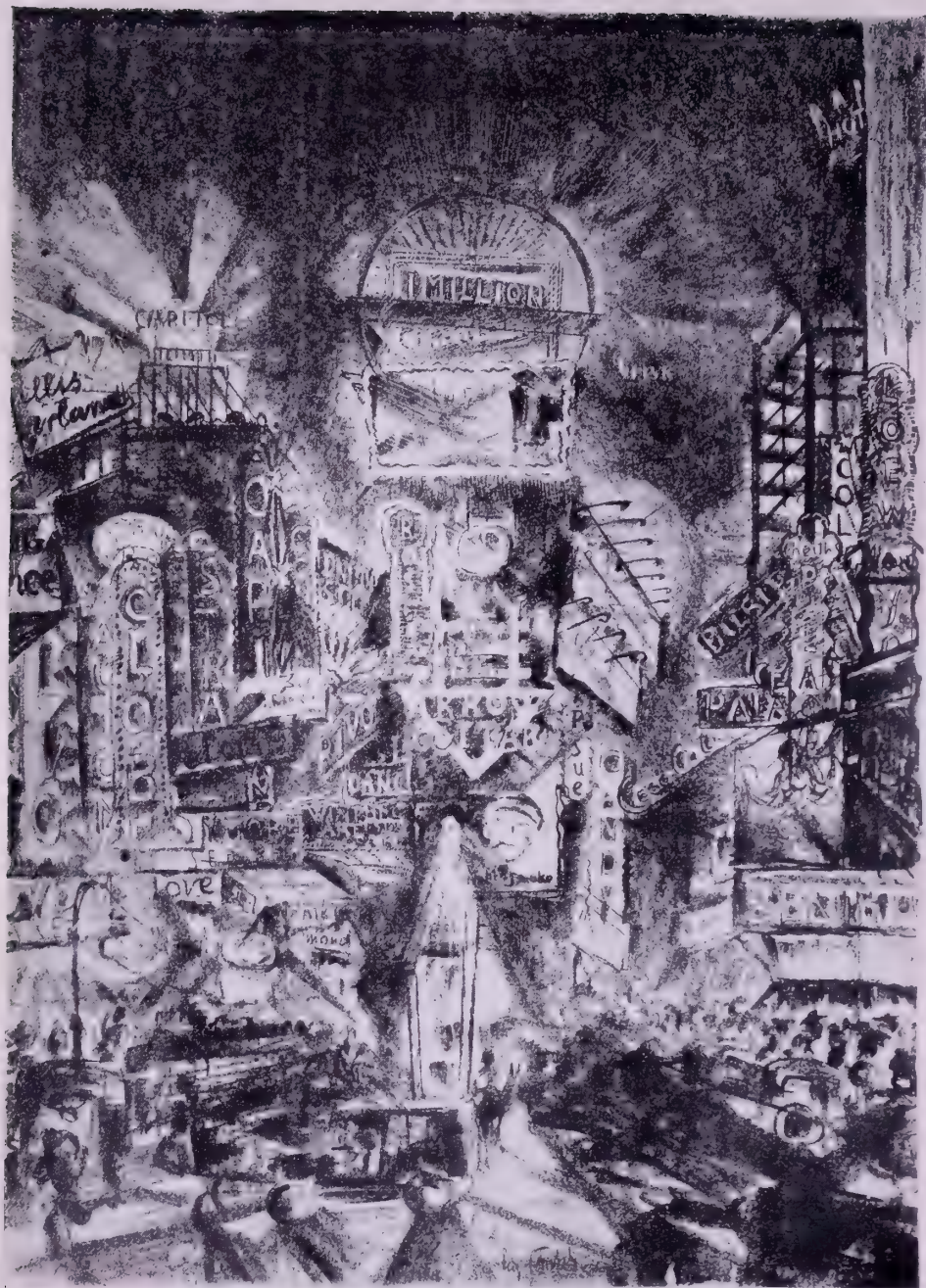












GAY WHITE WAY

By Eugene Fitsch

Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries



# Harpers *Magazine*

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## MICHIGAN MAGIC

THE DETROIT BANKING SCANDAL

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

**A**NTOINE LAUMET de la Mothe Cadillac found the place first. The bankers discovered it later. After this final discovery the glory and glamour of the place rose in glitter and heat to a point at which it defied the meager resources of the English language. The bankers set down the magical story in a brochure of exquisite beauty entitled "*Le Detroit des Grandes Aventures*"—a tale of "*voyageurs and wampum*." From all of which you will glean without further ado that we are speaking of our own Detroit—the city that was built in 1805 by Father Gabriel and set on fire in 1933 by Father Coughlin.

Here in this befuddled metropolis, more than anywhere else on the continent, were raised the symbols of that mad New Era beneath whose fragments we are now wriggling. And here, more than anywhere else, are to

be seen the bitter fruits of that shameful decade—deflation, bankruptcy, disillusionment, and dishonor.

The rise of Detroit was like that of no other large American city. For more than a hundred years, since the city of Lowell first rose out of the wilderness on the power looms of the new age of machinery, made-to-order industrial towns have sprung up over night in America. But Detroit was not like these places. It has often been compared to Los Angeles. But the two cities are essentially different. Detroit—the new Detroit—was built round the birth and growth of our most extraordinary machine industry. Hundreds of thousands of men and hundreds of thousands of horse-power were assembled to make things—create wealth—things which would transform the life of a continent. In Los Angeles it was different. It rose from



the desert on nothing more substantial than the breath of the subdivider. Modern Detroit was the product of industry, enterprise, promotion, and bunk. Los Angeles left out the industry and the enterprise. Detroit had its subdividers, its land racketeers, its lot factories, its mortgage foundries; but they did not constitute the true industry of the town. The motor makers were the builders. These others were the parasites which fastened themselves on the fruits of the motor industry.

There were two Detroit—two cities—the city of the motor makers, the Detroit of Ford, of Olds, of Chrysler, of General Motors, and all the clusters of industries that grew round these vast enterprises, and the city of the promoters—the Detroit of the Bankers—*Le Detroit des Grandes Aventures*—the Straits of High Adventure, the town of High Jinks, of real estate bonds and fresh-laid golden security eggs, of weird banking and adventurous Chevaliers d'Industrie.

But what with the restless striving of all these motor makers and bond makers, there grew up a city which captured the imagination of the whole world. It was all so astonishing that a Detroit writer, looking back at the quiet little town of the nineties which was called the City Beautiful, with its two hundred thousand souls, exclaimed in surprise, "Goodness gracious! how very poor the rich of that period seem in comparison with the near rich of 1929." That little town was supposed to have a few millionaires who had collected their fortunes making freight cars, pills, old-fashioned coal stoves, seeds, and glass. But one busy old lawyer laughed at these reputed million-dollar fortunes which under the pitiless scrutiny of the probate court always turned out to be so much smaller. Then Henry Ford and Robert E. Olds got to fid-

dling with the idea of a horseless carriage. Oddly enough, here in Detroit were all the elements needed for the emergence of this marvel: the carriage-body industry built on the nearness of abundant supplies of hickory timber; the gas-engine industry, largest in the country—and Henry Ford and Robert Olds. All these ingredients were put together about the turn of the century, and thereafter Detroit shot up like a weed. In every ten years since it has doubled its population. Between 1920 and 1930 not less than 600,000 workers poured into the city. By 1929 the town had a population of a million and a half souls and proudly proclaimed itself the Fourth City.

At this moment it was indeed an amazing place. People streamed in from every corner of the world to see the marvel of the assembly line—those prodigious motor factories which spread out over hundreds of acres each, and where one plant alone turned out 8000 cars a day. There were 150 automobile-accessory plants and more than two thousand factories of all sorts. Here that modern miracle and menace, the machine, came to its most terrifying perfection. National conventions met almost every day—400 of them in a year. Magnificent skyscrapers arose—towers—the Book Tower, the Barlow Tower, the Penobscot Tower, the Fisher Tower—monuments to the vanity of the builders and the greed of the bondmongers, while the city itself added rim after rim of acres—endless subdivisions, with houses actually on some of them, but most of them just checkerboards of brown sand and weeds, moldering sidewalks, trafficless streets, electric light poles, and mortgages. There were 10,000 speakeasies and seats at the movies for 200,000 tired workers. There were Grosse Pointe and Bloomfield Hills, where the nobility set up their mansions, sur-

passing in magnificence even the barbaric palaces of Hollywood. In one such place, the home of a former wheelwright, the owner's yacht could steam in from the lake through a beautiful lagoon to the great castle where, as it approached, huge bronze doors swung open and the yacht moved into the building, to disgorge its passengers on the marble quay within. There was no doubt about these millionaires—scores of them—in this Detroit of the twenties, though there is plenty of question about them now.

But the gaudiest of all the monuments in this new city was that most brilliant, most colorful tower of them all—the home of the Guardian Union Trust Company—the Cathedral of Finance, as its builders loved to call it. Here cocksure men—promoters who called themselves bankers—did for the banks of the city what Insull and Mitchell had done for the utility business; what the Van Sweringens had done for the railroad business. They developed the holding-company form of banking and two giant holding corporations set out to capture and to run all the banking machinery of a whole State. And they very nearly succeeded. And the high priests of one of these groups erected a cathedral of finance—a “symphony in ceramics,” a “vertical miracle,” a “temple of banking, of fidelity, and security in brick, tile, and monel metal”—certainly one of the most extraordinary buildings housing any bank in the world. It rises thirty-six stories—485 feet—above the sidewalk of Griswold and Congress Streets—a riot of color, modeled after the lines and decorative scheme of an Aztec temple, its ceilings aflame with fiery lacquers and burning metals, its walls pierced by magnificent stained-glass windows and encrusted with elaborate mosaics. No expense was spared to make this edifice worthy of those scintillating magicians who were

to work under its roof. It cost \$12,-000,000 of other people's money. It is perhaps the kind of a bank building Aimee McPherson might have built if she had heard of the banking racket before she got started as an evangelist. One splendid corridor is veneered with a soft-tinted Numidian stone taken from an African quarry which had been closed for thirty years in order to give the stone the proper tint. On the sixth floor are the conference rooms in knotty pine, furnished with Cape Cod chairs and tables. There are offices for the president of indescribable luxury, flanked by retiring rooms, massaging room, barber shop, baths.

“Here is a great financial institution which has grown up with Detroit,” reads a bulletin of the bank, “an institution with banking and fiduciary ramifications so far flung that every fourth Detroiter is in some degree personally affected by its operations.” Alas! if Detroiters imagined that just a rhetorical flourish in the old days, they know now how true it was.

This building was finished in 1929—by a strange irony—the cathedral rising as the New Era sank downward. Its gorgeous murals were painted by Ezra Winter, the artist who during the War came to be known as a wizard of camouflage. Certainly no smearing of green and yellow he ever applied in France more perfectly concealed the real nature of the thing which lay beneath. And, as a finishing touch, some grinning devil prompted the artist to put into a panel in the great hall of the bank this sentence:

Founded on principles of *faith* and understanding this building is erected for the purpose of maintaining and continuing the *ideal of financial service* which prompted the organization of this institution.

The inscription is by the directors of the bank. The italics are by the writer.

Less than three years after the



cathedral was dedicated the people of Detroit were to swarm into the streets to gaze, ruefully and stunned, through the doors of their closed banks, and the depositors of this one were to look through its monel metal gratings and to read in the brilliant stained-glass windows the legends "Security" and "Fidelity." This was but one of Detroit's banking institutions. It was part of one of those two imperial groups which got possession of nearly all of the State's money and credit resources. The chairman of the board and the president are gone now from their dens of grandeur. A small-salaried government official sits amid the oriental splendors. Indeed, humble bankers from the Comptroller's office sit in almost all the banks of Detroit and labor honestly and for modest pay to administer the vast freeze which descended on the city.

## II

I have said there were two Detroits. It is important to understand this. Perhaps more than any other great city, Detroit sends out of its borders the product of its mills. This means that into the city flows a tide of money from every quarter of the globe to pay for its cars. There are other industries, of course—glass, stoves, timber—but the automobile overshadows all others. Henry Ford alone employs more than all these other industries combined. In the last years of the great Coolidge rash the value of Detroit's products was nearly three billion dollars. The production of these cars and other things and the sucking of these vast sums of money into the city constituted one of the Detroits of which I have spoken. When the balances arrived to be distributed in wages, in interest, in money payments of all sorts, they were available for spending and saving. And it was the saving and spending and in-

vesting of these huge sums which made up the other Detroit.

It would have been strange indeed if there had not been present in the city men with an appetite for swift and easy profits who saw in these unprecedented floods of money the opportunity to satisfy their hunger. One might have supposed that among a civilized people the banks would be citadels to guard the population from the rapacity of these marauders and that the bankers would be the especial defenders of these fortresses. But as it happened the banks were taken over by the hungry gentlemen in question. And so they were able to do their work upon the treasure without let or hindrance from any force.

What they did not know was that this golden tide of funds would one day cease. From the assembly lines of the automobile plants went an endless line of cars to be seized by waiting pilots, rushed to testing fields, and hurried out to the world. All this complex and bewildering process the Detroiter understood. He knew and could explain to the visitor to the minutest detail how the cars were made. What he could not explain, what indeed he never even thought about, was how the dollars were made which paid for those cars. Every time a one-thousand-dollar car is made in Detroit somewhere in the world a very specific one thousand dollars must be made to buy the car. And these thousands had to be made before they could flow into Detroit. And of course what the Detroiter did not realize was that these dollars were being made out of nothing. He was making very substantial, very ponderable automobiles to ship out. The world was making very insubstantial and very imponderable dollars to ship in. As it turned out these dollars, looking real enough when they were materialized from nothing by banks, began, after



a while, to dematerialize. Detroit didn't notice this. It continued to make cars and send them out. But presently the dollars ceased to flow in. And very soon the great assembly line halted; the factories closed their doors, and Detroit's hundreds of thousands of workers were jobless. The depression had arrived, though Detroit was assured the whole thing was just a mere interlude.

It was at this moment that the city needed to lean upon its reserves—to rest for support upon those great sums which had been saved from the streams of the gilded years. The Detroiters now began to notice that those phantom dollars which had looked so real were melting away—not just passing out of their hands and into the hands of others—but evaporating into the air from whence they came. And then certain lordly men who supposed that they knew it all, sitting in their cathedrals of finance, began to discover that they had monkeyed with a force too vast for them and that the machinery was falling apart about their ears.

### III

These Michigan magicians had invented something brand new in the way of banking. It was not so completely new, of course, as they supposed, for group banking has broken out in this country at intervals, and almost always with disastrous results. But this was group banking with more virulent tumescence and higher temperature and some new complications. It was a combination of unit banking and branch banking, security manufacture, real estate exploitation, and numerous other lines, including running a garage, and all brought together under the control of a holding company like a utility web or department store chain. There were, of course, holding companies running wild

among banks in other places. But in Michigan two groups—two holding companies—set out to capture the entire banking resources of a whole State.

One of these holding companies was known as the Detroit Bankers Group; the other as the Guardian Detroit Union Group. Let us not lose ourselves in the wilderness of corporate names and titles. These simple designations will suffice to pick our way through the jungle.

Each group had a great commercial bank of deposit with branches all over Detroit. Each group owned unit banks throughout Michigan, many of them with branches. Each group had its big trust company and each had its cluster of subsidiary corporations engaged in various types of security operations.

The Detroit Bankers group had the immense First National Bank doing a deposit and savings business and with 140 branches in the city.

The Guardian Detroit Union group had its Guardian National Bank of Commerce with 38 branches in Detroit. Thus the two controlled 178 banking houses in Detroit, besides their main offices and trust companies, and they controlled eighty cents out of every one dollar deposited in the city.

The Detroit Bankers had nine banks in Michigan outside Detroit. The Guardian Detroit Union had thirty-six. And some of these had numerous branches. Thus the two groups had in their possession four out of every five dollars deposited in Michigan banks. Almost every merchant, every small shop owner, every small manufacturer, every business house employing people had their working capital in these banks and depended on their remaining open to keep in business. Almost every family in Detroit had their savings in these banks. There were 800,000 depositors. If these banks should fail, the working capital

of the whole city, the savings of 800,000 persons, the security and commercial existence of nearly the whole population would be imperilled. In other cities one bank might fail and the others, somewhat strained, might continue. But in Detroit failure of one meant the failure of all. And they did fail. Not just two banks, but 178 banks closed their doors. A great industrial city and a rich industrial and agricultural State were left for months almost without money. It was the most comprehensive bank failure in our history, and it marked the crash of the kind of banking which these magicians gave Michigan.

When these holding companies came down all the elaborate and trumped-up explanations for their creation came down with them. The promoters explained very patiently to Congress, which looked them over with curiosity once, that Michigan and Detroit needed larger banking facilities; that Detroit business men could not get in the small Detroit banks the accommodations they required; that, therefore, it was necessary to create these banking giants to serve their community. But when they closed their doors it was discovered that in one bank 85 per cent of the loans were in securities and the rest in real estate mortgages. No banker needs to be told that this is a fatally unhealthy condition. The bank was not a commercial bank at all. But the explanation given by the bankers is that they were forced to seek investment in securities as there was no demand for commercial loans.

Then they declared that Michigan needed stronger banks; that the individual unit banks could not hope to be as strong as a great collection of banks bound together, each as strong as the resources of all. As a matter of fact, some day we shall learn that great depressions are nothing more than the

accumulation of small failures which have been hidden, carried along, permitted to grow like a cancer under the skin until all these multitudinous failures roll together into one grand depression. These Detroit banking groups were not consolidations of strong banks into stronger and bigger ones. They were consolidations of weak banks into weaker and smaller ones. This will probably surprise a lot of people in Detroit who, as consolidation followed consolidation, heard the chantings of the ballyhoosers and read the high horse-power proclamations of how a greater bank had arisen beside the lake.

Thus back in 1926 there was the Griswold National Bank operating alone. Presently it was announced that the Griswold and the First State would combine. There was plenty of journalistic yodling about that splendid constructive merger. The new bank was called the Griswold First State. Then a few months later the president of the combination resigned and a little later he was indicted and a little later died in a mysterious automobile accident. The truth is that the Griswold was growing feeble. Thirty per cent of its loans were locked up in real estate; it had enough bad loans to wipe out its surplus, and the bank examiner had secretly called attention to its unfavorable condition. After a while the Griswold First State merged with the National Bank of Commerce. Once again there was the usual flourish of drums. But this combination was made in order to strengthen the weakened condition of these banks.

Next, the old Union Trust Company, which had once been a strong fiduciary institution, and the National Bank of Commerce were brought together under the dominion of the first holding company—the Union Investment Trust. About this time the



Guardian Detroit group was formed. This was in 1927, and immediately the two began a race to buy up smaller banks. By 1929 they were hammering away at this. In May the Guardian crowd got three and the Union crowd bought two. In June the Guardian crowd bought five and in July the Union company took over four. In September the Union group bought six and the Guardian crowd put over a sockdolager by gobbling ten. By this time there was little for them to do but eat each other. What is more, this was more or less necessary. For already the first premonitory symptoms of our great national indigestion had made themselves felt. Once more a grand consolidation varnished over the decaying tissues underneath. The amalgamators proceeded upon the theory that in banking you have only to save the surface and you save all. And thus the Union group and the Guardian Detroit group were put together to form the Guardian Detroit Union group—one of those grandiose holding companies I have already described. Commercial banks were combined and trust companies were combined, and Detroit was told it had bigger and better banks. But in fact it had smaller banks. A bank is really only as big as its capital and surplus. And in the case of the new bank—the Guardian National Bank of Commerce—it represented the merging of a series of banks whose combined capital before the mergers was round \$30,000,000. After the mergers they had been reduced to a single bank with a capital of \$10,000,000. There was a bigger building resting on a smaller foundation. Detroiters were putting more deposits into a smaller bank, but they didn't realize it.

#### IV

If you had been a depositor in one of the branch banks of these holding

companies and had gone, as many did, to "ask your banker" what you should do with your money, you might have been told to buy bonds of the Bagley-Clifford Corporation. This company built the Michigan Theatre Building. The funds were provided by selling bonds to Detroit investors. But the one class of stock—a small amount—belonged to another corporation—the Detroit Properties Corporation. Among the directors of this company was the chairman of the board of one of the big banks and the chairman of one of the big trust companies. And if you wished, you could borrow money from these banks with which to buy the bonds. It is not necessary to lengthen out this narrative with an account of all the millions which were extracted from the people of Detroit by devices like this, floated by the security companies of the holding companies for the benefit of corporations in which the bank officials were interested. Hotels, club houses, magnificent apartment houses, office buildings, "towers" by the dozens were erected, the bonds sold to Detroiters and the loans carried on them by the various banks. Not only were such bonds floated against buildings but against vast stretches of vacant land. And to-day these sterile acres stand, buried under defaulted mortgages which are carried by the banks. What is more, the county was induced through well-directed political action to build streets, sewers, water mains through still uninhabited prairies, so that while the investors and banks are crushed under the load, the county is near bankruptcy because of the millions spent to aid these subdividers. One of these banks has \$150,000,000 in mortgages—50,000 separate mortgages. One of the trust companies has 72 per cent of its assets invested in real estate mortgages or bonds.

These so-called bankers were not



primarily interested in banking. They were interested in promoting. Above all, they were interested in the stock of the holding companies. In one of these the stock was issued at \$20 a share. At one time it went to more than \$300 a share. The insiders hoped to get it up to \$1000 a share. One of the promoters owned a corporation. Its assets consisted of stocks and bonds of no great value, but marked at \$6,000,000. He sold it all to the holding company in exchange for 100,000 shares of its stock—par value \$20 or \$2,000,000. But at the moment it had a market value of \$17,000,000. It went at one time to more than \$30,000,000.

Everything was done to force up the price of the holding company stock. Banks were forced to pay dividends to the holding company even though not earned, in order to make a showing. Employees and officers were pressed to buy the stock to create a demand for it. When the First National closed, 696 of its employees, 16 cashiers, 22 vice-presidents had borrowed money from the bank and put up as collateral the stock of the holding company. No banker should speculate. Certainly he should not speculate in the stocks of his own bank. Above all he should not speculate in the stocks of his own bank with the bank's money.

The companies owned by the holding companies were always heavy borrowers from the banks owned by the holding company. Four corporations owned by the Guardian Detroit Union group owed \$17,000,000 to its bank, the Guardian National Bank of Commerce, and the securities given as collateral for the loans are worth not over \$7,000,000.

All this is possible in holding-company banking because no examiner can follow transactions through the labyrinth of corporations. The presi-

dent of one of the trust companies organized an investment trust. He sold some 17,000 shares of this stock to Subsidiary A owned by the holding company. To make the purchase he borrowed the money from Subsidiary B. Then Subsidiary B borrowed the money from the Trust Company headed by the president aforesaid. These things are complicated. They are meant to be. I cannot help it. These are but samples.

Are we to wonder that banks like this, thus manned and implemented, should begin to sag a little at signs of business trouble? Yet, strange as it may seem, much of all this manipulation went on after Michigan had felt the first fury of the depression. Detroit's unemployed rose in numbers, but the bankers only increased the tempo of their operations. With nearly 400,000 people out of work, Mayor Frank Murphy struggled with the impossible task of feeding them. He had promised Detroit the "dew and the dawn and the sunshine of a New Era." He spent \$20,000,000 in one year for welfare work and fought valiant battles against organized charities and Henry Ford. But the time came when Murphy's relief funds gave out. The whole country sank down upon the floor of the depression. Property owners stopped paying taxes. The dew and the dawn and the sunshine defaulted along with the subdividers who owed money on vacant developments and the corporations which owned the "towers." The wizards who had brought forth the "new banking" saw their assets freezing in their vaults. And now they proceeded to demonstrate the possibilities of a large collection of holding-company banks and affiliates for juggling purposes.

The bank examiner found \$3,500,000 of bad collateral in one bank. He demanded that it be corrected. The

bank borrowed \$3,500,000 from Ford, but concealed the transaction. A new subsidiary corporation was formed. Ford lent the money to the new subsidiary. Then this corporation bought the bad assets from the bank.

On another occasion the bank's deposits had fallen \$6,000,000. The annual statement was due. The bankers did not wish to show a decline. They induced a big depositor to deposit \$10,000,000 on the last day of the month so that it would show in the statement, and then boasted of an increase in deposits. Two days later the \$10,000,000 was withdrawn. Numerous other stratagems were used to conceal the failing condition, and finally loans were made for various units from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

Thus these two great banking groups moved toward dissolution, but with the utmost secrecy. Only a few weeks before the end they paid dividends. But on February 14th, as the new administration prepared to take over the government, one of their largest units came to the end of its string. It was almost completely frozen. And in that emergency, to conceal the facts from the people, to hide the weaknesses of most of the other banks in the groups, the distraught promoters appealed to the governor of Michigan to declare a state-wide banking holiday. And this was done. Thus all of those independent banks which had steadfastly resisted the blandishments of the groups to join them and which remained healthy, were compelled to close together with the frozen-group banks, and an entire State saw all of its money reserves imprisoned. What is more, the crash sent a shiver through the enfeebled banking structure of the nation. Panic was in the air. The big motor companies to meet their Detroit pay-rolls began drawing on

banks in other States, which in turn were weakened. And on March 5th the new President, as his first act, was driven to close every bank in the United States.

Then the men who had organized this vast disaster began to blame everybody—Henry Ford because he would not empty his wallet to save them, Senator James Couzens of Michigan because he would not approve a loan of preposterous size from the government, the public because it asked for its funds—everybody, in fact, but themselves.

It is not possible to describe the plight of the city they have thus cast down. It could not have got along save for outside aid, like a town struck down by a flood or an earthquake. The motor companies really saved it from utter disaster by getting their meager pay-rolls from outside banks. The government rushed in millions. Merchants trusted their old customers. Hundreds of merchants accepted checks on the closed banks, because, the town was made to believe, all would yet be well and they would open soon. These checks were, of course, never presented. The whole commercial life of the city and State was paralyzed and remained so for about two months.

The two great banks are still closed, and as one rides round Detroit there are those numerous bank buildings dark and lifeless, including 152 of the branches. The city is in default on its bonds—\$400,000,000 of them. It is paying its teachers in scrip. People have practically stopped paying taxes; interest on mortgages has almost wholly ceased. The city's 40,000 families dependent on public charity would starve were it not for the federal government which has footed all the relief bills for a year. While the proud nobility of Grosse Pointe and Bloomfield are almost as broke as their



humbler brothers in the tenements, many live in their splendid homes because it hardly pays to foreclose on them. What is more serious, the city is torn by bitter hatreds. For this too the men who wrecked the banks are responsible. They face, along with other stockholders, suits by the government to pay a double assessment on their bank stocks. Their one drive now is to escape that. They have been trying to hush up all investigation. They turn with rage upon anyone who seeks to probe the causes of the failures. They have continued to struggle to get government money to open these utterly insolvent banks. Leading the fight against them is Senator Couzens. They call him a traitor to their city because he insists on getting at the facts.

In the meantime some relief has come. The motor companies have put large numbers of men to work this fall, though the number is declining again. And the burden of relief has been lightened by the exodus of several hundreds of thousands from the city. And, with the aid of the government and two of the large motor companies a new and healthy and rapidly growing bank has been opened through which forty per cent of the deposits of the old banks were rescued and distributed. The city enjoys one great advantage—the one I referred to at the outset. Its motor plants are still there and, when running, can bring in fresh streams of money income from the outside. And sooner or later this will begin to set in motion fresh tides of blood in this troubled town. It has a good banking example in those few smaller banks which, despite all the storm and pressure, were able to continue doing business because they had stuck to banking and left the garage business, stock-jobbing, sub-dividing, and promoting to others.

Meantime, it all stands as a terrify-

ing lesson to a country which has not yet finished making its banking laws safe, and which is even farther from making sufficiently exact the ethical standards of its business leaders. While I was in the West I read that one of our enterprising cities had held high jubilation. The citizens flocked to the main street. Four brigades of firemen, with fire apparatus, motorcycle police, civic associations, and a band of music paraded up the main street while whistles blew and bells rang and the populace cheered. And for what? An American city in a land where poverty had been abolished was celebrating because it was being given a bank—largely with government funds. Congratulations were showered on the new bank president. And who was he? A gentleman who at that very moment had in another bank an unpaid note for several hundred thousand dollars secured by a mortgage on a graveyard. Alas! we have some distance yet to travel.

The poison of the old Coolidge era is still in our blood. America does not yet realize how far business strayed from those paths of simple honesty which, even as we turned our backs on them, we continued to glorify in print. And from these simple standards no one strayed farther than our bankers. It is indeed a commentary on our moral befuddlement that those who called out that we were going astray were—and indeed still are—branded as radicals. Honesty is not one of the inventions of Lenin or Stalin or the Third Internationale. It is supposed to be one of the fruits of civilization. But in the universal worship of riches, with the successful acquisitive man proclaimed from magazine and newspaper and radio and pulpit and academy as the prime hero of the American scene, our people seemed to have lost interest in the moral appraisal of the means by which these men became rich.



How do they become rich? Above all, how do bankers become rich? It is a question well worth asking. Certainly they do not become rich upon their salaries—that is, out of the pay they receive for the services they perform. Their fortunes are made out of those opportunities which come to them through the custody of so much money. Whose money? The money of other people, money they hold in trust. No man has a right to seek or use such opportunities. The banker, well paid for his services, ought to be content with the wage he receives for them. Indeed, if we were as thoroughly civilized as we like to believe, a rich banker would be an object of scorn.

We have a job of civilizing to do, and this is a task for the schools. To the extent that the pulpit is a part of our ethical educational system, we may take a little hope when preachers remember a little more faithfully the principles of religion they preach, and when our colleges cease dishonoring their high missions by putting wreaths on the brows of men whose chief claim to academic distinction is the piles of money they have accumulated.

But we ought not to trust merely to education. I repeat now solemnly what I ventured to say well before our present difficulties brought us up in

our unthinking rush—that unless some means are found to take out of the hands of these grasping men the implements of financial racketeering with which we have provided them, the present system to which Americans are wedded will vanish long before the slow processes of education can save it. Let us remember that the instrument with which these money-crazed men operate is the corporation. That useful instrument has been tortured out of all semblance to its original character. But whatever it is, it is an invention of the State. No man can obtain a corporation charter with which to run amuck in society without getting it from the State. It is with the modern corporation, with its modern gadgets, that the American promoter manages to seize control over the resources of so many other people and use them to the injury of society. And the worst feature of these modern corporate devices is the holding company. Whatever may be its evil characters in other areas of business, in the banking world it is an unmixed curse. Congress has made a law against the bank affiliate, but it has not yet outlawed the bank holding company and few, if any, States have done anything about it. That should be the first care of Congress when it reconvenes and of every State legislature at its earliest session.



# PROTECTION

A STORY

BY STELLA BENSON

IN THE corner of the dingy little saloon of the ship *China Rose*, Mrs. Burns sat eating her dinner with some difficulty—for the sea was rough. There were two or three other passengers in the *China Rose*, a small coastal ship, but all, it seemed, were seasick except Mrs. Burns. The Captain and two of his officers sat at another table and, after congratulating Mrs. Burns in jocular voices on her valiant immunity, talked among themselves only. The Captain seemed rather harassed. The day had been so dark and the sea so high that he had not been able to find out exactly where he was and, since the coast was notoriously dangerous in that region, had been obliged to anchor as best he might when night fell. The ship—due in port that morning early—would, therefore, be at least twenty-four hours late, even if the next day's weather should be better.

Mrs. Burns was half way through her dinner when another passenger suddenly appeared, a young woman whom Mrs. Burns had not hitherto seen. The newcomer was very pale, her hair was untidy, and she had rouged her cheeks very carelessly; but these flaws could not disguise her remarkable good looks. She strode to Mrs. Burns's table and sat down, saying loudly, "I feel wretchedly ill, but I must put in an appearance, I suppose, to show that I'm not seasick."

"My husband is not seasick either," said Mrs. Burns loyally. "He ate some of that cucumber salad at tiffin," she added in a low secret voice, looking nervously at the Captain, in case his pride might be involved in the integrity of his ship's cucumbers.

"I'm so glad," said the newcomer.

Mrs. Burns, though subscribing, for her husband's sake, to the odd theory that it is somehow more noble to suffer from cucumbers than from seasickness, was a little surprised that this stranger should be actually *glad* of his sufferings. "But girls will be girls in these days," thought Mrs. Burns. "Especially such good-looking girls."

The stranger repeated, "I *am* glad. Steward, take this cucumber salad away. It's a public danger. I'm glad but not surprised."

"What at?" Mrs. Burns could not resist asking.

"At being warned in time. It's always the way. I live an absolutely *protected* life."

Mrs. Burns was an ideal receptacle for the stories of other people's lives. She looked very gentle; she never had any story of her own to tell; she nearly always made the correct flattering comments on the stories she was told, and was correctly flabbergasted at the correct moments. And so, between the stranger (Miss Wanda Galloway), a born talker, and Mrs. Burns, a born listener, talk, about Miss Galloway

herself of course, was almost inevitable. She spoke in a very clear, confident voice and, as she was a very handsome young woman indeed, the Captain and officers, their faces turned toward her, prepared to listen, unabashed, from the other table. As the girl was so handsome they naturally hoped to hear that gentle stream of fascinating inanity that beautiful lips as a rule emit, but disillusionment dawned as her self-confident incisive voice cleaved the air.

"I've always been like that; it's quite disconcerting," she said. "My guardian angel's really *too* officious. It's really embarrassing how everything is always so elaborately arranged for the best for me. Look at this delay in our arrival at Tungli-fu. It's all on my account. I get these wretched attacks of bronchial asthma—they only last twenty-four hours or so—and what does my guardian angel do but arrange to delay the ship twenty-four hours, so that I can stay in bed all day and keep warm and get well, instead of arriving at Tungli-fu this morning and splashing to shore in a sampan two miles over a rough sea. I tell you, it's *typical*. I'm always looked after like this."

The Captain, perhaps thinking selfishly of his sailing schedule and the interests of his owners at the mercy of a passenger's officious guardian angel, rattled his coffee-cup a little irritably.

"You are joking, surely," said Mrs. Burns gently. "You can't really believe that a heavenly being would watch so carefully over one person at the expense of others."

"I must believe it," said Miss Galloway intensely. "My experience obliges me to believe it. Guardian angels are fallible, like everyone else, I suppose, and mine is certainly over-zealous. I'm not saying I approve of it—on the contrary, I often feel really uncomfortable about it—but there it is. I remember first noticing it when my

dear father died. He was very much opposed to my leaving home to study painting, and we had one dreadful final scene, in the course of which he threatened—poor darling—to cut me off with a shilling if I insisted on having my own way. He died of heart failure that night, poor dear Daddy. I was frightfully cut up, of course, but—I was able to study painting. The money Dad left me, though it wasn't wealth, was enough to keep me very comfortably during my training." After a reminiscent pause she added, "You will be wondering whether I became a good enough painter to justify my guardian angel in such a drastic removal of darling Daddy."

The shocked Mrs. Burns had not been wondering anything of the kind. "Art" was a kind of indoor game, in her view, and could not be looked upon as a justification of anything, in any circumstances, any more than could ping-pong.

"The answer is *No*," continued Miss Galloway relentlessly. "I was a very bad painter indeed. My guardian angel, I suppose, realized this, for somehow, through a series of accidents, so to speak, I got the reputation of being a very subtle painter without ever having my pictures seen by any one who really knew how to draw. Among those who didn't know how to draw [they are in a majority in European painting circles] I got the name of being so mysteriously significant that presently Wilson Forrest [who of course *did* know how to draw] asked if he might come to my studio." You know about Wilson Forrest, of course . . . Well, he was quite sure in advance that he had discovered a new marvel in me. My guardian angel pays the most extraordinary attention to detail in these matters; he had omitted nothing that could whet Wilson's keenness—without ever letting him come across a completed ex-



ample of my work. My beginnings are always very impressive. On the day Wilson was coming, I was getting tea ready for him and went out for the cakes. . . . I suppose the spirit lamp under the tea-kettle must have exploded—anyway, the studio caught fire; the house, in fact, was burned down. Not one of my canvases was saved.”

“How very shocking!” exclaimed Mrs. Burns. “Was anyone injured?”

“Injured? No. Oh, yes, by the way, the landlady’s little girl was badly hurt. Well, Wilson arrived when the fire was at its height and he was so deeply impressed by the way I faced the complete loss of ten years’ work that he proposed marriage to me on the spot. I never painted another stroke but, owing to Wilson’s faith in me, this somehow enhanced my esoteric and subtle reputation—and, till the day of his death, he always spoke of me as a first-rate painter.”

“The day of his death!” echoed Mrs. Burns aghast. “You are not going to tell me that your guardian angel took a dislike to—”

“Oh, not before my reputation was well established, of course. It was wartime, you know. Wilson was one of the first to join up, poor dear. As a matter of fact, he wasn’t killed till two years later. Twice, indeed, we arranged to be actually married, but my guardian angel saw to it that all leave was stopped, the first time; the Battle of the Somme had begun and—”

“Surely you can’t realize what you are saying!” gasped Mrs. Burns. “That the Battle of the Somme, in which the flower of England fell, was arranged in order that you—”

“I’m not making any comment on the facts,” said Miss Galloway. “I’m not saying any of this was justifiable. On the contrary, I’ve admitted freely that my guardian angel carries things very much too far. I’m simply telling

you what happened. The second time Wilson’s leave was due—we had again arranged our wedding—but, that time, I broke my leg—”

“You broke *your* leg!” breathed Mrs. Burns on a refreshed note. Something like a sigh of relief went round the saloon—a sigh so audible that Miss Galloway realized then that the Captain and officers were listening to her story—whether or not she noticed that all were pink with repressed hostility. She did not, however, lower her voice. She need fear no foe, being so assiduously protected.

“It was all arranged by that busy angel of mine of course. It was in hospital that I met John—he was the house-surgeon. We became engaged almost at once. I must say, my guardian angel has done him proud (as the saying goes) ever since. Stroke after stroke of wonderful good luck has come his way; I wish there were time to describe to you some of the proofs of elaborate pre-arrangement that came to light in connection with dear John’s career. . . . He never could be spared, for one reason or another, to go to the War, and since the War he has had some marvellous jobs. Not only that, but all his cousins and things were killed and he inherited a great deal of money. His last job is just the kind of thing he loves, for he’s an enthusiastic traveler. He’s in charge of a group of big mission hospitals—endless opportunities for research, of course. I’m on my way now to be married to him at M. where he has a most comfortable house in the hospital compound. Everything sounds delightful. Quite a comfortable train journey, I believe, from Tungli-fu, and now that the weather has delayed the ship long enough to let me get over my chill—well, you can see, can’t you, that my guardian angel’s obviously still on the job?”

"But what about poor Mr. Thingumbob?" asked Mrs. Burns most mournfully. "Wasn't he very much upset?"

"Oh, Wilson? Yes, poor old Wilson turned rather nasty—said I'd treated him badly—but he was killed quite soon, poor old thing."

And in her expressionless tone, which conveyed "So that was that," Mrs. Burns was horrified to recognize that impulse that sometimes occurs, like a chip of flint in the normal mind—and from the normal mind is instantly extracted—that flash of feeling, "I injured him; the thought of him insults me in my own thoughts; I can't bear that he should be alive." This feeling, an impulse of vengeance on the part of vanity, refers always to those we have injured rather than to those who have injured us. It is very much more unbearable to the vanity to hurt than to be hurt. The gentle Mrs. Burns, therefore, half-recognizing something that appalled her in Miss Galloway's reference to her first lover's death, said, "I am sorry but I really must go to my cabin now; I'm feeling . . . seasick." Seasickness is admittedly a shameful thing to admit; but there are deeper shames.

Mr. Burns, faintly bleating from his bunk for news of the outer world, was unable to understand what it was that had distressed his wife so much. "Guardian angels?" he murmured, closing his eyes convulsively as the window-curtain swung out above him to an angle of thirty-five degrees. "A very pretty notion, I should have thought, my dear. And very unusual in one of these modern girls . . ."

The Captain evidently discovered where he was by the more hopeful light of dawn, for the ship *China Rose* was entering Tungli-fu harbor as Mrs. Burns awoke. She was glad of this for, though the Burns's destination was

not Tungli-fu, arrival at this harbor spelled "Last lap, thank goodness," to them. Mrs. Burns was enjoying this trip even less than she usually enjoyed China coast trips; last night had left a bad taste in her mouth. As she lay musing in her bunk, she heard a widespread shouting outside and then a terrifying slow crash. The ship gave a great lurch and recoiled, and then there was a second's silence before the shouting began again. "A collision," cried Mr. Burns. They were both on deck before they had time to think again.

The deck of the *China Rose* was strewn with wreckage, and yet it seemed obvious, even to a landlubber's eye, that the other ship involved was the more seriously damaged. The second officer confirmed this, when he had time to speak to passengers. "It's a judgment on old Ericson," he cried. "Look at his bows, I ask you. The *Rose* is well out of it. Did you see the way he came straight at us? Must have been drunk. Every one knows old Ericson and avoids him like the plague. In the ordinary way we miss him here—it was just that twenty-four hours' delay . . ."

"You'll find there was a reason for it," said Miss Galloway who came up at that moment. The second officer disappeared uncomfortably. Mr. Burns, who, unshaven and in his crumpled kimono, looked no more smart than might be expected, after his thirty-six hours' ordeal, hurried away with a muffled apology. Mrs. Burns was too kind to escape so precipitately, and the silence that followed (for Miss Galloway did not seem in the least curious about the accident) was broken only by a new voice.

"Darling Wanda, I saw it happen! Imagine my feelings! I was on my way out in the launch. I expected to see you go to the bottom before my eyes. Oh, darling, how frightful!



And I'd been thinking we were so lucky, for I thought I might miss you. Our plans are all changed. I've been *blessing* the storm that delayed you . . ."

Miss Galloway threw herself into the arms of the speaker, a large pink young man whom one could see at a glance to be an excellent creature. Mrs. Burns looked at him for a moment with a mourning eye, as at one doomed, and then, recollecting herself, and, still more, recollecting her kimono and pig-tails, hurried to her cabin, additionally sped by the sound of more strangers approaching. As she dressed she heard the chorus on deck increased to a community outcry, above which the piercing, cheerful voice of Miss Galloway's beloved could be heard crying, "Darling! Isn't it *too* extraordinary!"

So many newcomers, attracted by the accident, were now on board that Mr. and Mrs. Burns, arriving in the saloon for breakfast, found scarcely a seat free and were enabled to sit down only by the offer of Miss Galloway and her young doctor—"If we sit small, this seat'll hold us all." "Isn't it *too* extraordinary!" shrielled the ingenuous young man as soon as he had been introduced. "It's *so* like darling Wanda—she's literally collided with a parson—just at the right moment . . . yes, there was a parson on board the other ship; and as both ships are going to be delayed, he can marry us. Isn't it extraordinary?—parsons are such very rare birds at Tungli-fu. You see, our plans had been changed; I'm being sent down the coast (I was booked on that ship that you collided with) to help to deal with an outbreak of plague, and—"

"Oh, don't go where there's plague," cried Mrs. Burns, to her own surprise.

"Why not? It's a marvellous chance for me. Anyway, the only fly

in the ointment was a frightfully big fly: I had had to wire to Wanda to postpone our wedding and tell her to go up to Hongkong and wait for me there. But now, not only is this ship twenty-four hours behind her time, so that I could meet her myself; not only has Wanda nailed down a parson by colliding with him, but both ships are now delayed for repair, so that we can be married and have three or four days together before I have to send her to Hongkong—"

"Three or four days of delay!" echoed Mr. Burns, horrified, thinking of the mission conference in Hongkong to which he was bound.

"Yes, isn't it extraordinary! It might have been *arranged*."

"It was," said Miss Galloway.

Her lover laughed. "She's got a bee in her bonnet, this girl has! Isn't she a darling!" he said to Mrs. Burns.

Mrs. Burns shuddered. "I think your plans are very rash, really I do—if you'll forgive my saying so." She tried to put into words the reason for her feeling. "Getting married . . . and then parting at once . . . and then sending her in this ship to Hongkong . . . and then going, yourself, into such danger . . ."

"Oh, there's no danger from plague!" cried the young man blithely. "And even if the worst came to the worst, it's much easier to fix things up safely, you know, for one's widow than—"

"Oh, don't—don't," cried Mrs. Burns.

Mr. Burns was still intent upon his own misfortune. "Three or four days," he murmured tragically, and the moment breakfast was over, he hurried to buttonhole the Captain. Mrs. Burns waited for him on deck. The two damaged ships lay close together, a swarm of boats and launches round them. What few other passengers there were went ashore. Miss Gal-



loway went ashore with her true love and her miraculously discovered clergyman. "You must come to the wedding, Mrs. Burns—I'll let you know," she called up from the launch. Mrs. Burns smiled and waved, but she could have cried as she looked down on the innocent bald spot on the fluffy crown of the intended husband. It seemed to her that Miss Galloway's guardian angel sat beside him, eyeing him ominously, fidgeting with a flaming sword.

Mr. Burns at last appeared with the Captain.

"Shall I go to their wedding or not?" said Mrs. Burns restlessly.

"You can't," said Mr. Burns. "We're off. The Captain says the damage isn't so serious as he at first thought—and it'll be better repaired in Hongkong. We're off at once."

"But—oh, Captain—Miss Galloway . . . she's supposed to be coming to Hongkong . . . she went ashore . . . oughtn't we to send word . . . ?"

"If passengers leave the ship before I've made my arrangements they must take the consequences," said the Captain with a slightly guilty look.

"But her luggage, her trousseau?" implored the tender-hearted lady.

"It's gone ashore in the agents' launch."

"*Captain!* I believe you deliberately—"

"If passengers leave the ship—" began the Captain again, and then candor rushed back into his face. "I'm damned if I'll have any more guardian angels in my ship!" he said,

and walked away gaily, sniffing pleased sniffs about the deck, as though it had been successfully disinfected.

Every one in those seas remembers the fate of the *China Rose*. She must have been more seriously damaged by the collision than she seemed, for she developed a list not long after leaving Tungli-fu, and quite slowly and quietly capsized. The passengers, officers, and crew all had ample time to find safety in the boats.

"It's that devil of a girl," was the first thing the Captain said, after a long, most unhappy silence, as he sat in the lifeboat beside Mrs. Burns.

"I don't quite see why, sir," said the second officer. "Though I agree that she was a devil of a girl."

"I figured it out wrong, of course," said the Captain. "She seemed to be so dangerously *well protected* that I thought it was our only hope to leave her behind. But now, of course, it's obvious that that damned angel of hers arranged for her to be left behind."

"But she would have been all right with us, sir," persisted the second officer. "Here we are, all safe and sound—and Lord knows *we've* got no guardian angels fussing about . . ."

"She would have lost her trousseau," said the Captain gloomily.

"Oh, you shouldn't talk in this way, even in jest," said Mrs. Burns gently. She looked uneasily at the melancholy bowed down faces of the sailors, and, as she did so, she had a sudden impulse to pray for the young man who was by now the husband of the beautiful Miss Galloway.



# THE STRUGGLE FOR INTELLECTUAL INTEGRITY

BY P. W. BRIDGMAN

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THE August 1933 number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains two important articles dealing with current social changes: one by James Truslow Adams on the Crisis in Morals, and one by T. L. Harris on the changing attitude of the younger generation, particularly that in the colleges, toward religion. Both of these are matters of large social import, and correct thinking about them is essential. Both articles left me profoundly dissatisfied, and with the feeling that both authors had missed a vital and fundamental feature, peculiarly characteristic of our evolving culture, common to both situations. Let us first discuss the changing attitude toward religion, where the nature of the situation is a little plainer than with regard to morals.

The decay among the younger generation in the colleges of the hold hitherto exercised by the conventional forms of Protestant faith is recognized by Mr. Harris to be a complex phenomenon; but apparently in his mind the situation is to be mainly understood in terms of the forces which have already been active in the past. In the tendency of some of the younger men to revert to the forms of Catholicism Mr. Harris sees only another swing of the pendulum marking off another of the never-ending repetitions of past history.

But there is another element in the

situation which Mr. Harris as well as many other writers has failed to appreciate at its true value. It is surprising with what complete unanimity all inquirers with professional religious training have failed to put their finger on what must seem to be the gist of the situation to many who have gone through the actual experience of losing the religion with which they were brought up. The hold of religion on such persons has failed because they have come to feel that many of the teachings of the conventional religion of their childhood or even of the present time simply are not "true," to express it very crudely. Of course this description is patently applicable to the religion of fifty years ago, which was entangled with a false cosmology. This mistake was obvious enough, and no modern apologist for religion would admit for a minute any necessary connection between religion and opinions about demonstrable historical fact; but much the same sort of thing remains, although in a somewhat subtler form. Thus, both the Protestant and Catholic churches take a definite attitude on many social questions, such as marriage and divorce, birth control, prohibition, war and peace, and education, and often justify their attitudes by special pleading not untinged by a certain amount of sheer rationalizing. These social questions

are doubtless of enormous and hitherto baffling complexity, but it can hardly be doubted that they will eventually succumb to rational attack, and that a rationally satisfying answer is some day possible. There is no reason to think that the answer which religion now claims to find to these questions by mystical means will eventually prove any more correct than the answer which it has already found by mystical means to the question of what happened in the year 4004 B.C. The result is that acceptance of any of the traditional or conventional religions seems to many incompatible with plain decent intellectual honesty.

It is not pertinent to say that this view of the nature of religion is superficial, and that it is possible to analyze out of that complex welter of emotions, urges, and sensations which has conventionally become associated with religion a pure residuum, non-rational, dealing with the emotions and aspirations of man, which is the essence of religion. Irrespective of whether such an analysis has yet been made or is possible, the fact is that many individuals in the community feel that acceptance of a conventional religious faith or participation in any of the recognized religious forms could not be for them reconcilable with intellectual honesty. That this is not an unfair description of the actual situation in the community, I think anyone may verify by inquiry among his friends: This, I believe not to be properly appreciated by Mr. Harris or by any other inquirer with professional theological training who has sought to explain the recent decay of formal religion.

Furthermore, the question, which is at least debatable, of whether the feeling is justified that a religious life, conventional or possibly even unconventional, is incompatible with intellectual honesty, is of comparative unimportance; the important matter is

the mere existence in the community of a demand for intellectual integrity widespread enough to modify, perhaps decisively, an important social institution. The growth of this demand to a magnitude great enough to be socially significant I believe to be a recent development, which distinguishes this era from any that has preceded it, which constitutes something novel in the present situation, and which contains the implication that this may not be just another swing of the pendulum, but that we may be on the point of breaking through into new ground.

## II

The reasons for the appearance in the community of the motive of intellectual honesty are doubtless complex. In the first place a certain amount of intellectual power is necessary; animals and morons are incapable of intellectual honesty, and doubtless an appreciable proportion of our own modern community is incapable of the self-conscious practice of intellectual honesty on the highest level. In fact, I believe that no individual can ever attain to what he feels to be his own potentialities in this respect. Not only is intellectual power necessary, but example and practice are also necessary and powerful aids; it is not always easy to see all the implications, to detect all the inconsistencies in a mental attitude, or to realize where rationalizing has crept into an argument. Furthermore, the opportunity for the practice of intellectual honesty demands that the community as a whole be so far from the struggle for bare subsistence that an appreciable fraction of its people may be primarily engaged in intellectual pursuits. Society has only recently reached such a condition on any considerable scale. In such a modern society the activity which *par excellence* demands and ex-



emphases intellectual honesty is the scientific, and I believe that the most potent immediate cause for the increase of intellectual honesty in the community is the recent growing prevalence of scientific disciplines in education, the popular dissemination of the results of scientific inquiry, and the presence in the community of a body of men actually engaged in scientific work. This is not to deny that intellectual workers in fields other than the scientific need or possess the quality of intellectual honesty; but in scientific activity the necessity for continual checking against the inexorable facts of experience is so insistent, and the penalties for allowing the slightest element of rationalizing to creep in are so immediate, that it is obvious to the dullest that a high degree of intellectual honesty is the price of even a mediocre degree of success.

Once the scientific worker has started living the life of intellectual honesty, perhaps in no other spirit than as the condition of success in a field which has aroused his interest, he finds growing within him the realization that he is in possession of something much more than merely a tool by which he may get right answers. The ideal of intellectual honesty comes to make a strong emotional appeal; he finds something fine in the selflessness involved in rigorously carrying through a train of thought careless of the personal implications; he feels a traitor to something deep within him if he refuses to follow out logical implications because he sees that they are going to be unpleasant; and he exults that he belongs to a race which is capable of such emotions. Intellectual honesty appears to such a worker as the last flowering of the genius of humanity, the culmination of a long cultural history, and the one thing that differentiates man most notably from his biological companions. The discov-

ery that the human animal is so constituted that it responds emotionally to the practice of intellectual honesty is just as great a discovery as that other great discovery of the human race about itself, that it responds emotionally to music.

It would be ludicrous to maintain that life on such heights as these has suddenly become common in these last years or that in certain sections of the community intellectual honesty is not apparently decreasing. In fact, it could not be maintained that more than a small fraction have really caught the vision; but it does seem to me that enough have caught it to be appreciably effective, and that a new heaven is working in society. The feeling is certainly becoming common that man would be a traitor to himself if he refused to follow his mind wherever it leads him. To convince oneself of this consider the suggestion often made—that since much of our recent economic trouble is doubtless to be ascribed to the fact that invention and scientific discovery have come too rapidly to be assimilated, we should suspend scientific inquiry until human institutions have caught up. Although this suggestion may be seriously entertained by some, I believe that general inquiry will disclose that for the most part such a suggestion is instinctively repudiated as impossible; we feel that we cannot accept the imposition of limitations to mental inquiry; that we must carry on no matter where it leads.

What now will be the effect of suddenly letting loose in a civilization such as ours an appreciable amount of intellectual honesty? One cannot answer this question without first appreciating what an utterly inchoate mess our society is, judged by any rational standards. Social institutions have a history as long as that of mankind itself and have evolved with it.

They contain the reminiscences of the great episodes through which the human race, or parts of it, has passed. They have been subject to no conscious or rational control; one can be sure only that an existing social custom is not so bad that the possessor of it has already been eliminated in the struggle for existence. One aspect of human evolution is the growth of the capability for rational thought and action, and one aspect of this growth in turn has been the demand for some explanation in rationalistic terms of the phenomena which human beings see about them, including the phenomena of man himself. A dog is content to turn round three times before lying down; but a man would have to invent an explanation of it. These explanations are often fantastic and rationalistic in the highest degree. There is not a single human social institution which has not originated in hit or miss fashion, but, nevertheless, every one of these institutions is justified by some rationalizing argument as the best possible, and, what is worse, the community demands the acceptance of these arguments as a precondition of happy social life.

### III

What will the man do in whom has been suddenly born an appreciation and capacity for intellectual honesty, with its disregard of ulterior consequences, when confronted with our social institutions and the demand to accept them and to live with them? The first and inevitable reaction will obviously be a complete repudiation in his own mind of the bunk that he is asked to accept. So much he must do, though it slay him. But he must also continue to live in society as he finds it, and he must try to work out for himself some code of conduct which he can pursue without intellectual stul-

tification. He finds the problem difficult; he does not even feel certain that the problem of how a rational being may live rationally in surroundings which are often willfully irrational has any solution. His doubts and uncertainties are reflected in his relations with others. In bringing up his children he finds himself incapable of forcing upon them the positive sanctions for conduct which psychologically are so necessary in the young, and because he knows of no other substitute, can offer them only the negative substitute of example and precept in intellectual integrity. If he is a novelist or a playwright, who has filled an important part in maintaining the moral consciousness and tone of the community, he finds that conviction has gone from him, and he falls back on the practice of his art for its own sake. If he is an editor, the political institutions of his time no longer appear as divinely ordained, and his editorials degenerate to destructive criticism. The mass of the people who are not fortunate enough to have time to spare from earning their livelihood for much intellectual activity, or to whom by temperament and capacity the ideals of intellectual honesty do not appeal, and who have, therefore, been accustomed to accept without question their codes of conduct from other members of the community, are left without the authoritative guidance to which they have become accustomed, and the aggressive, unthinking element in the community becomes ascendant. From the point of view of an external observer the whole community is drifting and floundering morally.

I believe that in a setting of social institutions like ours it is inevitable that we should pass through an epoch like this, and I believe that we are in such an epoch now. This it seems to me is the most lastingly significant



factor in the explanation of the crisis in morals of which James Truslow Adams writes. The decay of morals according to my point of view is only superficial and apparent. It may be quite true that the actual number of disinterested deeds performed in the community, which may be taken as a rough measure of its degree of moral elevation, may be declining, while at the same time those fundamental characteristics of the human race which in the proper setting make disinterested actions possible, and which measure potential morality, may be growing in strength. In fact, in a community and under conditions like ours, a decline in apparent morality would be the necessary prerequisite to a general advance. Whether as a matter of actual fact this is the correct explanation of the phenomenon which Adams deplores would be almost impossible to decide certainly, as is every other question dealing with the actual motives back of large-scale social conduct; but it must be an important element in the situation, and for the present at least I see no reason why one should despair of humanity on this account.

It thus appears fairly evident that the incidence upon the human race of a passion for the practice of intellectual honesty must at first be entirely negative and destructive in its social results. To go farther, it is not self-evident that a race of individuals who so order their lives as to bear thorough-going rational scrutiny would necessarily be capable of ultimately surviving as a race. A simple example will disclose the possibilities. Death, from the point of view of any individual free from mysticism, can be no calamity; for death itself is not experienced, but it is only the preliminaries of death which are experienced and to be dreaded. If I should be completely annihilated in the next minute with no preliminary warning, it would be a matter of com-

plete indifference to me. Suppose now that some improved method of suicide were invented by which the cessation of life could be made instantaneous and with no perceptible physical preliminaries. A completely rational conduct of one's affairs would then demand that if ever one found oneself in such a situation that the probable future held more pain than pleasure, one should immediately find the way out by suicide. There are few people indeed who at one time or another do not encounter such moments, so that in a society constituted like this all those capable of rational action might automatically be eliminated, and society would drop back again to its old irrational, unthinking level, to work back slowly again to the capabilities of rational action and then to drop back abruptly again. The only thing that would save the thinking elements in the community in such conditions is the non-rational factors in each individual which determine whether a given future, including in the future the preparations for the act of suicide, is contemplated with pleasure or pain. Whether the non-rational elements making for the preservation of the rational individual would at first prove strong enough must be decided by the event; it is probable, however, that a rational individual would eventually be bred up with the suitable combination of non-rational elements.

Even if the rational individual is not singled out for such drastic special attack as in our imaginary example, it seems to me, nevertheless, that the period of instability inseparable in a society constituted like ours from the first incidence of a widespread capacity for intellectually honest action is a period of particular danger to just that part of the community which has attained the capability for honest action, and that it is not at all inconceivable



that just this part should be eliminated, leaving society to repeat, like Sisyphus, the old climb up the heights of intellectual achievement. The essential tragedy of Germany at the present moment is that it is eliminating this class of the community, proving traitor to the crowning capabilities of humanity, and dropping back to former levels. The human race as a whole cannot win through this period of instability and come out on the far side with permanent advance except by the self-conscious exercise of the utmost intelligence of which it is capable. Few, I think, would question that under the proper conditions the human intellect is capable of designing a rational society capable of self-preservation; but whether in the present setting the human intellect is powerful enough to grapple with the enormous complexities of the situation is not self-evident. At any rate, there is obviously no possible course for us except to carry on.

#### IV

In our impatience it may seem as though nothing constructive were happening to carry us beyond the purely destructive first stages. I believe, however, that such a pessimistic attitude overlooks the enormous complication of the problem, and underestimates the tremendous amount of preliminary work that must be done. It does seem to me that it is already possible to descry the beginnings of the next advance. Such an advance must be based on a preliminary analysis and an adequate awareness of the nature of the problem and the situation; I believe that the materials for this better understanding of the nature of the problem are already in our hands and are beginning to be used.

The nature of the very complex social problem has certain very close similarities to the problem presented by

recent developments in physics, and becomes more understandable in terms of a realization of just what it is that has happened in physics. Physics has in the first place gone through a period of enormous extension of its store of experimental knowledge; it then discovered that its traditional concepts were not capable of dealing with the new situations, and that such apparently fundamental forms of thought as space, time, causality, and identity were not capable of application to the new phenomena. It then had to devise new ways of thinking about the situation, and in doing this it has had to examine to a certain extent into the nature of human thinking itself. It has come to see that thinking is merely a form of human activity, performed with the brain, subject to the limitations of its evolution and its organ of production, and with no assurance whatever that an intellectual process has validity outside the range in which its validity has already been checked by experience. The parallelism between this course of development in physics and recent social developments is obvious. We have in the first place rapidly changing conditions and new social experiences to correspond to the new observational material of physics. The most completely new of these is perhaps the situation presented by the extraordinarily rapid development of labor-saving machinery; it is now possible to produce enough for the needs of every one in the United States with only four hours' (let us say) labor per day on the part of everyone. But the ability of man to work eight hours without hardship has not been diminished, and the tendency of every employer to expect his individual employees to give him the eight hours which they can without hardship is not altered, nor the desire of every employer to push his own production to

capacity. The result is an *impasse* which can be broken only by purposeful external control, and to which the traditional social ideas are not applicable, in the same way that the traditional concepts of physics were not applicable to its new experimental situations. And just round the corner there is the obvious possibility of a few simple biological discoveries which will be even more devastatingly revolutionary. We are coming to see as a matter of course that social ideals evolved in old situations should not be expected to be applicable to such entirely novel conditions.

Besides the absolutely new situation, presented by the development of labor-saving devices, so many things have been happening in the last few years that each individual has in his own experience a wealth and variety of observational material absolutely without precedent in the experience of any single individual in past history. Consider what has happened in the last twenty years; the World War with the unwilling entry into it at last of the United States, the peace and the failure of Wilsonian idealism, the League of Nations, the economic aftermath of the War, boom, depression, the return of economic nationalism, Mussolini, Russia, Germany and Hitler, Japan and Manchuria, Gandhi in India, the loosening of the British Empire, world congresses for peace and economics, woman suffrage, the rise and fall of prohibition, and the voluntary economic revolution in the United States. The observation of all this cannot help being most educational in showing how society actually functions in various situations, and it must have as important an effect on social thinking as the discovery of new physical phenomena has had on the thinking of physicists.

One most important conviction, gradually spreading, which results from all this new observational ma-

terial, is that planned and managed societies are possible, that man may to a certain extent control his own future. If present attempts fail it will be for reasons which can be determined and probably avoided, and we may hope for better success on the next attempt.

There is another result of all this new social experience which seems to me most important in determining the eventual attitude of man toward his own social institutions, but which has not been much emphasized because it is not of great immediate importance. This is the growing appreciation of the realistic nature of social conventions and institutions as opposed to the traditional idealistic point of view, which is perhaps best exemplified in the disappearing notions of abstract justice and abstract rights, and of the nature of law, with which legal practice and theory are still encumbered. Here again the parallelism with the developments in physics is most illuminating. Probably the greatest contribution made by Einstein in his theory of relativity was his insistence on the realistic nature of the concepts of physics; the true significance of a physical concept is not to be found in what we say about it or even in what we think about it, but rather in what we do with it.

Making the social application, there is evidently something the matter with current idealistic philosophies of the nature of law, for example, when so many of the respectable members of the community have simply ignored the prohibition law. How will history describe these people—as malicious law breakers, traitors to society, or as heroes, who by remaining true to their inner lights have compelled a return to realities? Must I wait for the verdict of history before it can be determined whether my present social action is right or wrong? There is also something illuminating in the way in which theories of the nature and the



proper function of the Constitution of the United States were brushed aside by many people in their efforts to get an amendment into the Constitution restricting child labor. It was felt that the matter was of extreme importance and that it should be put into the Constitution because there seemed to be no other feasible way of bringing it to pass, although fortunately another way has now been found. The point is that people asked: "What difference does it make whether this is theoretically a proper subject for constitutional amendment or not? If the Constitution is once amended in this way then in fact it becomes the sort of thing that can be thus amended, all idealistic theories of its nature to the contrary notwithstanding." Such realistic thinking obviously has its great dangers—it is the sort of thinking that every hold-up man uses—but intellectual honesty seems to demand it. It is evident that with regard to these questions we are still in the preliminary destructive stage, where the mutual inconsistencies of different lines of social thought stare us in the face, and that we have not yet found how to synthesize the antagonistic elements. The situation is exactly parallel to that in physics, which for a number of years after the discovery of the disconcerting new phenomena was in a phase, to quote Sir William Bragg, where it had to use the corpuscular theory on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and the wave theory on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Physics is now making its synthesis, and we may hope that society will eventually be as successful. But the social problem is infinitely more complex than the physical problem, and infinitely more dangerous because of the necessary period of instability which must precede the initiation of the new regime. There is need for the most strenuous efforts and the greatest haste.

It is easy to see that in spite of the greatest haste of which we are capable, this revolution cannot be completed in the lifetime of any of us, but must involve the training of the coming generations. It would be impossible here to attempt to go into the details of the various methods by which such a preparation of our children may be accomplished. Probably everyone connected with any important institution will think of ways in which his institution may be instrumental. I myself am associated with university life, and it is easy for me to envisage here a field of new usefulness in the community for the university. Its function may be two-fold. In the first place it can enhance the general appreciation of the human worth of a rationally ordered life, controlled emotionally by the passion for intellectual honesty, by increasing the numbers of its graduates who live such a life in the community. In the second place, by creating and developing new lines of inquiry, it may provide the material, at present non-existent, which the individual will find more and more necessary in the pursuit of such a life. No one who has not thought about it can realize how pathetically deficient we are at present in even the preliminary data which are necessary before a start can be made in living a rationally ordered life. The development of new philosophies, new psychologies, and new biologies is necessary.

For the present we may allow ourselves to take a certain amount of comfort in the belief that the human race has in it the possibilities of creating for itself a rationally satisfying life. Real discouragement need not be faced unless it should prove, after full self-consciousness of the situation has been awakened and time has been allowed for the terribly complex adjustments, that we are incapable of creating the opportunities that we need.





# UNEASY PAYMENTS

A STORY

BY GEORGE MILBURN

WALDO LEDBETTER, JR. felt the shadow of the reform school hovering over him. All his summer days—those bright vacation days he had looked forward to so eagerly back in the sixth grade last winter—were clouded with fear. Sometimes he would forget for a few minutes, simply by not trying to forget, but the guilt was always with him to twist him sick and sad again. There was no one to whom he could turn for mercy, least of all his own parents.

"Lord God, boy! that's a penitentiary offense," his father cried that terrible noon in May when the deed first came to light. "To think that I'd raise a son up, and work with him, and try and teach him to do right, and *then*—then to have him sneak off and pull a crooked trick like this. They'll ship you down to Pauls Valley to the reform school!"

Waldo glanced toward his mother for sympathy, but she sat cold and silent, her lips pressed in a straight line. She had not mentioned his crime, one way or the other, from that moment on. Her silence was even more terrifying than the things his father said, and his father said some awful things.

"I'm not going to whip you this time. I've tried whipping you, but whipping don't do any good. This time I'll just let the law take care of you in its own proper fashion. Don't

come whining to me when the long arm of the law finally catches up with you."

"Papa, I didn't know it was a penitentiary offense," Waldo quavered. A moment later he flung himself at his father's feet, wailing, "Honest, papa, I didn't know it was against the law."

"Ignorance of the law excuses nobody. And don't try to fib out of it now. If you didn't know you was doing wrong, how come you didn't ask me first? If you'd asked me, like any honest boy would, I might of bought you a bicycle. But, no! you had to sneak off like a thief in the night without saying a word to anyone. Well, I wash my hands of you. The judge can ship you off to reform school for all I care. I'm through trying to do anything with you. Absolutely through!"

All this had been said back in May, the day after the bicycle came. It had been repeated many times since. But in May there had been a glimmer of hope. Waldo had supposed then that if he could only avoid the Sheriff through the summer he could pull himself out of danger before September. Now, summer was gone and there was nothing but blank despair. Every ominous prediction his father had made was rapidly coming true.

Sometimes he would wake up in the morning feeling free, and he would whisper to himself that the whole

thing was nothing but a bad dream. He had dreamed in the night that he was about to be sent to the reform school. Now that it was morning again he could laugh and forget that nightmare. But as soon as he was fully awake dread settled on him again, and he knew that it was not a dream. It was real. Another day of cringing fear had begun. Dreaming could be used to make unreal things real, but it would not work the other way.

Dreaming, in fact, had led Waldo into forgery and using the mails to defraud. He would have explained that to his father if his father had been an ordinary man instead of R. W. E. Ledbetter, editor of the *Weekly Democrat*. He could have explained enough, at least, to prove that he was not a real crook. He might deserve a whipping, but not the reform school. How, though, could a man who wrote what the whole town read be expected to waste time on nonsense?

Waldo remembered clearly how it started. It had started as a made-up game. It was a strange game, because there was no one to beat and there was no way to lose and it had to be played in secret. He played it first with his geography, looking at the animal maps. Little pictures of animals native to each continent were scattered over the maps.

He would hurry home from school every afternoon and go into his bedroom and thumb-latch the door. Then he would lie prone on the matting-covered floor, his elbows propped on his open geography. He would continue the long lists in a special pencil tablet:

## AUSTRALIA

4 kangaroos  
2 duckbills  
6 dingos . . .

Africa was more exciting:

## AFRICA

24 lions  
6 giraffes  
120 elephants (African)  
100 zebras  
4 gnus  
4 rhinoceroses  
4 gorillas  
100 monkeys  
2 hippopotamuses . . .

Here was the part, though, that Waldo didn't know how he could explain to his father. Here was the crazy part. While he was making those lists he was R. W. Emerson Ledbetter, the millionaire circus owner. Ledbetter's six-ring circus and wild-animal menagerie, the greatest show in the world, the most complete aggregation of wild animals ever gathered together under one canvas from the jungles of seven continents. Even Ringling Brothers had only one hippopotamus. Ledbetter's Circus had two hippopotamuses. The lists on pencil tablet paper were the animals in Ledbetter's Circus. Making those lists was not merely as much fun as owning a circus. Those lists *were* Ledbetter's Circus.

Waldo knew that he would have to tell his father about the circus before he could so much as explain about the steamship booklets. His father had never fully understood about the steamship booklets. The steamship incident had given his father the fixed idea that Waldo was a liar with criminal tendencies.

His circus lists were almost complete when travel advertisements suddenly interested Waldo. "Send for free illustrated travel brochure!" Waldo cleaned out the medicine chest, washed up a bunch of old prescription bottles, scalded them bright, and sold them to Danziger's Pharmacy for a dime. He found three empty tow sacks out in the barn and sold them at

Gresham's Grist Mill for fifteen cents. He wrote on twenty-five one-cent postal cards:

Gentlemen: Will you kindly send me your free illustrated literature, as I am interested in making a trip around the world.

Yours truly,  
R. WALDO E. LEDBETTER, JR.

He addressed the cards to all the steamship and railroad companies he could find advertised.

Later his father said that what Waldo wrote on those postal cards was a bare-faced lie. That proved that his father did not understand. Waldo did not even attempt to explain that when he was writing those cards he was R. Waldo E. Ledbetter, Jr., the famous millionaire globe-trotter.

The steamship companies did not question it. Large brown envelopes, fat and heavy with free illustrated literature, began coming in. Usually Waldo would be right there at the post office waiting, but his father happened to get two or three envelopes full of steamship booklets from the post office. He didn't scold Waldo at the time. He seemed approving. He thumbed through some of the pamphlets, looking at the pictures, and he passed the free illustrated literature on to his anxious son with the mild comment that it certainly was educational. Many were beautiful booklets, sumptuously printed on heavy slick paper, run through and tied with flossy cords that held on the embossed cardboard covers, all with pictures of foreign lands more exciting than any in the geography. Waldo spent hours over the steamship booklets, planning a world tour.

A day or two before a big envelope came in there would be a personal letter to Waldo from the general passenger agent, saying that the free illustrated literature he had requested

was being forwarded under separate cover. The general passenger agent always wrote as courteously as if Waldo really were a millionaire globe-trotter. The letter would say also that Waldo's request was being referred to the company's district representative. Such letters made Waldo feel important, but they made him feel a little uneasy, too. As soon as he read them he would tear them up and toss them into a post office wastepaper barrel. He was having too much fun with scenes of faroff lands to bother with letters.

One noon his father sat down to dinner and said, "Well, Waldo, a man came in at the *Democrat* office this morning to see you. Said he had come all the way from Kansas City to see you about a steamship ticket around the world, for that trip you're going to take."

Waldo felt sick. He didn't know whether to believe it. His father seemed in good humor. His father and mother both laughed and teased him that day. They took it as a great joke at first.

"Well, son, when do you expect to start around the world?"

That was before the steamship company men began arriving thick and fast. There seemed to be an impression among them that R. Waldo E. Ledbetter, Jr. was a farmer who had struck oil. Scarcely a day passed for a week without a stranger getting off the train and inquiring for Mr. Ledbetter. Even after they could see it was a hopeless quest, they would hang around the *Democrat* office, trying out their sales talks on Waldo's father. One Thursday two steamship men arrived, both on the same train, and Thursday was the day the *Democrat* went to press. That day Waldo's father came home and unhooked the razor strap.

"I'm going to break you of this lying," he said grimly after he had led Waldo out back of the house. People



living over in the next block heard the heavy thwacks punctuating Waldo's squalls.

That whipping should have warned Waldo in time to abandon his mail-order catalogues. He realized that later. But it was not until he was about to go to reform school that he saw clearly the circus lists, the steamship booklets, the catalogues as links in his crime.

He kept the Sears Roebuck catalogue and the Montgomery Ward catalogue in a big pasteboard box in his room under his bed. Everything that was valuable to him was in that box: his stamp collection, his steamship booklets, his marbles, his pencil tablets full of lists, and his mail-order catalogues. He made believe that the pasteboard box was an iron-bound chest. When he put the lid on everything in that box was as safe as if it were locked in an iron-bound chest. It had never occurred to Waldo that anyone else could lift the lid.

One afternoon early in November he was stretched out on the floor with his mail-order catalogues. He had been so eager to get back to them after school he had forgotten to thumb-latch his door. He was, at that moment, Rafe Ledbetter, the North Woods trapper, fitting out an expedition. He was jotting down a list of supplies:

- 1 Cantleek canvas canoe
- 1 pneumatic mattress
- 1 waterproof wall tent
- 1 lamb's wool sleeping bag
- 2 ponchos
- 1 46-pc. aluminum camp set
- 1 pr moccasin boots
- 1 Winchester .32 repeating rifle

He heard his father's step on the front porch. A moment later the door to his room opened and his father looked in. Waldo quickly flipped the catalogue shut and covered his list with one arm.

His father stood over him, asking,

"What're you doing, always laying around after school with your nose stuck in some catalogue?"

Waldo said, "Nothing much, papa. I'm just playing."

"That's no way to play. Why don't you get out in the open air and play like other boys do? Or else get out and do a little work around the yard. You'll never earn a nickel with your nose stuck in some old mail-order catalogue all the time."

Waldo wondered how long his father was going to keep on standing there, talking. What did he want to earn a nickel for? What was a nickel, when you could be a millionaire and could have anything you wanted simply by putting it on a list? His father talked on.

"If you don't cut out this crazy fool business of laying around on your stomach all the time with your face in those old catalogues, I'm going to do something about it. You see if I don't! A person would think you had softening of the brain. I've got a notion to take those catalogues out in the alley and set fire to 'em. It's a shame and a disgrace to have them in the house anyway."

His father didn't understand about the catalogues. His father never would know how much fun a person can have with mail-order catalogues, making believe he is a rancher fitting himself out with everything from branding irons to angora chaps; or a farmer equipping a model farm; or simply a father ordering toys for his son. The toy list was the most fun of all.

"You'll never make a nickel. You won't be able to lay around on your stomach like that all your life. You're going to have to get out and hustle for yourself one of these days. There'll come a day when you'll be wanting a crust of bread for your stomach, and you won't find it in any mail-order catalogue neither."

Waldo studied the red and green straws running through the tan matting weave. His father finally turned and walked out. Waldo began to see what his father meant though. If he ever expected to have any of those things actually, instead of making believe he had them, he must make money to buy them. But it still seemed better to imagine one had a million dollars and everything that could be found in the big catalogues than it was to have a few real dollars and nothing more than those few dollars would buy.

Tom Draper, next door, had a bicycle. He was stingy with it, but sometimes in a trade he would let Waldo ride it. It wasn't much of a bicycle compared with the bicycles in the catalogues. Waldo had never had as much fun riding Tom's bike as he had had in making believe that he owned the best bicycle in the catalogue.

He opened the catalogues again now that he was alone. Each thick book fell open easily at the slick paper section of bicycle pictures in colors. There in Sears' catalogue, large and bright, were the Cardinal and the Bluebird and the expensive Silver Eagle. And in Ward's, the Super Flyer, black and ivory enameled and chromium plated; the De Luxe, cherry red or Royal Packard blue; and the lower-priced Speed Model. Waldo read the descriptions over slowly, relishing them for the hundredth time. But now, for the first time, he pondered whether it was better to buy one bicycle and have it to ride than it was to have any bicycle in the catalogue, even to the Road King bike motor that makes a motorcycle out of an ordinary bicycle, his when he put it on his list.

Suddenly the prices in the catalogues seemed very large. There was the Silver Eagle, completely equipped

with electric horn and headlight, \$32.90 cash, even more on easy payments. That would be 329 dimes. Could he hope ever to have that much money? It made a difference, looking at a catalogue with prudent thoughts of buying. It gave him a sad, lost feeling to know that he was small and penniless after so much had been his. Never after that was he able to recapture the old pleasure he had taken in the catalogue game.

Once Waldo got started, making money became as exciting as the catalogue game ever had been. The next day, a Saturday, he went out to the barn to see how many empty gunny sacks had accumulated since the last time he had needed postage money. He searched through the heap of dusty jute sacks and found two that had no holes. The rats had got to some, and the grist mill wouldn't buy torn sacks. Then he found the gunny sack that would make three others.

It was the biggest tow sack Waldo had ever seen. He remembered the night his father had carried home groceries in it from Whipple's store. It was lined with fiber paper and a faint aroma came from it as he held it up to read, printed in large red letters across its coarse brown weave: "100 lbs. Fancy Roasted Rio Coffee." Waldo calculated happily: if an ordinary cornchops sack would bring a nickel, this sack should be worth at least fifteen cents.

"Gosh, no, son," Mr. Gresham said at the mill, fingering his bedraggled, flourdusted moustache, "we cain't buy that there coffee sack. I'll pay you a nickel apiece for them other two, but I ain't got no use for a coffee sack. You take roasted coffee beans, they weigh light. Why that there coffee sack would hold three-four hunnerd pounds of cornchops. You can leave it here if you want to, son, but I cain't



pay you nothing for it. It ain't no use to me."

Waldo brought the coffee sack home and tossed it back into the crib. He had a dime, anyway. A dime was all he needed to write and get himself appointed subscription agent for all the popular magazines.

There was established competition in town, to be sure. The Widow Holcomb, for one, was an energetic subscription taker. And there were always those strangers who were working their way through college. But Waldo had his own system. He did not waste time going from door-to-door as the others did.

Every day he would poke through the post office wastepaper barrels, searching for magazine wrappers from which he got names and expiration dates. Thursday mornings he would stand in the post office lobby until almost school time, watching to see who took the *Saturday Evening Post*. The end of the year was approaching and many subscriptions were expiring. Usually he had only to follow up label clues to get renewal subscriptions.

Two or three times a week he would pass between the polished granite pillars on the corner opposite the court house and enter a shadowy, mysterious place filled with the smell of furniture polish and a murmuring quiet apt to be broken briefly by the startling clatter of an adding machine. His metal heel taps clicked on the tile floor. Resisting an impulse to skate, he would march solemnly up and push under the cashier's wicket his subscription money and his small brown leather book inscribed: "Conchartee National Bank in account with R. Waldo E. Ledbetter, Jr." He would glimpse W. S. Winston back in the president's enclosure, sitting as close to his desk as his belly would permit, a big cigar in his mouth, squinting off into space while an anxious cotton

farmer sat talking. Mr. Lennox, the cashier, a mild, bald little man with rimless eyeglasses, would count the deposit, make a debt entry in the bank book, and pass it back to Waldo.

"You're coming right along, Waldo. How's business?"

"Pretty good, Mr. Lennox. I took six subscriptions to the *Post* and four to the *Ladies Home Journal* yesterday afternoon."

"Well, that's fine. You stay right in there and pitch!"

His bank balance, two weeks before Christmas, was \$17.65. He had more than half enough to pay cash for the Silver Eagle. One night after supper he went in to study the catalogue bicycle pages again. He had about decided on a lower-priced wheel. When he took the lid off his pasteboard box the catalogues were not there. He searched the room. Then he hurried out to ask his mother if she had seen anything of them.

"I don't know anything about your catalogues," she said.

His father was sitting in the front room reading the *Tulsa Tribune*. Waldo went in and asked, "Papa, did you see anything of my catalogues?"

His father mumbled without lowering the newspaper, "You don't expect me to try to keep track of your junk, do you?"

Waldo went on searching through the house until his father slammed down the paper, shouting, "Young man, you come in here and get settled down to your home work, or I'm going to give you a dressing down you won't forget soon. Quit tearing up the house looking for some old catalogues that don't amount to the flip of a pin anyhow."

The next morning at breakfast his father said, "Waldo, it's getting cold weather now, and you're needing winter clothes. You're a big half-grown boy now, and I'm going to let you buy



your own clothes this winter. You've been doing mighty fine here lately."

Waldo was filled with pride at the thought of buying his own clothes, just as if he were a man. He and his father went into the Whipple Mercantile Company, and his father picked out a boy's overcoat, \$7.50, and a pair of laced boots, \$3.50, and a heavy sweater, \$3.00.

Waldo, feeling his importance, said, "Gee whiz, papa, we could buy these things from Montgomery Ward or Sears Roebuck a lot cheaper than this."

Mr. Whipple, who was waiting on them, laughed and said, "Is that where you been doing all your trading, Waldo?"

His father acted sore. As soon as Waldo had written Mr. Whipple a check for \$14 and they had started home with the bundles, his father grabbed him by the arm and said, "Don't ever let me hear you say anything about buying from a mail-order company again, young man."

"Why, papa?"

"Because I say so, that's why. You understand?"

After that Waldo tried to forget about the bicycle. He didn't even have enough to make a down payment on one, anyway. He didn't care much. He was having a good time, bragging to other boys about his father's letting him buy his own clothes. But sometimes he was sorry that he didn't have the catalogues to play with any more. He had sent off for new catalogues. He watched the post office for weeks, waiting for the catalogues to come. If they ever came, he did not see them.

One day in April Mr. Lennox, the bank cashier, stopped to talk with Waldo on the street. He said, "What's the matter, Waldo, I never do see you in the bank any more? You was making money hand-over-fist there

awhile before Christmas. Used to be in ever' day or so."

Waldo said, "Yes, sir, but that was when I was taking magazine subscriptions. That played out after Christmas. That business isn't so good except in November and December when folks are renewing and sending magazines for gifts. There's not much in it for a person now."

"Well, Waldo, you're a pretty bright boy, and I'm going to put you onto a way you can pick up a nice little piece of money. I'm looking for a good reliable boy to drive my cow out to pasture every morning and bring her in every night before milking time. It's Slover's pasture out here a mile-and-a-half north of town."

"When would you want me to start, Mr. Lennox? I have to keep on going to school until the sixteenth of May."

"Oh, this won't interfere with your school, Waldo. You can drive her out about seven a.m. every morning and be back in plenty of time for school. Then you can go get her an hour or so after school's out. I'll pay you a dollar a month, and if you'll get round and see a few others who pasture their cows, you could get a few more to drive and make yourself a nice sum of money this summer. But April is half gone, and of course I can't pay you but fifty cents for April."

Waldo inquired through the neighborhood and found four other cows to drive. He went into the Conchartee National Bank on the first of May to collect from Mr. Lennox and to deposit \$2.50, his April earnings. Mr. Lennox handed him a statement of his account, and Waldo saw that he still had \$3.65 in the bank that he had almost forgotten.

He hurried home that day and went over next door and borrowed Mrs. Draper's new Montgomery Ward catalogue. At first he thought he would only look to see whether the

bicycles were still there. The bicycles were still there, all right, and so was the offer: "Easy Payments, Only \$5 Down, \$5 a Month." Waldo began filling out an easy payment order blank, just for fun:

160K3030 1 Hawthorne Speed Model Cherry Red \$24.15.

The lower half of the blank, a contract and credit form, had beside the age space: "Minor must have order signed by parent or guardian." Waldo skipped that, making believe that he was a father ordering the bicycle for his little boy. But his \$5 down was real.

The following week he spent most of his time before and after school over at the M. K. & T. depot. He had almost given up hope when one afternoon the 4:30 local came in, and the first crate thrown out of the box car held a shining red bicycle. As soon as the freight train had pulled out, Harry Conklin, the station agent, helped Waldo knock off the crate and assemble the bicycle. It had \$1.13 freight charges on it, and Waldo gave Mr. Conklin a check.

"This sure is a fine wheel, Waldo," Harry Conklin said. "Did your papa order this wheel for you?"

"Sure he did," Waldo said. "My papa orders me anything I want."

Then Harry Conklin said, "Well, what does the old hypocrite mean, always carrying on against mail-order companies in the *Democrat*, telling other people not to buy from them, and then he goes and buys you a bicycle from Ward's. Why don't he practice what he preaches?"

Waldo, getting set to ride away, said haughtily, "You're full of prunes, Old Man Conklin. My father is not a hypocrite. My father wanted to buy me the best bike going, and Montgomery Ward happened to have the best bike going, so he ordered it from there. That's all."

When he came riding up into the front yard on his new bicycle, his mother said, "Gracious sakes, child, where'd you get that wheel?"

"I ordered it from Montgomery Ward's, mamma. I paid five dollars down, and I'm going to pay it out with what I make driving cows every month. I've only got \$19.40 left to pay. Isn't it swell, mamma?"

"Waldo, your father is going to have a duck fit when he finds this out. You'd better take it out to the barn and hide it until I can have a talk with him and sort of get him talked into the idea."

The first thing his father said the next day at noon was, "Young man, what's this I hear about you getting a bicycle on the 4:30 freight yesterday? Where'd you get the money to buy a bicycle?"

Waldo felt the bottom dropping out of everything, but he said bravely, "Why, I'm making the money driving cows this summer, papa. So I thought I'd buy me a bicycle on the easy payment plan."

"The easy payment plan? How'd you get credit for any easy payment plan? You're just a minor. You couldn't buy that way without you had a grown-up sign your order. Who signed your order for you?"

"I don't guess they knew I was a minor, papa. I gave Winston's bank for a reference, and I just left the age space blank. So I guess—"

"Who signed your order for you, young man? Your mother?"

"No, sir. I signed it myself, only the place where you sign is so skimpy, and my name is so long, I didn't have room to write my full name. So I had to leave off the 'Junior.'"

"What! You mean you signed *my* name? Lord God, boy, that's forgery! That's a penitentiary offense!"

"Papa, I'll send the old bicycle back. I didn't actually want it anyway. I'll



crate it up and send it right back!"

"No you won't either! You're not going to wiggle out of it that easy. You forged my name to get that bicycle, now you can keep it and take the consequences. They'll send you to the reform school for this little trick, young man. Oh, to think that I'd raise a son up and work with him, and try and teach him to do right, and *then . . .*"

Frightened though he was, Waldo still had hope at first. He mailed on June the first the five dollars he earned in May, and another five dollars on July the first. He was beginning to see his way through to freedom when the drouth sealed his doom.

No rain had fallen since the tenth of June. By the latter part of the month his patrons had begun saying that there was no use in sending a cow to pasture. Every blade of grass was burned crisp. Slover's cattle tanks were broad gray basins of cracked mud dotted with yellow-grained crawfish mounds. After the first of July people kept their cows in town, where at least there was water.

When the fateful dry spell closed in on him Waldo knew that he could not meet the August payment on his bicycle. He worked every day at his father's printing shop, sweeping the floor, distributing type, feeding and cleaning the job press, running errands. His father gave not the slightest promise that these dogged efforts would be rewarded.

Montgomery Ward started dunning him about the middle of August. He still owed a balance of \$9.40. He dared not send any word of explanation for fear some slip might reveal his forgery. The collection letters grew less polite, more urgent, and finally one came saying that, unless his unpaid balance of \$9.40 was sent immediately, recourse to law would be taken to collect it.

The day that letter came Sheriff Ferguson caught Waldo. Waldo had succeeded in avoiding the Sheriff for almost four months, ducking round a corner every time he caught sight of Sheriff Ferguson's portly form striding down the street from the courthouse. But that day the Sheriff stepped out of Danziger's Pharmacy at the moment Waldo started in. Some loafers were sitting on the curb watching the dust clouds roll down Broadway. They were talking about the long dry spell. "Well, Waldo," Sheriff Ferguson said jovially, "you about ready to start to reform school with me this fall?"

Waldo stood there stark with fright. The loafers guffawed. Sheriff Ferguson laughed and ruffled Waldo's hair and walked on. Waldo didn't know whether to run or stand still. His chin began snubbing. Herman Gutterman, the booze-ruddy old whiskey-maker, came over to him.

"Don't you never let 'em guy you, Waldo. Your pappy ribbed the Sheriff up to say that. I heerd him when he done it. You're all right, son. They ain't going to send you to no reform school. That's just their idea of a joke." He winked a bleary blue eye at Waldo.

Waldo gave the old moonshiner a suspicious look and walked away. You couldn't believe a word a bootlegger said.

There was a good time coming for all the other boys in town. As for Waldo, he did not expect ever to have a good time again. September had come, another month added to his default. It was only a matter of days now until he must pay the penalty for his crime.

One Saturday morning he came to work later than usual. He leaned his bicycle up against the back of the building and went into the shop. He



picked up the broom and got a scoopful of red floorsweep, preparing to sweep out, to start the morning routine. His father called:

"You don't need to sweep out to-day, son. Just let the sweeping go. Go on and have a good time. Go join the celebration."

"What celebration?" Waldo asked dully.

"What celebration! You're working here at the *Democrat* and you ask me what celebration? Here, didn't you never read this?"

Waldo took the big pink handbill. He had seen it two weeks ago, the day it was printed. He glanced at the large type again.

#### HOME TOWN INDUSTRY JUBILEE

The Conchartee Merchants listed below invite every man, woman and child in the Conchartee Trade Territory to join them in a mighty celebration of Conchartee Merchants' "Live & Let Live" policy, and be their guests on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8TH

\$\$\$ IN PRIZES \$\$\$

Come On!! Come All!!

*For Ladies:* Rolling Pin Throwing Contest;  
Husband Calling Contest.

*For Gents:* Calf-Roping Contest;  
Hog Calling Contest.

*For Girls to Age 12:* Rag Chewing Contest.

*For Boys to Age 12:* Cracker Eating Contest.

*For Everybody:* (Winner Take All)

Potato Race & Sack Race

Come Early!!! Stay Late!!!

Free Shade & Ice Water

BAND CONCERT BY DEMOLAY

SILVER CORNET BAND

Special Attraction:

At 12 Noon Saturday \$100 in GOLD, silver, and copper coins will be thrown off the top of Pollack Bros.

He walked disconsolately through the crowd that had already begun to gather round the courthouse square. There was nothing for him

to celebrate. The DeMolay Band was tuning up in the bandstand over on the southwest corner of the square. A thin squeal from a clarinet followed by an *um-pah* from the bass horn made the crowd laugh. Waldo walked along under the heat-wilted trees, kicking at dried catalpa beans. He saw grizzled old Herman Gutterman kicking up his heels, already hilarious on his own wares. The peanut roaster was whistling in front of the White Front Grocery. Cripple Lund, the news agent, sat in his little wagon on the corner, holding a large gay cluster of toy balloons. Watermelon wagons were backed up to the curb, and their owners were bawling,

Nice big watermelons,  
Fresh from the vine;  
Good erns for a nickel,  
Better'ns fer a dime.

Two or three enterprising small boys with their tubs set on the sidewalk had started shrilling,

Ice cold soddy pop!  
Freeze yer teeth,  
And curl yer hair,  
And make you walk  
Like a millionaire.

When noon came Waldo, still skeptical about Pollack Brothers throwing away money, stood with the crowd that had gathered in the street out in front of the store. Sure enough, the Pollack brothers' two swart faces appeared above the brick false storey. They set a canvas money bag up on the brick cornice for all to see and plunged their hands in. Two handfuls of copper and nickel coins glinted in the blinding sunlight. There was a great shouting scramble in the dusty street. Waldo saw a dime fall and he went sprawling after it. A big farmer stepped on his fingers, barking them until they bled, but Waldo felt no pain. It was over all too quickly. The Pollack brothers shook out the

coin bag to show that all the money had been scattered. They disappeared down the roof. The crowd milled about, laughing and comparing catches. Waldo saw some boys he knew.

"I got eighteen cents," he said proudly. "What did you guys get?"

"Aw, you didn't get that much. Nobody got that much without it was that guy that caught the \$20 gold piece in the air."

"Let's see it, Waldo," Bill Slover, a lumpy farm boy, said.

Waldo held out his open palm, showing a grimy dime and a nickel and three cents. Bill Slover slapped the coins out of his hand. The boys all scrambled for the money. Waldo stood there almost ready to cry. Bill Slover walked off, laughing. Two or three of the boys handed him back his nickel and two of his coppers, but his dime was gone.

"You wait, Bill Slover!" Waldo called. "I'll get even with you!"

Up the street the potato race had started. Waldo stood on the sidelines musing, trying to think of a way to win without having to make all those trips.

He noticed that several of the farmers looking on carried tow sacks tucked under their arms. Back of the crowded sidelines he saw Bill Slover walking in a bran sack, holding the top of it clutched at his waist. He was mincing along cautiously, trying to keep from stumbling. Bill looked odd with his beefy bottom stuffed tightly in a gunny sack.

"What're you doing in that tow sack, Bill?" Waldo asked.

"Practicing up for the sack race, what'd you think? I'm going to win me that five-dollar gold piece prize. You watch me."

"Could I get in the sack race, Bill?"

"I guess you could. They ain't nobody holdin' you, are they? You

cain't run in a sack race without no sack though."

Waldo ran as fast as he could to the printing office. He got his bicycle and pedalled hard for home. When he got back to Broadway, panting and out of breath, they were already lined up for the sack race. Men and boys hobbled with gunny sacks stood in a line that reached from one side of Broadway to the other. Down at the crossing, half-a-block away, a crowd had gathered at the finish line. Waldo stepped quickly into line, pulled his gunny sack up over his legs and clutched it at his waist. Everyone was looking toward Al Kimball, who stood ready to fire the starting pistol.

The pistol cracked, and the long, brown-hobbled line wavered and surged forward. One after another, racers who tried to step out too quickly, stumbled and went thudding down. Waldo could not see anything but the press of faces at the tape. Back of him he could hear the burly farmers striking the ground heavily, cursing and grunting. He did not look back. He took long steps, and every time he was about to stumble he would let out the big coffee sack a little more. His feet moved freely in its ample folds. A great shout of laughter went up from the crowd when they saw Waldo, up to his armpits in the huge gunny sack, striding out ahead. The only face Waldo could recognize in the white blur at the goal was Herman Gutterman's grizzled, red-nosed mug. Herman was cheering him.

"Whoopee! Come on thar, you Waldo!" Herman kept shouting.

All along the course the racers who had fallen were getting to their feet again. Waldo took a backward glimpse and saw that Bill Slover was the only one close to him. Bill was coming on with a rapid twisting mo-

tion he had practiced. They were within a few feet of the finish when Bill reached out and clutched at Waldo. Bill lost his balance and went humping over on his face. Waldo stumbled against the tape and into the arms of Herman Gutterman, who let out another "Whuppy" that was a blast of whiskey breath in Waldo's face. He struggled free, and the throng surged round him, laughing and shouting.

Mr. Lennox, the sack-race judge, smiling his strained smile, held up the five-dollar gold piece to present to the winner. Just as Waldo reached up to take it, Bill Slover came hopping across the line, bawling angrily, "Hold on a minute there! He cheated! He had a great big sack whur the rest of us just had ordinary gunny sacks."

There was a murmur through the crowd. Opinion was divided. Some of the spectators were saying that when you came right down to it, using a big sack like that wasn't fair. A body could take full-length steps in a big sack. The whole idea of a sack race was to have the runners *hobbled*. That Ledbetter boy was a town boy too. Mr. Lennox hesitated, glancing timidly at the crowd.

A deep voice came rolling out over the heads of the people. "Just a minute, Lennox!" Banker Winston, the richest man in town, spoke, and the press gave way before his great paunch. "There ought not be any difficulty in making a decision here," W. S. Winston bumbled, taking the gold piece from Mr. Lennox. "This lad here (putting his hand on Waldo's head) crossed the finish line first. Nothing was ever specified about the *size* of the gunny sacks to be used in this sack race. All the more praise to this lad for being slick enough to go get him an

extra large sack. Any lad quick-witted enough to outsmart his competitors in the way this lad has done deserves two prizes. Here, my boy," W. S. Winston said, handing Waldo the five-dollar gold piece.

"Amen, Double S! You shore spoke a mouthful," Herman Gutterman yelled, slamming his old black Stetson on the ground and stamping on it. "Any kid that smart deserves two prizes, and I'm a-goin' to reward the other'n to him right now." Herman pulled a thin roll of currency out of his pocket, snapped off the rubber band, and handed Waldo a five-dollar bill.

The throng laughed loud approbation. It was wonderful. It was a little too wonderful. Waldo did not linger. He squirmed through the thick stockade of legs and reached the sidewalk. He raced round the corner, down the quiet side-street toward the post office. Postmaster Shannon was standing at the money-order window. Waldo pushed the gold piece and the five-dollar bill under the wicket.

"Mr. Shannon, would you look and see if this is real money?"

Sounds from the hog-calling contest came drifting into the quiet post office, "Sook-sook-sook, sooeey, soo-oo-eyl"

"Why, yes, it looks like real money to me, Waldo. What's the matter? Did something make you think it was counterfeit?"

"No, sir. I *thought* it was real money. Then will you write me a money order for \$9.40 to Montgomery Ward and Company?"

"Money-order application blanks are right over there on the lobby desk, Waldo. You're a big enough boy now to be filling out your own blanks," Postmaster Shannon said.





# THE BLACK POPE OF VODOO

BY FAUSTIN E. WIRKUS

IN TWO PARTS

## PART I

**COLLABORATOR'S NOTE.** This narrative has been drawn from unpublished, first-hand knowledge of the mysteries of Haitian Voodoo, gathered by Mr. Wirkus over a period of fourteen years. The experiences are all his. The writing and arrangement are mine. Our whole effort has been to present some fragments of ascertained truth about this strange religion, so often misrepresented by cheap melodrama—leading up to the utterly unknown and striking figure of the secret High Priest, the Man of Trou Forban.

Originally a sergeant in the Marine Corps, Mr. Wirkus became lieutenant in the native Gendarmerie d'Haiti; he was assigned to the forgotten island of La Gonave, only thirty miles out in the bay from Port au Prince and ten across the channel from Mont Rouis, yet so remote that the grafting tax collectors could for decades squeeze the poor farmer and fisher folk dry—and remit not one *gourde* to the central government. The primitive blacks were really ruled by two Queens of their Congo societies, these royalties being powerful Voodoo priestesses.

Touchingly, the people presently made this ex-sergeant of Marines their King. He was the first honest official they had known; he let their wives and daughters alone; *blanc* though he was, he treated a poor Haitian like a human being; he actually fought for them with the authorities; and he had an ardent interest in their carefully hidden religion—not because he wished to raid and suppress, but apparently because he wished to know.

In spite of these peculiar advantages, it took long years to gain the confidence of the wary guardians of this underground religion. At last they accepted him as a phenomenon: the spirit of their patriot-Emperor Faustin, reincarnated somehow in a *blanc*.

This is a true story of what he has learned.

HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

### I FIND THE BURIED OUANGA

**I** WAS out after guinea-fowl that afternoon. Pushing across the dry, flat land through bahonda scrub and cactus, I could hear the harsh, creaking, metallic *chuk-keet* of the unseen birds and the rustling as they darted away through the thicket. Presently a pair close by rose noisily, big, fat cocks with gleaming scarlet combs and wattles. I took a hasty snapshot, but only winged one of them. He scaled down toward the ruins of an old wall, and I hurried to the spot. The guinea was lying right against the base of the

ancient gray foundation stones—all that was left of some spacious French plantation home. As I picked him up, I noticed an odd sight a few feet away.

On a low mound of earth close to the ruins rested a wooden cross. It was about two feet high, painted black; the arms ended in white knobs. It looked strangely out of place in that landscape beside the forgotten remains of the old French mansion. Ignorant as I then was of the strange hidden life of superstitious beliefs which the Haitian conceals so jealously from the *blanc*, I knew what the symbol meant.

The Cross and the Snake are the

insignia of Voodoo. Incongruous as the combination seems to a white man, they indicate perfectly the conflicting elements which have gone into the making of that baffling religion dominating the minds and lives of Haitian negroes. Clearly this cross was a sign, warning all outsiders not to meddle with what lay underneath, at peril of the dark magic wielded by the *papaloi*. A sign no native would dare to disobey: I had seen an unsatisfactory cook disposed of by the simple process of placing two crossed sticks before his doorway at night; in the morning he saw them; before the next night he had disappeared.

I looked about. A hundred yards away, behind the usual flimsy stockade, stood a huddle of huts. There was a familiar look about them. Then I recalled the place and an incident of the year before. Our colonel's car had stalled on the road near-by: some things had been stolen from it; I had been sent to search these very buildings for the purloined articles. That tumble-down structure—like all Voodoo temples, never repaired but merely added to as it became decrepit—was the very *houmfort* I had searched, against the angry protests of the wrinkled old *mamaloï* who occupied the adjoining shelters with her daughter. I remembered the altar, the necklace of beads, teeth, cartridges, crucifixes, and what not, the old sword, the Indian "thunder-stones"; how my gendarmes dared not enter—but finally followed when I went in; how I confiscated all the "sacred" articles as required by orders, and how the priestess raved and threatened and begged for the return of the necklace, which seemed to have special potency. Finally, how all these articles simply disappeared from the custody of one of my men.

What lay before me was obviously some witchcraft work of that same outrageous *mamaloï*.

Very curious now, I scraped away the thin layer of soil to see what this Mother of the Spirits had been about. A square of matting kept the earth from the contents of this sorcerer's mound. I lifted out a calabash with a piece of pasteboard tied over the opening; inside was a horrible nauseous mass of corruption, such as I had seen in similar vessels hung from trees back in the hills, always avoided in terror by my men. Next came a corked bottle; within it was a cross, too large to pass through the neck, evidently patiently carved or put together inside. A Congo paquet was there, cloth tied into a vase shape round herbs, bark, earth—probably from a grave—and other objects hardly identifiable.

All this must have some meaning. But what?

Then I noticed a piece of brown paper with some writing on it. I puzzled out the Créole French. It was a mass curse. It invoked the Dark Powers to inflict a terrible punishment upon all those offenders whose names were listed below:

"As this (something) corrupts, so may they one and all perish and rot."

That was the pleasant tenor of it. And prominent on this list of persons thus bewitched was M. d'Artiguenave, President of the Republic! (His acceptance of American rule had brought him the hatred of many fierce patriots.)

I looked north where the cultivated slopes led up to Mt. Terrible, with the Morne Oranger looming up beyond; and west between palm trees to the tropic sun lowering toward the blue bay and ocean; and I shivered a little.

Of course this was all childish mummery. Yet there was a sharp venomousness in the very phrasing of the black curse which suggested the deadliness of the fer-de-lance. The writer believed in the spell, and wished to kill.



A *ouanga* is witchcraft, pure and simple. It places a spell on the man or woman who has offended the *papaloi* or someone who employs him. It may be a pair of nails crossed, or chicken feathers stuck together with blood, or corn meal dropped into cruciform lines on the floor—almost anything in cross form. Every Haitian knows that disaster, illness, or death follows unless the bewitched person has the spell removed by the *papaloi* who cast it or by a more powerful *hougan*.

The whole thing brought into the light a glimpse of the secret life of superstition all about me of which I knew so little. It was there, this Voodoo at which we Marines had joked on our arrival. It was real whatever it was. It was a power among the people of whom I was in charge. The recognition made a white soldier-policeman feel quite lonely, made him wonder about these good-natured, easy-going blacks who took orders so obediently. It would never have occurred to me to be afraid of them physically; but this subterranean belief of which I had no comprehension was another matter. It appeared necessary to know something about it if one were to do one's job efficiently.

I remembered being impressed in much the same way by happenings up in the Cahos mountains when stationed at Perodin. Two pictures especially stood out. A child had died. The bearers were taking the little body to the burying ground. They came down the trail, holding the coffin, springing this way and that, advancing in a series of irregular zig-zag leaps. In front of them went a man, I suppose a Voodoo priest, with a calabash of water from which he sprinkled a trail of drops on the ground: there is a deep, mystical connection between water and spirits.

When the grotesque procession neared the cross path leading west to the burial place, the water-sprinkler ran ahead. Carefully he laid down a false trail of water to the *east*, thus diverting any following evil presence—while the bearers darted swiftly in the opposite direction, and interred the corpse hurriedly. The immediate family must on no account follow to the grave lest some other child fall under the power of bad spirits. Surrounded by such an unseen world of terror, it is no wonder the Negro is dominated by the *papaloi* who can master them.

Again: with fifteen men I was out on a patrol after bandits who were reported in our district. We made camp in the woods. I placed outposts up and down the trail. It was a beautiful moonlit night, and I lay by the fire, wondering if I should have the luck to capture these raiders and put an end to their depredations.

A shot from below broke the stillness. I ran that way and met my sentry retreating. He was gray, stupid with terror.

"What is it? What you shoot at?"

"*Ragaou! Ragaou!*" he stammered, his eyes staring wildly.

Not till I threatened to strike him would he make an intelligible report.

"I stood there as ordered. The moon showed the trail like day. All of a sudden there appeared an old woman, quite close." He trembled all over and looked behind him apprehensively.

"Well, what then?"

"She came up the trail. I stepped forward. '*Qu'elles vous?* Who goes there?' I said. Before my eyes she—*turned into a dog!* So I fired as she ran into the trees, and ran the other way."

No use talking to him. He had seen it with his own eyes. I realized that these luckless folk had *loup-garous* also to contend with and to be pro-



tected from by their Voodoo priests—that same old skin-changing man-wolf who was a nightmare to the folk of medieval Europe, who was a vampire in Hungary, a bearman in Lithuania, and who finds his counterpart to-day in the terrible night-prowling leopard-man of Western Africa. Only the Haitian *ragaou* adds a particularly horrible habit of digging up the bodies of babies and children for use in her complicated unholy rites. Later on it became my duty to arrest one who was a daily and nightly terror to her neighbors on the Island of La Gonave.

You can take any view you wish of this extraordinary religion. It has combined the ancestor-spirit and snake worship of Ardra and Whydah; the poison art, spells, hypnotism, ventriloquism, and hysterical ecstasy of the witch-doctor; blood sacrifice and approach to the Mystery by partaking of blood and flesh; the Christian story of the Crucifixion; some Catholic Saints naïvely felt to correspond to Dembala and Legba—and has mixed all this into a striking pattern of its own. But whatever one's feeling about it, no one can deny that its worshippers really believe. Hence its living power over their minds and acts.

If one is sick or insane or bewitched by an enemy or injured in any way by another or betrayed in love or unlucky, there is a priest close by, known to every black though often not suspected by a white after years of close association. For a price his mystic arts are at the sufferer's disposal. Frequently he succeeds; the complete faith in him, his underground knowledge of both sides, and some knowledge of herbal medicines are a strong combination.

Is it any wonder that his petitioner goes to the next services at the *houmfort* more than ever ready to believe in the supernatural powers the priest controls?

Is it any wonder that an arrogant white man, scornful of this "mumbo jumbo," frequently finds himself completely blocked by something invisible, against which he can make no headway?

The powers that be in the American occupation recognized that there was here a secret force inimical to what we consider good government. (The French plantation owners felt the same two centuries ago.) District commanders had orders to suppress forbidden ceremonies, raid the temples, furnish complete lists of all "Voodoo artists" in their regions.

During the first years of the Occupation native gendarmes could not be forced to take part in these sacrilegious raids. Lieutenant Muth who was patrol officer operating from L'Arcahaie found his men paralyzed with terror at the order to enter a *houmfort* and confiscate the Voodoo fittings. They simply would not do it—and they muttered dire prophecies of the evil surely in store for their Lieutenant from braving these dark Powers. When he was presently killed at Las Cahobas the men accepted it as an event they had long foreseen.

The constant raids on the temples had some effect. Native gendarmes who at first would not enter a *houmfort* until their white officer had preceded them, lost this fear and made raids by themselves in accordance with orders; but I noticed when I recently returned to Haiti a distinct lapse back to their former attitude of superstitious awe. They face something far too universal and too strong for them without the constant backing of white military authority. Even the President of the Republic did not dare to oppose this secret power openly: in 1927 orders went out cautioning all officers not to use the President's name as authority for such restrictive orders, since this was "liable to cause em-

barrassment, misunderstanding, and also misconstruction."

I got some glimpses into the more secret manifestations of Voodoo. But it took me thirteen years of patient winning of confidence from initiates to get that far. It would require years more to piece together the puzzle and make a complete picture of this strange religion, developed by the blacks from old and new beliefs, in an island home secure from outside interference.

But I have had plenty of evidence that it is a Secret Power.

#### THE SPIRITS TALK FOR ME

Several times I have heard fathers of the spirits summon the *loi*, heard these talk. I am not likely to forget any of these scenes. The first time was at L'Arcahaie. I had begun to gain the confidence of some of my black friends. Finally, after we had worked together and talked together, they trusted me.

In native clothes, my face, hands, and bare feet (in sandals) stained yellow, one took me by night to the *hougan* Dessalines, vouching for me as a stranger from Jamaica seeking enlightenment.

I came away from that *houmfort* merely more bewildered. It may have been mere ventriloquism. It seemed like that actual "possession" in which Bible writers believed. And it was at times most impressive.

Some years later another friend, convinced of my good will toward his race, vouched for me with a very powerful *hougan* at Léogane. Late one evening we made our way to the *hougan's* home on the outskirts. Besides my general interest, I had a special reason for this visit: I had picked up vague and cautious hints of a central figure, a sort of High Priest in the Voodoo hierarchy. Nobody would speak definitely. I hoped to get some further light on this entirely new idea.

It was a dark night, for the moon

would not rise till two. The tropic stars gave plenty of light to walk by in the open, but the shadows were full of mystery. We seemed to pass into a zone of restrained quiet as we approached the place. The ordinary talk and singing were hushed. There was no rustling even of the leaves of palm trees overhead.

My companion touched my arm.

"It is here," he whispered.

There was a group of ten or twelve huts; this was a powerful dignitary, and his state demanded six or eight wives. Trees clustered thickly about. Silence and obscurity lay heavily upon the whole little settlement.

"Wait here," murmured my guide, advancing toward the buildings.

I heard the murmur of a few words from the shadows at the entrance. My friend came noiselessly back, his face solemn.

"It is all right. Come," he said.

I followed him toward the main structure. Some watcher slipped out of sight round to the back. Out stepped from the house a figure which looked monstrous in the half light.

"*Papa moin*," said my friend, looking down, "this is the stranger from the far islands. Doctor Dessalines has told him to come to you to consult the *Mystère*."

The *hougan* stood looking at me some moments without a word. He was a huge black man, well over six feet tall. Though he must have weighed nearly two hundred and fifty pounds he gave no impression of flabbiness or fatness; on the contrary, he looked like an athlete who could take care of himself in a fight. In the starlight I could see his glistening broad face, his large intelligent eyes, the unusual shiny bald head which gave him such an individual look.

"You know Doctor Dessalines?"

"He was good enough to show me some things."



"And now you wish to know more?"

"Yes."

"Especially one thing you wish?"

"Yes."

"We will see. It may be that the *loi* will grant your wish."

He turned abruptly and led the way to a separate building, even more completely shrouded by trees than the dwellings. We entered a windowless room, perhaps fourteen by twenty feet. The only illumination was from an "everlasting light," a saucer of castor-bean oil in which a wick floated and shone with a clear flame. It threw grotesque wavering shadows on the whitewashed wall as the *hougan* moved about. Easy to fancy that misshapen disembodied beings flitted to and fro, appeared from nowhere, vanished again.

Back of the altar hung pictures of Catholic Saints. St. Patrick, because as Master of the snakes which he is shown driving out of Ireland, he could be only Dembala of the Slave Coast tribes; St. Peter, who appears holding the keys of Heaven—and is obviously, therefore, Legba, Keeper of Entrances; and another (Michael?) thrusting with a trident at a horned and tailed Devil to hurl him back into eternal flames. Also a crucifix, without any figure of the Christ. I recalled one other altar with an almost life-sized figure of a *black* Christ.

The *hougan* followed the ritual I had witnessed before. Taking a cup of water from the altar, he poured a little into the *acon* gourd, with his right hand; then with his left he sprinkled some drops on the altar as far as he could reach, next some on the ground between the altar and his feet.

"*Pou les morts*, for the dead," he murmured.

He handed me the cup and I imitated him precisely.

The priest lighted a rushlight from the "everlasting light," extinguished

the latter, and walked to the chair. Seating himself beneath the loose corner of the blood-red canopy, he carefully placed the crude candle on the floor, where it guttered and flared and made monstrous shadows dance on the walls. Then the *hougan* began his invocation—and shivers coursed along my spine as I listened.

He had a marvellous voice, of tremendous range and with that rich unctuous resonance of the African. The sound came out of his mighty chest as from a gigantic drum, and, like a drum, his whole being vibrated to his words.

For he was addressing the Powers of the Supernatural.

Some portions of his Créole were familiar.

"O Saint André, master of Dembala, and *Dembala*, master of the serpent come to aid if it pleases you.

"The black is not the good God (*Neg' pas bon Gè*); the good God is more powerful."

But there were words and phrases quite foreign to Créole French; they sounded like pure African.

However, it was not necessary to take the meaning in through one's mind. So powerful was the emotional appeal that it stirred one's senses directly. One felt it all without any sharp intellectual comprehension as that rich voice rolled out, rising and falling, begging, urging, imploring, demanding. It made present realities of the unseen gods to whom it spoke. One felt as if no deity could be insensible to the fervent belief, the intensity of appeal.

Then the *hougan* seemed to gather all his forces. That deep voice swelled into a still greater wave of sound, which filled the room and beat on my ear-drums from every direction. It was like being close to a mighty organ which completely envelops one's senses.



Now and then the *acon's* beads would rattle. There was an occasional, punctuating stroke of the bell. I heard these, but hardly noticed them in the incessant sustained roll of sound, upon which were clearly patterned repeated supplications to one sacred power after another. It was hypnotic, nerve-racking, overpowering. It seemed impossible that one voice could produce such a deep throbbing accompaniment of itself.

Presently I began to pick out a repeated call upon a new name—"Ciembie, Ciembie."

It was impossible to think consecutively or reason while that prodigious voice increased in force and depth and urgency.

Just as I felt my nerves could bear no more, that I too must call out to Ciembie, the voice stopped abruptly. Flat silence. Tense, dramatic, expectant.

Suddenly I started as if I had been struck from the darkness.

From the mouth of the tall Canary earthen jug, came an utterly different voice. It was of quite another timbre, deep, unearthly, startling, as if some being outside of humanity spoke within a vaulted cave, its words surrounded by echoes and reverberations. The phrases were clear enough, but they were in a language I could not understand.

The *hougan* spoke, apparently in the same tongue. Then he begged in patois that the *loi* would speak to the stranger in Créole.

"*Ou tande moin?* Do you hear me?" asked the weird voice from the jar.

"I hear you," I replied.

"What do you wish?"

"I come from far off. I am told there is here one who is greatest in the mysteries. I wish to know more of him."

There was a moment's silence.

"You have heard the truth," came

the cavernous voice. "There is indeed one who is the most powerful of those who worship. It is he who comes closer than any other to the final mystery."

"Where is he?" I inquired.

There was no answer to this. Presently the *hougan* spoke.

"The stranger wishes to gain knowledge from this great one."

The voice came again with finality:

"That will be as He wishes."

Silence. Profound, and complete.

I heard a gurgling sound as of water being drunk from a bottle. For several long minutes nothing else happened. Then a great groan came from the *hougan*. He seemed to be awakening from a deep trance, coming slowly and painfully up through layers of consciousness.

He placed the little candle in front of the curtain again and stood up. Sweat glistened on his face and hands. He seemed as exhausted as a runner who has given his last ounce of strength before collapsing.

I took my leave. I confess I was awed. I confess I dreaded lest those keen eyes pierce my disguise.

"I thank you, *papa moin*."

"Farewell, yellow one," said he hoarsely. "If you are to hear more, you will hear more."

With that for encouragement in the quest which had grown more and more important in my mind, I went away. I would see what might come next. Meanwhile I would keep on trying. But whether I ever reached this mysterious central figure or not, I was more than ever impressed by the power of Voodoo over its believers, and by this man.

Yet there was one in the hierarchy far more powerful than he!

#### ZULE THE SECRETIVE

The Island of La Gonave was its own peculiar different self amid the indi-

vidual and surprising land that was Negro Haiti. It had its own unique life. It was not long before here too I suddenly saw the everyday matter-of-factness broken by the underground beliefs of Voodoo—just as a school of fish would break the smooth surface of the bay offshore, betraying the swarming life beneath.

We were building a government house, except for an old barracks the only stone and stucco building on the island. Willing hands made a crib-work pile of cord-wood eight feet high. On this were heaped lumps of coral lugged up from the shore reef, to be burned into lime.

I supervised it all—but there was one essential feature with which I had nothing to do. A block of *lignum vitæ* had been blessed at a secret Voodoo ceremony. This unsplittable, heavy wood has some symbolic significance. It was considered a sovereign remedy for many diseases and appears to-day in the scientific list of medical drugs as *guaiacum*. Carefully purified, it was placed on the blazing pile—that the time and building might be protected against evil powers.

I had seen the clothes of a dead woman hung near the burying ground to keep her spirit from forays abroad; I had watched Queen Julie's amazing dancing and then gone in the night with her and Ti Memenne to the beach cave, to be hailed as a reincarnation of Emperor Faustin by the weird un-sleeping hermit; I had seen Ti Memenne's scorn of the bungling faker calling himself a *bocor* who failed to do for a sick girl by his herbs and incantations what I managed with castor-oil; and I had been formally initiated into the Congo societies, when the *hougan* cut the throat of a chicken, caught the blood in a bowl and with dripping fingers marked the sign of the Snake on my forehead and wrists.

Always, however, Queen Ti Memenne would let drop hints that there was much still waiting for me to learn, far deeper mysteries to penetrate.

The mere choosing of a constable brought me a fresh lead when I least expected it.

"Polynice," said I one day, "I need a police rurale in the interior."

"It would be good."

"I have been thinking of Zule Prezeau."

There was a moment's pause. "He is worth thinking of."

His tone was peculiar. I knew of Zule as a *gros nègre*, an important man in his district, owning a large place, and I feared somewhat overdomineering toward his humbler fellows, as the successful Haitian is apt to be.

"He seems to be the most influential man over there. He ought to be the right one for the job."

"Oh, yes," said Polynice, still with that air of withholding something of importance. "He has influence."

It's useless to try to get anything out of a Haitian when he has made up his mind not to talk. I dropped it.

I talked with Waken, the *juge de paix*. Again I was conscious of something beneath the surface, as he agreed it would be an excellent choice. Deluy, too, my former gendarmerie sergeant and present deputy sequestrator, clearly considered Zule something quite out of the ordinary. Like the others he would not explain. Presently, however, he remarked:

"Zule knows more than anybody here about the thunderstones you like to look for."

That interested me still more. Among the most potent Voodoo charms are the polished stone celts or chisels of the Arawak Indians who inhabited the island when Columbus came. Throughout the West Indies islands these are sacred objects. All



know that one carried in a bag on one's chest prevents bullets from hitting the wearer; buried under a doorstep, it protects the house; on an altar, it influences the *loi*.

I had found ethnologists quite as interested in these stone chisels from their own historical point of view, and I had begun a collection of them, some of them jadeite, which does not occur in Haiti, also of the striking old Indian pottery with grotesque heads as handles. I had seen some exciting ones I couldn't get—one or two with carved faces, and one in the form of a marvelous little green snake, of unique Voodoo significance.

So I was in a particularly observant mood as I rode across the hills to see Zule Prezeau. The first impression I got on the road and from those outside his big place was that people were afraid of him. Not in the way they had feared the grinding tax-collectors who were oppressing them when I arrived on La Gonave. Quite a different, unresenting attitude, as toward someone most powerful, on a higher plane. It was hard to understand this as I talked with him. He was slender, smooth of skin—which was like fine black velvet—very intelligent, giving an effect of distinct reserve. His eyes were piercing. Not in the least a bully like Lubeau or Alvarez.

He accepted the appointment as chief of section in the rural police with dignity, as one equal to another. We talked a while.

"Do you find some of the Indian thunderstones here?" I asked.

"There are more here and finer than anywhere."

"I am collecting those. I will pay you a good price if you care to sell some."

He drew back. "Pardon, *mon lieutenant*, it is impossible."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Well, of of course that is for you to decide."

"*Mon lieutenant*," said Zule, frowning, "I mean no disrespect. But the *loi* would be angry if I gave those stones to a *blanc*."

There was no answer to that. I smiled and rode away.

Later I tried Polynice again. I had won his extravagant gratitude by showing him a trick of exercising his gamecocks, with the result that they won every main he fought, and since cock-fighting was his greatest passion, he could refuse me nothing.

"Polynice, I don't understand about Zule Prezeau. Everybody else is glad to sell me stones. Why is he so tight about it?"

Polynice glanced about. "He is a *ganga*," he said in a low voice.

"A priest? What has that to do with it?"

"He wants the thunderstones for his own ceremonies. He is a great *ganga*."

"Is that all?"

He hesitated, torn between his desire to satisfy me and some strong feeling that checked him.

"No," he whispered, "Zule collects for *Him*."

"For *Him*?"

"For the God of Trou Forban" he breathed—and went off abruptly.

That mysterious High Priest again! And I seemed to be a step nearer. For here was one who must actually come into contact with that elusive person.

#### THE BLOODY RITES OF PÉTRO

The interior of the *houmfort* was dim in the feeble light of two small candles on the altar.

All the familiar symbolic trappings were there. Yet there was a tense undercurrent in the place quite different from that of the ceremonies often witnessed. It was like the breathlessness that comes before a thunderstorm.

It was the night of Good Friday. Since afternoon the celebration had been going on, ever increasing in in-



tensity, ever pointing toward some climax eagerly foreseen by all the worshippers. There was no dancing. This was beyond the expression of the dance. The priestess was tall and commanding, in a scarlet robe and an elaborate ceremonial necklace—amid the beads of which I noticed the vertebrae of a snake, as a potent symbol of the religion's beginnings, in place of the live python formerly present. Her followers wore red shirts or scarves. They followed her every word and motion. Then responses came with growing fervor.

Over and over they had repeated the invocation to Legba, keeper of portals. They had called loudly upon Dembala, that ancient Da serpent of Allada believers, imbued with the wisdom of ancestor spirits. They had chanted back and forth:

Priestess—"W-y-o, w-y-o"

People—"Y-o-y-o, y-o-y-o"

until the very antiphonal beat of the rhythm stirred obscure centers within, as do the beats of the three sacred Rada drums, and that final startling former monster drum which worshippers in their ecstasy beat with their fists as they leaped into the air.

An assistant brought out a red cock. Holding it high, he presented it to the east, to the west, north, and south. Expertly he broke a wing. The sickening snap of the bone cracked through the silence like a pistol shot. Then the other wing, and both legs, while all gazed as if hypnotized. With one quick twist and jerk he tore the head from the living fowl. The blood ran down into the waiting bowl, which was placed upon the altar. More chanting, wilder than ever. The priestess' gestures became more sudden and dramatic. Her eyes rolled, the whites catching gleams of the candlelight.

At last the Symbol of the final Mystery. Two acolytes bore in a little pig. Holding it firmly by the snout

and legs, they raised it too toward each point of the compass in turn. A dreadful hush gripped the entire assemblage.

From the altar the *mamaloï* took a polished machete, round the handle of which was twined a scarlet ribbon. With one swift, sure stroke she cut deep across the animal's throat. The bright red blood gushed out—to be caught in the wooden *gamelle* held by a ready black hand.

A deep hissing sigh came simultaneously from every throat. A woman's voice screamed with a shrillness that pierced the brain like a knife. The *loi* had come upon her with violence. Deep bass voices broke into a frenzied chant, others shouted incoherently in a single repeated note. Men and women seemed swept into hysteria. Some stood shaking as if with ague. There were those who swayed violently to and fro. A few leaped in the air and sprawled on the floor, twitching and quivering and jerking.

Through this pandemonium the priestess stood silent and motionless, head thrown far back, eyes staring upward, lips moving in a murmured invocation. Then she took the spattered *gamelle*, placed it on the altar, shook spices into the dark contents. Like a cook preparing a meal for royalty, she tasted, added ingredients, tasted again, pouring a few drops into the palm of her left hand and licking it thoughtfully.

When it was right, she drank. The initiates crowded forward. They drank of the blood, they made symbolic markings with it on their foreheads, on their wrists, on their clothes. It was the climax of the Pétro ceremony of blood sacrifice.

I have never seen a human sacrifice in a Voodoo ceremony. But no one could witness that Pétro Good Friday celebration, by natives completely swept out of their everyday selves,

shaken with devastating religious hysteria, without realizing that they were carried to the very verge of it. Only a priest-leader was needed to increase the tension a mere fraction, to provide the human victim upon whom this blood obsession would focus, who would make reality of the vivid symbolism.

And where did this startling and "forbidden" ceremony take place? Not in the remote hills among ignorant peasants. But on the very edge of Port-au-Prince, the capital city.

Later I had long and frank talks with this officiating *mamaloï*, Mme. Robert. She was a black woman of about forty-five, of great shrewdness and intelligence though she could not read or write. In her priestess function she had traveled as far as the eastern end of Santo Domingo. Each year she would load her paraphernalia into her Chevrolet and journey to Sau d'Eau, to take part in the Voodoo portion of the Waterfall celebration.

"Yes," she admitted, "it is exhausting, the ceremony. I come to as after a long hard frightful trip. For days I am washed out."

"Is it not also dangerous?"

"How dangerous?"

"Well—the law."

She snapped her fingers. "I do not fear the law that much. I have protection of government, me."

She spoke truth. There was little attempt at concealment: I took a young lady to part of one of the Pétro celebrations: she was sorry presently that she had urged it. And I learned that one President of the Republic used to consult Mme. Robert frequently.

Right in Port-au-Prince itself there is one quarter which has always been known as a Voodoo center. When I learned more of what went on in this Belle Air section, I often wondered if this might be the answer to the Mystery of the Vanished Marine.

Only four years ago a tough old Gun-nery Sergeant of the Marine Corps, stationed in the city, simply disappeared. He was a veteran of eighteen years' service all over the world, able to take care of himself in any emergency. In a few years he would have been eligible for retirement on half pay; already he could retire at any time. Looking forward, he had saved his pay: he had a credit of two or three thousand dollars on the books. From every point of view desertion was inconceivable.

Yet one day he failed to report. And from that day to this there never has been the slightest trace of him. Strict inquiry developed that he had last been seen in a native carriage headed toward Belle Air—for he was to report to the Signal Company, which took him through that section.

That meant nothing at the time. Later strange notions began to stir in my brain as I perceived the subterranean activities of that quarter, and especially when I found myself one day in the house of a doctor there whom I knew to be a powerful figure of Voodoo. There were many sick people patiently waiting. He let them wait when I mentioned certain names. He showed me everything.

His attic was a storehouse of everything conceivable needed by an herb-doctor, witch-doctor, Voodoo *bocor*: dried rats and cats, snake vertebrae wired together, hawks' talons, bats' wings, intestines, herbs, drugs, bones, grave soil—a repulsive medley of strange objects which brought up gruesome pictures. Below he had a library, which included astrological books and charts, yellow pamphlets, manuscript volumes. I would have liked to be turned loose in that for a week.

He was a weazened black man, the Doctor, alert, wary, of quick intelligence, keeping his real thoughts and affairs strictly to himself. At first



glance one would label him "dangerous." I could well imagine him coldly administering poisons in the course of his professional or priestly labors. The Haitian *bocors* have always had a reputation as subtle poisoners; and while our medical authorities are doubtless correct in their skepticism as to any secret or unknown deadly drugs, there are plenty of known ones to be found in the island.

To begin with, the slaves surely learned something of this unpleasant art from their colonial masters: even some great court ladies of 17th Century France had an unwholesome reputation for such treacherous skill—as witness the most noble Marquise de Brinvilliers. Then the caustic poison of the untreated manioc root is well known. Also the decoctions made from the manchineel tree and from "elephant's ear" begonia. I have been assured that a common deadly agent is the hair-ball from a cow's stomach. Bits of this in food pierce the intestines in the same way as shredded splinters of bamboo are reported from the Orient to do. And there is in Haiti a large species of *datura*, near relation of our Jimson weed, from which comes a deadly poison, and which is stated to produce temporary stupor in the proper cold infusion: this is used, it is declared, to cause apparent death, that the *hougan* may bring the man alive again—and possibly sacrifice him under cover of this resurrection.

The Doctor made you remember all those facts, fancies, and tales. I would not have touched food or drink in his

house. He was surely a dangerous person, polite as he was to one with my credentials. If that Gunnery Sergeant happened to interfere by chance with his practices—well, the mystery of the Sergeant's disappearance would be mysterious no longer.

In spite of his willingness to show me the surface of everything, there was not a gleam of personal interest or friendliness. Just as I left I did get one spark from a concealed battery.

"I thank you, Doctor, for your courtesy. I am very ignorant of these matters, but I like to learn."

"You would not be here if you did not know more than most *blancs*."

"Doubtless you know what I want most to know."

He said nothing but drew back still more within himself, very watchful.

"There is a Man," I ventured.

Those piercing eyes were looking right through me.

"There are many men," he said brusquely.

"This is a very special person."

He hesitated a moment. "You mean the Man of Trou Forban?"

I nodded.

He was silent again, thinking hard.

"If he wishes, you will hear from him."

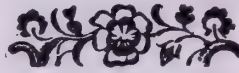
His tone was final. I turned to go.

"He will know that you have asked," he concluded.

There was a shade of self-importance in his tone which told me more clearly than words that here was a second Voodoo *hougan* who was in communication with the shadowy High Priest to whom I so desired to penetrate.

(In the January number Mr. Wirkus will continue the story of his search for the Black Pope of Voodoo and his ultimate success.)





# WHAT A YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

WE EXPECT so much. Out of our inadequacies, our frustrations, our hopes, and affections we adults build up towers of demands on the young. I sometimes think the towers are higher for girls than for boys. Every new achievement of woman gives us a new ambition for the young girl and suggests further preparation. We are continually adding to what we think she should know, and hardly ever subtracting.

I have a daughter who is seventeen years old. Thinking this over, I find that in the last six months I have expected her to know how to do these varied things:

Pass College Board examinations in Chemistry, French, and Latin.

Decide on her preferences among further studies with a view to concentration of effort and ultimately to earning her own living.

Write a Latin poem.

Meet a great many strangers pleasantly.

Handle her own personal expenses on a small allowance and not ask me for additional money.

Play golf and tennis, one in the competition of tournaments.

Dance well.

Face the brutality of stag lines at parties.

Read intelligently such books as *The Imitation of Christ*, Emily Dickinson's *Poems*, Kay Boyle's *First Lover*, and William Faulkner's *Light in August*.

Order the food for simple but formal meals as well as provide plenty of provisions for the irregular hospitality of a country cottage and yet keep the marketing bills within a stipulated monthly amount.

Select several evening dresses, with the understanding that each must cost less than twenty dollars, and keep on hand the right kind of clothes for all her sports and activities.

Keep her clothes reasonably clean and unwrinkled.

Refrain from drinking without being a prig.

Prevent the boys who "took her out" from indulging in necking.

Write necessary letters of courtesy as well as the letters she wanted to write.

Leave the kitchen in order after impromptu entertaining at night, no matter how late it happens to be.

Be agreeable to her relatives and to those family friends in whom she has no interest.

Drive a car without accidents, wash it, and change a tire.

Swim.

Ride in a drag hunt.

Keep some of her day for herself.

It sounds as if I got my ideas of parenthood from Simon Legree. I am slightly ashamed of that list because there are so many things on it that I myself cannot do. Nor did she succeed in achieving the measure of perfection, as a crumpled fender, an irritated aunt, and various other things

proved. But none the less that is what I expected of my daughter. These attainments and facilities and habits are ones which I want her to have. I do not want to cross anything off that list, and after a few moments' thought I shall probably find myself lengthening it.

I suppose too that it may seem confused and incoherent, if not pointless, this array of domestic and athletic and financial and social and intellectual accomplishments. Why must a girl know so much? Why do I want her equipped to face the strain of a modern ballroom as well as to enter an office or classroom or laboratory? Why do I want her to clean a kitchen as well as write Latin verse?

The answer is that I believe that it is necessary. Her equipment must be diversified because I do not know what her future will be. Her future set-up is not so clear as that of a young man. It is beyond prophecy. Nor do I want her stultified or cramped by my notions of properly independent womanhood, for I suspect that the future independence of women will be more generous and more companionable than it was in its inception. A girl to-day should certainly be prepared to earn her own living but, at the same time, she should be prepared to manage her life successfully if someone else earns it for her. She may be a mother or a spinster, a scientist or a society woman, and she will want to do a good job in any case. Whether she works in an office or lives a life of amusement, she must be familiar with some forms of exercise. And as I believe that some domestic responsibility, feather-weight or back-breaking, will ultimately become her personal problem, she should know how to handle that when it comes.

It is easy for a parent to be presumptuous in assuming the future of his child. I have two friends whose

main business in life is bringing up their daughters. One is rich and a widower. One is a divorced woman who, successfully enough, earns her own living but is not wealthy. Their points of view are divergent and yet their ideals are so identical that they fascinate me. For both of these parents want their girls to be well-educated, aristocratic in the bravest sense, competent, and happy. They chose the schools for the girls with the greatest care and, curiously enough, they chose the same schools. But outside of the schools they shape them absolutely differently. The woman so wants her daughters to be free from dependence on any man and so able to stand alone that she has almost isolated them among her own ideals. The man, who cannot conceive that his daughters will not marry, is insistent that they develop every grace. He promotes their social popularity. Both the man and woman have said to me on separate occasions when I have brought the conversation to the point of considering a social upheaval, "Whatever happens, my girls would be adequate. They could meet any situation." But it is true that all four of the girls are at times self-conscious and unhappy. I have never seen girls suffer so much at a mixed houseparty as that woman's daughters; and the man's daughters are completely at a loss if they fall into a company in which the conversation is so intellectual that it forgets certain graces and courtesies. If, by any chance, their lives should shape themselves differently from what their parents so firmly expect, these girls will doubtless always be self-conscious.

Until a girl's emotions reach fulfillment or are diverted into the pursuit of some major interest her life is a gamble. This is far more true of girls than boys, and it is why I think a girl often needs to know things that



exceed or even contradict a parent's ambition for her or a girl's ambition for herself.

From the essential things, one honestly tries to separate prejudices or favoritisms. For example, I do not think that every girl need know how to ride. Plenty of girls are afraid of horses and cannot overcome the fear; and plenty of them cannot afford the sport. Nor is Latin an essential knowledge. There are a few things on the list of accomplishments I wanted for my own daughter that are reflections of special aptitudes discovered in her or reflected desires of my own. But one can quickly weed them out, and essential things are still indicated.

## II

Before going any farther one must take into account the vast diversity of education. How much can a girl learn under ordinary circumstances or under the best circumstances? What is offered in this country in the way of education and training to girls between twelve and twenty? It is a long range. There are those astonishing schools where a "good seat in the saddle" will almost insure a diploma; there are serious and gratifying boarding schools and convents; there are others that in their feeble and expensive way try to maintain class distinctions in the minds of young girls. Most inclusive of all there are the high schools. The possibilities for a girl's continuing education are not very different from what they are for a young man, divided among a number of women's colleges, some good church schools which are liberal as well as devout, and many universities.

Nearly every girl, even in the horsey schools, will be taught to read and write and cipher. In the best schools she will learn to study and become aware that the mind is a fine instru-

ment for use and pleasure. She will be given information about Macbeth, Walter Pater, geometry, musical history, and other unallied subjects. If she goes to college, this knowledge will probably—not always, by any means—be importantly increased. In a girls' school or college she will also learn the problems and failures and satisfactions of utopias for women. In a high school or co-educational university she will, as a rule, learn enough facts to keep her there from year to year, and she will also learn far too much about American snobbery. For the high schools, though I may be challenged here, have an almost perfect system of social classification and recognition.

On the whole, I should say that most of what a girl learns in her classes at school will fade very quickly. The reading and writing, a trifle of geography and a fragment of history will perhaps remain. She will remember names like Longfellow and Emerson. But little factual knowledge will stick to her mind if hers is the general girl's education, unless she goes on studying past the point at which most girls stop.

I am not quite willing to pass this point without criticism. For I believe that a girl should know how to think, how to concentrate; and we have a right to expect that the academic side of her life, the schooling proper, will do this for her. If schools were devoted more to learning than to society, exercise, and new buildings, I think it could be done even in a limited education, and surely in a generous one. However, I am grateful even for the reading and writing and arithmetic. It is a start anyway. From there we can go on.

What I want to enumerate (and try to elucidate) are those other kinds of knowledge and additional skills which a girl should accumulate while her fu-



ture is hanging in the balance. Like my own daughter, she may intend, as seriously as one can at seventeen, to study chemistry; but she may be deflected from that purpose when she begins to study economics or meets a man from Harvard. I do not want, because she has a special interest now, either to neglect it or let it color her life to such an extent that she will be unhappy or inadequate if her desires change and her habits of life turn out to be quite different from those which I imagine for her or those which she dreams for herself. I want her to know the things that will stand her in good stead if she is poor; or if she is rich; if the state is Communist or Republican; if she is happily married, divorced, or remains single; if she should marry a man stationed in China or in an army post; if she builds herself a cottage in Carolina or has a job in a bank in New York.

I know only one way to approach the problem. It is true that I cannot foretell what her individual life will be, but I know what a woman's life in the world involves to-day and what obligations women as a sex have assumed for to-morrow. For those I can to some extent prepare her, because I can see into what divisions her duties must inevitably fall. She will have a business life of some sort, even if it is limited to paying her bills or shopping on credit. She will have a domestic life almost certainly, for domestic life persists even in strange new forms. She will have many social dealings with men and women. She will have personal relations with herself. For these four things I want, by hook or crook, by play or work, to fit her, and when I say "her" now, I do not mean only my own daughter but the daughters of my friends and of strangers and the multitudes of girls in schools and behind counters. All of these four things they must face. Into these four

channels of life we must direct a girl's knowledge and her skill.

### III

When I say business dealings I do not mean a job. I think a girl should know how to earn her living, of course. She can no longer count on an income from any other source. When I think of all the women who thought five years ago that they were "fixed for life" and are now in a desperate way, trying to sell lingerie or cosmetics, I hardly think this point need be disputed. For everyone knows as many of these unfortunate and usually unskilled women as I do. A girl who cannot earn her living may be arrogantly set apart by her unearned income (and that, as I say, is terribly precarious to-day), but she is usually an adventurer, living by her wits and the practice of her emotions or by setting up claims to devotion. I do not care how happily married she may be; she would be even more happily married if she knew that she could earn her living.

Often it isn't necessary for her to do it, at least continually. But any girl I bring up is going to know the delightful feeling of an earned dollar. The sense of earning, the personal confidence it gives a girl, the awareness that her energy or ability has a market value is immeasurably valuable. That knowledge keeps a girl from all sorts of secret discontents and fears. If she marries it is apt to make her relations with her husband truer and freer, because, while she may quite properly be living on his income, she is not in terror lest he lose it or tire of her. The ability of a woman to earn money has made some difficult married situations, no doubt, but it has destroyed so much hypocrisy and humiliation that there is no question that it is one of the most important things a girl should know.

Also, a girl should know how to earn money so that she may realize the value of a dollar either given or spent. Very extravagant and very stingy women are usually those who do not know how to earn a nickel.

When my daughter finishes her schooling she will, I think, have found a way to earn her living. But if she has not—and it is not discreditable for a girl to be undirected professionally even at twenty-one or -two—I shall send her to a business college for a few months and then expect her to find a job. Any job, just as a boy would have to do. I would not let her stumble about, among parties and households, until she is thirty and then discover that her education had gone stale and that she had no method of earning except badgering her friends to buy trinkets or luxuries because of friendship.

Yet to be fair, it must be admitted that it is not always possible for every girl to know how to earn money. She may marry very young, sometimes advisedly. But even then she will have business dealings with the world. She will shop. She will market. She will be responsible for spending money. And this responsibility should be handled adequately. That is why when my daughter, on the twenty-eighth of July, has thirteen cents and no gasoline in her Ford, she has to get along as best she can until the first of August, afoot. That is why I let her do the marketing and give her only a certain amount to spend. That is why she is told that she can have a new evening dress if she can find one for less than twenty dollars.

The world has been full to the brim with charming, dishonest women who have had a whole lot to do with steering it on the rocks. They can be just as charming if they are honest, and that they cheat is not exclusively their fault, for husbands, fathers, and shop-

keepers have winked in an amused or surly way at the notion that women always spend more than they should and, in some twisted way, have linked this failing up to a tribute to man's guardianship and superiority.

That is very tiresome. It is also old stuff. A girl should know how to write a check—and when I say check I include an entry on a check stub. The ciphering in public schools often helps us out on this point by including in common arithmetic the writing of checks. A girl should know that a bank account is not a bottomless pit. But if she has no bank account she can at least know how much cash or what portion of her parents' or husband's credit she can spend.

She should know, and at a reasonably early age, something about insurance and investments. This does not have to be expert knowledge but it should be a knowledge definitely and closely related to her income and responsibilities. I know young teachers who almost pride themselves on "never having a cent." For some reason they consider it spirited. But it shows that, in spite of being educators themselves, they lack one of the forms of knowledge every girl should have—that of proper business dealings with the world.

It gets down to this: a girl should know how to handle what money she has, whether it is five dollars or a half million. The sight of a girl who is putting herself through school by waiting on table gives me a complete confidence as to that girl's ability to keep out of bankruptcy all her life. But the girl who says, "I couldn't possibly afford it! But it was so adorable that I just had to have it," has not been taught how to spend. And she will be saying the same thing all the rest of her life unless a new social order chokes the words in her throat.



## IV

It seems to me beyond question that a girl should know something about domestic life and household management. Here I run wild with preferences. For I would rather have a girl know how to clean a sink (or a bathtub) than make a lemon pie. I prefer knowledge of cleanliness to knowledge of cookery, and accomplishment in neatness to fine sewing.

I myself think cooking is one of the most satisfactory things in the world because it is so tangible an accomplishment. But though we make hundreds of glasses of jelly in my own house every summer, I have not thought it necessary for my daughter to know how to make jelly.

I have insisted that she know how many pounds of peas to buy for six people and at what season to buy melons and avoid grapes, as well as the difference between shoulder, rib, and loin lamb chops, and a standing or rolled roast of beef. I want her to know how to make good coffee, good tea, broil a chop or a steak, make a salad, and put a meal on the table without getting breathless. I want her to know how to get breakfast. Beyond that I would leave further knowledge about cookery to the pressure and temptation of her future circumstances. Who knows what cookery will be necessary in the future?

I believe that a girl should know how to take a temperature and care for a minor illness or accident. She should know how to make a bed. Few do. I think she should know that there is no peace of mind in a confused or disorderly room. She should know how to arrange flowers and make something charming out of six miserable calendulas if necessary. But, lest you imagine that I think her household talents should be administrative or decorative only, let me add at once

that she should know how to wash clothes and press clothes, if not iron to a fine finish. This is for the reason that if she is confronted with poverty it would be more easy to slip into habits of uncleanness than actually to starve. But I do not think she needs to know how to make darning look like fine tapestry.

These things are all relevant to my own conviction that a household's grace and much of its happiness are dependent on order and cleanliness and beauty. Even if a girl lives in a cabin on a boat or in a service flat many of these aptitudes will be useful. If she has a normal household they will be basic.

There is one other thing about domestic life that it is necessary for a girl to know, and that is how to get along well with her family. In every family the effort at harmony must start somewhere, and men and boys succumb more easily to business moods or bad golf scores or boils. A girl should know how to appear cheerful when she is not cheerful and look serene at the table when she is troubled. It is part of her woman's job.

One always feels, at intervals,<sup>4</sup> that girls should know more about the care of infants and children than most of them do. Yet it has always seemed to me that any artificial attempt to stimulate a love of babies in young girls was bound to fail. It is one of the things which we can leave to nature, and heaven knows that we are doing so much of nature's work for her now that she ought to be willing to keep on at that one job. The most ignorant or most frivolous girl, when she is brought up against the problems of motherhood and must take on the care of a child, learns with marvellous quickness and retention—if she wants to. Every fine quality in a girl pours into her first experience in motherhood, and there is time enough for



learning detailed knowledge during pregnancy and hospitalization. Until then it seems to me if a girl knows that a household is normally made up of people of different ages, if she is affectionate with her grandparents and pleasant to a three-year-old visiting niece, that she has the fundamental idea.

## V

Domestic life weaves into social life, and sometimes the fabrics blend. But social relations, especially those with boys and men, are so important that a girl should have special knowledge about them to guide her. I make no exceptions. Every young girl is involved. She may escape business dealings almost entirely; she may touch domestic life only with the tips of her fingers; but she is sure to have social relations that will bring her pain and happiness. And while she is a girl she will give a major part of her imaginings, her hopes, and her intentions to the relations between herself and men, no matter how she is brought up.

Some parents and guardians scorn such absorption and treat it as if it were of no account, or a little comical. And there is an academic school of thought which considers it as an old-fashioned preoccupation sloughed off entirely by the modern girl. This is not true. The normal modern girl, without abandoning the victories of feminism, and accepting its responsibilities, does not even want to imagine a life in which men play no part. Therefore, she should be fortified by accomplishment and equipment for such relations.

One begins with those general social relations which lead to closer ones between individuals, and for these a knowledge of how to dress, how to play games, how to dance, how to talk well, and conduct oneself in company are

the major points. It is very necessary for a girl to know how to wear her clothes to advantage and make the most of herself physically. This includes what I call, rather stumblingly, a discovery of her own personality as expressed by her appearance. When a girl is sure of that she will go on to learn such minor things as whether to use a dark shade of powder or to wear a white bathing suit. She should know that it is not necessary to be beautiful in order to be charming. She should know that no well-dressed person thinks about her looks all the time.

She must know how to use her voice. The shrill clatter of some girls' voices definitely destroys their charm. I do not mean to suggest affectation or the grafting of accents which are unsuitable and out of place. But a girl should speak so that it is pleasant to listen to her. If this were universally true fewer homes would break up. If a girl is surrounded by people with raucous voices she can always go to the talkies and listen to one of the few actresses who speak beautifully, and learn from them how musical the English language can be.

She should know how to dance. Dancing is essential to a girl's social confidence and it is the great leveller. There are dances for five cents a whirl and dances to which only several thousand dollars a season will give admittance, but at all of them are the same competitions and sufferings and successes. Uncounted parents have tried to find a solution for the cruelty of the modern dances but there does not seem to be any except that a girl should know how to dance very well. Otherwise a girl should not be exposed to a ball where mercy is left in the cloakrooms. She herself should know, if her parents do not, that it is better to stay at home than to be pilloried.

But dancing is not enough. A girl

must know other sports. She should swim. This, like dancing, is within the reach of every purse, for we have public beaches as well as public dance halls. She should know how to swim both for safety and for pleasure. But after reaching this point I should let a girl choose her other sports. In my own family we have been pretty catholic and had even our archery and fencing attempts—these at camp and school. They petered out and left the more conventional, widely shared sports.

A girl who knows how to drive a golf ball a decent distance or return a serve well in tennis, or ride a horse without wondering if he is going to throw her, has a resource, a means of healthy development, and an opportunity to meet men in their sports. I think a girl should know how to do one such thing quite well. If it is golf, let it be golf. If it is riding, let it be that. But to know one sport to a high point of excellence seems to me far better than to have a smattering of all of them. This applies particularly to one indoor sport, bridge. I am not at all sure that girls should be allowed to play bridge at all unless they really know the game. This country is too crowded with women who sort cards and can do little else except tell one suit from another and make mistakes, whose minds are cluttered by rules that they can't follow. I do not care personally whether a girl ever touches a card or not. But if she plays bridge I think she should know the game.

One is not always engaged in sports, so there must be supplementary knowledge of general conduct. My first principle is that a girl should know how to keep herself from being what is called "necked." For necking as a sport, I have no tolerance at all. It is utterly bad because it excites both girls and boys past the point proper for

their ages and habits, and because it gradually debauches a girl who can only hope that her husband will be as successful a necker as other men she has known.

I feel equally strongly about drinking. I know of no valid reason why a girl should know how to drink. It will do her no physical good. It will steadily decrease her ability to have a good time without a drink. She should know how not to drink without making a fuss about it or calling attention to herself.

But these are strange times and unsteady ones, and so she should have one knowledge which perhaps another generation will not find as necessary—how to treat drunken boys and men, for she is almost bound to see some of them. This is not the age of drawing the skirt aside. It is the age of tolerance. It is suitable here to mention also that a girl should know how to control gossip and protect a friend's good name. She should know how to be amusing but to avoid coarseness. She ought to know how to head off a bad story.

I forgot to mention that a girl should know how to drive a car. Often a modern girl has to know how to drive a car for safety alone. Also it adds to her general competence. She should be able to handle any make of car, know how to drive without showing off or posing in the middle of traffic. I said in the beginning that I wanted my daughter to know how to wash a car and change a tire. That is partly in the interests of economy and partly because those things cement the affection of ownership.

But we are thinking about social relations and what a girl should know of them. Well, finally, I think she should know the difference between passion and love. Someone will say that this knowledge comes only by experience, and that, to some extent, is true. But



its basis is clear sex knowledge, which of course cannot be neglected. Girls find out much for themselves and among themselves, but their knowledge should be checked up on its accuracy by those adults who love them. There is such a thing as intimate discussion, as the pointing out of illustrative cases; it is a subtle but a necessary duty to teach a girl, with the aid of book, play, or example, that passion is not love and rarely becomes love.

But there are other things she must know in addition to all these. For men are going to disappoint her, sometimes at the best, always at the worst. Jobs and work can go terribly stale. Her domestic life is bound to be interrupted and terrified by illness and calamity sooner or later. Is she to have no preparation against such things?

I think she should have it and can have it. In the first place, she should know how to read. I mean that she should know how to transfer the contents of a printed page to her mind, not just skim over a few columns of movie gossip. She should be able to get something to rest and stimulate her out of imaginative literature and critical literature. If possible, she should know how to play the piano; for if you are in trouble your radio will drive you mad but your piano will be your comfort.

She must know how to be alone. Much of an average woman's life has lonely stretches in it, which will frighten her if she has not learned as a girl the pleasure of being alone. If she has to run to a woman's club or to the telephone to keep herself from solitude, she lacks proper resource. She does not really destroy or use her solitude. So I think a girl should be taught that it is a pleasure to be alone, to have time for a solitary walk, for

thought and for figuring out what every human being has to do before he is through, why he exists at all. She should know how to pray; or, at least, to meditate. She should not spend the time when she is by herself in idly staring at her own destiny but in finding out its true proportions.

If I am demanding, it is because I care so much. I know what a great burden is on the girl of to-day; and for all her apparent nonchalance, she knows it too. She must carry all the new responsibilities we can conjure up for her, earn her living, and somehow restore and improve much of the charm that harsher feminists tossed aside. She must be able to earn her way, pay her own fare, mark her own ballot, and yet have every quality of feminine companionship. She must meet the terrible competition of emotion in the world to-day, which is worse than it ever was because of the early start it gets and the prolongation that both men and women now insist upon.

If we had a safe, settled adult world to open to a girl, if we could promise her even a choice between a small job and a good man's love, it would be different. But we are so confused ourselves that we cannot distinguish between the basic and the temporary. We know only this: that few of the dangers girls ever faced have been destroyed and new ones have been added. Sometimes it seems to me that a girl to-day has to know all that any woman ever had to know, except making soap and candles and spinning yarn. And I think she could do those things if they were necessary.

I knew I should find myself adding to that list. For there is another thing I must not forget. She should know, no matter if she is cheated, no matter if she is thwarted, that quarrelling with men is self-destructive.



## THEN WHAT IS CRICKET?

BY ROBERT H. HUTCHINSON

YOU sometimes hear an Englishman say, "It isn't cricket," and by that you know he is damning someone's conduct. The American may ask, "Then what *is* cricket? What is this game which has become proverbial? Have we anything like it in the United States?"

Let the reader be assured at the outset that this article is not an exposition of that extraordinarily tedious game which takes two days to play and which, judged by its soporific effects upon the spectators, has in it the properties both of an aspirin tablet and a lullaby. I know very little about cricket and I have seen only two games in my life, with a lapse of nearly a quarter of a century between, so that I can fairly claim to view the proceedings with the eyes of an average American. The first game I saw bored me to death; the second interested me intensely, for it gave me the challenge to find an American equivalent, something which holds so high a reputation that it has become the standard for decency of conduct in every walk of life. Whether a *bone fide* equivalent can be found in the United States I would rather leave the reader to say. If, however, after considering cricket as an institution, his reply should be that there is none, I would suggest that we may be on the eve of producing one; for it is a significant fact that cricket came into being, as a national influence, at a crisis in English history when politicians and judges were cor-

rupt, when moral standards were low, and when the country was overrun with highwaymen, bandits, and the spiritual ancestors of the racketeer. With that perspective before one's eyes, cricket may take on a new and more interesting meaning.

I was recently invited to attend my second game by a friend who called me up and said, "Have you ever seen a cricket match—a real one?"

"Yes," I replied. "I went to one in 1911 on a broiling hot day, and a man stayed in at bat for two hours and a half, and we had to wait while the players had tea."

"Whom did you go with?" he asked.

"Another American."

"Did he know anything about the game?"

"No, it was my fault just as much as his."

"Oh, nonsense!" said my friend. "Come along with me and I'll explain all the fine points. You'll like it when you understand it. We ought to see some good cricket too. Hobbs is playing."

"Hobbs?"

"Yes, you know: the English Babe Ruth."

"Oh, yes," I said, "I've heard of him."

I considered the matter. My friend was a real cricket enthusiast, once a fine player himself, a member of the "Oval" where most of the important matches take place, and he was personally acquainted with many of the



players. He was an insider. It might be fun. I had seen a good deal of English life but had never given serious consideration to this sport. There must, I thought, be something in a game which has so profound an effect on every class of society from bishops to blacksmiths, and which could contribute a phrase so significant in English speech. So I said I'd go.

At 11.30 a.m. we met at the Oval, which turned out actually to be an oval. I say actually because in England things are rarely what you expect them to be. Downs, for instance, are always the tops of hills; places called Three Bridges usually have four; Cirencester is pronounced in three different ways, each correct; and you can count dozens of oaks in Sevenoaks.

However, you mustn't lose the main idea of things by being fussy over details, because if you do you'll just spoil the game; and that isn't cricket. So when in England you just take things for granted or rejoice secretly that something has turned out to be as you expected it to be, as I did when I entered the Oval and found, not only that it really *was* an oval but that nearly everyone in it was half asleep. The players, all in white, were standing about on the field, and I knew at once that the game was in full swing because practically no one moved. The grandstand, in which we occupied two of the best seats just near to the clubhouse door, was only about one-eighth filled, and that with middle-aged and elderly barristers, parsons, country gentlemen, and persons of that description. A poor attendance, it would seem, but my friend told me that the crowd, including ladies, didn't usually come until the afternoon; those who came in the morning were the real enthusiasts. The enthusiasts were slouching in their seats in various degrees of mental concentration, quite a few with binoculars (though we were

not really far from the players) which were set in position as soon as the bowler started to wind up.

Perhaps at this point it would not be out of place to attempt a brief description of what the game looks like to an outsider—especially as this article is intended for outsiders. To begin with, eleven men in white flannel trousers stand about on the field, almost never twice in the same place, and never symmetrically, perhaps because the English do not like symmetry. There are two batsmen in at a time; you see them facing each other in the center of the field. The bowler stands about eight yards back of what we would call his "box" and begins running towards the batsman, and by the time he reaches his box he has swung his arm in a circle, like a windmill with only one wing, and sent the ball towards the batsman who touches it indifferently, almost negligently, on the bound so that it rolls a few feet to one side. He doesn't run. No one moves except someone who picks up the ball and throws it back to the bowler, who walks patiently to his first position and begins the process over again. This happens half a dozen times or so until it would appear that the bowler has got tired of being thus trifled with, and has told another player to have a shot at it. Someone else then bowls, in an opposite direction and to the other batsman, though the first batsman never leaves his place. Again the same thing: wind up—windmill—pft!—and the ball rolls dead. It is very neatly and perfectly done. Everything is perfect, indeed, including the silence, but no one yet has really moved except the bowler and the enthusiasts who lift and lower their binoculars in unison. At last one batsman gives the ball a short, sharp crack, sending it between two fielders, and he runs. The opposite batsman runs too, and they change places. Thereupon

the operator of the score board sets down his cup of tea and records the fact that this particular batsman has increased his score from 87 to 88, amid the resounding applause of three or four unbridled enthusiasts who let go their binoculars and clap their hands.

And so the game goes on.

"When does Hobbs bat?" I asked.

"Probably not till after lunch," my companion replied. "Perhaps not till after tea. Would you like a cushion to sit on?"

Foreseeing discomforts if I refused, I said "yes," and we rented a couple from a boy who, by the way, had no other palliatives to offer, such as cigars, cigarettes, sandwiches, ginger ale, or candy. We were there to see a game, not to eat.

## II

Can this, a stranger would ask, after he had sat there for an hour or so, can this game, tedious and dragging as it is, however skilfully it may be played, be truly representative of English character—of the whole of English character? He would be constrained to answer "no"; for at football games and other sports in England you can witness as much speed and action and screaming enthusiasm as could be exhibited by any group of American collegians. Nor must it be forgotten that the English, for all their stolidity and slowness, have held recent speed records in the air, on the water, and on land. At the automobile show in London could be seen, two years ago, three peculiar-looking objects which were, at that time, the fastest airplane, the fastest motor boat, and the fastest racing car in the world—all English from stem to stern. For twenty years or so the *Mauretania* held the record for transatlantic speed, and England can boast of the fastest regular train service in the world, a sample of it being shown recently at the Chicago

Exhibition. All of which would lead to the conclusion that the English are not slow when they feel like speeding up—that they are only slow *when they want to be*.

I would suggest that there is a good deal of significance attached to the italicized words, because they indicate an element of control in social life which is extremely wholesome. Is it not the very thing which we ourselves need? Every contrivance for locomotion should be equipped with brakes, and in that respect human society is in the same case, a fact which the English, through centuries of experience, have found out. As they have learned to put the engine where it belongs and the brakes where *they* belong, so under proper circumstances do they let themselves go; and they enjoy those moments of abandon all the more because they know that somewhere in their midst is a weightier counterpart—fly-wheel, governor, brakes, or what you will—to balance. Every school, as any headmaster will tell you, must allot some place in which the boys can romp and blow off steam, but it would not do to let sweet abandon run wild in every quarter; there should be at least one room—library, drawing-room, or chapel, perhaps—in which restraint and dignity reign and bestow their approval, as it were, upon the hilarity of other spheres. Boys instinctively recognize the value of this and they even like it; and the more they recognize it the more will they carry a measure of that restraint and dignity into other activities.

It would occur, then, to the American spectator at a cricket match that this game is the flywheel or governor of English sport, a kind of standard according to the spirit of which other sports are attuned. I say spirit advisedly, not rules, because that thing which is cricket—I mean the very essence of it—cannot be put into rules.



Moreover, the English don't like rules: they prefer standards—practical, working standards which they can see with their own eyes. And standards they have many, for in England you may look into almost any department of life and you'll be pretty sure to find at least one unit there towering above all the others as a standard of high quality. The Rolls Royce, for instance, in the field of motor manufacture; the London *Times* in journalism, or *Punch* among the comics; the country squire, as a pattern of rural public spirit; Harley Street doctors; heads of the large joint-stock banks; judges, and those at the top of what they call the Services. In business, in politics, in the professions there is always a small group at the top by whose standards the conduct of others is rated. You may not own a Rolls Royce nor read the *Times*, and you may be bored—as many an Englishman is—by cricket, but you are constrained to recognize the value of these various standards as practical influences for good. For example, I was held up at a street crossing once by a policeman who asked me why I hadn't signalled that I wanted to drive straight ahead. I said I didn't know it was necessary to signal unless you wanted to turn right or left. He replied that it *was* necessary and added, "Rule or no rule, wouldn't it be more courteous to me and to the other drivers if you did?" He was right, and I was wrong, not because I had broken a rule but for the reason that I had failed to live up to a standard. But where did that cop get such an idea of courtesy? It would not be far wrong, I think, to say that he got it from one of those models aforementioned, and very likely from cricket.

These institutions then, taken together, are what may be termed the higher conscience of the Englishman, and cricket might be defined as that part of his conscience which is de-

liberately and systematically handed down to the young. Whatever dross may exist in the lower strata of business, of journalism or sport, whatever derelictions of moral conduct the Englishman may permit himself or countenance in his neighbor, he will tolerate no tampering with the ideal, no trickery on the part of those in places of high responsibility. High standards are the life-preservers of society; they keep people's heads above water when strength or spirits flag or when confusion sets in and, therefore, it is important that those life-preservers be kept in good condition. So come what may, "England yet shall stand" so long as she has the London *Times*, incorruptible judges, and Bass' Ale.

But just as it is not the robe which makes the judge, so a pair of white flannel trousers cannot make a cricketer; for cricket is not a sport but a spirit. Likewise a match at the Oval is not a game but a ceremony. The solemnity, the measured tread of the proceedings, the conventional and dignified attire of the players (imagine cricket played in "shorts"!), the absence of cheering, ballyhoo, and whoopee have this effect upon the spectators and contestants alike; and as I sat there beside my friend I felt that if I had leaped to my feet and shouted, "Come on, Big Boy, sock one into the bleachers!" I should have been summarily fined for contempt of court or excommunicated. It would have been too much like flicking pebbles at the archbishop's nose. So I sat quietly and waited for Hobbs—and lunch.

### III

Thanks to my companion, by the time we went in to lunch I knew a lot about cricket. I could tell you what was a leg-before-wicket, a duck's egg, a googly, a silly-mid-on, and a lot of other funny things. I was becoming

one of the enthusiasts. In respect of the cold meat and boiled potatoes which constituted our lunch, I was not so enthusiastic, but over a glass of beer my friend let up on technicalities and told me something about the players themselves. It would appear that they are divided into two classes called "gentlemen" and "players," the distinction being that the former play for fun while the latter are paid for exactly the same fun. Among the gentlemen there may occasionally pop up some member of the titled nobility; but no man, either gentleman or player, has a ghost of a chance of representing his county unless his general character is deemed to warrant such representation—his *character*, please note, not his social position; for there is nothing snobbish about cricket. Thus the game is kept clean and uncommercial in every respect, and even betting is not permitted. There is a news ticker in the clubhouse which records the latest intelligence regarding horse racing, football, etc., but above the ticker is a solemn notice to the effect that no betting in respect of these sports is permitted in the clubhouse. In this way the atmosphere which surrounds cricket is uncontaminated by any suggestion of gambling; and indeed I believe it when they tell me that no one does gamble on cricket, either professional or amateur. There are plenty of other things you can bet on if you want to.

So there comes to the spectator the realization that there is something hallowed, almost sacrosanct about cricket; and the explanation of this lies, I would suggest, in the fact that this game is not only an ideal, but that it is the putting *into actual practice* of that ideal. It is thus not a conception which is well-nigh unattainable—such as the religious conception of perfect Christian conduct: on the contrary, it is one which can be attained, and actu-

ally is attained. In that there is some resemblance between the cricket match and the medieval tournament or joust in which the people's conceptions of chivalry were dramatized and clearly presented to view. Those knights who rode into the lists were—for the moment, at least—the personification of everything which the feudal system considered fine: strength, bravery, and courtesy; and the flower which each warrior wore in his helmet was a declaration that he fought not for himself, but in behalf of some fair lady who, by virtue of that symbol, had dubbed him her knight. Every age, every civilization, indeed, has its model of conduct, whether it be knighthood, sainthood, Bushido, or the go-getter.

What, after all, is the history of ethics except an account of these ideal types? Depict the type and you have described the ethical conceptions of the people. It is these personifications of ideas, not the ideas alone, which have so great an influence on people's minds, for actions always speak louder than words; and those persons who *do* things, who offer themselves as patterns of conduct for others to act upon, have a more beneficent effect—or dangerous, as the case may be—upon society than those who merely think and write.

Here, parenthetically, I should say that cricket among amateurs and schoolboys is not nearly so tedious an affair as it is among the crack players; a good game can be played in an afternoon, and no end of fun derived from it. I mention this to dispel any idea that schoolboys are forced to play cricket; they're not forced: they like it.

Think, then, of the moral effect upon boys—young hero-worshippers that they are—of taking part in a game from which all petty disputes, tricks, and animosities have, by tradition, been eliminated, a game in which the idea is not merely to win and play well, but to hold your tongue and keep your



temper no matter what happens, and under all circumstances to show that your gentlemanly self is not going to be turned into someone else's goat. As it is essential to practice batting to become a good batsman, so is it equally essential to practice gentlemanly conduct in order to become a gentleman, and this game offers an excellent opportunity. As soon as the boys put on those white flannel trousers they are dressed, not merely to play a certain game but to behave in a certain way. Consequently there is no trying to rattle the pitcher—or bowler, in this case—no loudly voiced opinions on the other man's playing, no slamming down of the bat as a protest against a doubtful decision; for to dispute a decision of the umpire is as unthinkable in cricket as to stand up in church and contradict the preacher in his pulpit. If players did that sort of thing the game would cease, by definition, to be cricket.

#### IV

We finished our lunch and found that the crowd had begun to gather and—shall we say?—blossom with the presence of the fair sex. Soon the players strolled out onto the field, and when they seemed to have got more or less into their proper positions, I listened for the umpire to call out "Play Ball!" or "Play Cricket!" or "Righto, carry on!" or whatever signal may be the conventional one by which to start off; but no such signal was given. The men just gradually wandered into the game, as an improvising musician will modulate into the proper key and be playing a tune before you know it. The same side was in at bat; for with these crack players it takes a long time to get a man out, and the whole team bats before the sides change. Well, about fifteen minutes after they had resumed play something happened which really made the game worth see-

ing. One of the batters—or batsmen, I should say—must have felt the stimulating effects of that cold beef and boiled potatoes, for he swung back his bat and gave the ball a wallop that sent it whizzing to the very uttermost parts of the field and started every pair of white flannels moving too. For about forty-five seconds the spectacle closely resembled that of a baseball game as far as agitation and excitement were concerned. I happened to be looking through my friend's binoculars at that very moment and was able fully to appreciate the skill with which the batsman had picked out the ball and sent it exactly to the spot where he wished it to go. It was superb. "By Jove!" I cried, in good English parlance, "That was jolly well worth seeing, what?" I turned to my companion, feeling that a new bond of interest had sprung up between us, but he had missed the play entirely; he was asleep.

I left my companion to his dreams and, returning to my own thoughts, recalled the sentiments of a gardener to whom I had once talked on the subject of cricket, asking him whether the game was to his liking or no. He replied that those high-falutin' matches at the Oval were all very well, but for himself he preferred watching a game on the village green where the big fat pub keeper runs to catch a ball and gets it squarely in the belly instead. That, he said, is more fun. I quite agree with him that it is more fun, but the point not to be missed is this, that an exhibition of cricket on the village green, while in technical skill not to be compared to that seen at the Oval, and while displaying a good deal more jollity, kidding, and horse play, is exactly the same when measured by the spirit in which it is played; for the blacksmith's second assistant conducts himself just as much like a gentleman as any titled player. Nor is there any

self-consciousness about this on the village green; the ethical conduct of the players is taken for granted, and if there is one place where you *don't* hear the comment, "It isn't cricket," that place is the cricket field. When the Duke of Wellington said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of Eton he did not mean that every man in the British Army was a graduate of that school; if such had been the case his declaration would have been relatively uninteresting. It was exactly because his men were *not* all trained at Eton that the statement is significant, and indicates the tremendous and far-reaching effect of a game serving as a channel through which to convey the spirit of self-discipline, steadiness, and pull-together into every rank and file of society.

Well, at last someone got out and it was the turn of the great Hobbs to bat. Following the custom of the game, he did not appear until the retiring batsman had got into the clubhouse, and then rose from a seat a little behind us—he had been sitting there all the while—and, bat in hand, walked slowly down the aisle and out onto the field. Heads turned and hands clapped as he went by, but so did they in the case of the batsman who had just retired. You could not help but like the look of Hobbs. He is a man of about fifty, wiry, not tall, slow rather than quick in motion, a pleasant, kindly looking man, and, I should like to bet, shy. He looked as though he wished he could have entered the field by coming up out of the ground instead of walking through a crowd of people. He went slowly to his place on the field and took up his position. From a spectacular point of view you would be disappointed in him as a batsman, for he does not, like Babe Ruth, knock 'em cock-eyed for a homer, but deftly taps the ball first to one side then the other, piling up the runs thereby bit by bit.

It takes a practiced eye, plus binoculars I should say, to appreciate his skill, so for the visiting spectator the score board must tell the story. Yet I was glad to have seen Hobbs, for he seemed to represent the best in this important game. At the same time that he earns his living by playing cricket—and salaries are not large—he sets a high example in sportsmanship and in the quiet dignity of his private life. He has the same sort of influence, I imagine, on the youth of his country as has Lindbergh in our own; but it is very doubtful if he could have exactly the same influence if he were an aviator or even a tennis champion instead of a cricketer.

At the beginning of this article it was mentioned that cricket first took hold upon the imagination of the English at a time when their country was politically and socially corrupt and when speculation, bandits, and highwaymen were running a gay race to see which could wreck the country first. It is hard to imagine sedate, law-abiding England, where one's person and property are so unusually safe, where there are no such things as automobile locks, and where not a single policeman, even in the worst parts of London, carries a revolver—it is hard to imagine that this country was at one time in no better case than our own at the present moment. Yet it was. That the English people got themselves out of this mess is a creditable fact, but I would not imply that they did so simply by playing cricket. That game was a sort of shelter to which, no matter how violent the storm outside, you could retreat; we, anyhow, said the cricketers, will keep ourselves decent and play the game fairly. And gradually, in the "new deal" which the country was then giving itself, the influence of those men began to tell. It was a pull-together-and-clean-up era, and the people found a slogan for the new spirit, not in poli-



tics or business or from the military, but in a game.

But why a game? Perhaps for the reason that a game, in itself, is *not* an important issue, the winning or losing of it *not* a vital matter. The ups and downs of a game affect a person's pride more than anything else, and pride, being an exceedingly inflammable and unstable thing, is all the more necessary to control. You don't lose your temper over defeat in battle or when the market goes down or Congress does something stupid; but if you're called "out" when you know you're "safe" it takes a good deal of self-control to realize that angry protests are going to do far more to spoil the game than an occasional error on the part of the umpire.

In England, then, it was at the end of those years of corruption—not during them, note—that people sought for something which would embody and express their new conception of honor and decency, and they found it in cricket.

The parallel situation in America cannot but catch the attention. Our attempt to sweep away racketeers, corrupt politicians and judges, and to inject a new morale into the arteries of business is analogous to the evolution through which our mother country was passing at the very time when we were born. It is distinctly a moral movement, a proclamation, on the part of the people, of the marriage banns between ethics and business. But if the Blue Eagle is the marriage license, where is the pattern of fidelity? Where is the slogan we want? In the "new deal" Mr. Roosevelt has borrowed one from the game of cards, which smacks of gambling; and in "the good neighbor," from our homely conceptions of friendship and honest dealing. The first is entirely non-ethical, the implication being that it leaves things to chance; the second, splendid so far as

it goes; but the bad neighbor is, alas, often as prosperous and happy as the good one. It is unfortunate that no slogan can be borrowed from sport, for when sport is at its best a man simply cannot be a good player unless he subordinates his own desires to the interests of all concerned—otherwise, he is literally a spoil-sport. That, I take it, is the sentiment Mr. Roosevelt wants us to catch hold of. But where, in sport, can he find the slogan he wants? "Play ball" does not fill the bill; it means, rather, "quit fussing and fooling round and pay attention to what we're doing." "Play the game" comes nearer, but specifies no particular game and might be taken as meaning poker—which would be disastrous.

It would seem, then, that we lack an institution in America similar to cricket in England, and we need it. We need it, not for the purpose of reforming our moral conscience, but because our moral conscience *is* being reformed and, therefore, seeks expression. As an idea is more exchangeable if it possesses a name, so is an ideal if it has an exponent, and the real value of cricket in England is that it fulfills these two desiderata. To import the game, however, into this country would be palpably absurd, and to pass a law reforming and remodelling baseball equally futile. No custom was ever given a name until it had already existed in people's minds; it was never invented, like printing or the electric lamp. In the same manner sentiments cannot be foisted on a people who are not in a mood to receive them; and in that respect it may be recalled how in the early days of the Volstead regime certain ardent prohibitionists offered a prize to the person who could think up a word the mere contemptuous utterance of which would turn the wicked drinker black in the face with shame. Someone coined the word "scofflaw" which was chosen because it

had a nice hissing sound; but, like the little fire-cracker that it was it went "ftz!" and died away. We didn't want it, we wanted drink instead and we had drink, and now it would seem we are thirsting for righteousness and shall very soon be in search of an institution to foster it and contain it—something real, human, and practical.

We are, like the English, a sport-loving people as contrasted, for instance, with the Continental or Oriental races. Our newspapers devote a great amount of space to the account of games and we are used to borrowing phrases from the lingo of sport, like "right off the bat" or "right from the word go" or "he's in the ring now" or "that's a knock out." We even speak of business as a game: "He's in the oil game now." For that reason there is a likelihood that our new conceptions of the moral law may be embodied in a game. But what game?

Certainly no one would want to prophesy, nor do I. All we have a right to say is that this game should embody two essentially important features: one, that it be played by groups of players, teams; and the other, that it can be indulged in by middle-aged, even elderly persons. The value of the first of these two is self-evident; the second deserves perhaps a word of consideration.

A game in which adults as well as younger persons can participate is naturally shared by a greater proportion of the population, and gains in dignity by the very participation of those older persons. The association of youth with age in sport, or the mere watching of elderly people playing, has a very salutary effect upon the young point of view; for age has less of that impatient, high-pressure desire to win, and is more inclined to play the game for pure fun. Taking victory and defeat philosophically, age can yet appreciate skill quite as much as youth.

I remember a joke in *Punch* which depicted an octogenarian glaring furiously at a youth who was bowling atrociously, and saying, "Oh to be sixty again! I'd show 'em!" Football and baseball unfortunately are games too strenuous for elderly people to play, though the latter might be modified, and indeed is, to suit the approach of arterio-sclerosis. Possibly, then, baseball may be our game, for it is a fairly old institution and has, therefore, the advantage, if not the dignity, of age; and every agency of control in society must have the prestige of years. But it must be painfully evident to everyone that no sport, in the public and professional exhibitions of which there can be whispers and suspicions of "throwing the game" can ever exercise a wholesome effect upon the people of that country in which it is a national institution. If men who play in the World's Series throw games, then why shouldn't the schoolboy do so too? And if he does it on the field, why not in the office as well when he becomes a man?

It would be safer, therefore, to let Time point out to us what will be the outward expression of our new conscience rather than to attempt a prophecy; because, after all, it makes no difference what the medium of expression is as long as it be suitable and expedient. So we should do well to watch for it and boost it when it comes along. I cannot help wondering, however, what the ideal sportsman of our near future will be like, and I venture to say he may be something of a cross between Bill Tilden and Bobby Jones, combining the zip and go of Tilden with the reliability, steadiness, and personal modesty of Jones. It is an unfortunate and perhaps significant fact that each of those men is a star in a game where group play has no place.

The ideal sportsman of our near future must be, then, not only typically



American but typical of the best in America. I say this because I was much impressed when leaving the Oval by a portrait which hung in the principal room of the clubhouse; a life-size portrait which, while it was the likeness of an actual player, since deceased, might be offered as the ideal type. It is of a man of about thirty-five or forty, and you see him, in batsman's rig, slowly descending the stairs of the clubhouse, drawing on his gloves in preparation to take his place at bat. In addition to a certain athletic grace in this figure, you are struck by the fact that it is the personification of poise, dignity, fairness, and gentlemanly

bearing. This is not only a cricketer but a man who sees that the game of life is worth playing, and all the more so when played in a fair and friendly spirit. One could as easily imagine him "throwing" a game as throwing loaded dice for copper coins, and a sense of humor glimmering about the eyes assures you that he is not a god but a man. And the artist in this case did not miss his opportunity, for at the foot of the stairs and a little to one side he has portrayed a youth looking up at this player as he comes out to play the game. That, I thought, is what they mean, when they say "cricket." But what equivalent have we?

## ABOVE THESE CARES

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

**A***BOVE these cares my spirit in calm abiding  
Floats like a swimmer at sunrise, facing the pale sky;  
Peaceful, heaved by the light infrequent lurch of the heavy wave  
Serenely sliding  
Under his weightless body, aware of the wide morning, aware of the gull  
On the red buoy bedaubed with guano, aware of his sharp cry;  
Idly athirst for the sea, as who should say:  
In a moment I will roll upon my mouth and drink it dry.*

*Painfully, under the pressure that obtains  
At the sea's bottom, crushing my lungs and my brains  
(For the body makes shift to breathe and after a fashion flourish  
Ten fathoms deep in care,  
Ten fathoms down in an element denser than air  
Wherein the soul must perish)  
I trap and harvest stilling my stomach's needs;  
I crawl forever, hoping never to see  
Above my head the limbs of my spirit no longer free  
Kicking in frenzy, a swimmer enmeshed in weeds.*



# HOOVER AND MACDONALD ON A LOG

WHAT HAPPENED ON THE RAPIDAN—AND AFTER

BY DREW PEARSON

EXACTLY four years have passed since a warm October sun smiled down upon the leaders of two nations as they sat on a log near the Rapidan and discussed the problems of the two English-speaking peoples. All summer long the problems of those two peoples had been mellowed by hands-across-the-sea sentiments, good-will editorials, and pledges of naval reduction until to Herbert Hoover and Ramsay MacDonald they seemed as fluid as the water which danced in the sunshine down the Virginia hillside.

The first flush of the Anglo-American honeymoon has dimmed since then. Some of the problems, once seemingly so simple, have resisted the attack of statesmen. War debts still rankle. British and American interests, supported by their respective governments, still poison public opinion in their struggle for Latin-American trade. British failure to support the United States in Manchuria is branded by State Department attachés as rank treason to the white race. The Navy even suggests that a British plot started the counter-revolution in Cuba. . . .

And so it goes. The Rapidan is almost forgotten.

So also when Ramsay MacDonald boarded the *Berengaria* en route to the United States it was forgotten that in 1915 no ship's crew in the United Kingdom would have manned a boat on which he set his pacifist foot. But now

as Prime Minister of Great Britain it was different. Nothing aboard that giant liner was too good for him. The Prince of Wales' suite was at his disposal. The chef had gone to great pains to familiarize himself with the Prime Minister's favorite Scotch dishes. The steward, learning of MacDonald's liking for port wine, had stocked up with the best London could offer. For to every member of the ship's crew, to every workman in Great Britain, to many Laborites in other parts of the Empire the pilgrimage of Ramsay MacDonald was one in which they played a vital part. "Mac" was their man. Like them, he had roamed the streets of London without a shilling in his pocket. Like them, he had been suckled in a bleak stone cottage, had wrung his boyhood living from a rocky soil, had struggled through the vicissitudes of a sometimes unkind fate, until finally he had become the incarnation of their own hopes and dreams.

Mac was their man. They had put him in office. They had brought him to America. They were proud of him, proud of themselves for achieving him. And when he had boarded the welcoming ship *Macom* and stood on her deck in top hat and cutaway, hundreds of the *Berengaria's* ship's crew stood at the portholes.

"Good-by," chorused three stewardesses, scarcely a yard from their Prime Minister's elbow.



"Good-by," echoed a dozen cooks and dishwashers amidships. They were Cockneys and Scots and Irish, and there was something in their voices—something that must have made Ramsay MacDonald know how proud they were of the man they had made the leader of their Empire.

"Good-by," he called back, and his voice was very low, very distinct, and very personal.

Twenty minutes after Ramsay MacDonald set foot on the tip end of Lower Manhattan he had completely won the city which makes a specialty of welcoming transatlantic fliers and Channel swimmers, kings and queens, premiers and potentates, and which has become a little bored with doing it. MacDonald met every hazard put in the path of a distinguished visitor and took them beautifully. He stood on the bridge of the *Macom* as it steamed up the bay, gave a message to the American people through the microphone, waved until his arm ached, gazed into a glaring sun, and in general won his way into the heart of the most exacting photographer. He stood in the *Macom's* steaming cabin facing a hundred newspapermen who wanted to know about unemployment, the Scotch heather in his buttonhole, a message of greeting for Canada, what he would talk about with President Hoover, and the time he came to America before to thank the eighty-three-year-old lady in Concord, Massachusetts, who had been so kind to his wife during the MacDonald honeymoon.

And although MacDonald once had been deported from Belgium as a pacifist, was expelled by his golf club, and had the word "traitor" painted on the wall of his home at Lossiemouth, he did not bat an eye when the military aide of Secretary Stimson greeted him with all the military pomp and folderol suitable for a European princeling.

He was even equal to the array of top

hats which crowded into the Aldermanic Chamber to give him the freedom of the City, and the speech of Hector Fuller who inadvertently addressed him as the "Prime Minister of the United States."

It was in his reply that MacDonald really captured New York. He began very simply: "How is it possible for me by words to convey to you the deep emotions in my heart as a result of your welcome?"

This might have gone down as usual gush with the ordinary New Yorker, to whom visiting celebrities have become commonplace. But there was something vibrant in the quality of MacDonald's voice which left no doubt as to his sincerity.

"I come on a mission of peace," he continued. "I believe that while I was still far away there was a desire in your hearts to bless the relations between Great Britain and the United States so that we together could be an example to a world in the pursuit of peace.

"Standing here with Secretary Stimson I think I can say that nation speaks to nation. We are not individuals. We represent our people. We stand here this morning speaking to each other—greeting each other. You represent the United States. I represent Great Britain."

Then the Prime Minister of Great Britain did what for anyone with less simplicity, less sincerity, would have turned his audience against him. He was being welcomed in the wealthiest city in the world. In his audience were some of the wealthiest men in the world. The former Scotch schoolteacher proceeded, as naturally as if he were addressing a classroom, to preach to them a sermon on wealth.

"Through the gateway of New York," he said, "millions of people have passed seeking not only riches but nourishment to their minds and souls. The United States is not merely a geo-

graphical and material expression. My friends—I hope I may call you so since you have given me this scroll—among the traditions you will always cherish are the traditions of the exile—the seeker—those who lifted up their eyes and looked at the West, and finding the hand of the past too strong, set sail across the Atlantic seeking peace and comfort for their bodies and souls.

“Your millions can be counted up to untold numbers of dollars, but that which is more precious than all else in your possession is your own soul.

“I have come here to meet your President, not to advance our material possessions, but in order that we two nations, most powerful in the present and more powerful in the future—may shake hands; not to pledge ourselves to any alliance but to talk over our common aspirations, and in order that whenever the work of the world has to be done we will be found side by side doing it.”

Judging by the way that sophisticated audience received his words, the Prime Minister of Great Britain had won the American public even before he arrived in Washington.

There is a routine ceremony for the entertainment of distinguished visitors at the Nation's Capital, and almost every Washingtonian knows it by heart. It begins with an assemblage of top hats at Track 20 of the Union Station, a long streak of crimson carpet, a Marine Corps salute, a Battalion of the 16th Field Artillery, two troops of the Third Cavalry, the “Star Spangled Banner” and a host of photographers outside the President's waiting room. It includes a call at the White House at five P.M., a formal dinner at eight, a wreath laid on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, a call on the Vice-President and another on the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Except to change the national anthem according to the na-

tionality of the visitor, the routine never varies.

Nor did it in the case of J. Ramsay MacDonald.

That magnetic gentleman went through it, however, with such enthusiasm, such charm, such appreciation for all those whom he met, that blasé Washington lined the sidewalks, stormed the corridors of the State Department, and followed him about as if this were the first time any visitor had received any attention from any Administration whatsoever.

When he called at the “Throne Room,” decorated with the Indian trophies of Vice-President Curtis, it was an event. When he addressed a luncheon of the Overseas Writers, he almost converted these “hard-boiled” minions of a capitalist press to Socialism. And when he appeared before the Senate, his victory was more complete than when his British forebears rolled barrels of tar under the gallery of the House and Senate and burned the Capitol to the ground. Rear Admiral Sir George Cockburn, that earlier British victor, had plumped his muddy boots upon the rostrum, hammered the Speaker's gavel, and shouted:

“Shall this harbor of Yankee Democracy be burned? All for it say aye!”

MacDonald had stepped before the rostrum, as much at home as if he were in his own House of Commons, and, his voice vibrant with emotion, had wrung from his audience a greater response than the storm of “ayes” which greeted Admiral Cockburn.

It was Ramsay MacDonald's day. In fact, it was his six days. During the whole of his visit, particularly during his week-end with Mr. Hoover at the Rapidan, this son of a Scotch servant girl and an unknown British nobleman was the focal point of the entire United States.

The Rapidan meeting was the high-



water mark in Anglo-American friendship. It was the climax of a long summer during which the United States and Great Britain climbed slowly up the hill of better understanding, attained the Hoover-MacDonald conversation and, shortly thereafter, began slowly sliding down again.

## II

What happened when the heads of the two English-speaking nations discussed their joint problems on a log in the Virginia forests has never been disclosed in detail. There was no stenographer present, in fact, no member of either the Hoover or MacDonald party sat with the two men. No records of the conversation exist in the State Department, and if either Mr. Hoover or Mr. MacDonald made any notes of what they said to each other, those notes have never come to light.

However, by piecing together information obtained from the associates of the two statesmen, it is possible to give a fairly accurate, though not infallible, picture of what they talked about at this historic meeting.

The talk began in the Hoover cabin, which stands between Mill Run and Laurel Run in the fork where the two streams form the Rapidan. There the two men sat until eleven o'clock, when they decided they should go outside and enjoy the brilliant sunshine of the October morning. Walking down the Rapidan, they found, according to Akerston, the President's Secretary, considerable water in the pools. They stopped to look at the fish but did no fishing, the season having closed two months before. A mile and a half downstream they found a log overhanging the creek, where they stopped and talked for the remainder of the morning.

The two men rambled through the whole gamut of Anglo-American relations, Mr. MacDonald being the aggressor in most of the conversation. One thing was particularly on his mind, the very thing that some of his Cabinet had warned him must not be discussed—general world disarmament. MacDonald explained to Hoover the bitterness which existed between France and Germany, the danger always facing Britain of war on the Continent. He emphasized the ambition of his government—after the restoration of Anglo-American harmony—to settle this vexing problem.

Mr. MacDonald did not entirely forget, however, his Cabinet's warning. He proposed no sweeping solution of disarmament, sought only to enlist Hoover's interest in the problem and persuade him that the London Naval Conference must be a part of the general scheme of disarmament and fit into the major problem later to be solved at Geneva. In this Mr. Hoover heartily concurred.

Another question on Mr. MacDonald's mind was the danger of alienating the French. The latter, he reminded Hoover, were a suspicious race. Especially were they suspicious of too amicable relations between the United States and Great Britain, particularly with a Labor Government in power. And since their co-operation was essential to any naval agreement, Mr. MacDonald urged that every precaution be taken to placate French susceptibilities. This was a point which the Prime Minister himself never would have thought of—and he promptly forgot it afterward—had it not been drilled into him by his Foreign Office. Permanent officials of the latter, having to deal with France during both the open amours of Sir Austen Chamberlain and the cold aloofness of the Laborites, were

worried over the French resentment of the summer's passionate Anglo-American courtship; and to dispel this they had prepared invitations to a five-power naval conference to be issued to France, Italy, and Japan the moment MacDonald had won Hoover's assent. As a result, a cablegram from Washington that very afternoon notified the British Foreign Office to release the invitations. The Quai d'Orsay had a copy in its hands the next day.

These and many other things the two men discussed during that brilliant October morning on the Virginia mountainside.

And then Ramsay MacDonald brought forward his *pièce de résistance*. It was one which he had worked out all by himself on the ship coming over, and he was convinced that it would put the final seal of sincerity upon British-American friendship and make his trip the most outstanding event in the history of the two countries' relations.

He proposed to Mr. Hoover that Great Britain dismantle all her naval bases in American waters.

With this accomplished, he suggested, complete agreement on cruisers would be easy; in fact, the two countries might then settle their age-old controversy over the Freedom of the Seas. Great Britain, he said, was quite ready to revise its traditional policy of the right of seizure and search.

So far as is known, Mr. MacDonald did not ask any *quid pro quo* from Mr. Hoover. He put forward his idea as a magnificent gesture, an offering upon the altar of Anglo-American friendship for which he asked nothing concrete in return.

Mr. Hoover, naturally, was delighted. He also was not to be outdone. Once before when the British Prime Minister had announced de-

lays in naval construction as a gesture toward Anglo-American understanding, Mr. Hoover had matched it with an announcement of similar American delays. So now he telephoned to Washington and asked Under-Secretary of State Cotton, chief expert on cruiser negotiations, to rush to the Rapidan. And also he telephoned his secretary, George Akerson, that a joint communiqué would be issued shortly, and that the newspapermen might expect a most important announcement.

Early the next morning the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Great Britain motored back through the Virginia countryside. They had enjoyed a good rest. They had come to be rather warm friends. And after three months of hesitation and hectic negotiations they had brought their two countries to an understanding on all major differences.

And so, arriving in Washington, one went back to his desk and the other back to his round of ceremonies, both confident enough of their achievement to leave the remaining details of Anglo-American friendship to be mopped up by their subordinates.

But just as a precaution, and because his secretary, Sir Robert Van Sittart, demanded it, MacDonald did get Philip Snowden on the transatlantic telephone and tell him of his offer to dismantle British naval bases in American waters.

Under-Secretary Cotton, meanwhile, was putting pressure on the Admirals to rush through a final agreement on cruisers before MacDonald's departure.

### III

Early the next afternoon it became apparent that all was not going well with the Hoover-MacDonald honeymoon. The magnificent gesture with



which Mr. Hoover wanted to reciprocate had been checked at the beginning. First indication of disaster came when Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of the Navy, rushed up to Mr. Cotton's office. Ordinarily Mr. Adams did not rush. Ordinarily he did not come to see Mr. Cotton, no matter what his speed. Mr. Cotton was only an Under-Secretary and rather an over zealous Under-Secretary so far as the Navy was concerned. But on this particular occasion Mr. Adams not only came to see Mr. Cotton, but also he rushed. For when Mr. Adams was fighting the cause of his Admirals he was capable of doing many things, one of them being an exhibition of the most adamant streak of stubbornness possessed by any member of the Cabinet.

Mr. Stimson, when he heard of Adams' visit, came into Mr. Cotton's room, listened quietly to what he had to say, and then went across the street to tell the President about it. Mr. Cotton picked up his hat and went down to the Navy Department with Secretary Adams. He wanted to get the Admirals' story first hand. The story which the Admirals told him was rather long, but ran something like this:

The Navy had no intention of surrendering its demands for twenty-one big-gunned cruisers. It had no intention of surrendering even three of them. It had no intention of surrendering them even if Great Britain dismantled its naval bases in American waters.

These bases constituted no threat to the United States whatsoever. The American fleet could take them overnight. The drydock at Bermuda was built shortly after the Civil War and could not handle vessels larger than small cruisers. Bermuda's two old forts were manned only by four hundred British Army regulars, plus sixty-

three naval officers and engineers, and could be wiped out by a few volleys from a modern battleship. The Canadian drydock at Halifax was of no consequence, while the force at Esquimaux in Puget Sound was merely a skeleton organization. Canadian naval forces had been demobilized except for five hundred men belonging to the Naval College. The Canadian Navy consisted of two destroyers, four armed trawlers, and a motor launch. Jamaica, the nearest British naval base to the Panama Canal, had defenses no better than those of Bermuda. The harbor at Kingston would admit larger vessels and had a fueling base for warships, but no drydock. Seven hundred and fifty British regulars were stationed at the fort, which was armed with one heavy battery. Port Castries in the Windward Islands consisted only of a naval anchorage and lacked defenses, drydock, or even a fueling station.

The dismantling of these bases not only would remove no threat to the United States, but might create a dangerous precedent against all naval fortifications in the Caribbean. It might interfere with the Navy's right to lease Great Corn and Little Corn Islands off the coast of Nicaragua. It might interfere with American treaty rights to establish a naval base in the Gulf of Fonseca. It might spoil the plan, long toyed with by the Navy, of using Samana Bay in Santo Domingo and the Mole of St. Nicholas.

No! The dismantling of British naval bases in American waters not only was valueless so far as cruiser bargaining went, but was something devoutly to be avoided.

Apparently Ramsay MacDonald was biting at a gnat.

How much the Admirals' opinion would have weighed with Mr. Hoover remains a question which never will be answered.

That night there was a reception at the British Embassy. It was the most grandiose occasion since the peak of wartime prosperity. The huge old building on Connecticut Avenue was packed with one of the most important conglomerations of personages ever found under one Washington roof. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, just returned from Cincinnati, laughed at the way she had sent regrets for a White House dinner the night before, as a back-handed slap at Dolly Gann. Rosy-cheeked Ishbel MacDonald attracted more bachelors than the champagne buffet. In a side salon younger members of the Embassy staff showed gallant impartiality in amusing dignified dowagers and whirling débutantes of the season.

In the middle of one of these whirls, Sir Adrian Baillie, second secretary, suddenly stopped. He bowed to his partner, turned on his heel, and followed an embassy attaché who had tapped him on the shoulder. Upstairs in the Ambassador's study, where he was led, was a long code telegram from London. Sir Adrian and other secretaries set to work decoding it.

The telegram was from Philip Snowden, acting Prime Minister during MacDonald's absence, and was the written confirmation of a telephone conversation with MacDonald a little earlier. It stated that after receiving word of the proposed dismantling of all British naval bases in American waters, Snowden had called a meeting of War, Navy, and Air Ministers, together with the Minister for Foreign Affairs. They had listened in stark amazement as he unfolded the genial plan of their chief.

Not one of them ever had heard of it before. Probably, they concluded, it was something MacDonald had concocted while on the high seas. A. V. Alexander said the Admiralty never

would accept it. Lord Thomson described the idea as "crazy." He said the British public opinion was not ready for it. Snowden and Arthur Henderson saw defeat and the end of the Labor Government if the proposal were put before the House of Commons. So they telephoned and cabled Ramsay MacDonald to that effect.

The next morning there was a hurried conference between the two promoters of harmony at the Rapidan. The communiqué which they had drafted was rewritten. All mention of naval bases or the Freedom of the Seas was omitted. Instead, the two statesmen re-emphasized the new era of peace ushered in by the Kellogg Pact. They underscored the importance of a naval agreement as a nucleus for general disarmament. They pumped additional diplomatic verbiage into their statement and let it go at that.

To newspapermen who had been promised something spectacular, the communiqué was a dud. To the man in the street, however, it was not. Ramsay MacDonald had won the American public. His victory began from the moment he set foot in New York, was in no way lessened by the pettifogging red tape of an official Washington reception, and was considerably heightened when he entertained the Philadelphia physicians who once had saved his life.

American admirals and the British Cabinet had cramped a magnificent gesture. War debts, commercial rivalry, trouble in the Far East were to tarnish the effect of the Rapidan. But when he sailed from New York, a great many people had come to take seriously the words of Ramsay MacDonald when he arrived:

"I have come," he had said, "in order that whenever the work of the world has to be done we shall be found side by side doing it."





# SUCH SWEET SORROW

A STORY

BY SELMA ROBINSON

THEIR lawyer's name was Lefkowitz, and he discussed the many ways with them. They sat on a black leather bench and talked about it as if it had to do with somebody else. Dwight sat there, asking all sorts of questions, and she herself asked questions; but the whole time it seemed as if they were talking of someone else's divorce. She could see herself, young and smartly dressed, asking about Paris and Reno, and one part of her heard Lefkowitz and the two of them, but the other part of her was numb and unbelieving. This couldn't be what had become of Dwight and Dinah. Quickly if I can remember the right word or the right name I can make us all wake up, she thought, desperately trying to hold the vanishing thing.

It was quite evident that Paris, Reno, and Mexico cost too much and took more time than she could afford from her job. And in New York there was only the one way. "Do you think," Dinah suggested when the lawyer had left the office for a moment, "Mr. Lefkowitz is above collusion?" Dwight shouted, "Above collusion? He isn't even above water."

Lefkowitz told them they didn't need a co-respondent. Who gets a co-respondent nowadays? It was a waste of good money to get one. "All you need," he said waving his

hairy hands about, "is two witnesses who'll swear in court they caught him with a woman. Ain't you got friends who can testify for you? Takes only a few minutes."

But Dinah began to cry, wishing it all over and done with or never begun. "Look here, I'll stand for collusion because we can't help ourselves. But I draw the line at perjury. If you don't like it . . ." she threatened, her voice growing louder. She thought, even now, if we could pick it up where we left off. "Hang it," Dwight said, "we'll have a real woman. You have a bride at a wedding, don't you? Let's spare no expense. A man shouldn't be a piker at his first divorce. I'll get Jim Coburn and Trafford as witnesses. You just leave it to Dwightie."

He put her in a cab and paid the driver and she drove off, still crying. "I'll telephone you one of these days," he called after her.

And two weeks later here he was on the telephone. Miss Benton handed the 'phone over. "It's Mr. Scott calling you, Mrs. Scott," she said, and left the office with a little parade of discretion that trumpeted I-wouldn't-dream-of-listening.

"Hello," said Dinah, "how are you, darling?"

Dwight's voice replied, saying something or other brightly.

She asked, "How's business?"

"Great. I just got a fifteen per cent cut. What do you think of me?"

Now it was her turn to be smart.

"I knew you'd make good," she answered. His laugh was ready.

"Drop around for a highball this afternoon and I'll have a pleasant surprise."

"What, Dwight?"

"I'm not allowed to tell, Honey."

This was the young Dwight, the childish Dwight. "You'll come? And at the same time you can take some of your things off my hands. I expect Jim and Trafford too."

"I'll come for a little while," she said, "to say hello to everybody."

At quarter of four Di signed her last letter, put on a hat shaped like a pancake, and told Miss Benton she'd be back before five thirty, but not to wait.

It was only seven blocks to Thirty-eighth Street, but she took a cab anyway, to finish her face. In her mirror she saw a face she was sick to death of, pretty, of course, but with an expression that bored and terrified her. You put it on like sealing wax and it's bright and tight and never changing—the lipstick, the rougeless cheeks, the black, straight brows with, of late, a frown between—and you yank it away and it hurts. And what's beneath I'd be curious to see, she thought. The brows drawing tighter together would show anxiety. Or unhappiness. Or ordinary irritability. And the wide red mouth expressed sophistication or generosity or something. The dark blue eyes, that's for rosemary. Put them all together they spell Di-i-n-ah, a word that means the world to—to whom? Certainly not to me, she thought. Nor to Dwight? Just what am I to Dwight, she wondered, and what is he to me? We've always lived in a kind of dark, and I never could find him no matter where I looked.

And now the darkness widening between.

At the very beginning he must have been closer. Or did he merely appear close because she needed him? The deep laughter had seemed to spring from some source of light, penetrating and burning. He was sun, he was a tall tree, he was a mountain. He was none of these, she admitted after the years of reaching through the dark. His laughter was only laughter, light as foam. He himself was restless light, like the reflection of light from her mirror which danced over the cab.

Oh, the parties and the parties that started as this one might start, with a highball or two or three, and a telephone call or three or four. And Dwight the life of the party, singing in a throbbing sweet voice "A Ten Thousand Dollar Bill" or clowning The Flying Trapeze. The drinks on drinks, the hours crawling dismally until the last guest left the smoky, messy rooms. And Dwight sprawled over the sofa, coatless and unshod, his fair hair tumbled. It was his very hair, tumbled and childish, that held her for a long time after it made him look like a small boy, too tired to be naughty. Presently she learned that this, too, was wrong. He was not a small boy, not helpless at all. It was she who was helpless, who needed him, one way or another.

But now that she had no need of him it was much worse. She should have persisted in needing him. For now he was smoke-writing on the sky, blurred and evanescent; he was the place where light had been and was no longer. She snapped her vanity case shut and reached for change.

The doorman who opened the cab for her was new and he insisted on announcing her. It was almost six months since she had been to Dwight's apartment. Dwight's apartment, just because she had done the walking out.



He wouldn't have walked out, though, she reflected. Nothing would have affected him that intensely.

Jimmy opened the door, unexciting as ever, with his habitual worried look on his gentle face. "Di," he kissed her on the cheek. "How pretty you look in that gray dress and hat."

"How are you, Mr. Coburn, darling? And how's Myra? And the kids?"

"Excellent. Myra sends her love."

The shades were drawn in the living room and it was dim. Dwight and his younger cousin, Trafford, rose as she entered. They looked almost like twins despite the three years' difference between them. She kissed them both pleasantly. Dwight turned on the lamp with a flourish.

"Look. My surprise," he said and then, pointing dramatically, "there is the despoiler of your home, the woman who, to all intents and purposes, has ravaged your husband. Mrs. Scott, may I present Madame X?"

Dinah turned slowly away from him and back to him again, shaking her head and staring at him hard. "Oh, Dwight," she said, "need you have?"

"What's the matter, Angel?"

She said, "You might have told me beforehand."

"Is it Xie that's bothering you? She's leaving just as soon as she finishes her drink, aren't you Xie?"

The girl on the day-bed nodded to Dwight. Then she smiled at Di. "Pleased to meet you," she said, as if she were typewriting the words. She was a stiff little thing, not even pretty, with yellow thin hair overwhelmingly curled. She wore a negligee over her tailored suit. Peach-colored shiny satin. Ostrich feathers not quite so vehemently peach. Her face was made of paper, sharply creased at the corners of the mouth, too brightly colored.

"How do you do," Di said perfunctorily.

"She teaches Sunday School. She's got her uniform on under her wrapper," Dwight pointed out.

The girl smiled feebly. "He's kidding," she said.

"Why *do* you wear your suit under that kimono?" he asked.

"I got a date," she answered.

"See what happens to illusions, Di? Just what I've always told you. Bet you never dreamed a woman of sin would turn out to be a respectable business woman under her wrapper."

"Listen," said the girl, "don't woman of sin me. How do you get that way?"

Trafford stirred highballs for them and handed them round. "To Madame X," he declaimed, raising his glass. Well, if this was the way it was going, Di thought, putting on her party look. "What's the matter with me, am I a creeple?" she demanded. "To Di," said Trafford. "And me?" asked Dwight, delighted she was responding. "Drink your own toast," his cousin replied. "I always dunk it," said Dwight.

Dinah shoved the ice cubes away with her tongue and looked at Dwight over the top of her glass. Good-looking and just beginning to look dissipated in an attractive way—lean face, a suggested puffiness under the eyes. His shoulders were broad and strong and his long body slid effortlessly to his fine ankles. It is a superb body, and I should know, she nodded to herself. But now she surveyed him as if he were hers no longer, comparing him with Traff, who was beautiful too, and with Jim, grown a little soft with contentment.

"How long've you been married, Jim?" she asked.

"Eight years."

"Twice as long as Dwight and I."

"Eighteen times as long as I'll ever be married," Trafford said.

"He doesn't believe in marriage,"

Dwight explained. "Ain't he cute? He's only twenty-six."

"Do you believe in marriage, Madame X?" Dinah inquired.

"I sure do. And how."

"How?" asked Di, suddenly wanting to know.

The girl hesitated. "Well, children. A house. Keeping house. I don't know. A husband."

"A husband! How quaint. Do you really need a husband for marriage? But I had a husband and my marriage never seemed to take."

"I guess you never expected it to."

Di set down her glass on the floor. The drink had warmed her. That might be true. It sounded as though it might actually be true. *The proper name or the word, the elusive word—*

The girl went on importantly, "When I marry, it's going to be for good. No looking ahead for the end. I'm going to find out how to keep my marriage going, not how to finish it, believe me."

"I believe you."

"Me, too," said Dwight. "Traff, how about you?"

"What?"

"How about you? Do you believe in Madame X?"

"Oh, sure, I believe in her. She's one of my firmest convictions."

Jim passed them fresh highballs and they drank silently for a while. Di rose.

"Can you kindly tell me which way is the Ladies' Room?" she said daintily. Madame X rose, too.

"Excuse me. I'll go along, my hands are kind of sticky and besides I got to powder my nose," she murmured, following Di.

They went through the bedroom. It was dismantled, all except for the slender mahogany bed; Dinah had its twin. The bathroom was neat, with Dwight's things arranged as he always had wanted them.

The girl turned the water on in the basin, elaborately, considerately, and talked above it.

"Listen, don't blame him for it. I hung around by myself just kind of playing with my drink, see? I wanted to get a look at you."

"Just why?"

"Oh, I don't know. I heard your husband say you were coming around four, so I waited because it was nearly four. You certainly got a nice place here, haven't you? Your husband is nice-looking, too. I thought I would kind of stick around and see what was the matter."

Dinah was silent.

"Listen," said the girl, "did I hurt your feelings? Because if I did and it's none of my business, just tell me to shut up."

"I'm flattered by your interest. I was merely wondering about you. Do you do this often?" There must be all sorts of people, undertakers and grave-diggers and garbage collectors.

"No, only when I can. Most people don't use co-respondents any more. I got a part-time selling job in a store."

"When will you be married?"

"In five months. February."

"Will you stop this then?"

"Oh, sure; my friend don't believe in women working." She pinched up her mouth and shook her head to show her friend's disapproval. "You been working long?"

"Before and during and since our marriage."

The girl looked perplexed. "That's funny. He didn't make you quit? Unless you had to. Because of the depression and all, I mean."

Dinah smiled. "Not that, precisely. But it was a good job, and pretty good fun."

"I see," said the girl, not seeing at all. She washed her hands, bending over the basin. When she straightened up she caught Di's reflection in



the mirror of the medicine chest. They smiled. The girl said, "You going to get married again?"

"Do you think I should?" Di was unsmiling.

Madame X deliberated. "Well, I don't know. If I was you. What's the matter with the marriage you got now?"

"I believe they call it incompatibility."

"What do you mean—drinks, runs around with women? He don't beat you or anything, does he?"

"No, he doesn't beat me. Maybe he should. And the drinking is annoying but not fatal. And I'm not fool enough to think I'm the only woman in his life. Even that wouldn't bother me if I were Wife Number One. But none of us means anything to him." She washed her hands, drying them slowly. "You know what I think? You promise not to tell? He's not a person at all. He's the inside of a soap bubble. He's what's inside a broken Easter egg. One day I broke the shell and I found out."

Madame X nodded her head slowly. "You know what I think? You promise not to tell? Well, I think you're in love with him yet!"

"No, that's wrong. You've been reading too many women's magazines. The thing I'm in love with is what I used to think we were with each other. God, I made an awful fool of myself over it, whatever it was. I used to try to define the thing that was forcing us apart. I used to think, if I can call it by its right name I can fight it. But I couldn't find it. Well, we're not unique, I guess. Funny, we're the third couple we know to get a divorce in the last six months."

"Funny, nothing," said the girl. "You're all suffering from the same sickness. What's the bunch of you going to do now? Swap partners?"

"I might try it once more."

"Yeah, sure. Once more. Only don't be surprised if you don't get nothing better. Or if you don't get nothing at all. Listen. Every guy that makes a pass at a married woman ain't so anxious to grab her up when she's single. If I was to fall for every fellow who patted my knee—"

"I won't ever be surprised at anything again," Dinah said, leading the way out of the bathroom.

The three men rose like jumping jacks when they re-entered the room.

"If you two gentlemen will entertain Madame X, Dwight and I will go over our mortal goods," Di suggested.

"Tell them about your operations, Xie." Dwight finished the rest of his drink and took Di's arm.

Their things were heaped on the bedroom floor. "Household necessities," necessary no longer: aluminum pots and pans, silver, a jelly mold shaped like a fish. There was the sword plant in the copper bowl. They had not expected it to live, but here it was outlasting their marriage.

They began dividing the silver, half to Di, half to Dwight. The forks and knives made a great clatter and brought Jim and Traff in from the living room.

"They're robbing the place," Trafford whispered hoarsely. "The stuff isn't genuwine. We keep our real jewels in the vault."

"Dwight says he's moving next month. We're breaking up house. You gave me these books, Dwight. Does that mean they're mine, or yours?"

"Mine, naturally, if they're any good. Otherwise you take them."

She laid the books in stacks of twenty. Now she came on some signed "Dwight and Dinah's book." *Shropshire Lad*. *Grimm's Fairy Tales*. *Ethan Frome*.

"I must have that," Dinah cried. "I haven't read it in years."

Two and a half years ago, she recalled, when Dwight was home with ptomaine, and she thought he was going to die. My throat hurt from reading out loud. But I wouldn't stop because you enjoyed it so. We've come a long way since then. And what've we done with the thing we had then? What was it, anyway?

But she said, after her little moment of silence, "Maybe not. The binding's pretty well shot. I haven't much book room anyway."

Madame X came into the room, without her kimono, looking like Miss Benton or Miss What's-her-name, the stenographer in the outer office.

"Say," she said in a thickened voice to Dwight, "can I go now?"

"Stick around. We're going to have some fun soon." It was Dwight's old protest against the breaking up of parties. "Anyway, here's something for you." He gave her *Ethan Frome*.

"It's a book."

"It's a good book. You read it out loud to your young man and he'll never leave you."

"Listen, he'd leave me quick if I ever read him anything. He once hauled off at me because I read the funny papers out loud."

"Oh, that's quite different. Quite, quite different. There, take another book. Take eight or nine."

She held them in one arm, turning her head to drink the highball in her right hand.

"Say, Di, what about giving me these book-ends?" suggested Trafford. "And these ash-trays?" She gave them to him. To Jim she gave a Wedgwood platter for Myra.

Dwight, exploring the top shelf of the bedroom closet, brought out an overnight bag.

"What's in it, Di?"

"I can't think. Probably belonged to a maid. Look and see."

He opened it and held up a navy-blue dress, grotesquely old-fashioned, with a front that lapped over. "Look what I found. Your maternity dress. You would go right out and buy it. And the very next week Our Little One turned out to be nothing but a cold. Give it to Madame X. She'll make use of it some day."

"Continuously, if she keeps her word," said Traff.

Di folded it carefully and gave it to the girl.

Maybe we should have had one. Not that it would have made much difference the way things turned out. But I'd have had something left of what there was between us. She looked over all the things they had owned. Lamps. Anyone could have bought them. Silver bowl. Copper and pewter bowls. Anyone could have bought them too. And the polka-dotted glasses, everything, everything. There wasn't a thing that couldn't be bought by anyone at all. And when it's divided and given away, there's nothing left, there's never been anything.

Nothing remained but an indentation in a pillow that the maid fluffed up. And the times I felt close to him, the times I needed him desperately, the times I thought I had him to keep were just sounds that vanished into the meat we ate or the beds we slept in or the chairs we sat in. Sharp essence that we should have distilled, it's too late now, she thought, seeing Dwight no more hers than any other nice-looking boy. The laughter and the shouting don't mean anything to me now. Some day I'll even try to remember what we were like together.

Madame X was giggling foolishly.

"This little intellectual wants another drinkie."

"This little intellectual is going to get a kick in the panties if she doesn't shut her little trappie," Traff threatened.



"Little Xie is all right, aren't you, Madame?" said Dwight. "A great woman, aren't you?"

"And how."

"She says 'and how.'"

"Does she really?" Trafford was astonished.

"And how," said the girl.

Dwight gave her a chintz sofa cushion. "Put this under you when you read to your young man."

Di called out, drinking the rest of her fourth highball, or was it the third, or the fifth, "Give her the piano. Perhaps he's musical. Might as well have a baby as a grand piano in a small apartment. But I should appreciate the dining room furniture. I have to sit on the floor to eat off my end-table now."

"The Chinese sit on the floor to quaff their ceremonial tea," Traff volunteered.

"It was the Japanese," Dwight said.

Madame X tittered that she could never tell them apart.

"Isn't that cunning?" asked Traff. "Here, precious, have a book." He gave her *Look Homeward, Angel*.

She studied the title.

"That reminds me," she said, "can I go home now? I got a date."

Traff had a date, too, and he left with her, the peach satin wrapper over his arm, waving good-night to them all.

"It's after six, I've got to beat it myself," Dwight said, his mouth unsteady with too much Scotch.

"After six! I told Miss Benton I'd call her."

"Call her all day to-morrow. So long, darling."

He came to her and kissed her familiarly, expertly. It's just the way he kisses, easily and well; it doesn't mean a thing, she thought. But the true kiss, the deep laughter, the quick clasp and the rare quiet moments, the sweet, sweet times we had once in a

while. We should have done something with them. We should have had one. I'm drunk, she thought, and getting maudlin. Soon I'll be remembering those nights in Sorrento in the balcony scene of Act II.

"Good-night, Jim," he said, and to Di, again, "I'll call you at your office, next week, darling, for lunch." (Next week. And after that next month. Next year. Next century. Never more. So long, darling, she thought.) "Slam the door hard as you go out."

After he left, Jim said, "Come and have dinner with Myra and me."

"No, thanks, darling."

"Please, Dinah. You look a little weary. We'll all go to some new place."

"No, please, Jim, really."

"Come out and get a drink then."

"Well, a drink."

She powdered her nose and the little puffs under her eyes. She used Dwight's mouth-wash and brushed her shiny brown hair with his brush. So everything was neatly divided now. Hers. His. The books, the silver, the furniture. Grouped that way, they looked like so little. Two trunks, a few packing cases, and the furniture.

"I used to think we had so much," she said, puzzled, "and yet every stick we owned is right here. It actually takes very little to make a home, doesn't it?"

Jim held the door open for her. She looked back.

"Wait a minute. I'm convinced we've forgotten something."

The books, the lamps, the furniture. Room by room now. *Living room*. It was all there. *Dining room*. *Bedroom*. *Kitchen*. Yes, that was right. Then nothing was forgotten.

"I could have sworn that we had something more," she said apologetically, shaking her head.

Then she slammed the door hard.



# THE COMET THAT STRUCK THE CAROLINAS

BY EDNA MULDROW

WHAT would happen if a comet should strike the earth? We do not like to dwell on that possibility, it is true; yet such evasion arises mainly because we are human and it is human to shun the unpleasant. So we bolster our sense of security by the assumption that what has not happened will not happen. This assumption is false. The truth is that the earth in the past has collided with heavenly bodies, and the more serious truth is that it may collide again.

If the planetesimal theory—which maintains that the world is still growing by the gradual accumulation of stray chips left after the stars had been formed out of chaos—is true, then such collisions in the past must have been numerous. H. H. Nininger, curator of meteorites of the Colorado Museum of Natural History, estimates that since Tertiary times there have been 45,000 meteoritic falls. Considering these 45,000 meteoric showers in our comparatively recent geologic past, considering the tens of thousands of comets still passing through our solar system, and considering that only as late as 1910 our earth passed through the tail of Halley's great comet, we must accept the fact that our journey through space is not without traffic hazards.

We have no assurance that on its next trip Halley's comet may not side-swipe us or that it may not be disintegrated by that time and have become

a steady stream of meteors, so that each year we may plunge into its path and be pelted by falling stars of greater or lesser size. In fact, that disintegration may already have begun, for the Aquarids are meteorites strewn in the path of that famous comet.

This alarming supposition as to the chance of comet collision is not new. Astro-physicists, as they now call themselves, for centuries have been aware that the orbits of comets cross the orbit of the earth and more recently have learned that meteor streams are the debris-strewn paths of comets that have come to violent ends. Geological discoveries made within the last few years reveal that the earth in a dozen places is pitted by charging bodies from outer space, that whole sections are honey-combed by scars made by comets.

The latest of these discoveries reveals breath-taking implications and startling possibilities beyond the most fantastic imaginings of H. G. Wells. It presents the hypothesis that an enormous comet twice as large as Halley's once struck the earth in the region of what is now the Carolinas, and so recently that the scars still remain. For in the Carolinas there are 3,000 shallow pits, each surrounded by a circular wall. Some of the pits are several miles long and more than a mile wide. It is believed that 3,000 balls of iron, with perhaps some stone, bored those holes, and that the splashes made those 3,000 circular walls.



## II

Surprising as it may seem, before 1931 only one man, L. C. Glenn, who wrote an article on the subject for an issue of *Science* in 1895, ever wondered how the walled pits in the Carolinas had been formed, in spite of the facts that these States had been carefully surveyed and that the Carolinians themselves had noticed their extraordinary system of drainage, or lack of drainage, and had given special names to the unique features of their landscape. They called them "savannas," "pocosins," or "bays."

Glenn's explanation was not satisfactory, yet no one attempted to find the true cause of the conformation until, as is so often the case, an economic need brought it to the attention of science. In 1931 an aerial map portraying the resources of the pine forests of Horry County, South Carolina, was made by the Fairchild Aerial Survey. When E. H. Corlett of that organization saw the completed mosaic map, he thought he saw a chance for additional sales, since beside catering to lumbermen seeking investments, his company also sold air maps to a professor who had promoted a retail business in distributing maps, pictures, and slides for use in the classrooms.

This professor was Dr. F. A. Melton, a geologist on the faculty of the University of Oklahoma. When Doctor Melton looked at the dark blotches on Corlett's map and considered Corlett's suggestion as to comet scars he was impressed. He knew that if they were really scars their discovery would be important to astro-physicists. He also realized that he would need the technic of a physicist to corroborate any story that the rocks might tell. If a swarm of stones should come in at an angle and strike a curved surface like that of the earth, the last stones to fall would make scars more nearly circular than

those heavier ones which, less impeded by friction, would go farther and make more elliptical scars. Such intricate problems are a physicist's stock-in-trade. He could solve that one and many others involving abstruse mathematics. For instance, he could calculate the mass in the curved rims of the savannas and compare it to the bulk that must have been removed from the depressions. He would know what the action of heavenly bodies that had swung too close to the earth would be. Doctor Melton chose Dr. William Schriever, professor of physics at Oklahoma, to help determine all these things.

These two men obtained Corlett's permission to investigate. They went to the Carolinas to examine the land itself. The dark spots on the map were walled ellipses, just as they had supposed; but more than that, the long axes of the ellipses, which ran southeast-northwest, were parallel and every wall was higher on the southeast. This was more indicative than ever of comet fall.

They now had sufficient evidence to reason on the supposition that a comet once hurtled across the United States from the northwest and fell in the Carolinas. Since all heavenly bodies would travel in a straight line if it were not for the gravitational pull of other heavenly bodies, this comet must have approached the area where the earth's gravitational pull began to affect it, and then started earthward. Its momentum attempted to carry it in its accustomed course, but the earth's pull was the stronger. So it zoomed across our heavens in an arc, ever approaching the surface so that it struck a glancing blow.

It was a loose aggregation of iron rocks, each rock approximately a sphere and the whole group a roughly spherical mass. Compressed into one large ball, they might have measured

one hundred miles in diameter; in a widely spaced swarm they would cover many thousands of times that area, even though some individual balls were thousands of feet thick. Since these spheres struck the earth at an angle, the places of impact were elliptical, both for individual stones and for the whole group. Doctor Schriever and Doctor Melton surveyed the ellipticity of the savannas and found what physics maintains should be found if they were comet scars: the smaller bays are more nearly circular.

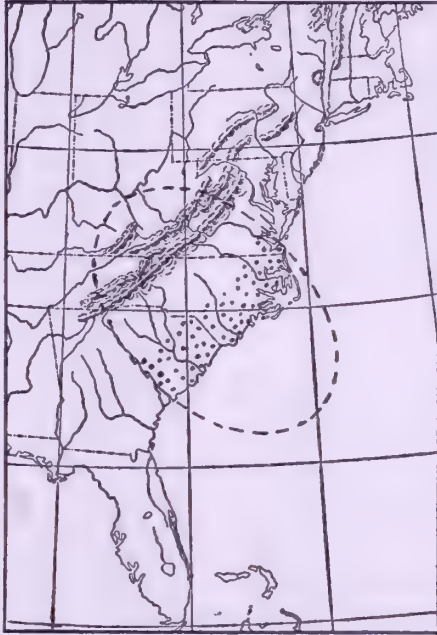
In imagination they reconstructed what must have happened. Each iron ball shooting from the northwest plunged into the soft soil of the Carolinas, and each left an elliptical depression. Columns of debris spurted out in every direction as each iron ball drove down a mile into the earth, and this debris fell back in a wall or remained in a wall barricading each pit. This wall was higher on the side opposite that from which the comet came. Although this happened ages ago, the ellipses are still plainly visible from the air. The southeast rim is invariably the higher.

Now, because of the weathering throughout the ages, the rims are only five feet above the level of the surrounding land, while the depressions are about ten feet deep. The rise of the rims is very gradual, the base

in some cases measuring 250 feet across. They are found along the sea coast for 400 miles, from Norfolk, Virginia, to the Savannah River, and are scattered inland for 100 miles.

Since the original area pitted by the comet must have been an ellipse with

the long axis northwest-south-east, as each individual depression and higher rim on the southeast indicates, we are forced to believe that the 40,000 square miles of scarred tract is in reality a cross section of the original ellipse, the greater part of which has been erased by erosion and covered by the Atlantic Ocean. Doctors Schriever and Melton found no other alternative than to accept this conclusion, although the inferences to be drawn from it assumed



The ellipse indicates the approximate area of the comet's impact. Dots mark the region along the Atlantic coast where the impact scars are still visible.

astounding proportions. The 400 miles of dimpled coast must have been the short axis of an ellipse 650 miles long and covering an area of 190,000 square miles. At some time in the past, a comet must have dug for itself a grave that took in 300 miles of the Atlantic and the south Appalachians as far west as the boundary of Ohio.

"Although this hypothesis fits the situation exactly, we don't state positively that comet collision dented the Carolina coast," Doctor Schriever emphatically states. "We merely say that 'star-fall' most nearly explains the phenomena found, and we have tested



every theory that possibly could explain elliptical depressions with axes parallel and with walls higher at one end of the ellipses."

No other explanation, as Doctor Schriever says, suffices. Not that of wind scour, artificial earthworks, expansion of peat bogs or hydration of anhydrite, steam or gas explosions, oozing out of clay beds, weathering of dolomite, submarine springs, glaciation, or of uniformly elliptical buffalo wallows. Of all these wind scour seems the most plausible, but as yet no credible scheme of wind action has been presented.

By process of elimination comet fall is the explanation that most nearly fits the facts. If it be the correct one, a great mass of iron must lie buried beneath the surface of the region. By using a magnetometer—an instrument which indicates iron buried beneath the surface and which located the meteorite beneath the meteor crater near Coon Butte, Arizona—the two scientists found a pronounced reaction over a group of depressions. Even so they could not definitely say that iron lay under each depression. In all probability there was iron, but the depressions were too close together to say that each one marked a spot above its special ball. They hunted out one isolated savanna in the uplands, where neighboring iron deposits might not influence the sensitive instrument. Here the magnetometer registered a magnetic high of 140 gammas, almost twice as much as was registered by the Arizona meteorite, beneath whose crater the actual iron center of a comet has been located by bore holes.

One thing only remained for Schriever and Melton's proof to be complete, a comparison with other cases of meteoritic fall. Were the pock-marks in the Carolinas to exhibit the same characteristics as other comet graveyards?

More of these exist than one would imagine, for although the Carolina comet graveyard increases the known area of such places two hundred-fold, and although the size of it exceeds anything science has dared imagine, such places number about a dozen.

The two best known are the Arizona crater, just mentioned as the one place in all the world where a comet nucleus has been identified, and the spot where the scars were made by the Siberian fall in 1908, when the comet was actually seen to strike.

The evidence of the Siberian scars is absolute factual proof and cannot be refuted. In that instance a meteoritic swarm coming from the south pitted funnel-shaped cavities walled by rims which rise higher on the north, duplicating the conditions in the Carolinas, except that the Siberian fall came from the south instead of the northwest.

The Arizona crater measures 4,250 feet by 4,000, a slight ellipse. The height of the wall is 125 feet on the northwest and rises to 160 feet on the southeast. Other acknowledged scars of meteor fall present similar characteristics. They are: a rimmed shell-hole, 530 feet in diameter, 18 feet deep near Odessa, Texas; a lake, 340 feet in diameter, with a 20-foot rim, accompanied by six smaller depressions on the Isle of Essel in the Baltic; a group of elliptical depressions, one 50-feet deep with a long axis of 630 feet, in central Australia. There are still others, similarly described but not definitely measured, in Argentina, Africa, Afghanistan, and Arabia.

What is left for us to decide but that the existence of these craters substantiates the Schriever and Melton hypothesis?

If the hypothesis be accepted it will explain two extraordinary circumstances that have for a long time puzzled science: There is an abundance of iron meteorites in America



as contrasted with Europe where there is a higher ratio of stony meteorites; and although the southern Appalachian region is hilly and sparsely populated, more meteorites have been found in it than in any other section of similar size in the United States.

From the evidence of meteorites being found with frequency in certain sections, Nininger (quoted above) has predicted the discovery of great comet falls in the south Appalachians, in the United States Rockies on a northwest-southeast line with the Arizona crater, in South Africa, in Chili, and in Greenland. If, as now seems true, there have been in the past two great iron falls in the United States, the high ratio of iron meteorites found in America as compared with that in Europe is due to that accident and not to the presence on this continent of a magnetized area that would increase our hazards by attracting cosmic iron to it, a conjecture that has been seriously advanced.

The Carolina comet alone might account for the unusual number of meteorites that have been picked up in the southern Appalachians, for in a charging aggregation from space, the larger bodies carry farthest, while the smaller pieces retarded by friction pepper down last and more nearly vertically. In this case they would be found between the coast and Ohio.

Doctors Schriever and Melton felt that these facts corroborated their contention. They began to calculate the time when the presumed fall took place.

The depressions cannot be older than the youngest strata in which they have been excavated. That formation is the Waccamaw of Pliocene age, laid down about 50,000 to a million years ago. Therefore, the depressions cannot be more than 50,000 to a million years old—not a very definite conclusion, to say the least.

Having reached this vague conclusion as to the outside limit of the period of time since the depressions were formed, the two investigators tried to fix the inside limit: in other words, to find how old the depressions had to be.

Beach ridges obscure several of them. W. C. Cooke, of the United States Geological Survey, identifies these ridges as Pamlico or Satilla terrace or late Wisconsin in age. Now, if beach ridges cross the "bays," as they are called in Horry County, then the sea must have receded subsequently, since the "bays" are now on dry land. This recession of the sea began all over the world some 3,500 years ago and was due to the accumulation of polar ice, according to R. A. Daly, author of *Our Mobile Earth*. Whether all or only a part of that 3,500 years has elapsed since the depressions were torn into the earth, Doctors Schriever and Melton have found no way to determine.

The passage of at least thousands of years is indicated by the absence of bed-rock fragments, scraps of native rock ripped off when the shower of iron from the skies collided with the earth. Although they searched diligently, the investigators found no fragment larger than a grain of sand. It would take thousands of years, they believe, for such fragments to erode away, a process the damp climate would hasten.

On the other hand, both rims and the floor of the depressions under the very recent detritus are of fine white sand, the epitome of instability. The Siberian comet left impact holes from five to 150 feet in diameter, which, when viewed for the first time by a scientist in 1927, nineteen years after they had been made, were only ten feet deep. If after nineteen years these small craters are only 10 feet deep, and if the Carolina rims are only

five feet high and the depressions only 10 feet deep, the period of time since the Carolina fall must not have been great, even if we discount the ordinary rate of erosion because of the excessive flatness of the land, where no gullies wash and no dunes blow.

"I estimate that the caverns once were more than 800 feet deep with an elevated barrier of several hundred feet," Doctor Schriever has stated. "In fact, I know they were once 20 to 50 feet deeper, for beneath the detritus on the floor of each cavern the white sand of the rims recurs. Thus, under the sea floor, a long period of time must have elapsed for the rims to be washed away and the caverns to be filled until they are of their present size. This erosion has undoubtedly been great, for at least 95 per cent of the original rims have been washed away, since the material in the rims at present will not fill a twentieth part of the depressions which they enclose, detritus-filled though they are."

Again Doctor Schriever allows at least thousands of years for these events to have happened. From 1,000 to 50,000 years ago is far from a satisfactory answer to the question of time. We must wait for more definite evidence.

### III

Our reach into the past of history is too short for us to reconstruct precisely what happened when the Carolina comet struck the earth. Only in imagination can we see again the flaming torch that streaked the sky from the northwest. Only in imagination can we experience the white-hot flame, the thunder and the cannonade of the exploding star, the terrific force of 190,000 square miles of compressed air collected between the falling projectile and the earth, the scorching air that exploded outward and devastated an area larger than the burial spot of the

comet itself. Professor L. A. Kulik, on his expedition to the Siberian crater, found an area 100 miles wide devastated by compressed air beneath two square miles of comet; the havoc wrought by the Carolina visitor from space is almost inconceivable.

At any rate, somewhere between one thousand and fifty thousand years ago the Carolinas experienced a bad half hour, when the whole heavens burst into one blinding flame. The comet plunged down with a hiss that shook mountains, with a crackle that opened the sky. Beneath the down-plunging piston of star, compressed air gathered. Its might equaled and then exceeded that of the great star itself. It burst the comet nucleus. It pushed outward a scorching wind that must have shoved the waters of the Atlantic upon the European shores, and on land leveled three-hundred-foot pines, spreading them radially outward like matches in a box.

The comet struck, sending debris skyward, curtaining the east, darkening the west. Writhing clouds of steam swirled with writhing clouds of earth. For ten minutes there was a continuous bombardment, and the earth heaved and shook.

For 500 miles around the focal spot of 190,000 square miles, the furnace snuffed out every form of life. In the path of the comet itself were left gaping holes 800 feet deep, lined by fused stone, dusted by rock flour, rimmed by 400-foot walls. Beneath thousands of feet of broken earth the smoldering star lay buried.

After the last bit of dust had floated down, the earth through the ages healed her wounds until only the roughened surface of the grassy savannas and the barricaded peat "bays" tell the story of that monstrous moment when the stars fell.

If the disaster of the Carolinas should repeat itself in the vicinity of



New York City, all man's handiwork extending over a great oval spreading from Long Island to Ohio, Virginia, and Lake Ontario would be completely annihilated. One-half of the people, one-third of the wealth of the United States would be completely rubbed out. The world's greatest metropolis would lie a smoking ruin, land honeycombed by water-filled depressions where the star teeth had bitten deep. The world-famous sky-line would be crumpled trash; the world's greatest harbor, a chain of yellow pools; the Empire State, Radio City, a ruin of tumbled stone; the Palisades and the shining Hudson, a series of gaping perforations, each the tomb of some bit of star. Only a few broken struts set awry and throwing lengthened shadows across sullen lagoons

would survive as reminders of the solid masonry of the city. Nature would have thrown off the bondage of man and returned to her favorite pattern, the flattened circle, the ellipse.

Outside this devastated area would be a larger ellipse, one thousand miles across, where compressed air had worked its will. Its force would level every city, every building; its fiery breath would kill every living thing as far west as Minneapolis and Kansas City, and as far south as Jackson, Mississippi, and Montgomery, Alabama.

Even Europe would not escape, for every Atlantic coastal plane would be ravaged by an enormous tidal wave put in motion when the compressed air forced the Atlantic back beyond the continental shelf.





# BLUNDER ON THE LEFT

THE REVOLUTION AND THE AMERICAN SCENE

BY LILLIAN SYMES

IF THIS article were being written in the month of October, 1932, instead of in the same month of 1933, it would be unnecessary to begin with the explanation that the "Revolution" referred to in the sub-title is the Social Revolution hailed these many years by the followers of Karl Marx, and not the more recent phenomenon so frequently termed "the Roosevelt Revolution." To a large number of persons no doubt any serious consideration of the former in these still optimistic days of the latter is altogether irrelevant and immaterial. Just recently I met on the street an elderly conservative of my acquaintance who, a year ago, voted for Mr. Hoover in a desperate but none too hopeful effort to hold quite intact the capitalistic system. "Well, anyway," he announced briskly, "this fellow Roosevelt may not be sound, but he has certainly taken the wind out of the radicals' sails." The Red Menace, in his opinion, had petered out. Good old Capitalism, in the tradition of the British Empire, had muddled through.

If this were the whole truth, any examination of the radical scene in the United States would indeed be irrelevant, except perhaps as an autopsical report. But though business is codified, prices have risen, and three million out of our former twelve million unemployed have returned to jobs, only the economic ignoramus is

ready to retire into that state of blissful indifference to such matters as characterized the 1920s. As I write, one of the larger newspaper syndicates is featuring a series of interviews with financiers and business leaders entitled *Can Capitalism Survive?* The question is answered, naturally, in the affirmative, but the question itself implies that there still exists a remnant of doubt, a vague suspicion that perhaps something more than a "shot in the arm" may possibly be needed to turn the trick. In spite of this doubt, however, there is in general a comforting conviction that the Revolution as personified in our various revolutionary parties was scotched at the last election. Strikes may be blazing on a dozen fronts, but solid citizens, who in 1932 were stocking their country homes with canned goods and even, so I am told, mounting machine guns behind their cornices, are inclined to agree with one of their number who stated soon after the election that "there is something wrong with the Reds in this country if that's the best they can do in a depression like this."

Strangely enough, the sentiment has been frequently echoed during the past year among the assorted radicals themselves—and American radicalism is not given to undue soul-searching. Nor is it unaccustomed to disappointments and hopes deferred. Like the more apprehensive reactionaries, it has



hailed the Revolution before. As recently as 1920, after Russia and Hungary had turned red, and Italy was flirting with sovietism, and the whole international horizon was taking on a bright red glow, to the D.A.R., the Mitchell Palmers, and the new American Communists alike, the Revolution was just round the corner. All of them were mistaken.

But the crash of 1929 was an augury of much more serious proportions and it unquestionably offered to the radical propagandists the opportunities of a lifetime. At the risk of reviving unpleasant memories, they must be reviewed. American capitalism had survived serious crashes before. But it was no longer on the up-and-up, a youthful and resilient organism. It had reached a somewhat over-ripe maturity. Its enormous productive powers were unquestionable, and depression, therefore, threw all its contradictions into bolder relief. During the 1920s, while the world in general had grown increasingly unsteady on its economic legs, it had lulled the American people into a dream of permanent prosperity. Their awakening was all the ruder for this fact.

By the end of 1930 "the System" was proving to the hilt every charge the intransigent radicals had ever made against it, and the objective conditions favorable to the rapid growth of a revolutionary climate of opinion were at hand. Radical organizations do not, as a rule, increase their membership during periods of depression; but such periods, if prolonged, breed disillusion, unrest, resentment—fertile soil for the radical seed. The revolutionist had only to point his finger at the spectacle of breadlines and bursting granaries and cry "Look!" A child could see that capitalism had failed to "work." Torn by its own inherent contradictions, it seemed to be setting in motion a whirlwind

which any radical group might ride, and left-wing hopes, that had waned during the past nine years, when the "permanent revolution" seemed temporarily shelved, burgeoned again as breadlines lengthened and financiers jumped from twentieth-story windows. This might well be the final crash.

That mood of profound disillusionment and unrest which the radicals anticipated actually generated late in 1931 and reached its crest in the summer of 1932, but not, strangely enough, where they had every right to expect it—among the dispossessed proletariat standing in endless breadlines, drooping on park benches, huddled in cheerless rooms. These were not wholly supine or inarticulate. Many thousands of them flocked to radical gatherings and cheered radical speakers. More thousands joined unemployed councils or leagues, organized by Communists or Socialists. Parades sponsored by radicals drew the hungry and footloose into their ranks. The B.E.F. marched for the bonus, though not, most decidedly, for the Revolution. But on the whole, it was only those seasoned veterans of revolt whom an I.W.W. acquaintance of mine describes as the "Workers and Peasants of Greater New York" who actually fought back when attacked by police. Proletarian uprisings were confined very largely to Union Square.

And this while the Farm Belt seethed with revolt—farm holidays, resistance to foreclosures, milk dumped by the hundred gallons along the roadside—as perfect an example of sabotage as was ever practiced. Here too, it was not among the long-peonized share-croppers and tenant farmers of our South and Southwest that these amazing events were occurring, but among the formerly comfortable owning farmers of Iowa, Nebraska, and Wisconsin, facing the loss of their middle-class status after a

ten-year battle to maintain it. Turning to violence with all the readiness of the pioneer unbroken to the machine process but driven by force of circumstances into co-operation with their kind, they showed themselves capable of radical action without benefit of radical theory. But radical action is not necessarily social revolutionary, a fact which many young radical enthusiasts failed to consider. The farmer was not rebelling in behalf of his own collectivization. He wanted to hang onto his land and to get higher prices for his product; and any communist agitator who had suggested his "liquidation" would have shared the treatment given his capitalistic liquidators. None of them suggested it.

In the meanwhile the Revolution itself was making astonishing progress even farther from the proletarian front. The urban middle class toyed with both its vocabulary and its ideology. Engineers, architects, newspaper and advertising men without jobs, college professors and school-teachers with drastically cut salaries, doctors without patients, overworked social workers, even dispirited bond salesmen talked darkly of the breakdown of capitalism. Among business men one heard that "if something doesn't happen soon there's going to be a revolution in this country." Revolt rose even higher in the social scale. Scions of Wall Street announced their conversion to Karl Marx, and glowering proletarian artists stalked in and out of Park Avenue drawing-rooms. The speak-easies flamed with rebellion and were noisy with the proclamations of incipient commissars. If the Revolution seemed altogether imminent in the autumn of 1932, it was because it had made its most ardent converts among the most articulate section of the American population—the New York

intelligentsia. Esthetes and academicians, getting their first taste of the class struggle, became revolutionary theoreticians over night. Though I had cut my adolescent molars on the first volume of *Capital*, I found myself repeatedly approached during this period by erstwhile New Humanists, Spenglerians, and Menckeniens who kindly offered to give me the low-down on the theory of surplus value. The flamboyancy of the revolt on the intellectual front helped to create the illusion of a world turning leftward—and to presage a radical vote of at least several millions.

But when the tumult and the shouting died, it was revealed that only a small proportion of both the urban and the rural insurrectionists were looking either for Mr. Foster's proletarian dictatorship or Mr. Thomas' confiscatory capital levy. The radicals had aroused their enthusiasms but not their confidence. They wanted changes, to be sure, but changes that would restore their former security, not plunge them into a social upheaval that might eliminate them altogether. This state of mind was shared evidently by even some of the outspokenly communistic converts. Among those courageous intellectuals who signed a pre-election manifesto in behalf of Foster and Ford, three out of the number I happen to know personally have privately confessed to voting for Mr. Roosevelt and one—treachery of treacheries—voted for Norman Thomas.

This is a situation which the Revolution in America has faced before, though never in so striking a fashion as in 1932. In periods of economic crisis it has been the class which, according to the Marxian logic, is on its way out—not up—which shows the most militant spirit. The middle class turns clamorously to the left—but not to the Marxian left. It may be



dying out, but it is by no means a negligible factor in the United States—or even in Europe, as the Hitler triumph has demonstrated. It knows by this time that *laissez-faire* is dead, that the next step must be some kind of a planned economy. And if its political revolt in 1932 turns out to be inadequate, we may yet see American “ad” men, lawyers, school-teachers, Rotarians, Elks, and Grangers mounting the barricades to fight for a still newer deal. I doubt if it will be patterned exactly on the Hitler-Mussolini model, but neither will it be patterned on that of Moscow.

The result of that showing of hands involved in the presidential election was probably more surprising to the apprehensive conservatives and the enthusiastic new converts than to the seasoned revolutionary. To be sure, the Socialist vote had quadrupled, the Communist vote had doubled—and this was nothing to be sneered at. The two candidates of the political Left probably polled many more votes than were counted for them, and many of their enthusiastic followers were floating, unemployed workers, deprived of their ballots by the exigencies of the depression. Nevertheless, in the disillusioned thirties, while the American people were receiving the worst bludgeoning in their history and the farmers were embittered as never before, the combined vote of the socialists, communists, and their left-wing liberal supporters represented only a slight increase over that polled by the united socialists in the pre-woman-suffrage year of 1912.

It was Mr. Roosevelt who rode the whirlwind and having sufficient discernment to realize that his tremendous majority was a mandate to do something—no matter what—and do it quickly, he has so far continued to ride it. The NRA was his principal answer to that mandate; and though

there is a growing suspicion that it is an inadequate one, the average American with no program of his own has been ready to support anything that seemed to offer relief. The country's most “radical” gesture since the Civil War, a gesture toward state capitalism, goes forward under the pressure of the middle classes and the respectable auspices of the party of State's rights.

## II

In the meanwhile, what of the Revolution? Does the failure of the radicals to capitalize to any extent the country's unquestioned unrest during a period of such extreme provocation to radicalism prove, as so many patriots love to believe, that there is something inimical to radicalism in the American tradition and temperament, or does it merely indicate that there is something unrealistic—so far as the American scene is concerned—in the methods of the revolutionaries?

It would be manifestly unfair to lay the entire responsibility for the weakness of the social revolutionary movement in America upon the various groups that have been functioning in its behalf. A number of objective factors, quite beyond their control, have accounted in part, at least, for the backwardness of their movement and of political radicalism in general in the United States. We have, it is true, a radical, even a violently radical tradition. But it is a tradition of individualistic, not collectivistic radicalism. The individual buccaneer, not the leader of unpopular causes, has been the American hero. Anarchism is undoubtedly the philosophy most native to our temperament, as it is the most futile in a complicated industrial world. The country attracted the restless individualist. The tradition of the frontier, remaining long after the frontier itself had disappeared,

defeated for many years the inexorable collectivist logic of the machine process. From Bacon's Rebellion in 1676 down to our latest disturbances in the Corn Belt, Americans have flared out violently against specific injustices. Our most frequent rebels have been, however, our hard-pressed agrarians with a stake in the soil.

But the Great American Illusion has been in process of disintegration for nearly three decades. As early as 1903 John Mitchell, the conservative leader of the United Mine Workers, declared: "The average wage-earner has made up his mind that he must remain a wage-earner." The statement was a little premature perhaps, but the objective conditions of American life, except for a very brief period in the mid-twenties, have become increasingly friendly to what the Communists call "the radicalization of the masses" while the revolutionary movement itself has made very little progress. The depression was made to order for its purposes. But what happened? Revolutionary propaganda, aimed ostensibly at the unemployed and underfed, the partly employed and underpaid, at a rank and file that came nearer than at any time in its history to having "nothing to lose but its chains," missed its target and hit instead a large covey of poets, painters, novelists, and dialecticians. These have their place, and a valuable one, in any mass movement. But the trouble with the American social revolution has been that it has never achieved the status of a mass movement. And this is where the radical soul-searching must begin. Its difficulties are no longer mainly objective. Its own propaganda and tactics must now bear the responsibility for its isolation from the American masses. In Europe the various revolutionary parties, whatever their shortcomings, have been rooted in the needs and

aspirations of labor. The labor movement and the radical movement have been practically synonymous. In the United States the latter has never lost its dilettante character. Except for a brief decade after 1900, when men as dissimilar in temperament and as intellectually unsophisticated as Eugene Debs and William Haywood were sensing the spirit and talking the language of the American rank and file, it has approached its task in the spirit of a captious foreign schoolmaster with a preconceived curriculum and a heavy Germanic or Slavic accent, ignoring the historical background and the prevailing psychology of its pupils.

The Marxian movement in the United States got off to a bad start in the early '70s. An "exotic" importation, it was for many years confined largely to earnest and devoted groups of German immigrants, many of whom had pondered the pages of Marx long before they were translated into English. Partly because of their social isolation within the labor movement, and partly also because of a certain cultural superiority to their more economically naïve American co-workers, they were unable to graft their movement onto an amorphous native radicalism which was just beginning to burgeon at this time. Marxism did not become acclimatized and infiltrate the native labor movement as it did in other countries. It continued to talk the language of the Fatherland. As late as 1885, one of its national leaders confessed: "Let us not conceal the truth; the Socialist Labor Party is only a German colony, an adjunct of the German-speaking Social Democracy." It was to remain that for many more years to come. After 1912, though the Socialist Party was predominantly native in make-up and vocabulary, its propaganda and program were patterned upon a Germanic and British tradition of gradu-



alness, of slow, steady advance that called for a patience and quiet purposefulness totally alien to our nervous, impatient, and excitement-craving temperament. The American has little historical perspective. He wants action and results and he wants them quickly. When they are not forthcoming he turns to something else—a trait that has helped to junk so many hopeful third-party beginnings. The Socialist Party of this period and later has been frequently labelled “opportunistic” by its left-wing critics. As a matter of fact, it is not and never has been as opportunistic in the sense of rapidly shifting its policies to meet a shift in circumstances or to take advantage of a sudden and unexpected situation as have the Communists in the past five years. And this has been one of its weaknesses. While the comments of Heywood Broun on the subject of the Revolution may ordinarily be set aside as so much persiflage, there is a germ of truth in his recent objection that the Socialists had become too doctrinaire and the Communists too opportunistic.

The coming of Communism offered to those who wanted it plenty of “action,” but it offered them so much else beside that they did not want, that it too, as it has officially confessed, has made little progress. If Socialism spoke with an exotic accent, metaphorically speaking, Communism scarcely spoke English at all. Its vocabulary was, indeed, a marvellous thing to contemplate. But this was not its only drawback. Another lay in the fact that it came wrapped in the garments of a medieval religiosity that made the Society of Jesus a college Liberal Club in comparison. It was a church that operated under the thumb of a college of cardinals four thousand miles away. And for a decade, while the party itself was rent with schisms, heresy hunts, charges and counter-

charges of treachery, while each gesture of Moscow, attuned to the realities of a Russian situation, was matched in miniature by a similar gesture in New York, thousands of convinced radicals and potential recruits sickened and turned away. If the Socialists underestimated the streak of almost primitive emotionalism, the possibilities for mass excitation which existed in the American workers, once their indignation was aroused, the Communists overestimated their class-consciousness, their readiness for revolt. And the quality of their propaganda was predicated upon a proletariat that had no existence outside their wish-fulfillment dreams. Their tendency to confuse a riot with a revolution gave to many of their activities an unreal and histrionic air. The average worker was more inclined to be amused than impressed.

The experiences of the past three years should have been sufficient certainly to make him more impressed than amused. But while he has ceased to be amused, he has remained, en masse, surprisingly unimpressed. He has undoubtedly become more “proletarian-minded.” The illusion of possible escape into the ranks of small garage owners, contractors, storekeepers has probably been dealt its final blow. The glamour which once surrounded graduation into the ranks of white-collared salesmanship has faded. Like the American public in general, the American working class is probably friendlier to revolutionary ideas than at any time in its history—though the tendency is definitely less marked in its ranks than in our studios, classrooms, and drawing-rooms. But, on the whole, it remains impervious to the specific blandishments of the radical parties. It is increasingly disillusioned with capitalism, but it is not yet convinced that socialism or communism is the best way out. The workers



do not need to be told that they are getting a dirty deal, that most of our industrial and financial leaders are either stuffed shirts or unscrupulous pirates. Those who are intelligent enough to know anything know all this. What they do not know—and what, if they glance at the radical scene, they may be justified in doubting—is that the radicals can do any better.

The task of American radicalism is to overcome this doubt and its own isolation. Its indictments are unanswerable. The logic of history may be on its side, but if it is going to ride the whirlwind when it occurs it will first have to demonstrate the responsibility of its leadership. It is no longer, it must remember, the only alternative to bourgeois democracy. Fascism, too, can take advantage of a "revolutionary situation."

It is useless, as yet, for the radical to direct the workers' attention to Russia; for though Russia has no unemployment, the American wage-earner is not yet convinced that the physical status of the Russian worker is a superior one—and he is too pragmatic to weigh in the balance the Russian's future possibilities. He is not stirred by such slogans as "Defend the Soviet Union (or the Chinese Soviets) from Imperialist Invasion!" He is not convinced that he has any stake in the Soviet Union or the Chinese Soviets. His concerns are purely domestic, unfortunate as this may be.

Furthermore, with one half the radical forces denouncing as crooks and rascals the other half which advocates the same general principles, he is inclined to become disgusted with all of them. Perhaps they are *all* right. He is a realist and not concerned with theoretical and tactical differences. He may be in a bitter and impatient mood—the strikes accompanying the recovery program certainly indicate this—

but he wants to be sure that the forces of revolt, once set in motion, are going to resolve themselves to his advantage. It is not inevitable that they should do so, as Germany again has demonstrated recently.

The theoretical propaganda of the American revolutionaries has enchanted the intelligentsia. It has left the great mass of the workers cold. It has made the Revolution as much a fashion as Fascism in exclusive social circles. It has even induced Wall Street brokers to contribute to the Cause. But both the intellectual and the social dilettants are temperamentally inclined to the extreme left, to theoretical barricades and blood-letting, to the whole exciting drama of social revolt. They have turned to the left at regular intervals in America ever since 1840. Later, when they discover that the business of revolution may be a long, hard, routine pull, the majority of them turn back. The radical's most pressing problem—and this is quite another matter—is to convince the man-on-the-job or the park bench that he can trust the radical leadership, that it knows what it is about, and that he and his fellows are capable of building a new society. Unlike the intellectuals, he does not idealize the proletariat.

With the militant middle class clinging to the hope that a codified capitalism is going to work, with the working class not yet convinced that the Social Revolution will, and with the fine edge of the farmer's resentment somewhat dulled by hopes of inflation or some other relief measure, it might seem that if capitalism is really doomed to die, it is likely, in this country at least, to be a death by suicide. This may well be the case. But the Tory should not take heart too quickly. There are possibilities ahead of the radical forces at this time of which they may or may not take advantage. Another world

war, which would inevitably end in more confusion and exhaustion than the last, could easily multiply the radical strength over night and at the same time, if it did not actually wreck the present order, could so weaken it that a militant minority—backed up by sufficient sympathy—could seize control. International capitalism seems inclined to present the radicals with this opportunity on a silver platter. In lieu of an early world war, there is also the possibility that somewhere in our welter of radical factions there is the nucleus of an effective *radical* third-party movement such as the United States has never had since our present political set-up took definite shape in the '50s, and that with its emergence, the left-wing forces in general will find some basis of political unity. Labor has always shown its teeth, not in the trough of a depression, but on the way out; and if the radicals have learned anything in the past three years, they may yet be able to turn this tide to their advantage.

### III

Nothing would be easier, for anyone with a fairly intimate knowledge of the subject, than to write a devastating satire on the American revolutionary scene at this time. And the more objective radicals, those who have managed to maintain a sense of humor in the midst of their labors, would be the first to admit this. (The spectacle of some thousands of equally sincere Leftists warring over the details of social transition while the exploited proletariat goes its way indifferent to all of them, has, certainly, its humorous aspects.) But it would also have been possible to have written satirically of the Russian revolutionaries in 1915, or of the Nazis as late as 1931. Social changes do not depend altogether upon the strength and good judgment of the rebels. They are as frequently

induced by the weakness or imbecility of their opponents or by forces beyond the control of either group. The farther the radical elements are removed from actual contact with the masses, however, the more scholastic, schismatic, and unrealistic their activities are likely to be. The isolation of the American Left from the main body of American labor has had a tendency to turn it in upon itself.

To the members of our various patriotic societies, all radicals look alike and all are uniformly obnoxious. To the slightly more sophisticated in such matters, the "Reds" are divided into two groups—the Socialists and the Communists (the Anarchist menace having practically disappeared); the first advocating a peaceful revolution, the other a violent one. Both concepts are the result of intense oversimplification, and a surprising number of radical sympathizers share the second. As a matter of fact, the revolutionary scene in the United States is an extremely complicated one, containing shades of right and left so subtle as to be almost invisible to the eye of the layman but which are full of meaning to the initiate. To discover how many revolutionary angels can dance on the point of a needle, one has only to note the storm of controversy which followed the recent publication of Marxian selections edited and prefaced by Mr. Max Eastman.

So far as organization is concerned, radical allegiance in the United States is divided among the following groups: the Socialist Party, the most influential politically; the official Communist Party, the most active in organization; the Communist Left Opposition, informally known as the Trotskyists; the Communist International Opposition, informally known as the Lovestoneites; the Socialist Labor Party; the Industrial Workers of the World, or I.W.W.; the Proletarian Party, the



Conference for Progressive Labor Action. To the right of all these groups is the League for Independent Political Action, a left-wing liberal-radical coalition led by Dr. John Dewey, which failing to launch a third party in time for the last election, supported Norman Thomas.

So far as political possibilities are concerned, some of these groups may be dismissed immediately as little more than Marxian educational societies within the radical movement. The I.W.W. is merely a shadow of that rowdy and picturesque self that aroused so much interest and apprehension between 1910 and 1917. It is making a valiant effort to "come back" in these days of intensive unionization and may do so. An industrial organization, it has never been a factor in radical politics. The two Communist Oppositions do not function politically in the United States. They consist largely of former members and leaders in the Communist movement who, for either left or right "deviations" from the party line, have been cast into outer darkness and who maintain there an active though unorthodox existence. Some of the ablest scholars among the Communists belong to one or the other of these groups. Both have gained ground internationally of late as a result of the collapse of the German Communists in the face of the Nazi offensive. And such events as the Soviet negotiations with the Pope and the breakfasting of Litvinoff with the Nazi Minister of Foreign Affairs have been so much grist to the Trotskyist mill. But no Opposition is likely to compete in size or strength with the official Party. The latter has enormous advantages. As the American exponent of the dominant Stalinist faction, it basks in the reflected light of the prestige gained by Russian Communism. To question its position on any major or minor

issue in the United States is to be labelled a 'social fascist' and an enemy of the Soviet Republic. Communist Oppositions, therefore, have a hard row to hoe. While all of these organizations aim at the same general end, they differ widely as to method, leadership, and interpretation of the Marxian classics. To the official Communists, the other radicals are really renegades, engaged in betraying the Revolution. To some of the other radicals the official Communists are doing just that. All of this, of course, is nonsense. All of them—wise, foolish, or stupid—are pursuing the Revolution according to their lights.

It is in the combined vote of the Socialist and the official Communist parties that one may gauge fairly accurately the present American opposition to the capitalist system. A certain number of believers are deprived of their votes and a few do not believe in voting at all. But to counterbalance these there is probably an equal number of liberals who vote a radical ticket in a spirit of protest but who could not be counted upon for support in the "final conflict." Since the Great Schism of 1919 the differences between those two major radical groups have become obscured in a fog of emotion-laden controversy and religiosity that would require many pages to penetrate. Few of their adherents ever attempt to penetrate it. It is easier to fling labels.

As in its beginnings in 1900, the Socialist Party, which requires of its membership no such single-minded unity of thought and action as does Communism, contains the most diverse shades of radicalism. On its extreme left are members as convinced of the inevitability of a catastrophic revolution as are the Communists, but who refuse to recognize the dictatorship of Moscow over American revolutionary



affairs. At its extreme right are members whose "gradualness" and loyalty to democratic procedure rival those of the British Labor Party. The membership as a whole varies between these two extremes. The party's official position seems predicated upon the idea that, while the necessity for violent conflict followed by proletarian dictatorship may be *forced* upon the radicals by a stubborn ruling class, this is a contingency to be avoided if possible, and that it is preferable to attempt the transformation by democratic methods. In support of their contentions, they can, like the Communists, quote chapter and verse from the Marxian scriptures.

The weakness of this position lies in the fact that capitalism itself is moving toward dictatorships which cut off the possibility of peaceful transition and that, while the workers might, if they were sufficiently militant now, clip the wings of an emergent fascism before it has time to gain strength, thus putting themselves at least on the advantageous end of the guns in any struggle which ensued, there is little indication of any such political awakening. It becomes increasingly doubtful if it will ever catch up with the rapid march of the dictatorial formula. A radical party, then, cannot afford to neglect preparation for the exigency of a capitalistic breakdown or the coming of fascism. The older Socialist leadership seems disinclined to move either to the right or to the left and fails to realize that in its present position the party falls between two stools. Its future effectiveness probably depends upon two things—a more complete break with the undramatic, gradualist tradition and a closer affiliation with the more leftward-looking labor and farmer elements. The two courses are not antithetical. The American temperament, as I have indicated, is a melodramatic one—a secret which

the Communists, poor psychologists though they are in many respects, seem to have learned.

The Communist position is predicated not upon the possibility but upon the inevitability of catastrophic revolution to be followed everywhere by a proletarian dictatorship modeled on that of Russia—which admittedly means a Communist Party dictatorship. I think that there can be little doubt that if the Social Revolution is going to triumph it will triumph in much that way in most of the nations of the world, though not necessarily all at once. But there is certainly some significance in the fact that the Communist program has so far been most successful in two countries that have been predominantly peasant in population—Russia and China. That it would encounter very special difficulties in countries with a large and aggressive middle class, such as the United States and England, only a few Communists will admit. Even so intelligent a convert as Mr. John Strachey cannot forbear to indulge in much wishful thinking on this subject. The most glaring weakness of contemporary radical theory lies in its underestimation of the virility and the capacity for action of the middle classes. The radicals have comforted themselves unduly on the theory of middle-class decline. It must also be obvious that while the capture of Petrograd and Moscow by a handful of purposeful Communists, backed up by some thousands of armed soldier-workers, meant the practical capture of power in Russia, the taking of New York and Washington would mean something very much less and could leave a very formidable Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco to be reckoned with, to say nothing of a very militant class of kulaks in Iowa and Nebraska. The transition from capitalism to communism, once power had been achieved,

would be a much simpler business here than in Russia because the new society would start with all the advantages of complete industrialization. The achievement of that power is a more complicated matter. It is one thing to liquidate Russia's small and youthful bourgeoisie. It is quite another to liquidate all the various American middle classes. The chief requisite of such a revolution as planned by the Communists seems to be an armed as well as a revolutionary working class. For this reason a world war which would leave the workers both armed and embittered is the Communists' best bet. In such a contingency they might, with intelligent leadership and strategy, seize control.

In the meanwhile, American communism has had to adjust itself to the fact that the American workers and farmers are not yet ready to fight for a Soviet America; and in doing so, it has right-about-faced from many of its earlier tactics. It seeks to inject itself into any kind of controversy, industrial, rural, racial, political that will permit it to "bore from within." It even co-operates with "bourgeois pacifists" in anti-militarist demonstrations, a policy for which it roundly denounced the Socialists more than a decade ago. It has been most successful and most realistic in its organization of unskilled agricultural and mill workers—in its direct industrial activities. It is here that it shows the most promise. If the same realism pervaded what might be called its "ethics" and its relations with other groups, it would have many times its present strength; because the world-wide reaction against democracy and parliamentarianism is in its favor. Its drawbacks are almost wholly subjective. It arouses admiration for its courageous mass activities and disgust for its wholly unscrupulous misrepresentations. It is difficult to reconcile the

many honest and reasonable individual Communists one meets with the Party's official tactics—and especially with its press. As one exceedingly intelligent Communist research worker expressed it recently, "It is utterly impossible to believe a word one reads in a Communist paper, even if one wants to." Its attacks upon non-party radicals in particular approach the pathological. One need not be a follower of Mr. Norman Thomas to be disgusted by the announcement that he "advocates lynching," or an admirer of Mr. Max Eastman or Mr. V. F. Calverton to know that they are not "counter-revolutionists," or worse, or of any of the other unorthodox victims of official wrath to know that the net result of such stupid calumnies is that no intelligent person believes any of them. Some day the Communists may learn that sane analysis and refutation of their rivals' positions is a thousand times more effective than vituperation—except perhaps with that element which Marx characterized as "the slum proletariat."

The time is undoubtedly past for the organization of an American party of "liberalism." The Democratic Party, if it maintains its present leadership, will undoubtedly fulfill that function. If a united and really radical labor party is to emerge in the near future, it is unlikely that either the Communist or the Socialist Party can constitute its nucleus. Both these organizations have declared a willingness to participate in such a movement and both, naturally, would like to control it. But neither will enter a coalition dominated by the other. The bitterness between them has deepened since the election. When the American Communists, on order from the Comintern, sent out a call recently for a "united front" against fascism, the Socialists pointed out—with considerable reasonableness—the inconsistency



of denouncing them as "betrayers of the working class" and "social fascists" and then of inviting them to help save the workers from the menace of fascism.

There are two other organizations which might be able to draw the Socialists, the Communists, the radical labor unions, the unemployed organizations, and the more militant farmer groups together on a radical, if not revolutionary program. One is the Conference for Progressive Labor Action, which has been agitating in behalf of a Labor Party for many years and whose members might be called either left-wing socialists or right-wing communists. Unfortunately the Conference, which started as a co-ordinating movement among the radicals, has become engaged itself in factional struggles that have impaired its usefulness for such a purpose, though it continues to carry on what is probably the most valuable piece of agitational work that is being done in the radical movement at this time. A year ago it looked like the bright ray of light on the radical scene. That scene is in such a state of flux just now that one can only suspend judgment on the Conference's future functions.

In the meanwhile, the League for Independent Political Action, on whose rolls are enlisted the names of most of the country's well-known liberals and a large sprinkling of radicals, has already initiated a Farmer-Labor Party movement. Its preliminary convention, held in Chicago in September, declared that there is "no chance for a stabilized capitalism," and drew up a tentative program calling for unemployment insurance, nationalization of banks, railroads, public utilities, mines, giant industries, and farm marketing agencies. The farmer element was evidently strongly represented and the predominant note of the conven-

tion seemed more agrarian than industrial. The movement makes no pretense to Marxism and no mention of the "class struggle." Looking over the list of sponsors, one can easily anticipate the many conflicts of interests which might arise among the various groups on crucial matters of practical policy. They are more united by common antipathies than by a common conception of the goal to be achieved, and the movement can easily become a battleground of radical factions. There is little identity of aims probably between Oswald Garrison Villard, a New York pants maker, and a Nebraska farmer. And yet the movement presents definite radical possibilities, or rather, it presents a possibility to the radicals. Within it the more reasonable of the revolutionaries may carry on a propaganda that will swing it steadily to the left and at the same time keep it from going the way of the British Labor Party. Through it—or some movement like it—they may escape their present isolation in which they talk mostly to themselves, so that by the time the next revolutionary situation rolls round they will have sufficient backing to do something about it. The movement is yet too young for appraisal and the time too early for prophecy. It may even have faded before these lines are printed.

It is probably utopian to expect all the radical factions to function together in one organization, either political or industrial. It may also be utopian to expect any kind of an effective third-party movement in the United States. But unless the American radicals can get together on some such basis, the revolutionary parties seem destined to remain mere revolutionary sects until some possible catastrophe throws one of them into power or suppresses all of them under the heel of a strident nationalism.



# DRINKING IN SWEDEN

AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE WITH LIQUOR CONTROL

BY ALICIA O'REARDON OVERBECK

**I**N 1930 we went to live in Sweden. Before we had unpacked, and while I was still in that baffled mood that always comes on me when forced to tackle a new land and a new language, I noticed my husband struggling over a long, legal-looking document.

"The police are after our life history?" I asked with pale interest.

"It isn't the police," he answered in a resigned voice. "It's my application for a liquor book. Chuck the unpacking and help me—won't you? In Sweden your liquor book is your badge of respectability, your rating in society."

So I dug out our Swedish-English dictionary and, after considerable labor, we finally made out the questionnaire required from every person who wishes to buy liquor in Sweden.

The document was a marvel of thoroughness. It started with a simple request for the complete name, date, and place of birth, occupation, and address of the applicant. Followed a series of what struck me as indelicately personal questions on his social qualifications—had he received poor relief, had he paid his taxes, had he been reported as an alcoholic or punished for drunkenness or been guilty of crimes which would render him unworthy of purchasing alcoholic beverages; had he a family and if so how large; what "church book" was he registered in; what class and size

dwelling did he occupy? The quiz wound up with a hearty man-to-man inquiry as to why the applicant had not asked sooner for a passbook and, in spite of the fact that all allowances are definitely limited, exactly what quantity of spirituous liquor per month and per year he himself considered necessary to his well-being.

As we were living in a small mining camp where there was no "System Company" (retail liquor dispensary), we had to mail this laboriously executed paper, along with our passport, to the nearest town; and while awaiting our accolade of virtue, I sought from various Swedish miners information on the inner workings of their liquor control.

Under the Bratt System, I found, the sale and distribution of liquor is carried on by private companies under strict government control. Specifically these companies control the source of liquor supply, they limit the profits of the business, and they meet normal demands for alcohol at reasonable prices. In Sweden previous to 1909 the sale of liquor was largely unrestricted, and, as with us, the evils connected with the liquor traffic had become unbearable. In 1909 a plebiscite on prohibition was held, and this resulted in a vote of a hundred to one in favor of total prohibition. Again, as with us, the evils of total prohibition soon disgusted the nation. Then cer-



tain Swedes, among them Dr. Ivan Bratt, cast about for some means of coping with the situation—some middle way.

Doctor Bratt scored his first definite success by starting a private liquor business in Stockholm. This business—the “Stockholm System” it was called—handled only retail trade, but shortly after its establishment it began to buy in private wine and spirit concerns all over the city, not so difficult a matter as it might seem, because everyone was aware that the time was critical and that some settled form of legislated control was bound to come soon. The idea spread to other cities in Sweden, and gradually all the liquor enterprises passed under a single head, and the liquor trade became a monopoly.

At the present time the wholesale trade of the country is in the hands of a company known as the Vin & Spritscentral. This company sells to the local System Companies (about one hundred in number), who get their concessions from the county authorities and who control the entire retail trade.

Both the Vin & Spritscentral and the System Companies, though private concerns, have been emancipated from any chances for private profit. Dividends in the wholesale company cannot exceed six per cent, all profits above this going to the government. The government appoints its managing director and controls the majority of votes on its board. In the System Companies shareholders may not receive more than five per cent on their shares; for here too the surplus goes to the Exchequer. Three of the five board members of each company are appointed by the local authorities, the chairman is appointed by a central State authority, and the national Board of Control regulates operations, appoints auditors, and passes on all accounts and reports.

Because of the good husbandry of the Bratt System, government liquor profits are fat. In 1923, shortly after the System had been nationally established, the Swedish people, who number something like six million, spent about fifty million dollars on liquor. Of this sum more than half went to the National Exchequer. As the State in that year received a total revenue of, roughly, a hundred and forty million dollars, it is evident that liquor carried about one fifth of the national burden—a point not without interest to those of us who still feebly bleat for a balanced budget.

Another interesting fact connected with the evolution of the Bratt System is that national legislation followed rather than preceded its birth and early development. Only in 1919, after the people of Stockholm had been buying their liquor on a passbook for five years, was a law enacted making the *motbok* and the limitation of sales to individuals obligatory; and it was some years later that the *Riksdag* confirmed what was already a fact—that is, the monopolization by the Vin & Spritscentral of the wholesale trade. This tardy legislation gave the young movement a very desirable flexibility—a chance to step forward, to retreat a pace, to expand here or contract there, that would have been impossible had it been hedged in by hard and fast laws. Something again worth considering after our painful and expensive experience with the Eighteenth Amendment.

## II

So our life history went to the “System Company” in the nearest town, where our statements were checked against a report on our social status and personal reputation supplied by the authorities of our mining camp; and in about a week we received a *motbok*—a neat brown book stamped

with a number and containing fifty order blanks and some ruled leaves on which all purchases delivered could be entered. Along with the *motbok* came a price list of goods kept in the shop to which we had been assigned. Considering that our town was a small affair of less than five thousand inhabitants, perched without apparent reason on the frozen shores of the Gulf of Bothnia, the extent of the stock was amazing. It included all sorts of fine wines up to champagne, imported whiskies, and brandies, more kinds of liqueurs than I had dreamed of, and a large line of domestic goods. The prices were surprisingly low, especially for the home stuff (*brännvin*), which is a product of the potato crop and a by-product of the great Swedish wood pulp industry. The secret of these low prices is threefold—lack of incentive to private profit, lack of the need of any advertising to push sales, and the ability of a single company buying huge quantities to get the best quality liquor at the smallest cost.

Because we were foreigners (Swedes are gentle with foreigners), we were given permission to buy four liters of spirituous liquor each month, although one liter is the lawful allowance in the particular district where we were living. For in different parts of the country the amount of alcohol dispensed per person differs; in other words, the System allows a maximum of four liters per month, but each district decides for itself whether or not it desires the full amount. In our locality—a wild and sparsely populated tract of land lying close to the Circle and stretching from the top of the Gulf of Bothnia to the mountains of Norway, where, until gold was discovered in 1924, the population eked out a thin existence by tilling the infertile land—one liter a month was the maximum. In some of the urban, more highly industrialized and pros-

perous districts the full four liters are allowed. Only about one third of the population of Sweden, however, receives the maximum amount.

When we got our book we were advised that our allowance was not cumulative, but must be bought on the first of each month or left unbought. Wines of any kind we could get in unlimited quantity, but they must be ordered through our assigned shop, and all such purchases must be entered on our *motbok*. Beer, on the other hand, we could not only buy in unlimited quantity, but at any licensed shop. Swedish beer, however, cannot legally have a greater alcoholic content than 3.75 per cent, and the System probably counted on the fact that only a man of determination and superhuman capacity could land himself in a drunkard's grave on 3.75 per cent beer.

After we had been in Sweden a few months, my dominant reaction to the Bratt System was still surprise—but surprise mixed with a good deal of real admiration. The scheme is so many-sided and above all so amazingly human.

In the first place you receive your *motbok* more or less as a reward of merit, and you are expected to hold it as a sacred charge. There is none of the rather nagging morality, the stuffy idealism, with which we Americans swaddled our attempt at liquor control. The System sees no particular virtue in total abstinence, but great virtue in temperance. A certain amount of alcohol is recognized as a normal human necessity; and drinking is not considered harmful until drinking becomes a menace to the nation. The aim is not to remove liquor from the place it has held in the social structure since the beginning of time, but merely to control liquor so that each citizen may be able to buy only as much as he can comfortably pay for



and comfortably carry. So, if you are a person of fair means, living in a respectable home, if you pay your taxes and your bills, if you have never asked for free hospitalization or free meals, if you have a clean slate in your community, you will, in all probability, be allowed the maximum amount of spirituous liquors. If you receive a scant wage, live inadequately or have to accept state aid, or, in other words, are in a position where large purchases of liquor would deprive you or your family of necessities, you will receive the minimum amount. And if you have been arrested for drunkenness or have otherwise lived an unholy life, you will get no allowance at all.

The data on which allowances are based, as I have said, are not confined to the applicant's report on himself. His statements must be vouched for by the authorities of his locality, and all this information, along with his signature, is entered in the card index of the central company and in that of the shop at which he is permitted to buy. And after the *motbok* is granted its owner must tread the straight and narrow way if he expects to hold on to it. One of the System's artless means of punishing a tippler is to give his *motbok* to his wife, an almost unbearable humiliation to the Swede, who clings to the old dream of male superiority. But the last cry, the crowning shame, is to have the book taken away altogether. A man in our neighborhood created a mild stir by hanging himself rather than face the world bookless.

Heads of families are favored by the System, whereas those who have not taken on the responsibility of a family are not. For instance, if there are grown sons in a household, only one of them is given a *motbok*, and his allowance is very slim. A married woman may have a passbook, but not if her husband has one, which practically closes

the lists to Swedish matrons. Unmarried women who are earning their own living can get a book, provided they have passed out of the flapper stage; but they can buy only from one to eight liters a year. Unmarried men under twenty-four are not given books, and when they do get them the quota is so small as to produce sighs and groans.

For age plays a very important role in the Bratt System, as I learned at my first Sunday-morning breakfast in the mine staff house. Sunday-morning breakfast in Sweden is something of a function and is not served until eleven. The great dining room was cozy and warm and fragrant with the gracious smell of food—sharp contrast to the world without, where pallid birch trees bent under their burden of hoar frost and the trackless snow stretched out to the rim of a thin, aquamarine sky, banded with primrose and mauve in promise of the late November sun. On the long side table was spread the special Sunday *smörgås*—steaming mushroom omelettes, sizzling little country sausages, rich brown deviled kidneys, great pink prawns, Finnish pickles that gleamed like pale-green ice, and tankards of milk and foamy brown beer. On another table, over electric hot plates, were magnificent platters of ham and eggs, of beefsteak and fried potatoes. On still another table was the huge blue coffee pot, the rows of fine, Sunday-best blue cups and saucers, and the towering mounds of ginger cookies and coffee cakes. At three separate tables were seated the mine staff, ranging from the general manager to the youngest office boy. The upper table was reserved for the general manager, the mine superintendent, the geologist, and the senior engineers—all men of position and maturity—and here breakfast got under way with several rounds of snaps washed down by a bottle of

3.75 beer, and wound up with a comfortable tot of brandy. The middle table belonged to the junior engineers and some of the office men, who rated not only no snaps but a lower-content beer. The lower table, which accommodated the youngsters, offered nothing more heartening than milk or the brown home brew of less than one per cent, and it quite ruined my breakfast when I caught the glances of humid longing cast at our hilarious table by the juniors. No wonder age is considered an achievement in Sweden!

The System recognizes, too, that there are certain high crises in life when an extra spot of liquor doesn't come amiss. Therefore, births, weddings, deaths, even graduations, and the like are called special occasions, and a book holder in good odor may buy extras wherewith to celebrate.

At my first large Swedish party I was amazed not only by the mountains of food, but by the rivers of liquor—snaps, beer, red wine, white wine, sherry, liqueurs, grog for the men, and a lovely keg of the syrupy sweet punch of the land for everyone—and I wondered how long it had taken my host, the Herr Engineer, to garner such a hoard, only to find that I hadn't gauged aright the tender heart of Doctor Bratt.

"It's quite a party," I conveyed to my partner by means of my scant Swedish vocabulary while dancing.

"It is," he agreed. "Engineer Petersson has to-day become forty."

"Ja-so," I answered.

"Yes," he continued. "When one becomes forty in Sweden, it is a great day and one can get *Extra tilldelning* by making an application to the System. Becoming forty is a very glad time."

It was a glad time—no people in the world seem to get the same thorough satisfaction out of a "special occasion" as do the Swedes. Even funerals are

occasions for a gratifying extra allowance. And at Christmas, which begins about the thirteenth of December on the feast of Santa Lucia and extends a full week into the New Year, the System fairly leans backward in its efforts to please. *Glög*, the special Christmas drink, a very heady spiced port which is poured over raisins and drunk piping hot, is subject to no restrictions; and almost any fairly worthy person can get an extra bottle of snaps. I notice that our own *motbok*, which lies beside me as I write, is positively peppered with *Extra tilldelning* stamps for the month of December.

Another source of extras is "representation." The System very reasonably feels that a man must entertain his friends, and so makes a special allowance for this amenity—an allowance regulated by the title and position of the applicant. Thus it is conceded that General Manager Olson and Wholesaler Lindquist will be called on in the course of their business and social life to dispense more drinks than mere Householder Lund; therefore their extras for representation are greater.

### III

In the matter of sales off the premises the Bratt System holds a firm rein. Licenses to hotels and restaurants are issued for limited periods, and the proprietors are pledged to buy all liquors from the local System Company. As these stores can refuse to sell to anyone who fails to fulfill the terms of his contract, the control is very effective. Prices for the public are regulated, and if the amount of spirituous liquors or strong wines served at a restaurant exceeds the fixed limit, the restaurant keeper has to pay the System the same price for the excess that he charges his guests. There is, then, no incentive to boost sales, but rather an urge to cut them



down so as to sell only such liquor as will bring a profit, as I discovered on my first visit to Stockholm.

I was lunching alone on the terrace of the city's largest hotel. It was a perfect day in early autumn. Directly before me, along the swift, ice-green channel that separates the old town from the new, plied cheeky little passenger boats; beyond, on a small island that jutted into the water, were stretches of lush green grass and white birches splattered with golden leaves; and across the channel, above the immense crouched mass of the royal palace, flapped the blue-and-yellow banner of Sweden. The King was at home.

I decided that I would have a half bottle of wine with my lunch. After I had given my order, I noticed my waiter conferring with the *maître d'hôtel*, who shortly strolled over to my table, and, after mentioning the extraordinary weather and touching on the delights of his city, suggested that possibly I didn't really want a bottle of wine at all.

"How," he asked with a winning smile, "How would the *Fru* like a nice cold bottle of Vichy?"

As a matter of fact I dislike Vichy, but with my knowledge of this mysterious Bratt System very dim, I accepted the suggestion and drank an entire bottle of the foul stuff, only to learn later that I was entirely within my rights in ordering the wine, but that the hotel was probably running close to the limit of its monthly liquor allowance and that the *maître d'hôtel* saw in me, a lone woman, a chance to save. I also discovered later that more profit is made on a bottle of charged water than on a bottle of champagne.

While the amount of wine sold to a customer is not absolutely restricted, the amount of spirituous liquor is. Three glasses of five centiliters each—

and these served only with a meal which costs a certain prescribed price—is the limit for one sitting. In most of the hotels and restaurants the waiter advances on his clients with a measuring glass in hand, and grudgingly deals out the lawful five centiliters before their eyes. No spirituous liquor is allowed to be served before noon, and for some reason a night portion is larger than an afternoon portion.

Many of the good restaurants of even so large a city as Stockholm have no licenses to sell spirituous liquor of any kind, and through the countryside most of the small hotels are not allowed to serve so much as the 3.75 per cent beer.

I remember a fine uproar in our camp when a visitor discovered that the boys were getting beer of illegally high content in the small local hotel. He was a disagreeable man in a respectable black overcoat and a mammoth Cossack's hat of baby lamb; and he was annoyed when a group of lads at a near-by table continued to laugh and sing in his august presence. So when the revellers retired to the next room for a game of billiards, he sneaked over to their table, examined the empty beer bottles, and found they had been drinking something like 2.5 beer, whereas the hotel had a license only for beer of the lowest content. Did he raise Cain? He did. He reported the offense to the local System Company, he very nearly had the pleasant widow who ran the hotel put out of business, and he did cause the boys to be barred from the Swedish equivalent to the corner drug store for many months.

An amusing feature of the Bratt System is its sex-distinctions. A woman is not supposed to drink as much as a man, and, indeed, is not allowed to drink as much as a man. A lady snaps is legally only half the size of a gentleman snaps. Furthermore, there is something slightly dis-

reputable about a lady snaps, a fact which I did not discover until I had lived in Sweden for many months and had publicly dashed off countless centiliters. A polite Swedish lady sips a little Vermouth while the gentlemen take their snaps; but this forbearance is due not so much to the Bratt System as to public opinion and is an exemplification of what I have for years contended—which is, that manners have more influence on morals than morals have on manners. In Sweden it is bad form for women to drink; therefore, Swedish women don't drink. There was a time when it was bad form for American women to drink, when the whisper, "She drinks" damned a woman. Now it is perfectly good form to drink, and not only do we drink but we take place beside our British sisters as the world's champion female drinkers. All of which points to the fact that no legislation can do as much as the trend of current fashion in enforcing temperance.

#### IV

For even a legislated control so benign as the Bratt System seems to stir in the gentlest human breasts a hot rebellion, a fierce determination to sidestep laws that would do away with individual moral volition. As a matter of fact, the System is not wholly popular in its home field. It is what its sponsors claimed for it—a middle way, and the advocates of total abstinence point the finger of shame at it from one side while the advocates of total freedom deride it from the other. A middle way never draws violent partisans, and I found that most of my mining camp comrades, who would unquestionably line up with the derisive contingent, were frankly enthusiastic about breaking a law with which they had no sympathy.

I heard an old gentleman relating amid shouts of appreciative laughter

the adventure of his son, who was a student at the University of Upsala. It seemed that the Patriarch of Alexandria had come to Upsala to inspect the famed and ancient seat of Swedish learning, and the son, a student of Oriental languages, had been assigned as his guide. When the visit was over, the Patriarch advanced on the head of the University to thank him for the courtesies that had been heaped on him.

"And to the young man who acted as cicerone," said the bearded cleric, "I am particularly indebted. He attended to everything, even to having my passport viséd."

The Herr Professor wiped his glasses and panted slightly; he knew his Swedish law and he knew, too, his Swedish youth. With kind felicitations he despatched the Patriarch, then summoned the student of Oriental languages. The case was simple: The boy had seen the passport, and had suggested to its owner that it might be a good idea to have it viséd. Once the treasure was in his possession, he had sped to the local System Company and had assured the management that the town's distinguished visitor needed liquor—lots of liquor. As the Bratt System takes heed of the wants of distinguished foreigners, sundry bottles of brandy, of golden snaps, of fine rummy punch were handed out, thereby making possible a splendid midnight party. There was nothing to be done about it. The liquor had gone down the gullets of a dozen society brothers—and the Patriarch was gone too. The story had a familiar, homely ring; and so had an incident that happened in camp shortly afterwards.

A German scientific society was coming to visit us and inspect our gold mines. The staff house teemed with excitement. A special truck was sent to town to bring back the extras needed to supply such a gathering.



Quite a large cupboard was filled with the loot. But the travelers were delayed on the way, and in the meantime self-interest overbore hospitality. When the German scientists finally arrived, the cupboard was locked, and they were entertained with kindness but no drinks. Later, when the long, unbroken winter night had set in, the hoard was produced, amid cheers and hearty congratulations on the forethought that had preserved it for home consumption.

Under liquor laws as elastic as those of Sweden, it seems out of reason that bootlegging should exist. Yet it does—not, of course, on the broad, opulent, big-business lines that our home bootleggers have developed; but it is there, nevertheless, steady and apparently ineradicable. In a spirit of pique I undertook a little of what academic gentlemen like to speak of as “research” on this subject. I was tired of having my neighbors, in the charmingly frank manner common to most Europeans, prod me about our own liquor laws, question my personal relations with gunmen, and more or less hold me responsible for the Lindbergh baby. So thus goaded, I took to scanning the papers for Swedish bootlegging items. They were not hard to find. Even my feeble grasp of the language allowed me to totter through almost daily paragraphs on the activities of *spritsfabrikör*, of *spritsmuglare*; and within a week I had collected a Finnish motor boat that had been caught, after a long and profitable career, running into Bothnian ports with contraband liquor; a Chevrolet truck loaded with smuggled alcohol that had been stopped as it backed off the Stockholm docks; an “aged woman” (forty, I believe, were her years) who had been sentenced to two months for making snaps; a seaman and a metal worker who had been found with two and a half liters

in their room and ten liters buried in their potato cellar; and a bold blade named Andersson who had been discovered in the act of treating four ladies to a snifter out of a ten-liter “dunk” of *brännvin*. Rather small affairs on the whole; but the upper classes and those who can afford to pay high prices for smuggled liquor don’t need it. They are amply served by the System. So, the Swedish alcohol racket languishes.

When I left Sweden over a year ago I was convinced that nothing in the Bratt System could profitably be used by the American people. But the people I had in mind were pre-depression Americans—rugged individualists, fierce opponents of anything that bordered on socialism or paternalism.

I recognized that it served for Sweden because it is essentially Swedish and rests on a firm historical foundation. Swedes have been tinkering with various forms of liquor control since the Gothenburg System was evolved in 1855. They had tried something approaching absolute liberty and something disastrously approaching total prohibition. The present System, then, was the survival of the fittest. It served for Sweden again because the Swedish form of government is such that politics and the liquor traffic can be kept separate and distinct. And lastly it served for Sweden because Sweden is a small country—almost an island—with easily protected frontiers; and its people a racial unit with certain well defined tendencies.

On the other hand I felt it would not serve for us because such scanty historical data as we have gathered merely prove that any form of restraint that touched our personal habits was to us like waving a red rag at a bull. It would not serve for us again because nothing so full of possibilities as the liquor traffic could escape the acquisi-

tive fingers of our politicians. But principally it would not serve because of the human equation in the United States.

I pictured the rage of our Tony Vuccino when he discovered that Moe Isaacson, simply because he lived in a larger house and was, therefore, better able to afford luxuries, was allowed four quarts a month against his one! I imagined the fine, white fury of Mr. Flannigan when he heard that Mr. Schultz was awarded more for "representation" than he! I conjured up the harried, hither and thither life of that nice little brown *motbok*! I considered the epidemic of births and weddings and funerals, all calling for *Extra tilldelning*, that would break out!

But in the years of my exile the American people have changed—

changed more drastically, more dramatically than they themselves are probably aware of. Much of the old rugged individualism is gone, and all they pray for is a Moses to lead them out of the Wilderness. Without in the least pretending to be a female Moses, I can now see no reason why we cannot accept many of the ideas incorporated in the Bratt System.

Why would a monopoly, corresponding to the Vin & Spritscentral, capitalized by private funds, and adequately controlled by the central government be impossible? Why couldn't we have System Companies in the various States, thereby giving each unit what amounts to local option? Why shouldn't liquor, since we insist on having it, carry a fifth of our national burden? These are questions which we must now face.





## The Lion's Mouth



### PERFECTLY PROPER

BY MARK IDEN

I WAS having my lunch at Childs at one of those little tables with plate-glass tops, which afford room for one person to lunch in such privacy as Childs has to offer, but hardly room for two. Being the thoughtful man that I am, I was occupied with my thoughts.

Toward the middle of my lunch a man approached, placed his hat on the rack just back of me, and sat down at my table.

Now it happens that I resent the intrusion of an uninvited lunch companion, even at Childs. My natural inclination is to snarl at the intruder; but this, I have found, is not always advisable. I compromise by treating him with ostentatious disregard. I utterly, and noticeably, ignore him, and go on occupying myself, just as utterly and as noticeably, with my thoughts.

My companion ordered his lunch in a voice which struck me as oddly unlike the voice I might have expected to hear. I went on eating without looking up or giving any indication that I was aware of his presence. My eyes could not fail, however, to glimpse the fact that he was tall and was wearing gray striped trousers. My thoughts

seized at once on those trousers. Gray striped trousers on a tall man suggest a darker gray cutaway coat. The man must be wearing a cutaway, I thought. A hasty side glance at his lap assured me. He was wearing a darker gray cutaway. It occurred to me (almost anything is likely to occur to me when I give myself up to my thoughts) that a man at Childs, in gray striped trousers and cutaway coat, *might* not be a bad lunch companion. I recalled how my curiosity had got the better of me on one or two such occasions and I had found myself entertaining an angel, so to speak, unawares.

I don't know why, but the combination suggested spats. By dropping my napkin and leaning down to pick it up I assured myself on this point. His spats were pearl gray, and impeccable. On the pretense of turning to look for the waitress I looked at the man's hat—a gray Fedora. *Well!* I thought; and immediately began to fancy myself in conversation with him. What should we talk about? The weather? Hardly; although we might allude to it. Aviation? The New Deal? Perhaps—if the topic were properly introduced. A tall man in gray striped trousers, cutaway, and spats would certainly wait for a topic to be properly introduced.

I found myself wondering about the man's collar. Naturally he must be wearing a wing collar. (My mind is very apt at little deductions of this kind. I sometimes amuse myself by confirming them.) By staring absently at the girl baking wheat cakes at the front window I was able to let

the corner of my eye take in the man's collar. Yes, he was wearing a wing collar and a very proper and very skillfully tied gray necktie. His waistcoat was faultless. My next deduction was that a tall man so attired, whether lunching at Childs or not, could not fail to be somewhat dolichocephalic, with an aquiline nose and iron gray hair.

It would have been a simple matter for me to look straight at my companion and assure myself on this point as well, but I continued to ignore him. I allowed my fancy to play on, trying to find a conversational opening which would enable me to assure myself without violating the proprieties which must attend a dolichocephalic man with aquiline nose and iron gray hair, dressed in striped trousers, cutaway, wing collar and spats, and lunching at Childs. It was up to me, of course, to open the conversation, since, in a manner of speaking, I was the host. Again I thought of the weather, but it seemed to offer no possibilities. Should I be quite natural and unaffected and talk about anything at all that I happened to be interested in? This, I knew, could be a very disarming and very amiable opening; but in the circumstances it would never do. To begin with a remark about your guest's clothes would be an unpardonable breach—almost as bad as remarking about your own.

I looked at the man's cuffs. They were perfect. I knew that his shirt could be no less than perfect. I thought of his shoes. His socks, of course, were invisible, but easy to visualize. I found myself staring again at the girl in the window, then through the window at the windows of the courthouse across the street. The corner of my eye caught nothing of the man's features, but the sight of the courthouse told me, in some strange way, that he was a lawyer and was

probably engaged on a case behind those very windows. The weather, as an opening remark, was now definitely out. The legal problems of the NRA or the RFC might do; the problems of liquor control might be even better. Best of all would be some remark about the current term of court across the street. I wondered how I could manage it without being too abrupt.

Our luncheon proceeded. My companion was now half way through his main course. I was beginning my desert. I was no longer avoiding him (though I still avoided looking him in the face), and I felt that he, being the well-bred man I took him to be, could not fail to be aware of my general reappraisal of his appearance. I had satisfied myself about his shirt and had noticed his handkerchief. His shoes I decided to leave unconfirmed. I was noticing how irreproachably correct he was in the use of his napkin when I felt myself seized by a vague uneasiness. I had that curious feeling which one sometimes has on such occasions, that we were both thinking of the same thing. Could he have taken offense at my somewhat furtive glances? Perhaps it would be wise for me to assume a more casual attitude.

I looked full at him. His features were exactly what I had known they must be: a long head, with slightly curling iron gray hair, swarthy skin, gray eyes, a long straight nose, and a decidedly legal mouth.

My companion touched his lips with his napkin, laid it in careful disorder beside his plate, turned to me, and spoke. His voice was resonant, orotund, and impressive, his enunciation clear and incisive. Every word wore striped trousers and cutaway. His tone was unmistakably declarative. Indeed, it seemed to me that it was a little more than declarative: it was almost aggressive, as if he were setting



out deliberately to give me a piece of his mind.

"This morning, at my wife's earnest solicitation, I put on my B.V.D.'s."

For an imperceptible split fraction of a second I was at a loss to know how to respond. I recovered myself at once.

"Yes, it is a bit warmer," I said.

He extended his arms toward me, the fingers of his right hand groping inside his left cuff. He pulled out the sleeve of an undergarment of medium weight, obviously not a B.V.D.

"Feel that," he commanded, with the air of one granting a long-desired favor.

I felt of it.

"Do you call that heavy?"

I did not, and said so as politely as I could. I was suddenly and somewhat pleasurably aware of the fact that I had finished my dessert and it was time for me to go.

"Neither do I, my friend. We're in accord on that point, although my wife would dissent from our opinion—did dissent, in fact, when I discarded my B.V.D.'s in favor of this. Now—ah—would you call it light?" Something in his words reminded me of a lion playing with a mouse.

"No, I shouldn't call it light."

"For your information, let me state, sir, that I am wearing only one undergarment."

I accepted the information. The lion seemed about to pounce.

"Then it's neither heavy nor light?" he continued.

"No."

"Exactly. And for that reason I deemed this single undergarment more suitable for to-day than a heavier one or a lighter one would have been."

This seemed to call for some remark about the weather as cooler rather than warmer—or cooler, at any rate, than it had been that morning. I pushed back my chair and fished out a

coin for the waitress. My companion did not wait for my reply. He pounced.

"You agree that it is more suitable?" There was the faintest suggestion of a smile on his finely chiselled lips.

"Yes," I said, rising from my chair. "I agree."

"It follows, therefore, that you consider it perfectly proper."

"Oh, yes," I said, with an amiable smile and a slight bow. "I consider it perfectly proper."

My companion made no response. He merely looked at me for a moment, then took up his napkin and fork.

I walked away.



## FRAPPÉ

BY FRANCIS F. BEIRNE

I HAVE always been fond of whipped things, as for instance Jack Sharkey, the Army of Northern Virginia, President Hoover, the Cincinnati Reds, and cream. Why this should be I don't know unless it is an Anglo-Saxon heritage having to do with the under-dog or the fact that I was born and reared within the borders of the late Confederacy.

But what I have particularly in mind at the moment is whipped cream. If whipped cream were intoxicating, I should be an incurable drunkard. That is, if I could get whipped cream in intoxicating quantities. But Fate has decreed otherwise. Many people have whipped cream at will. In our household you might as well ask for ambrosia and nectar. Of the thirty or more domestics who have passed through our portals in half that num-

ber of years not one has been what you might call a capable cream-whipper. We have tried Grade A cream and X and double-X and triple-X and quintuple-X, but all to no avail. Invariably the result is something like curds swimming on a thin liquid and the laconic explanation, "De cream wouldn' whip." Why, I don't know. I have grown fatalistic about it.

To get on with the story: We were dining at the Pethick-Browns' and I was seated at the right of my hostess, not because I was the guest of honor but because there were eight of us, husbands and wives, and I contend that there is only one way in which eight husbands and wives can be seated without a wife sitting next a husband which would, of course, be tragic. My wife, on the other hand, insists that there are several possible permutations and combinations, but this, I suspect, is merely because she takes delight in drawing little designs of tables and placing people around them. However that may be, I was seated next Mrs. Pethick-Brown and engaged in a lively exchange of badinage and persiflage when suddenly a welcome sound smote my ear.

Something was being whipped in the kitchen.

The b-z-z-z, b-z-z-z, b-z-z-z was unmistakable. What could it be? Charlotte russe? But then Charlotte russe would have been whipped long ago and the lady fingers stuck in and the maraschino cherries dropped about and the whole thing put in the ice box to chill. Perhaps—and I rather hoped so—it was one of those chocolate and whipped cream mixtures. You know, the kind of thing you can't get into a spoon in large quantities and have to take a second helping of, laughing it off with a "Well, I am making a pig of myself, but this is perfectly delicious."

I thought to myself how absurd it was for me, a man of middle age with

children almost ready for college and important matters such as naval disarmament and the national recovery act and the question of whether classics should be abolished in a modern educational system to be discussed, to be sitting there wondering what sort of a whipped dessert Mrs. Pethick-Brown was going to serve. And for all I knew, in another six months we might be riding in tumbrils on the way to the guillotine. It was disproportionate.

Whatever it was in the kitchen, there was no question that it was being well whipped. No wonder our domestics failed. Catch any one of them whipping with the thoroughness and determination of that person in the Pethick-Brown household. B-z-z-z, b-z-z-z, b-z-z-z. Could any servant keep at it that way? Perhaps, after all, the whipper was not a human being but something mechanical, like those contraptions you see at soda fountains for making chocolate malted milks. If so, wouldn't it be great to get hold of one of them and have whipped cream at will, be the master of one's whipped cream. But, then, of course, it would probably cost a fortune. That's always the case with everything we want. However I could get the name of the manufacturer from Mrs. Pethick-Brown and save up for one.

At that moment the butler appeared. There was a look on his face that spelled disaster. Was he going to announce that something had happened to the dessert, that it had been knocked over or the cream had soured, and should he open a can of peaches? He seemed to be reading my thoughts for he looked at me as he leaned forward and whispered a word in Mrs. Pethick-Brown's ear.

No. It couldn't be the whipped cream. B-z-z-z, b-z-z-z, b-z-z-z. From the kitchen came the same rhythmic, melodious sound without interruption. Would it be chocolate? The



suspense was painful, but oh the delight in store. They would be removing the plates in a minute and then would come the salad and then—dessert. I know this sounds ridiculous. But I may as well be perfectly frank; with me whipped cream is a sort of mania. When I think of it I lose control of myself.

Mrs. Pethick-Brown had at first showed a momentary expression of anxiety. She was dismissing the butler now and there was a reassuring smile on her face. Evidently it wasn't a serious matter after all. I laughed inwardly at my unnecessary alarm. It was then that Mrs. Pethick-Brown turned to me and with an impulsive gesture placed a hand on my arm.

"Excuse me," she said, "but I think you have your foot on the buzzer."



### JUST A NICE, EASY WEEK-END

BY FREDERIC L. SMITH, JR.

**M**R. GIFFORD sat back in his swivel chair and passed a hand wearily over his sunburned face.

"I guess that's all, Miss Morse," he said. "You can sign those letters for me. I won't need to look 'em over."

"Yes, sir." Miss Morse picked up her pencil and pad and rose from the chair beside her employer's desk. "Mr. Handley's here," she said.

"Tell him to come in." Mr. Gifford rubbed his forehead again and looked up as a stoutish, middle-aged man in a white linen suit entered a moment later.

"Hello, Bert."

"Hi, Charlie," Mr. Handley said,

perching himself on the edge of the desk. He eyed his friend's glowing countenance. "Got yourself a burn, eh?"

"I guess I did."

"I'll say you did. Regular boiled lobster. How about some lunch?"

"I don't believe I want any lunch to-day," Mr. Gifford said. "I feel kind of low."

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I always feel kind of low on Monday."

Mr. Handley laughed. "So do we all."

Mr. Gifford shook his head and blinked several times as if the movement hurt him.

"Funny thing," he said. "I didn't do anything special this week-end, not any more than I generally do. When I get away from the office Saturday I forget all about work, see? I mean I just kind of relax; but it don't seem to make any difference. A fella ought to feel like a million dollars after he's had a nice, easy week-end; he ought to feel all rested up. But when I come back to work Monday I'm lower'n a snake. I can't figure it out."

"Yeah," said Mr. Handley. "That sure is funny. Now take me—"

"I played forty-five holes over Saturday and Sunday," Mr. Gifford went on. "After a fella's been cooped up all week he needs a little exercise. You got to keep yourself in shape when you get our age."

"That's right," Mr. Handley agreed.

"Were you out at the club Saturday night?"

"Yeah."

"It makes me sore," Mr. Gifford said, "the way they stop those dances at twelve. Why say, you just get going good and then you have to quit. I'm going to speak to the house committee and tell 'em we ought to have the orchestra play a couple of hours longer."

"That's a good idea."

"Sure," said Mr. Gifford; "nobody wants to quit at twelve. A bunch of us went out to Castle Beach afterward and danced some more. The music was fine but the liquor was terrible; we stuck round till about two and came home."

"I tried to get hold of you Sunday," Mr. Handley said.

"I guess I'd gone when you called," Mr. Gifford said. "I played with Joe Prescott and we got a good early start. I had a game with Sam Holmes in the afternoon."

"How'd you make out?" Mr. Handley asked.

"We only played nine holes. I wanted to go all the way round—I like to get in thirty-six holes on Sunday; but Sam had some people coming out from town so we quit and went over to his place."

"What d'you do over there?"

"Oh, nothing much," Mr. Gifford said. "We went for a swim and had a few drinks and Sam took us out on his boat. It was nice and cool down the bay; we anchored and had supper on board. On the way back we danced out on deck; there were a couple of pretty snappy looking girls along. It wasn't very late by the time we got back to Sam's so we played some badminton."

Mr. Gifford sighed and ran a hand over his forehead again. "Yes, sir," he said, "when a fella spends his weekends like I do—just relaxing and kind of taking it easy, I mean—he ought to come back to the office feeling great. He ought to be right on top of the wave. But say; I could go to sleep on the floor right now. I could for a fact. A man's got no business feeling that way. It sure is funny."

Mr. Handley shook his head gravely. "Yeah," he said, "it sure is."





## *Editor's Easy Chair*

### DESTINY—ITALIANS—EDUCATION

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

**A**LONG of Lady Margot Asquith's description of Lloyd George as "the most nimble-minded, spontaneous, fascinating man" she ever met, Arthur Brisbane says that is faint praise for Lloyd George, since but for him "there might now be a 'former British Empire' ruled by one of the Kaiser's sons. Lloyd George and Clemenceau," he says, "best fighting types of the Nordic and Latin races, won that big war. It would have been lost without them."

Would Brother Brisbane have been satisfied with that? He always speaks of our entry into the War as an appalling blunder. He has indeed an adventurous imagination if he can picture a "former British Empire" ruled by one of the Kaiser's sons; and is it a safe assertion that without Lloyd George and Clemenceau the Allies would have lost the War? They were stalwart men without question, but if either one had fallen, would there have been no one who could carry on?

One can follow the course of some historical crisis and observe what its processes were and say but for this man or that man the cause would have been lost. But such proceeding and inference does not take count of Destiny. When there is some big job to be done the instruments appear that will do it. Joan of Arc was such an instrument. In an essay on Doctor Howe, magician

of philanthropy, and how he got mixed up with the Abolitionists and John Brown, John Jay Chapman says, "Nobody could have stopped John Brown! He was wound up; he was going to do the thing." What he did was to put out an enormous advertisement that nobody's eye could escape. Maybe Brother Brisbane would say that but for John Brown there would have been no Civil War in the United States; that the row would have blown over, and that in time a settlement of the matters in dispute would have been worked out without four years of homicide. But there was John Brown! No one could stop him. He did his bit, was hanged, and his soul went marching on.

As one looks back on the Civil War it seems an appalling waste, and yet who knows? Probably in one way or another it was worth what it cost; and of this last war that again may be true. But what we are now really discussing is whether visible human agencies are so vitally responsible for what happens that without them it would not befall: whether but for John Brown there would have been no Civil War, whether but for Lloyd George and Clemenceau a son of the Kaiser might be the ruler of a "former British Empire." It is true enough that things do not happen without human agency, but do the agents do themselves what

they do, or are they the means through which it is done? General Grant—did he win the War for the Union? He would have been the last man to think so. Look at the world to-day, what is going on in it: not a nation that is not deep in troubles—governments changed, the most powerful political structures swept away, the richest nations profoundly embarrassed, all forms of religion jangling on perhaps to some new harmony! The life most necessary to us for the moment is that of the President, but whose will is he trying to express—his own? One would say rather that his strength is in his standing as an agency through which something more powerful is working. It is true, no doubt, of all potent leaders that they express something which had come to the point where it had to have expression.

**S**PEAKING of the very troubled aspect of affairs in Europe, an observer remarked that there was only one man in that continent, including England, who when he said what he would do, was able to deliver the goods. That man is Mussolini. Our observer could think of no other who could make good his word.

The rating of Italians in our troubled world seems to be rising. In this country we seem to have an abnormal proportion of bad ones—killers, racketeers, profiteers, gunmen, thieves, bandits, and the like. We haven't got them all; there are some left in Italy and Sicily; but Mussolini seems to have better understanding how to handle them and better facilities for doing it than we have. Of the same race, however, as all these disorderly characters, we have remarkable men of quite a different complexion. We have very bad Italian criminals, but also excellent Italian detectives and policemen. We have builders of energy and talent; politicians, such as La Guardia;

scientists, famous electricians—Marconi for one, and even notable experts of education, of whom one of the most illustrious—Henry Suzzallo, has just died.

Mr. Suzzallo, born (in 1875) in California of Italian immigrant parents, got his early education in the common schools of the State and entered Stanford University "with no money but considerable determination." A brilliant student, he went ahead fast in Stanford and later in Columbia University; at forty he served at Columbia as Professor of Education, and in 1915 was called to be President of the University of the State of Washington. When political opposition crowded him out of that employment, after brilliant and successful work there, he succeeded Doctor Pritchett as President of the Carnegie Foundation for Advancement of Teaching. The *Herald-Tribune* notice of him said: "He believed that education should teach all men to think, not a selected few, and it was this belief that he expounded."

That sounds good, but is it really as good as it sounds? It involves some practical questions. How much does what is known nowadays as education teach pupils to think? If it is desirable that they should be taught to think, how much of whose money may suitably be spent for that purpose? There is an educational process which most solvent parents prefer for their children—they send them to private schools, then to boarding schools, then most of them to college. All that is expensive. The process does not invariably produce thinkers or even thoughtful persons. We see men and we see women who have been subjected in youth to this process and have got something out of it, to be sure, but are not obviously wiser than their neighbors. All the same, these educational processes which are patronized by the well-to-do are what the masters



of public education now seem to want to offer, regardless of expense and of the taxpayers, to all children and young people of school age.

At this time of writing, funds are to seek in the City of New York to pay salaries. What is the education bill? Somewhere around 150 millions a year. Struggles in Chicago to pay the teachers and the struggles of the teachers to be paid have made newspaper copy for several years. The bill for teaching is very, very big. Perhaps the authorities in the State of Washington had more of a case for curbing Doctor Suzzallo in the administration of the State University than might be thought. Does education, so called, make people good? Perhaps to some extent; it does make them more interesting. The educated English seem to be better educated at present than the educated Americans. They seem to know more about living, have better understanding of how to do it, what to think about. Of course, if all the children could be taught to think as though they lived in Boston, it would be worth a good deal; but the bill for current education is enormous and in the end must be settled on a basis of "for value received."

SOMEbody said, Emerson perhaps, that it is a serious matter in our world when a thinker is born. To be sure! It is likely to make a disturbance. That was the opinion in Jerusalem in the period covered by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. The conclusion in Jerusalem was that so much thought was not healthy, and steps were taken to get rid of the thinker. They succeeded, but the thought went on. The Greeks were thinkers, very thoughtful questioners, disputers, discussers; they were poor at governing and finally went to smash politically for that reason. They did not know good advice when they re-

ceived it and got into a fatal war with Syracuse. It is said that the French are logical, the English not. The French will hold to a course that is "reasonable"; the English go more by instinct and unconscious mental processes and may take sudden turns one way or the other.

The whole matter of education is mixed up with religion. Good scholars learn what they are taught; but much of the greatest knowledge has not been taught and is only partly the result of accumulated learning. It comes out of the blue and into minds ready to receive it; perhaps they are educated minds, perhaps not. Our present world needs religion more than it needs schooling; but you can buy schooling a good deal easier than you can religion. At the same time religion, if imparted at all, may be handed round at much less cost than academic knowledge. Wesley and Whitfield in England did an enormous work outside of all the ordinary means provided by the established church and established universities, though John Wesley himself had received, and with profit, what the church and school had had to offer him. One can never be sure, one can never assert, that teaching, learning, any amount of it, will make its subject "good"; it may make him merely a greater power for evil. That is one of the hitches about spending all the money in sight for palatial public secondary education. We are told that Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees, but he does not necessarily shake in his shoes when college opens.

Not schools alone, but all of life is a process of education. That is what life is all about—what it is for. Primary education—to read, write, and cipher—opens the doors to knowledge, but beyond that, given great parts in the pupil, the school of life often beats the academic product. The exam-

ples of that are many and familiar. Everyone knows them.

**B**UT, as said, Doctor Suzzallo was the child of Italian immigrants. Al Capone is also an Italian, not so well thought of as Doctor Suzzallo, but much respected in certain circles; a powerful and able man undoubtedly, but when you think of him think also of Doctor Suzzallo, and if La Guardia becomes a mayor and does a good job, think of him too. Italy has had hard sledding in recent centuries. A hundred years ago Austria had annexed a large part of it; what was left was called The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Thanks to Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and others, Italy has increased in territory and, with the assistance of Mussolini, in national importance. Leaving out the Romans and other illustrious back numbers, we have Leonardo, Michelangelo, an imposing list of other great painters, sculptors, and metal workers, and Dante—a group whose mark upon our world is deep and clear. In spite of all the rascals, Italians are a great people, and at the moment what with La Guardia, Pecora, Marconi, Mussolini, and the Holy Father, all operating in our circuit, one may think he feels symptoms of a current disposition to give our troubled country back to Columbus.

All the nations nowadays in these changing times seem to be reaching back to great national resuscitations—Spain is one. There have been great Spaniards—a notable people accented by a taste for bullfights of which we do not all approve, excellent fighters, discoverers, voyagers, addicted to cruelties, rapacious, of a high dignity, suffering from terrible afflictions of

government like the Inquisition. Nowadays Spain has blown up, and is feeling round for a method by which she can regain safety, liberty, and national importance.

It is very much the same with Germany, which is having a succession of fits in the more or less glad hope of becoming more like what she ought to be. An American observer there wrote home, "Our government should let Germany alone. It is the healthiest country in Europe. It is going through just what it needs and will work out into a powerful Christian nation to stand off the impieties of the Soviets."

**I**N some observations in the Easy Chair last August it was remarked:

It is a defect of our system of government that the way is not open enough for able men of good character to get into it. Mr. Morrow, a Morgan partner, got into the Senate; but what did it cost him in money—half a million dollars? Wasn't it something like that?

Newspapers of that day talked about very large sums that were spent on that election and out of that probably remained this impression. The Easy Chair has had word that for Mr. Morrow's election the primary expenses were \$49,571.54. The fall campaign expenditures came to \$20,903.78. The total contribution by Mr. and Mrs. Morrow to both campaigns was \$19,167.56. We are reminded that what a candidate may lawfully expend in primary contests is limited by law to \$50,000.00. That the primary expenditures for Mr. Morrow were within that limit does not measure a standard of propriety which in his case in political life as in business life was much in advance of the requirements of law.







MARIA FLORES

By Howard Cook

*Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries*



# Harper's *Magazine*

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## THE NEW DEAL IS NO REVOLUTION

WELL, THEN: WHAT NEXT?

BY LOUIS M. HACKER

**I**T MUST already be apparent, a brief nine months after its inauguration, that the New Deal is not a revolution. The plain truth is that the brave utterances of President Roosevelt on the one hand and the dark threats of certain of his aids on the other have not succeeded in making it so; and because the New Deal is not a revolution it may even now be written down as having been no more successful than those similar examples of wishful thinking in our recent American past, the Full Dinner Pail and the New Freedom. The problem of the immediate future is not how to sustain an edifice whose foundation is slipping and which has displayed vital flaws in most of the parts of its superstructure: not where to continue patching farther or even what to salvage, but what to substitute.

To characterize the New Deal as be-

ing too complicated for a revolution is really no paradox. The natural history of revolution in recent times has amply demonstrated that revolutions are very simple affairs. An economic society in its youth is one of very great vigor; not only has its tone been set by a leading class freshly emerged from triumphant struggle, but its purposes have also had the sympathy and support of all groups in the population. The old vestigial traces have been cut away, class antagonisms—because the opportunities for enterprise in hitherto unexplored regions are so many and so bewildering—have not yet had time to form; the life of the times moves to a new harmony in which what dissonances there are are faint and unimportant.

The histories of Victorian England and of post-Civil War America are ex-

cellent cases in point: industry thrived, culture flourished, and class lines were in flux because new outlets for the energies of the ingenious and the bold were always appearing. Cobden, Bright, Rhodes, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Hill, Harriman, sons of working and lower middle-class families, found doors of opportunity open wherever they turned. The English factory hand or agricultural laborer could escape to Lancashire, London, or the colonies; the American farmer, mechanic, or small tradesman went west and made his fortune as a land speculator, merchant, mining or railroad promoter—it hardly mattered what the method was. There was an easy flow between classes, and class relationships were in balance. The farmer, because of the continual pressure by growing populations on his land, found himself the owner of a property whose value kept constantly mounting: he could always sell out and realize on the unearned increment. The skilled worker, because of the steady demand for his services in the labor market, had his price and it allowed him to maintain a high level of subsistence and to put something aside toward the day when he could open his own small plant. The horizons of capitalism were limitless: there were railroads to be built, mines to be opened, forests to be leveled, street railways, water works, sewerage systems, and public utility plants to be constructed in every country of the Western world and in many of those not yet recognizing the blessings of civilization.

But as an economic society during the course of its evolution grows into maturity and old age: when the leading problem shifts from expansion into new fields to consolidation of those already won: when for the living energies of men there are substituted institutional patterns: class lines harden. Then oppression becomes the

unconcealed weapon of the ruling group and class hostilities are unmasked. Revolution is a device employed by society for the destruction of the constricting molds of such class relations; it wipes them out once and for all and commutes their solidified forms into a new fluidity. The English Revolution, the French Revolution, and the Russian October Revolution were such clean breaks with the past: the first two released the English and French bourgeoisies from the unbearable pressure of feudal and commercial aristocracies; the third freed the Russian urban and peasant proletariats from the crushing domination of their feudal and industrial overlords.

Revolution and counter-revolution must be clearly differentiated. The American Civil War, launched by the slavocracy of the South in an effort to prevent its defeat at the hands of the growing middle class of the North and West, was counter-revolutionary: its aim was the perpetuation of the slipping class power of the Southern planter through the destruction of class rivals. Similarly, the Fascist and Nazi seizures of the Italian and German governments have been counter-revolutionary; in both countries capitalism, confronted by organized and powerful proletariats, proceeded to stamp out opposition, crush the working-class movements, and openly employ the force of the state to make secure its own position. What Fascist and Nazi apologists call the totalitarian state is the capitalist state pure and simple—and achieved through counter-revolutionary violence.

Obviously, the New Deal is neither revolutionary nor counter-revolutionary. Its rationale may be stated in the following group of propositions. The New Deal recognizes that our economy has slowed down and that the forces within it are no longer in equilibrium. Opportunities for capitalist enterprise



have contracted—the population has ceased expanding by leaps and bounds, there are no new great industrial fields to be opened up, oversea outlets have been shut off by high tariff walls or are already being closely worked by hostile imperialist nations—and capitalism is confronted by a fall in the rate of profit. The world market for our agricultural products has disappeared and a decline in farm land values has set in. Not only have new jobs for white-collar and professional workers virtually become non-existent, but there is a surplus rather than a dearth of industrial labor as well. Class lines have been clearly drawn; the danger of class hostilities is no longer remote but just on the horizon. Under the conditions of a free market the owners of the means of production, because of their greater strength and organization, could continue to maintain themselves, perhaps for a long time; but their security would depend upon the steady debasement of the standards of living of the other classes in society.

This, it must be plain, would eventually lead to the creation of conditions favorable to either revolution or counter-revolution; but the philosophers of the New Deal, abhorring the thought of violence and having no conscious class interests of their own, have refused to agree that the mechanism has run down. They will wind it up again and, having done that, will suspend in balance and for all the years the existing class relations in American society. The private ownership of the means of production is to continue; but capitalism is to be stopped from exploiting, on the one hand, the producers of raw materials and, on the other, its labor supply. Agriculture, despite its over-capitalized plant and its virtual restriction to the domestic market, is to get a large enough return to allow for the meeting of fixed charges and the purchase of capital and consumers'

goods. Wage earners, although in a machine economy there are too many of them in the white-collar and laboring groups, are to be assured employment and at least means of subsistence, if not incomes conducive to a decent standard of living.

The New Deal, to put it baldly, has assumed that it is possible to establish a permanent truce on class antagonisms. The device it is going to use is the restoration of purchasing power through the application of an idea known to antiquity and the Middle Ages—the just price.

## II

The world-wide collapse that set in with 1930 had been characterized everywhere by a slipping of prices. Now a decline in the price level in itself is no sign of disaster: the record of prices from the 1870's to the outbreak of the World War had fairly uniformly followed a downward course without imperilling the whole economic structure. The reasons were simple: the greater efficiency of production and the wider distribution of commodities made the element of price a comparatively unimportant factor in the economic processes. What caused the situation to take on real aspects of alarm in 1930 and after, however, was that the great burden of private and public debts, in the face of contraction of markets because of artificial trade barriers and deadly competition, could not be carried at the same time that prices were falling. Debts were the real difficulty; to lighten them would have meant repudiation either through wholesale bankruptcy or unchecked inflation, and to avoid this dread alternative the New Deal chose what seemed the easier one of restoring buying power through the raising of the price levels.

A variety of factors had contributed

to the continuance of the price decline once the crisis had set in. Industry, on its part, resorted to unregulated and cut-throat competition in an effort to keep down overhead and labor costs; it worked marginal plants, turned increasingly to mechanization, sweated labor, cheapened goods and methods of fabrication, and launched on dishonest advertising and selling campaigns. Agriculture, with an economy geared to world production but more and more confined to a narrowing domestic market, adopted the only course open to it: it tried to produce more foods and fibers per unit of plant. Labor, confronted by shrinking opportunities of employment, was forced to sell its services cheaply and debase its standards, and the sweated industries once more began to flourish, child labor increased, children were taken out of schools, and women resumed homework. Finally, and this was an important characteristic of the crisis, the movement of long-term funds into capital enterprises almost ceased; for the agencies for such credits, the savings banks, insurance companies, trust funds of one kind or another, seeing their earlier investments unproductive, feared to assume further risks until some elements of stabilization had manifested themselves.

These were the difficulties the New Deal sallied forth to meet. Class antagonisms were to be charmed away by the use of the magic device of the just price all around.

### III

The American farmer was to be restored to the capital and consumption markets by giving him a just price for his commodities on the basis of production limited to the home market. The details of the administration agricultural program are by this time familiar; nor is it necessary to examine at length the economic weaknesses of

the scheme. Suffice it to say that the producers of the basic agricultural commodities of the country were to be induced to restrict their output on the promise of the payment of the proceeds of a series of taxes which were to be placed on the processors but actually passed on to the consumers. These taxes, when added to current prices, were to make the returns on wheat, cotton, corn, hogs, tobacco, rice, and dairy-ing products equal to the prices received by farmers during 1909-14.

It was assumed, arbitrarily, that in the immediate prewar years all farmers were solvent: that then they were able to pay rent, interest, and taxes, have enough for out-of-pocket expenditures and, in addition, buy machinery, make improvements, and feed, clothe, and educate their families. Agriculture, which up to the close of the second decade of the century had been encouraged to expand its acreage ceaselessly and to become more efficient, on the theory that a food shortage always threatened the Western world (although the economic reason was the utilization of agricultural surpluses to balance American international payments), was now ordered to contract sharply its activities; its reward would be a subsidy which the consumers of agricultural wares—including the farmers themselves—would pay. Large farmers, small farmers, tenants, and croppers were to cut down their wheat acreage, plow up their cotton fields, slaughter their young pigs and cull out their herds not on a sliding scale in order to adjust inequalities and to weed out the operators of marginal farms but simply on a proportionate basis: all wheat growers reducing wheat acreage 15 per cent, all corn growers corn acreage 20 per cent, all cotton farmers plowing up every sixth row of cotton, and the like.

It is true that the New Deal administrators deviated in a number of



instances from their theory that agriculture could be restored as a going concern if it were confined to the domestic market and the prices of its chief commodities raised to the 1909-14 level. Thus, they conceded that many farms were over-capitalized when they created a fund of \$2,000,000,000 for the refinancing of many farm mortgages on the basis of a current fair valuation; they made provision for loans on cotton and corn held on farms or by farmers in warehouses, and they offered to buy \$75,000,000 worth of foods and fibers from farmers for distribution through government relief agencies among the unemployed.

Industry was to be revived in a somewhat different way, although again the just price was to be the specific. The New Deal was not prepared to guarantee directly to every large enterpriser and every rentier a fair return on his investment; but it moved toward this goal just the same if somewhat circuitously. Industry, which to some extent had been checked from assuming inevitable monopoly characteristics because of the existence of the anti-trust laws, was now to be formed into cartels and, working through the agencies of its own trade associations, it was to devise codes of fair practice for the purpose of regulating methods of competition.

Indeed, the first handful of codes prepared under the supervision of the National Recovery Administration plainly indicated that industrial recovery was to be regarded as synonymous with the abandonment of *laissez-faire*. It is true that unfair methods of competition of one kind or another—secret rebates, the misrepresentation of competitors' goods, the pirating of trade marks and labels, the advertising of loss leaders and inaccurate claims of uniform underselling, shipments of unordered goods on consignment—were barred in various codes; but these prac-

tices were not very much unlike the sort of things the Federal Trade Commission Act had so cheerfully set out to eradicate in the more innocent days of the New Freedom. More significant was the legalization of monopoly. Codes were written and accepted calling for price control—through the publication of scheduled future prices, resale maintenance, and the banning of selling below cost (thus putting the consumer entirely at the mercy of the producer and making it possible to squeeze out the small enterpriser); for the fixing of production quotas (which meant in effect the basing of costs on the operations of the least, and not the most, efficient plants or companies in an industry); for the limiting of plant expansion and machinery installation (which might very well have the effect of killing off socially desirable inventions not to speak of the check forced on the activities of the capital goods industries). Once codes were approved by the President they had the sanction of law, and violators were liable to punishment.

The New Deal planned to save labor also through the just price. The industrial codes were to have a dual purpose: they were not only to protect industry from its own baser instincts but they were to provide further opportunities for the employment of labor through the establishment of basic maximum working hours and minimum wages and the elimination of child labor. The purchasing power of the working class was to be restored by increasing the total number of persons in industry and by raising the per capita wage of sweated workers to a subsistence level. While there was some talk of providing formally for the leveling upward of all wages so that the stipulated minimum rates would not in effect become the maximums, this idea was soon abandoned.

Nevertheless, labor was given an in-



strument by which it could redress inequalities for itself. Section 7 (a) of the National Industrial Recovery Act provided that there was to be written into every code the right of workers "to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing"; also, as conditions of employment, workers were not to be compelled to join company unions or "to refrain from joining, organizing, or assisting a labor organization" of their own. In short, labor might organize into trade union groups freed of employer control and by implication strike for higher wages, shorter hours, and better working conditions if the terms offered by industry appeared inadequate.

Industry could unite in its own trade groups for purposes of eliminating methods of unfair competition and in this way arrive at a just price for the use of its capital and for the commodities it fabricated and sold; the workers similarly could unite in their own trade unions and by all the methods of collective bargaining available to them compel the payment of a just price for their labor.

Of the many and bewildering devices resorted to by the New Deal in order to expand credit it is hardly necessary to speak at length here; some of these were utilized to unfreeze credit, some to create new credit, some to bolster up the program of agricultural and industrial recovery, and some merely as efforts to stave off inflation. There were a number of radical departures from customary banking and financial practice, of which the most notable were the guarantee of small bank deposits, the registration of new security issues, and the right given to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to buy the preferred stock and capital notes and debentures of banks and trust companies. The sum of \$3,300,000,000 was appropriated for public

works programs. Another \$500,000,000 was set aside for emergency relief activities. The Tennessee Valley Authority, to go ahead with the Muscle Shoals development; the Federal Coordinator of Transportation, to supervise competition, prevent duplication and increase railroad efficiency; the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, to refinance the mortgages of small home owners; the Civilian Conservation Corps, to employ 250,000 men in reforestation work—these also were established as well as a veritable army of *ad hoc* authorities for marketing surplus wheat and cotton stocks, making loans to farmers against warehouse receipts, clearing slums and erecting low-cost housing, inaugurating civil works projects as a form of make-work relief, starting subsistence farms, etc., etc.

#### IV

From the beginning of March up to the end of July the heavens seemed to smile on the New Deal. A definite upturn evidenced itself in better agricultural prices, resumption of industrial activity, and the reemployment of labor. It has since been fairly clearly established that the factors of recovery had little if anything to do with the administration program: the change for the better in American economic conditions merely reflected a general world-wide improvement; the feeling that inflation was impending gave a buoyancy to prices of commodities and securities and encouraged freer spending; while industrialists and distributors, anticipating higher raw material and labor costs as a result of the operation of the processing taxes and codes, rushed to resume fabrication on the one hand and to replenish stocks on the other. Recovery, whatever the reasons, was on the way.

Of course there were certain disquieting elements in the situation,

clouds no bigger than a man's hand, but it was generally felt that in time these would be dispelled. The gain in industrial production from February to July was three times as rapid as the gain in factory employment and twice as rapid as the gain in factory payrolls. Also, industrial production, as compared with the 1923-25 average, had almost reached normal, while the employment index stood at only 69 and the index for factory payrolls was still as low as 50. It was further true that the industrial improvement was largely taking place in the consumers' goods industries—food, leather, paper, textiles, tobacco, and the like—where even the depression itself had brought about no serious curtailments in activity. The capital goods industries—steel, machinery, metals, lumber, cement, and the like—on the other hand, remained stagnant and, despite the public works program, loans to railroads for equipment, the resumption of naval building, the utilization of a large sum of money for army housing, they regained little of the very real losses that had been suffered since the onset of the depression. Nothing revealed the situation more plainly than the inability of long-term credits to find new sources of investment. In 1929, more than \$10,000,000,000 in new stock and bond issues had been floated of which \$9,400,000,000 had been for domestic purposes. By 1932 such long-term financing operations had dropped to \$1,165,000,000, with most of the total being in domestic issues. During the first seven months of 1933 the flow of new credit reached a total of only \$401,000,000.

But there was a real ray of hope coming from the agricultural regions. In February, prices received by farmers were 49 per cent of the prewar level and prices paid were 100 per cent, making the farm index of purchasing power 49 per cent of that prevailing

during 1909-14. By July, however, prices received had mounted to 76 per cent, and prices paid only to 103 per cent, with the result that the index of purchasing power had bounded up to 72 per cent of the assumed normal. The talk of a general farm holiday died down, there were fewer forced sales in the corn belt, and tales of intimidation and the destruction of property almost disappeared from the newspapers.

The administration, thus heartened, rapidly pushed its program of cartelization in industry through the code-making procedure and raised no serious objection to the growing frequency of strikes on the part of organized labor. The institutional advance, at any rate, was taking place on all fronts; the feeling that the class balance could be maintained was reflected constantly in the sanguine statements and inspired reports coming out of Washington.

With August, however, the gains began slowly to fritter away. Industrial production fell off sharply so that by the end of September the index stood at 85 per cent of the 1923-25 average; the entrance of new money into capital enterprises in August dropped to \$46,000,000; factory employment and factory payrolls still showed increases but with a slowing down of the tempo. Prices continued to climb, however, with the result that September was the first month to show a decrease in real wages. The retail trades also failed to improve because of the resistance of consumers to higher prices.

By October, from labor's point of view, it was apparent that the gains were not much more than illusory. True, an estimated 3,600,000 wage earners had been put back to work out of a total of possibly 15,000,000 unemployed persons at the lowest point in the depression in March, 1933. But great numbers of these apparently



had been reemployed at the low minimums fixed in the codes so that the anticipated result had actually taken place: the prescribed minimums had become the maximums only too frequently. The American Federation of Labor, surveying the situation on November 4, reported that from March to the end of September a 6 per cent increase in total wages had occurred; but, it was forced to admit, this had been more than swallowed up by an increase of 8.5 per cent in the cost of living. Recovery by restoration of purchasing power through a just price for labor simply had not been achieved. The fixing of minimum wages and maximum hours in the codes had turned out to be another share-the-work scheme on a national basis.

The farm situation was decidedly worse. Farm prices began to fall sharply, wheat dropping at Chicago in one week in October, for example, from 85 cents a bushel to 69 cents and cotton at New York from 9.42 cents a pound to 8.58 cents. On October 15 farm prices were 30 per cent under the prewar average while the prices the farmer paid were 16 per cent above, making the farm index of purchasing power 60 per cent of the assumed normal as compared with 53 per cent a whole year before. Despite all the hopeful talk of the establishment of parity prices for agriculture as the way out of the depression, in the middle of October, after elaborate programs in some instances had been working more than half a year, the following were the proportions of parity which producers of leading farm commodities were receiving: wheat, current farm prices 66 per cent of parity; cotton, 61.8 per cent of parity; corn, 48.1 per cent of parity; butter fat, 68.6 per cent of parity; beef cattle, 60.1 per cent of parity; hogs, 51.7 per cent of parity.

The administration launched on one expedient after another in an effort to

maintain morale and divert attention from the crisis in recovery. The charge that the national public works program was being sabotaged by Washington administrators was not answered; word came from official sources, however, that Congress as soon as it met would be asked to raise the total fund available to \$5,000,000,000. It was announced—although little progress continued to be made—that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation would release \$2,000,000,000 in the deposits of closed banks and buy large quantities of bank shares in order to increase the funds available for short-term operations. The tariff flexibility provision was to be used to keep out those cheap foreign wares which were imperilling our own prices. The hope of Russian recognition—and government guarantees of credits to the soviets—was suddenly held out in October when Moscow was invited to send a representative to Washington to discuss matters. To silence the growing clamor of the inflationists the President declared that the government was going to buy newly mined domestic gold at figures to be determined by the R.F.C., and in this way set a progressively cheaper gold value for the dollar; when this mysterious act did not succeed in raising the prices of goods at home, Mr. Roosevelt ordered the buying of gold in the foreign market—again with no visible results. Between October 25th, when the operation was begun, and November 10th, the dollar depreciated 6.78 per cent in foreign exchange while the price of cotton advanced only 1.55 per cent, wheat advanced only 1.99 per cent, and the average price of common stocks rose barely three-eighths of 1 per cent.

## V

The agricultural protest by November had swelled into a roar and no fair



promises from Washington could silence it. The strike threat was renewed; violence in the corn belt and Northern dairying area broke out once more; North Dakota's governor declared an embargo on wheat; the conservative farm organizations demanded price fixing for basic commodities and inflation; the radical groups would have nothing less than guarantees of cost of production plus a wage for labor, cancellation of debts and loans, and cash relief for distressed farmers.

Labor was hardly less intransigent. Despite unofficial and even official warnings that strikes were inimical to the recovery program, the wage earners of the country, seizing the opportunity given them by the National Industrial Recovery Act, flocked to join the American Federation of Labor unions and quickly resorted to the strike weapon when union recognition and higher wage scales were denied them. From the enactment of the Recovery Act until its annual convention in October, the A. F. of L. reported the issuance of 700 charters to new federation unions, a great growth in membership in affiliated internationals, and the spread of unionization into industries like steel and automobiles where earlier efforts at organization had always proved abortive. At the end of October the A. F. of L.'s strength of almost 5,000,000 members was not far below the point of its highest development in 1920. Militancy was once more a characteristic of American labor. Nearly 1,000,000 men had participated in strikes from March until the end of October; disorders and bloodshed again became common occurrences and to lockouts and injunctions the workers replied with mass picketing, attacks on scabs, and destruction of plants and movable property.

Industry itself was not far behind in displaying definite signs of dissatis-

faction. Complaints of violations of codes by factory and store managers began to pour into the national and local offices of the National Recovery Administration—in New York City alone, by October, some 13,000 complaints had been received—and so widespread were these practices that President Roosevelt in his radio address of October 22 was compelled to admonish "chiselers" that the penalties authorized by the law would be imposed.

Serious in itself—the experiences with the National Prohibition Act had indicated that a law on the statute books was worthless unless it had behind it general popular consent—this was not nearly so disquieting as the growing protest on the part of industrialists against the principles of the New Deal itself. As the economic processes began again to move, voices were increasingly raised against the participation of government in industry. Socialism, held one rash prophet, was already on us, and the American revolution was (so ran the newspaper report) "proceeding at a greater velocity than any previous transformation of a nation's economic structure; faster than Mussolini's, than Hitler's or the Bolshevik rising in Russia." The rather airily delivered statements of some of the less guarded theoreticians of the New Deal were combed for what was believed were radical opinions, with the result that spokesmen for capital took to fretting publicly.

Despite the proved reformist character of the changes effected by the New Deal, conservative critics could not read utterances like the following without already seeing the specter of revolution approaching.

There is no choice presented to American business between intelligently planned and controlled industrial operations and a return to the gold-plated anarchy that masqueraded as rugged individualism.

There is only the choice presented between private and public election of the directors of industry. If the privately elected boards of directors and the privately chosen managers of industry undertake their task and fulfill their responsibility, they will end all talk of dictatorships and governmental control of business. But if they hold back and waste these precious hours, if they take counsel with prejudice and doubt, if they fumble their great opportunity, they may suddenly find that it has gone forever. (Donald R. Richberg, General Counsel of the NRA, at New York on July 6.)

And those people who would have us crawl back to the old ideas, like a wounded animal to an abandoned den, misread the temper of the people as well as the intelligence of the present government. We are trying to show that heaped up corporate surpluses and the over-concentration of wealth are not the life of trade but the death of trade. Incomes must be transformed into larger wages and higher prices to farmers, not simply stacked up in sterile hoards of capital, if wealth in any large and gratifying sense is to breed again. (Rexford G. Tugwell, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, at Chicago on October 29.)

On October 23, Alfred E. Smith, speaking at the Chicago Fair, laid down the first barrage for what turned out to be a concerted attack on the New Deal from the right, when he sneeringly referred to it as the "heavy, cold, clammy hand of bureaucracy." He was immediately followed by the newspaper publishers Paul Block and William Randolph Hearst. Mr. Block, in a signed editorial in his own newspapers, which was reprinted widely as a paid advertisement, told Washington that it had not yet proved its capacity for running its own business; how then did it dare run the business of everyone else? "What industry needs from the Administration is encouragement and not hindrance, for nearly everyone can sense that business is right on the edge of an upward move, but too many 'cooks' or 'experts' are at present blocking the road," cried out Mr. Block, in his eloquence mixing his metaphors. Mr. Hearst was even blunter. The

New Deal was a "socialistic dictatorship"; and it was imposing "upon industry, struggling toward recovery, shorter hours and higher pay and greater employment and heavier burdens in every direction than industry, weakened by depression and only newly recovering, was able to bear." On November 1, Mr. Gerard Swope, President of the General Electric Company, launched industry's heavy drive when he proposed that the control of business be turned back to its own leaders and the functions of the National Recovery Administration be vested in a privately conducted National Chamber of Commerce and Industry—under a shadowy government supervision. When H. I. Harriman, President of the United States Chamber of Commerce, and General Hugh S. Johnson, the National Recovery Administrator, gave the Swope plan their immediate blessings it was no longer a secret that the New Deal was meeting with organized opposition from without and disaffection from within.

Indeed, the inner councils of Washington had, even before November, begun to show signs of the presence of discord. The A.A.A., quickly forgetting the divine balance that was to be maintained among agriculture, industry, and labor, bitterly fought the price control provisions of the retail stores, lumber, and other codes, on the ground that these would raise the prices of the things the farmers bought. The Federal Reserve Board, in its October bulletin, declared that the slowing up of recovery had been "marked in industries in which processing taxes or codes have become effective recently." More serious still, the NRA began to look on organized labor as something of a Frankenstein. It was all very well to permit the workers to organize so that through collective bargaining they might readjust any inequities that appeared as a result of rises in the cost



of living; but did labor have to have outside leaders and could it not, as a patriotic act, surrender the use of the strike weapon and put its trust implicitly in the government?

A foreshadowing of the stand the National Recovery Administrator was to take was indicated in the letter of resignation of Dudley Cates, Assistant Administrator for Industry, on August 31. In this he insisted that the conventional types of trade unions (*i.e.*, organizations formed by the workers themselves and directed by their own leaders) were "essentially provocative." Mr. Cates continued:

The underlying purpose of the N.I.R.A. is to create a balanced economy in the United States. The industry, therefore, should be the unit in establishing the field of collective bargaining. . . . This means a vertical union in each industry, free of domination or control, either by employers or outside labor leaders. . . .

General Johnson, speaking before the A. F. of L. convention on October 10, released a preliminary shaft. "Labor," he said, "does not need to strike under the Roosevelt plan." The General went on:

Thus from the beginning to the end of this process [code making and the adjustment of labor disputes] you are given a complete and highly effective protection of your rights. The plain, stark truth is that you cannot tolerate the strike. . . . If now—when the whole power of this government and its people are being given to an effort to provide and maintain to the ultimate the rights of every man who works for pay—you permit or countenance this economic sabotage, that public confidence and opinion will turn against you. . . .

Finally on November 1, when he gave his approval to the Swope plan, General Johnson revealed it as his intention to abandon labor altogether. He said then flatly:

I think these industrial groups are set up in order to have peace and equity, and that the labor group should be set right up beside that of industry with the strike and lockout absolutely eliminated, and

with arrangements for the settlement of all disputes. Under the present conditions if there is an abuse in a particular company against labor it may become widespread. But if they are organized under this plan they are partners. . . .

## VI

This, then, was the pass the New Deal had reached in November. The farmers were getting higher prices but the spread between prices paid and prices received, which had been closed a little, was again widening. The total payroll of labor was increasing but retail prices were mounting faster, with the result that a decline in real wages, or purchasing power, had already set in. Industrial recovery had begun but the failure of the capital goods industries to show any real activity did not augur well for the future.

The just price simply had not worked; the industrial, agricultural, and laboring classes would not, could not, stay in equilibrium. Indeed, certain institutional changes had been effected which indicated that class hostilities were soon likely to become more pronounced than ever before. Both industry and labor had been organized: industry into cartels and labor into trade unions. Industry was already seeking to be free from government interference in order to push the processes of monopoly to their logical conclusion through the elimination of the small enterprisers, the maintenance of a monopoly price, and a constant pressure on its labor force. Labor, on the other hand—for the time being at any rate—had refused to surrender its independence: it stubbornly clung to the rights of organization under its own leaders, of union for common action, and of the use of the strike weapon. Whether the directors of organized labor would, however, yield to the blandishments of a Swope scheme and the patriotic exhortations



of the President and the NRA and for promised security give up their freedom, it was at the moment impossible to say. Labor's leaders were, here and there, revealing a characteristic uncertainty; but the rank and file—as had happened so many times before in American industrial relations—was beginning to feel its strength: it engaged in unauthorized strikes, it resorted to terrorism, and it spurned efforts at mediation. The mass of American workers was on the move; how far to the left it would go nobody yet knew and it was idle to hazard a prediction.

The New Deal thus had turned out to be no revolution because it had effected no enduring changes in the class relations in American economic society. It had started out hopefully by attempting to allay class hostilities; it ended, ironically enough, by making the cleavage between classes more pronounced than it had been ever before. Agriculture was in revolt. An organized capital and an organized labor confronted each other, like two hostile armies, across the narrow no-man's land of governmental regulation.

What was President Roosevelt going to do next? Would it be further efforts at trying to keep the New Deal on an even keel: now by yielding to agricultural pressure and resorting to price fixing of farm products or even perhaps to licensing of processors in order to keep the prices of the things the farmers bought in line; now by giving in to labor and raising the wage minimums set in the codes, and now by heeding the complaints of industry and making an intensive drive to punish the violators of codes who cut prices, exceeded production quotas, and resorted to unfair practices generally? It has already been demonstrated that any action in favor of a particular economic group was bound to produce unfavorable results as regards the position of the others. The lifting of farm prices, for

example, depressed the real wages of the workers and raised the costs of production in those industries dependent on agriculture for raw materials; while, contrariwise, increases in wages or the maintenance of industrial price levels affected adversely the purchasing power of farmers. The government could go as far as it pleased on the road of state capitalism—for the licensing of industry and complete control over capital investment policy by the R.F.C. would mean the inauguration of the adventure—and it never could succeed in its present intention, that of keeping the interests of agriculture, capitalism, and labor in balance.

Would Mr. Roosevelt's next expedient be inflation? There is every reason to believe that when Congress assembled in January, 1934, attempts would be made to placate the cheap-money advocates: perhaps by printing greenbacks to pay off the soldier bonus, or to retire maturing federal bonds and notes, or to launch more public works projects, or to finance the social services and relief activities of local jurisdictions verging on bankruptcy. Mr. Roosevelt would move slowly, disclaiming all the time any intention to inflate—and the effect of the procedure would be completely lost. As for uncontrolled inflation, there was little likelihood of the administration's surrender to Western clamor in the face of the bitter hostility of the financial and industrial East.

Looking a little farther into the future, would the United States try fascism, with the crushing of labor organizations and the frank utilization of the political state to preserve the position of capitalism and to depress the lot of the workers and farmers to meaner and meaner subsistence levels? Or should we seek our salvation in a reversion to imperialist oversea expansion: not, of course, to old-fashioned territorial aggression but to struggles with rival

powers for foreign markets—even at the risk of war?

Of these less immediate prospects fascism seemed more remote, another fling at financial and industrial imperialism the more likely probability. Fascism, as has been pointed out, was a counter-revolutionary device employed by capitalism only as a last desperate expedient. It seized the state, put an end to democracy and representative government, and ruthlessly crushed the opposition of militantly organized working-class groups for the purpose of continuing the economic processes of society solely in the interests of the owners of the means of production. But fascism needed a population that could be drilled into accepting a passionately avowed nationalistic ideology; it required the support of a private army made up of permanently declassed members of the petty bourgeoisie; and none of these objective conditions could be said truthfully to exist in the United States.

Imperialism, on the other hand, was exactly cut to the measure of American capitalism in its present stage. Confronted by over-expansion of plant, possessing great capital reserves for which domestic investment opportunities continued to dwindle, mobilized—thanks to the NRA—into powerful cartels which could be immediately utilized as the spearheads in a drive for oversea markets, American capital-

ism was equipped and ready for imperialist adventure. Its inauguration waited on the approval of Washington. We could still make the Far Eastern and Latin American markets exclusive financial and commercial American preserves. To build railroads and public utility systems, bridges, docks, assembling and distributing plants; to establish banks, foreign sales agencies, shipping companies: in short, put to work once more our own capital goods industries, find outlets for our capital reserves, create foreign positions for professional and white-collar workers, and furnish employment at home for labor so that compliance would again be its distinguishing characteristic—was there a surer or easier road to recovery? Of course our attempt to possess the Chinese market would be contested by Japan; our effort to monopolize Latin American trade and financing would be challenged by Great Britain. But American resources, organization, and technical skill were so overwhelmingly superior to those of rival imperialist powers that Japanese and British competition could check our progress only slightly.

It is true that at the end of the imperialist road stands war. However, it is difficult to see how war can be left out of any calculation, whether one talks of a resurgent imperialism, fascism, or proletarian revolution as the next development after the New Deal.





# THE FAMILY MAN

A STORY

BY LAURENCE KIRK

EACH of the great London railway stations has a flavor of its own. Spiritualists might prefer to call it an aura; but I have no eighth sense, and to me this individuality is sometimes a flavor and sometimes a smell. Charing Cross and Victoria both have a homely scent reminding one of the roast beef of suburban Sundays and the dingy propriety of the South Coast resorts. Paddington tastes much better than this. It has a soft relaxing air. There you can listen in to the west along those miles and miles of rail, hear the cows shuffling in lush Somersetshire meadows, and think of dairies and Devonshire cream. Liverpool Street I hardly know, although I imagine it to be very brisk and bracing. But Euston, St. Pancras, and King's Cross, in their several ways have a sharp tang of the north, a promise of heather and high winds, of green fairways and impenetrable gorse.

Of all these King's Cross is my favorite; for it was the station from which I used to go home from school, and I still own to a thrill when I see the wide span of its sooty arch in the distance. It is also the place where I first discovered the Family Man. Our original meeting was somewhat abrupt. It was during the War, and the air raid began when I was on my way to catch the night train to Edinburgh. My taximan was obviously a bad driver at the best of times. In addition he was

gun-shy; and when he started dodging imaginary bombs, regardless of the rest of the traffic, the journey became unpleasantly exciting. We missed a bus by inches at the entrance to the station, and when we finally drew up with a jerk, he tumbled out of the driver's seat and scurried off in all his voluminous coats in the direction of the underground lavatory without even waiting for his fare. The station was pitch dark and there wasn't a porter to be seen; so I retrieved my two bags from the abandoned taxi and began to grope my way toward the platform. I could just make out the dim shape of the train in the darkness and was proceeding toward it at a fairly dignified pace when I heard the beginning of that horrible whining in the air. It was that most unpleasant type of whining which gets louder and higher and higher and nearer; and the next thing I knew was that I had tumbled nose first, bags and all, into the nearest carriage, while after a flash and a deafening explosion the whole station was dripping bricks and glass around me.

Some time later when I began to pick myself up, I saw the sleeping-car attendant (for it was into the sleeping-car that I had tumbled) standing in the corridor and looking at me disapprovingly over his glasses. I did not notice much more about him at the moment except that he held a candle in one



hand and a flimsy sheet of paper in the other. What troubled me was that I had a major's badges on my sleeves and ought not to have been seen in this undignified position by a mere civilian.

"By Jove, that was a near thing!" I said as I dusted my khaki slacks.

He replied politely enough:

"Yes, sir. Tickets please."

Obediently and ashamedly I showed him my ticket which he examined carefully by the light of the candle. Then having at last satisfied himself that it was genuine, he looked at me over his glasses.

"And the sleeping-car ticket?"

That in turn was subjected to the same scrutiny, then he added:

"And the name, sir?"

I told him and he studied his list. Finally reassured as regards my credentials, he led the way down the corridor.

"This will be yours, sir. Number 7. What time do you wish to be called?"

There was a fusillade going on outside, but I did not dare call attention to it.

"About seven thirty," I said nervously.

"And will you have tea and biscuits or tea and bread and butter?"

"Tea and biscuits, thank you."

"Very good, sir. I shall now fetch your baggage."

With that he departed slowly along the corridor with his candle and presently returned with one of my bags which he put on the rack, remarking "That's one." Then the same dignified performance was repeated with the other, and he concluded "And that's two."

At this moment there was a second whining in the air, and after another fierce detonation the station was again dripping bricks and glass. After it was all over I noticed that the attendant was shaking, not with fear but with indignation. He slowly pulled a large gold watch from his

waistcoat pocket and looked at it.

"Drat those confounded 'Unsl!" he muttered. "We're six minutes be'ind time already."

Such was my first encounter with the Family Man. It makes him appear as though he had a rather forbidding personality, but that is not true, although he was certainly reserved and distant. It was nearly four years before I met him again. At that time I was engaged on some legal business which for a long period involved a journey from London to Edinburgh or vice versa once or twice a week. I always traveled by night, and on the very first trip I found him there waiting in the corridor, looking at me over his spectacles, with the flimsy sheet of paper in his hand.

"Tickets, if you please!"

Then after a further glance at me:

"The name is Kirk, if I remember right."

There is nothing more endearing than to be unexpectedly remembered, and after that I was always bitterly disappointed if I happened to be traveling when he was off duty. But that occurred only about once in four times, and after a few months I began to know him quite well. As well, that is, as he would permit. For he felt his position of trust and responsibility and kept his distance. He would never chatter with the passengers or become familiar. His job was to look after them and he never forgot it. No bribery or corruption could gain any favor from him; but if he knew you and for some reason you had failed to book a sleeper, there was always an empty berth mysteriously locked away, however crowded the train. He would show you into it with a disapproving shake of the head to remind you that you mustn't expect any such indulgence a second time.

At that period he was a man of about

fifty-four, slow in his movements and his thoughts. The eyes that looked over his spectacles were blue and serious, and his hair was going gray on the temples. His figure, like his manner, was pleasantly solid, his trousers slightly bagged at the knee, and his face was scrubbed to a bluish tinge. His name was Roberts, Henry Roberts, and he had been on the dining cars before he had been promoted to the sleepers. That was all he ever told me about himself. The rest I had to fill in on my own. I did it by calling him the Family Man. For we, the passengers, were his family, and he the strict but kindly father. I guessed that he was working off some inhibited parental instinct on us, for his care of us was unremitting. On one occasion when we stopped at Grantham and a porter came along with a trolley of milk-cans, I heard his outraged voice, "Get out of 'ere, can't you, with them nasty rattling cans. My people's just got to sleep." And another time at York, when the carriage examiner came tapping along the wheels, I saw him standing on the platform watching him, daring him, as it were, to tap any louder than a sucking dove.

Very often I was dead tired when I arrived at Waverly or King's Cross for the night journey, but I knew that I should sleep well under Mr. Roberts' fatherly care. He seemed to take from me not only my tickets, but all my worldly cares as well. He gave me the same feeling of security as the nurse who used to tuck me up for the night.

I never paid any attention to his first knock in the morning. But his second knock had the ring of authority in it, and one had to say "Come in." Then in he would come in his waistcoat and shirtsleeves, and hand me the oblong tray with the tea and bread and butter on it. He was English, not Scotch, and he always had a dig at the Scotch climate. If we were going north, he

would begin "Fresh wind this morning, sir"; but if we were on the southward journey, it would always be "Pleasant change to-day, sir, nice and mild." Then as he left me to my tea, he always paused at the door and produced the gold watch from his waistcoat pocket. "Running up to time this morning," he would remind me or, "We'll be in in forty minutes." This meant that I mustn't linger too long over my tea. I should not see him again after that until the train slid into the station. Then he would produce a porter for me, look round to see that I hadn't forgotten anything, be very surprised when I gave him a tip, and hope that he would be seeing me again next week.

This went on for nearly a year, then at last my work in Edinburgh came to an end and I made my last journey south. I was very sorry to say good-by to the Family Man, and after I had shaken hands I gave him my card and told him to be sure to come and see me if ever I could be of any service to him. As I walked away, he stood there at the door of the carriage, looking after me with exactly the same expression as my nurse wore when I first went off to boarding school. I too had a gold feeling in my bones as though I had definitely left home.

I did not expect to see the Family Man again, for I couldn't imagine him requiring any help from me. He was a man who performed services, not one who received them. However, about four years later my clerk came into my office and informed me that there was a Mr. Roberts outside who wished to see me on private business.

A moment later he came in. He did not look a day older, though he seemed ill at ease—but perhaps that was because I had never seen him away from his official surroundings or in ordinary clothes.



Anyway he began with the familiar sentence, "Nice and mild to-day, sir. Real English weather."

I told him how very pleased I was to see him again, gave him a chair, and offered him a cigarette, which he refused. Apparently he was still working, for he volunteered the information that the wind was a bit fresh in Edinburgh the day before. After that he left me to make most of the conversation, and I saw that whatever it was he had on his mind, he found it difficult to make a beginning and tell me.

At length I asked point blank:

"I hope you're not in any trouble, Mr. Roberts?"

He gave me that familiar look over his glasses.

"No," he began, "No—at least, not at present. But you see, sir, I'll be sixty next year."

That wasn't the kind of trouble over which I could help anyone.

"You surprise me. I shouldn't have called you a day over fifty," I said encouragingly.

"And I don't feel a day over fifty either, sir," he returned. "I smokes me two pipes a day, and has me glass of beer. 'Owever, there it is, I'm sixty next year, and at sixty they retires us."

"I see! That's a bit hard. Any pension?"

"Oh, yes, sir. There's a scheme. Contributory, you know. They runs these things very well on the railways. 'Owever, it ain't the money I'm afraid of; there's a bit of awkwardness besides that."

"Tell me what it is."

"Well, I'm married, sir. There ain't a better wife in the world than Lucy. And a nice 'ome we've got up 'Ighgate way. Two boys too, fine boys, brought up proper in the old way."

This puzzled me.

"Then surely," I went on, "I don't

see what you've got to worry about. You've earned a little ease if anybody has. You ought to be looking forward to your retirement. After all, you can't have seen much of your family all these years, and if they're as charming as you say . . ."

"They're all that and more, sir," he interrupted. "'Owever it ain't going to be quite so easy as you might think."

"But why not?"

Abruptly he stood up.

"Well, I don't think I'll be troubling you any more this morning, sir."

I made no move, and equally abruptly he sat down again, heavily.

"There's another lady up in Edinburgh, sir."

"Oh!"

"Yes, sir. Maggie's her name, and a fine woman she is too."

"Any—any family?"

"Yes, sir, two girls. Pretty as Punch they are. There ain't a finer pair of girls in the whole country."

I gazed at him a long time doubtfully, then I asked:

"You didn't actually marry this second lady, did you?"

His reply was most indignant.

"Indeed I did, sir. Married 'em both. In church. I'm very particular the way I treats a woman."

For some moments I sat fiddling with my pencil in silence. I was thinking how right I had been to call him the Family Man, and how wrong I had been to suppose that it was a repressed parental complex which he was working off on the care of his passengers. We had merely got the overflow of his excessive protective instinct. It was really a magnificent record. The girls in Edinburgh, the boys in London, and a mixed family of passengers in the train. However, I was a lawyer and I knew how bigamy was treated in the courts.

Meanwhile Mr. Roberts was talking in that aggrieved and injured tone



which he employed when the train was six minutes behind time.

"It's this retiring at sixty that's done it," he said. "We've carried on very well these last fourteen years, and all been very 'appy. You see, I gets about the same time off at each end of the journey, and there was no reason why anything should go wrong. But if I've got to retire, what's going to happen then? Lucy and the boys will expect me to come 'ome to London, and Maggie and the girls will expect me to come 'ome to Edinburgh. I can't do both, and one of them will want to know the reason why. It's going to be very awkward in my 'umble opinion."

"It's going to be very awkward indeed," I agreed.

"I'll admit that bigamy ain't a nice word," he continued. "But look at it this way. I get about one night off in five, and sometimes it's one end and sometimes the other—but that's a 'oliday really; it's the days that's my nights. It was Lucy I married first, been married three years when I met Maggie, and all those three years I'd spent almost every other day in Edinburgh. You know Edinburgh and 'ow bare and lonesome it is. Well, there I was trying to sleep in a nasty noisy boarding 'ouse, with bad grub and no one to care for me—and me tired too after being up and about all night. What I wanted was a 'ome both ends as I 'ad to live both ends. And Maggie wasn't a loose one like some of them Scotch girls, and I wouldn't have had nothing to do with 'er if she 'ad been. I never was one to go chasing after a skirt. What I wanted was the 'ome life."

I knew he was speaking the truth, and I quite understood.

"Yes, yes," I said. "But the law doesn't allow two home lives."

"Lots of people 'as them, sir. People in positions too. A sleeping-

car attendant sees what's going on, I can tell you. Disgraceful it is. They ought to 'ave to sign the register, if you ask me, going north!"

"Yes, Mr. Roberts, but they don't actually marry twice."

He shook his head solemnly.

"Oh, well. I shouldn't have liked Maggie to think I wasn't treating her right. She's a fine woman. There ain't a better wife than 'er in the 'ole world, nor than Lucy neither."

It was very hard to argue on these lines, and I then began to ask him a few practical questions.

"You say you married both times in church?"

"Yes, sir."

"In your own name?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I've never done anything under'and. And Roberts is a common name."

"And how about money? Didn't Lucy—or er Maggie—ever ask questions about your wages and where they were going?"

"Well, Maggie did, sir, but I never tells a woman more than she ought to know. And anyway there was the tips—they couldn't know 'ow much they were. Besides I 'ad a little money put by."

"Which you didn't let on about?"

"The subject never arose, sir."

"And no trouble about letters?"

"No, sir, they wasn't likely to write when I was only away one day. No, the only real awkwardness was the 'olidays. I 'ad to do a bit of explaining about them."

"I see."

The situation was now perfectly clear. In fact it had been clear for some time. I had only asked him these latter questions to put off the necessity of giving him some advice. I don't know whether my learned colleagues would have approved of my line of thought, but this was a private conversation, and my first question was:

"Is there no hope of your keeping your job on after sixty?"

He shook his head.

"No, sir, I've tried that, but we've got to make way for younger men."

I then drew a deep breath.

"Very well then," I said, "the possibilities appear to be as follows: First of all you can throw yourself on the mercy of both your wives. From what I know about women, that is not likely to be a great success—all the more so because you appear to have been a model husband to both of them. As an alternative, you might throw yourself on the mercy of the police, and I dare say you would get off lighter that way—though it will probably mean hard labor. On the other hand if you're not prepared to stand the racket, then you must desert one or both your families, and do it quickly."

"Oh, I couldn't do that, sir," he protested.

"You'll do it compulsorily if you go to prison! And I don't feel in my own mind that you ought to go to prison."

"Nor do I, sir. After all I've never done any 'arm. In fact I've made more people 'appy than most."

"I know, Mr. Roberts, but I'm afraid that the law isn't concerned with the people you've made happy. Indeed it is unusually hard on a man if he does it in this particular way."

He nodded his head, and I added:

"I'm desperately sorry, Mr. Roberts. But you've really given me a problem in which I cannot help at all."

Slowly and sadly he then got up and shook my hand.

"That's just what I thought, sir, but I'm very much obliged to you for listening."

With that he walked unsteadily to the door. I do not know whether his reeling was due to emotion or to his being accustomed to the rocking corridors of the Flying Scotsman.

All the next year I waited for the inevitable headline in the newspapers. "Bigamist on the Sleeping Cars" or "Double Life of a Railwayman." But I never saw it, and I never had any more news of the Family Man. Another three years passed and one evening I found myself at a loose end in York, where I had gone to see an important client. Having two hours to spare before my train back to London, I went and had a look at the Minster, and I was just gazing up at the lovely rose window when I heard a familiar voice behind me.

"Dear me, I'd never 'ave thought to meet you 'ere like this, sir."

I turned round, and there he was, looking as young and as well scrubbed as ever. I shook his hand warmly; and looking reverently at the window, he continued:

"Lovely thing, ain't it, sir? I never get tired of looking at that one."

After that we walked together down one of the aisles. I wanted desperately to ask what he had been doing and how he had got over his little awkwardness; for obviously he had got over it somehow. There was a jauntiness in his step which denoted an easy mind. He was on the top of events, not under them as he had been the last time I saw him.

As we came out of the Minster and paused on the steps to put on our hats, I asked him:

"Well, Mr. Roberts, what are you doing in York?"

"This is my headquarters now, sir," he replied.

"Oh, then you did retire?"

"Yes, sir. I've got a job on the motor service now. Of course, it ain't like the railways. Don't get the same class as we used to on the sleeping cars. But the hours ain't so long. You see, we do the run north and south alternate like from 'ere. Found it funny working in the daytime after all those



years on night dooty, I can tell you. 'Owver, I was lucky to get a traveling job."

I looked at him searchingly.

"I expect you werel . . . And how about that matter—that awkwardness—you told me of?"

His face suddenly became very grave.

"That was settled for me," he answered sadly. "Maggie died. Flu. It's that Edinburgh wind wot done 'er in. Just went off like that, she did. Fair knocked up over it I was too, though I suppose it saved me from jail in a manner of speaking."

He looked desperately pathetic, and I went on.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Roberts, I'm very sorry to hear that. Still I must say that it seems to me that that was the happiest end for all concerned."

"Yes, sir," he admitted, "I suppose that's so. That's wot I've always said to myself. Not that it's much good telling yourself things when the 'eart's sick. . . . That was one reason why I 'ad to go on working. Couldn't settle down all of a sudden after that. I got it in me blood, you know, this work and traveling and looking after folks."

We walked on a few paces in silence, then I asked:

"What happened to her children when Maggie died?"

"Oh, they're all right, sir," he said, "living with their aunt, they are. I see them once a week. They're pretty well grown up now, you know, sir. Out at work, and getting on fine."

"They stayed in Edinburgh, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. They didn't seem to want to move, and I didn't ask them to. In my opinion it's safer for folks to stay in their own country."

The beautiful naïveté of this remark was charming, especially as my friend appeared to be entirely unconscious of it. After a few more paces he stopped

and pulled his gold watch from his waistcoat pocket.

"Are you going back to town to-night, sir?" he inquired.

"Yes, I am."

"Then you've got an hour and nine minutes before your train. Sixty-nine minutes exact." He carefully put the watch back in his pocket and looked at me over his glasses. "Perhaps you'd care to come along 'ome with me for a moment, sir. You've got the time, and I'd like you to meet the Missus."

This invitation shocked me just a little. It seemed unkind to switch so suddenly to the living Lucy when we had barely finished speaking of the regretted and departed Maggie. However, I realized how pleasant it must be for Mr. Roberts to be able to refer confidentially and without any private qualification to the "Missus" in the singular. Anyway I accepted. We walked slowly down two or three streets until we finally came to a little, tidy, two-storeyed, brick house, with three steps in front of it, a polished brass knocker on the door, and clean Nottingham lace curtains at the windows. As he stood aside to let me in, a cheerful buxom woman of about forty came hurrying eagerly out of the kitchen to greet him. She paused and looked disconcerted at seeing a stranger; however, Mr. Roberts promptly introduced me.

"Missus, I've brought Mr. Kirk 'ome for a dish o' tea. 'E's a gentleman wot's been a very good friend to me."

She immediately smiled and opened the door into the sitting room.

"Then you're very welcome, sir, I'm sure."

The sitting room was the grand room of the house, obviously only used for visitors. The furniture was a cheap set and rather pretentious, and the lithographs were of draped figures reclining aimlessly on marble. Everything, however, looked treasured and



well cared for, and Mr. Roberts and the "Missus" were obviously on the best of terms. She wasn't the least pretty but she was clearly a good sort, and probably a good cook and mother as well.

While the tea was being made and the best cups taken out of the cupboard, Mr. Roberts sat and talked to me. He spoke with intimate knowledge on the question of road and rail competition, and it would really have been most interesting if I had been in a mood to listen. But I wasn't. My trouble was that I couldn't remember whether this was the establishment with two boys or two girls. Naturally I wanted to make polite inquiries, but I didn't dare ask after them until I made sure which sex to ask after. All the photographs in the room were of elderly people, males with mustaches and females with brooches, and that gave me no clue at all. I might perhaps have asked Mr. Roberts, but I did not want to interrupt his discourse. Moreover, the "Missus" kept hovering round, laying the table, and I was terrified of planting the smallest seed of suspicion in her mind.

Finally when she had served us with tea, she came and sat beside us and listened with evident admiration while Mr. Roberts continued to enlighten me about road transport. They were charming together, the type of homely couple which is the very backbone of England; and I simply shuddered to think how very near disaster had come to them. One thing was certain. A microbe had solved a problem with which neither the Law nor the Prophets could have ever dealt. And I blessed the Almighty for His unusual consideration in dealing with the tangle Himself instead of leaving it in the bungling and incompetent hands of us mortals.

These private thoughts were suddenly interrupted by Mr. Roberts who, after looking at the clock, pulled his more trusted gold watch from his waistcoat pocket.

"Don't want to hurry you away, sir," he warned me. "But the trains are running on time, and if you don't want to run any risk . . ."

In spite of this warning I lingered three minutes longer, hoping against hope that the boys (or girls) would come in and answer the question in my mind. But nothing happened. In the end I had to go with my curiosity unappeased. I said good-by to the "Missus," thanked her for her hospitality, and Mr. Roberts came and walked a little way down the street to show me the way.

As we parted I congratulated him.

"Well, Mr. Roberts, you've confirmed the very good impression I've always had of you. You've had a lucky—but a well-deserved escape."

He thanked me, and I added:

"But tell me, is it the boys or the girls in this family? I couldn't ask because I'd forgotten."

For the last time he gave me the old familiar look over his glasses.

"Oh, Lucy's the mother of the boys," he said. Then after a slight pause, "But strictly speaking, sir, that ain't Lucy. She's still in London and keeping very well, I'm glad to say. And the family too. You see, when I 'ad to make York my 'eadquarters, it didn't seem 'ardly fair to ask 'er to move—with the boys apprenticed and all that. And after all I'm in London two nights a week. . . . No, sir, that's 'Ilda you've just seen. A widder she was, lost 'er 'usband with the flu the same year as I lost poor Maggie. So you see 'ow it was. She's a fine woman too. In fact, there ain't been a better wife in the 'ole world than any one of them three."



# THE BETRAYAL OF CLEVELAND

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

THE story of Cleveland is the story of a small group of acquisitive men gone mad. It is, of course, something more. It is the story of the rickety system under which we live at work in an American city. By looking at Cleveland these last dozen years one may see that grim thing which we have materialized into a living monster—the depression—actually coming to life.

We may think of the nation in those shameful twenties as a vast orchestra, tooting, cymballing, saxophonizing, and blowing away in a crashing, noisy, disordered symphony of jazz, led by a complacent *chef d'orchestre* in the White House. Gradually the orchestra got itself more and more out of tune and tempo, more and more unmanageable, rising to shocking heights of weird disharmonies, one player after another falling back exhausted with his maniacal music, but utterly unnoticed by those who remained, until the whole band sank down in one howling clamor of disintegrating jazz in 1929.

Cleveland had begun to toot fitfully upon its bassoon well before the final disaster. One of her citizens describes her plight graphically. One day in November, 1913, the city awoke to find herself buried under a blizzard. A storm had started off Newfoundland and traveled southwest. Another started off the Carolinas and traveled west. They met in Cleveland. This, the weather expert explained, produced a blizzard. This is what has

happened in Cleveland now. Two storms have met. One of them is that vast, encircling blast called the depression. The other is of more local origin. It was due to the operations of Cleveland promoters—the Van Sweringens, the Eatons, the Painters, the Nutts, the bankers, the real estate men, and the smaller fry who sowed the wind in those sunshiny days of Calvin Coolidge. They met in Cleveland in 1929. And this, may I add, is what happened to your town, wherever it is. For every village had its quota of little Insulls, its Van Sweringens, its Mitchells and Wiggins and Eatons on a small scale.

As early as 1924 a blow had fallen on that marvelous city. For Cleveland is a marvelous city. The place is solid. Wealth, strength, well-being are there—or at least once were. Its iron masters, its oil magnates, its railroad giants have kept flowing into it for decades a ceaseless stream of riches. But, for all its wealth, something had gone awry nearly a decade ago. Population rose, but real estate values fell. In 1929, when Mr. Coolidge went out of office, property values along Euclid Avenue were just half what they were when he took office. Population increased by 13 per cent; land values fell by 50 per cent. Outside the city, country land values were being cut by 24 per cent. This was but one of the surface indications of the presence of the canker in the vitals of the city. But no one paid any attention to it. A man would have been denounced as a traitor and



subversive knocker had he so much as whispered it. There were a thousand sick cities in America then. There were whole regions which were ravaged by various economic diseases. But it was the era of the booster and the promoter, and the great prophylactic for all ills was silence.

## II

To understand all this you have to be introduced to two gentlemen of Shaker Heights—Oris and Mantis Van Sweringen—the “Van Sweringen boys” as they were once affectionately called in Cleveland, though somewhat more realistic names have been applied to them since. These strange exhibits—darlings of the success sagas of the twenties—began as newsboys on the streets of Cleveland and ended by taking possession of the town as their oyster, and then dropping the oyster in the stew. How much real ability they have—where their intelligence leaves off and their brass begins—no one can say. They are mysterious. Few know them or ever see them. They have the daring of John W. Gates when they are juggling millions, but they turn shy at the approach of strangers. Through a series of audacious maneuvers they acquired an immense railroad empire, but when the grandiose Union Station and Terminal Tower building was dedicated and twenty-five hundred sat down to a splendid banquet in Cleveland to honor them, they remained away and listened to the festivities over the radio in the Shaker Heights farm.

They do not travel. They have never been to Europe. They never leave Cleveland save on business. They formulate their endless plans in the private upper reaches of their Terminal Tower and oftener still in their bachelor hideaway, the Daisy Hill Farm—the farm, some Cleveland wag explains, where schemes come true.

These shy gentlemen, nevertheless, have kept a bewildering collection of railroads, trolley systems, buildings, stores, hotels, coal companies, shipping companies, terminals, office buildings circling round in one of the most sensational juggling acts in history.

They began as real estate dealers in their early twenties; before long they had become subdividers. They made money. Then they took a tract of land on the outskirts of Cleveland which had once been settled by the Shakers; cut it up into lots, built high-class homes on it, called it Shaker Heights, and sold the product at enormous profits. But Shaker Heights was isolated. So the Van Sweringens built a rapid-transit trolley line into Cleveland to bring the denizens of Shaker Heights into town. They needed a terminal in Cleveland. The Public Square was the radial terminal point of all Cleveland trolley lines. The Nickel Plate Railroad had its terminus there. The Van Sweringens conceived the idea of bringing their trolleys into the Nickel Plate station. And thus the trouble began.

The Nickel Plate line belonged to the New York Central Railroad. But at the moment Fate decreed, through the agency of the Interstate Commerce Commission, that the New York Central should divest itself of the stock of the Nickel Plate. The Central had to sell. Why should not the Van Sweringens buy the road? And that is what they did.

The means they devised for doing this were to be the pattern for all they did later. This operation introduced them to two powerful weapons which they were to use with compelling effect. One of these was the holding company. The other was the use of other people's money in banks. It is the perfection and abuses of these two implements which have brought capitalistic America to the verge of despair.

The Van Sweringens bought the Nickel Plate for \$8,500,000 on the installment plan. They were to pay \$2,000,000 down and \$650,000 a year. But they didn't have \$2,000,000. How was the transaction to be managed?

First, they organized a holding company—the Nickel Plate Securities Corporation. The agreement to buy the Nickel Plate stock was made by that company. For the initial payment the Van Sweringens negotiated a loan of \$2,000,000 from the Guardian Trust and Savings Bank and put up the agreement as collateral.

The Nickel Plate Securities Corporation then issued \$2,075,000 of preferred stock and \$12,500,000 of common stock. The Van Sweringens sold \$1,575,000 of this preferred stock to various persons for cash. To these purchasers they gave an equal amount of common stock—\$1,575,000 of it. They subscribed to \$500,000 of the preferred themselves and got \$500,000 of common. When this was done the Nickel Plate Securities Corporation had its \$2,075,000 cash with which to take up the bank loan. The Van Sweringen associates owned \$1,575,000 of preferred and the same amount of common. The Van Sweringens themselves owned \$500,000 of preferred and the same amount of common. They owned an additional \$10,000,000 of common for which they had paid nothing. But where did they get the \$500,000? They borrowed that from the Guardian Trust Company also and put up the new stock as security. Thus they got possession and control of their first railroad—the Nickel Plate—without drawing a single dollar from their own funds. They secured not only the railroad but the terminal site for their trolley line and, as it turned out, a good many other things besides.

From this point the Van Sweringens now detoured from the more or less simple pastures of speculative real es-

tate subdividing into the troublous field of railroad finance. They went forward until they added one road after another to what was to become one of the most extensive transportation systems in the country. But the stratagem by which they acquired the Nickel Plate road continued to be the pattern for their subsequent adventures. The holding company device, now a commonplace in modern American corporate organization, plus free entry into the funds of the people of Cleveland entrusted to the city's banks, were all they needed.

In time they took over the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. That required something over seven million dollars. The purchase was made by the same Nickel Plate Securities Corporation. It had no money. But by this time the Van Sweringens had a new holding company—the Vaness Company. So the Nickel Plate borrowed the money from the Vaness Company. The Vaness Company borrowed three million of the needed funds from the Guardian Trust Company. Where the remaining four million came from I do not know, but undoubtedly from other banks.

Next the up-and-coming young real estate dealers added the Erie Railroad—that ancient plaything of Daniel Drew, Jay Gould, and Jim Fiske—to their string. They paid about \$11,200,000 for the stock that was acquired. The Vaness Company secured loans during this period from the various Cleveland banks of \$11,200,000.

Before they made an end of their expansions, the shy young Shaker Heights hermits took over the Pere Marquette and many smaller roads and then the Missouri-Pacific, carrying their standard across the continent to the coast. They owned coal companies, shipping companies, land and water terminals, hotels, trolley lines, innumerable buildings, all tied to-



gether in a series of holding companies which were in turn held by a great master holding company—the Allegheny Corporation, formed in 1929. Stocks could be passed round from one such company to another. No public authority, no accountant could follow a wandering asset if it took to meandering from one corporation to another. It was possible to hide any act which the promoters wished. Thus when they bought the Erie road, their purchase included 73,000 shares. The market value of these shares at the time was 80. But they paid 100 for them. This excessive price was not apparent, because 70,000 shares were transferred to the Nickel Plate Corporation at 80 or \$5,600,000. Then 3,000 shares were transferred to the Vaness Company at \$550 a share, or \$1,650,000.

Thus was formed that wide-spreading tangle of railroad mileage which began with a suburban subdivision and ended as one of the few great transportation systems of the country. It was so complicated that O. P. Van Sweringen himself could not keep track of it, as he testified before a Senate committee. And it was all done with the money of other people which the promoters drew out of the banks of Cleveland.

### III

These adventures in aggrandizement drew the Van Sweringens, in their operations at least, far from their beloved Cleveland. But they found time to expand their talents upon a tremendous real estate flourish at home. They secured, you will recall, the terminal site for their trolley line and a railroad or two to boot. Now they proposed to build a union station. And out of this proposal grew another dream. The Van Sweringens found themselves to be as much in need of a fitting monument as the Fisher Brothers, the Chryslers, the Wool-

worths, and other pyramid builders of that vainglorious decade. And so they projected a great tower—the Terminal Tower—in whose lofty upper stories these two lone eagles might establish their eyries. And they dreamed still another dream. What they had done out on the pastures of Shaker Heights they would do in the heart of Cleveland.

The Terminal Tower would front on the Public Square which in bygone days had been the center of Cleveland's business. But business for many years had been moving up Euclid Avenue and the Public Square was under the blight which has fallen on so much of Cleveland's downtown property. The Van Sweringens decided they would buy the lots and crumbling buildings round the Terminal and behind the station. They would recreate the Public Square as the heart of the city's commercial life. They would remake the map of Cleveland.

But this immediately precipitated war. The Van Sweringens would have to close old streets and open new ones. This required the approval of the city. The ordinances were subject to referendum. There was a hotly contested election. The Civic League fought them. The Van Sweringen plan meant disrupting all existing plans for the city's development. The League was backed by the merchants and business interests who saw their properties and their business threatened by this bold attempt to divert the stream of commerce from the settled business streets. But the Van Sweringens knew how to capture both politicians and plebs. They won the day.

Then followed that feverish and reckless development which greets the eye of the visitor to Cleveland as he leaves the railroad station. First they arranged to build the central ornament of the plan—the Terminal Tower

building. The station would occupy the space underground—for tracks, waiting rooms, and so forth. The Van Sweringens sold all the land to the Terminal Company which was to build the station and which was to belong to the three railroads interested. But they reserved the "air rights" over six and a half acres—the acres where their building was to stand. That is, they reserved the right to use this land from the ground up. The railroad companies could use it from the ground down. They sold the land, but retained the right to put up a building on it. In other words, they could sell their cake and hold on to it too. They erected their immense forty-story building—using the air above the land.

Then they began to develop the property round the Tower building. They put up three giant office buildings, they built a hotel, they sponsored other buildings. They tried to get the department stores to move down to the Square, but the merchants wisely refused. They had their properties in a section which usage and experience had developed into the business center. The Van Sweringens finally bought one of the large department stores—the Higbie Company—put up an eight-million-dollar building on the Square and moved the store there. The money for this operation was obtained from the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

In their battle to change the face of the city's business section they played another trump card and, incidentally, introduced another trick into corporate finance. They decided to get control of the city's trolley and bus lines. They could then use them to divert traffic as they pleased. But buying up trolley lines and bus lines costs money, and the Van Sweringens have always succeeded in getting things without money. These lines belonged to a single corporation—the Cleveland

Railway Company. Most of the stock belonged to old families, and much of it was in estates which were managed by the big banks. That made matters easy. The Van Sweringens, instead of buying the stock, *rented* it. Under this curious procedure, they paid \$10 a share for the privilege of holding and voting the stocks of this corporation. They guaranteed dividends at six per cent a year and took an option to buy outright in three years.

There were 300,000 shares. The rental required \$3,000,000. This they borrowed from the banks, putting up the rental agreement and option as security. They got half of it from the Guardian Trust Company. This rental agreement and option they put into the control of another holding company which they organized, called the Metropolitan Utilities, Inc. Last year that company was found to owe the banks \$4,355,000, or \$1,355,000 more than the rental value of the stock. The Metropolitan assumed the direction of the trolley and bus lines of Cleveland.

The merchants have tried for years to have cars routed through the Public Square through an underground tunnel, so that people could reach Euclid Avenue without transferring in bad weather. But the Van Sweringens paid no attention to this plea. Their intent seemingly has been to destroy Euclid Avenue. Again citizens and merchants have sought to build a subway in Cleveland, but again the Van Sweringens have opposed and defeated the plan.

Aside from the merits of all these controversies, the fact which stands out is this: that in this great city the important functions of the town were no longer devoted to the service of the population, but became merely instruments in the hands of promoters to serve their ends. Banks were no longer banks. Street cars were only inci-



dentally means of transportation. City plans, stores, office buildings, railroads were no longer directed to their primary purposes, but became only so many clubs in the bags of these promoters for playing their ambitious game.

All the time these men continued to draw more and more funds from the banks. By 1932 they and their various holding companies owed the two closed Cleveland banks over sixteen million dollars and another twenty-three million in New York and other banks.

#### IV

None of these things would have been possible to these rugged individualists without the aid of the banks and society. A rugged individualist cannot fight barehanded. He must have weapons. These he gets from the government in the form of the modern corporation charter. The government issues these financial machine guns to commercial adventurers for the asking. The ammunition for the forays is served out by the bankers from the people's funds entrusted to their care.

And so while the Van Sweringens grew and flourished, Cleveland's banks yielded to that pernicious degeneracy which has made the American banker a target for the world's scorn. The city had three outstanding banks—the Cleveland Trust Company, the Union Trust Company, the Guardian Trust Company. They dominated the banking resources of the community. They had branches in every quarter of the city. And of course they had their affiliates. The Union Trust Company had its Union Cleveland Company. The Guardian Trust Company had its Guardian Securities Corporation. With these affiliates, completely liberated from the restraints placed on banks, they could do what they liked. For example, when the Guardian

Trust Company put up its ornate and pretentious edifice it organized a corporation to own the building. Thus the New England Company came into being. But presently we find the New England Company, and, through it, the bank, in the hotel business. It bought the Hollenden Hotel. It lost a million dollars on this venture in operating expenses during a period of years. But the bank defended the investment recently on the ground that when prohibition made its exit the bank would recoup its losses at the hotel bar. It built an annex to the hotel. That annex was erected by a Cleveland building company. And one of the ranking vice-presidents of the bank was a member of the building firm. In one year the hotel company showed a deficit of \$2,000,000. But this was hidden by boosting the appraisal of the building by \$2,000,000. The bank held the note of the hotel company for over a million dollars. But it hid this loss by selling the note of the Hollenden Hotel Company, which it owned, to the New England Company, which it also owned. Thus can banks pass checks, losses, unsavory items around among their subsidiaries, if allowed to have them, and escape detection. A government examiner of the bank, after its collapse, declared that the subsidiaries of the bank had caused it losses of nearly fifteen million dollars.

It is inevitable that men who conduct business in this manner will find themselves after a while lost in a maze of conflicting responsibilities and that the ordinary guide posts of morality will become obscured. Men cannot do business on both sides of every counter without impairing their judgment and finally blunting their perceptions of right conduct. And so we find the bankers who gave out their depositors' money to the Van Sweringens and others diverting it also into their own

personal enterprises. Firms in which the president and various vice-presidents of the Guardian Trust Company were interested owed \$4,500,000 to the bank. The president of the Guardian borrowed \$18,000 from his bank without security. He borrowed \$91,000 on a mortgage on his home which was assessed for tax purposes at \$49,000. He had loans of \$68,000 in the Union Trust Company. Officers and directors borrowed not only from their own banks but from one another's banks. The directors of the Union Trust Company owed \$6,881,000 when the bank closed. Officials of the Federal Reserve Board and of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation had large loans at these banks. Millions were borrowed by the affiliates. In the Union Trust Company alone the Van Sweringens, Eaton, and Painter had loans aggregating \$24,000,000—more than the capital stock of the bank.

Millions were loaned on security of the most dubious type. Halsey, Stuart, the bankers who were prominent in the Insull transactions, had an arrangement to borrow on listed securities on a ten per cent margin and on unlisted securities on a twenty per cent margin. Loans were made to countless wild-cat corporate ventures in Cleveland, so that the defaulted portfolios of the banks resemble a commercial graveyard. Losses were hidden away in all sorts of subsidiaries.

All this was being done, not by a group of blue-sky adventurers, but by the very elect of the city. These were the men who ruled the city through the golden years, who dominated its political and social life. They were the superior men of the town. They damned politicians for their grafting. They lectured the town on its problems. They denounced bolsheviks. They themselves were the repositories of patriotism. They fulminated against what they called "destructive critics."

To some of them, Mr. Hoover turned when the nation ran upon evil days and needed advice. And yet now is it not plain that they were the real enemies of the system they pretended to guard? Some of these men were naturally good men poisoned by their contact with easy money and the bad ethics of business. But it must be recorded that many of them were that type which modern business invites to the top—acquisitive, unscrupulous men, devoured by their hunger for money, cursed with a talent for getting it. It is one of the most mortifying criticisms of our present business methods that they bring to leadership in our cities the worst type of men. High idealism, profound concern for the interests of the masses of the people, expert knowledge of the social and economic problems of the community, willingness to sacrifice one's interest to these public purposes—all these qualifications are so much dross in the making of American city leaders. The man who knows how to make money, and in the making of it knows how to use all the commercial trickery which the government puts at his disposal, is the gentleman who rises to leadership. With money he can buy fame and honors; he can buy sycophants. He can buy publicity. He can buy men to write speeches for him and to solve his other problems. He can build monuments to himself. He can buy politicians and political preferment. Cleveland bowed down before such men, and now she is paying the price of their faithlessness and her own simplicity.

## V

It is now easy to see why, as the great storm of October, 1929, struck the city of Cleveland, it brought its strength against a town whose financial structure was precarious. Immediately the promoters and the banks they had borrowed from began to tremble. These



insiders somewhat suspected their plight, but the facts were kept from the public. There had been only four examinations of the Guardian Trust Company by the State examiner in six years. The State law requires two examinations a year save in Clearing House cities, where one will suffice. This is because the Clearing House is supposed to examine the banks. But there had been no Clearing House examination of the Guardian Trust in over six years. Yet in the great lobby of the bank hung a large glass placard with the legend "Member of the Cleveland Clearing House—The Sign of Safety."

For years the government had been denouncing the little banks as unsafe and protecting the big banks which were rotten through and through. But by midsummer of 1931 the end was in sight. In July there was a devastating slump in employment. The nation sank down almost exhausted. Banks everywhere began to close. Later Mr. Hoover declared that these troubles flowed from England's abandonment of the gold standard. The shock was too much for American banks, though, oddly, it did not shatter any British banks. Of course the reason American banks began to fail was because they had been formed in the image of these Cleveland banks. The situation finally reached panic proportions, when it was met by the formation of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. And among the early rescues of that amazing institution were the Van Sweringens and the Cleveland banks they had drawn upon. Within six months of its formation nearly fifty million dollars of government funds were poured into the various Van Sweringen railroads to keep them out of receiverships, much of the money to repay bank loans. And in the end some of them had to go into the hands of receivers in spite of all the rescue

work. The Van Sweringens themselves were in desperate straits. They had a loan of nearly five million dollars in one of these Cleveland banks. The loan was to the Vaness Company and was secured by some \$6,500,000 of collateral. They needed more money and arranged for it in New York. But they needed that collateral for the new loans in New York. They went to the Cleveland bank, had the \$5,000,000 loan of the Vaness Company transferred to their own names, thus releasing the collateral. In its place they put up collateral worth about \$600,000.

Such banking could not go on forever. And the banks had to turn to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The Guardian Trust Company, with six million of Van Sweringen paper in its portfolio, got \$12,000,000 from the government. The Union Trust, with ten million of Van Sweringen paper, got \$14,000,000 from the R. F. C.

But all this was fruitless. The whole structure was so feeble that it was at the mercy of the first breeze. What came was no breeze but a blast from Michigan. Already there had been demoralizing bank failures in Toledo and Akron. Millions were being drawn from the big Detroit banks. They were hopelessly insolvent now, all their best assets pledged for the government loans. When the crash came in Detroit and the Michigan holiday was declared, Detroiters rushed for their money. A few weeks later the Cleveland banks had to suspend. And after the President closed the nation's banks, these two institutions did not reopen. I say two institutions, but each had numerous branches all over Cleveland.

They are closed now. They have inflicted a dreadful blow upon that great city. Millions in savings have been lost. But worse, millions more in

savings are gone which were put into worthless securities and equally worthless real estate bonds which these banks and their allies made possible. Millions more have been lost through the purchase of lots from the subdividers and still more millions poured into useless improvements on these subdivisions by the county. It is estimated that the county spent \$100,000,000 putting in streets, lights, sewers, sidewalks, and water for real estate subdivisions, much of which lies now untenanted and abandoned. In the last one hundred years of growth, Cleveland has not covered as many lots of ground as now lie unused as a result of these foolish adventures.

What is more, millions in taxes remain unpaid. The Van Sweringen companies owe in taxes for the current year and in back taxes over \$3,500,000. Their real estate adventure round the Public Square has cost countless millions, supplied by mortgages and bonds now in default. Taxes on much of this property are unpaid, while its promotion has cut in half the tax values of the property in the old-established Euclid Avenue section of Cleveland.

What is to be the end of all this? Perhaps I ought not close this sorry tale without offering a suggestion. All this disorder and damage is but the logical result of the notion which has guided the growth of American cities. A city is a dwelling place of men and women. Their security, their happiness, their comfort, their varied objectives all require certain services at the hands of the city. Supplying those services makes up the functions of the city's political and social and economic organization. If those functions are to be seized, under the forms of law and with the aid of the money belonging to the people, by a small group of adventurous men to be used for their own purposes, the city will suffer. Not only will it lose the benefit of those functions, but it will be victimized in many other ways. Yet this is precisely what happens. And it happens because our people look with complacency on the kind of disloyalties and betrayals by which the resources of a great city were forged into weapons for inordinately acquisitive men. I repeat here what I have observed before; that America has a job to perform in civilizing herself.





# PIONEERS HAVE CHILDREN

A STORY

BY GRIFFITH BEEMS

THE train started evenly, powerfully; the narrow platform, the negro porters, no longer burdened, returning in two's and three's, the lowering underground pillars turned past the car windows with accelerating indistinction; twenty seconds of sunlight and widening echoes, and the train on its way westward sounded into the descending fleeting tunnel beneath the Hudson River. It emerged at forty miles an hour, clacking across the Jersey salt meadows. Horace Plummer, slouched at length on the dust-green upholstery of a compartment, closed his eyes against the summer glare. He was waiting for the significance of his journey, now that he was committed to it, to become clear. He rested, heels crossed on the radiator frame underneath the windows, a commanding man with iron-gray hair, one thick-fingered hand tapping his thigh in slow time to the steely reiteration of the wheels. The gray business suit with the pencil stripe was too carefully tailored to relax with him; it strained at points and the vest parted slightly from the top of the trousers.

He had undertaken the journey certain that as the train started and he lay back in his seat, passively expectant, his purpose in returning to Amaryllis would reveal itself, clearly and satisfactorily. As he had followed the red-cap porter through the vastness of the station, the reservation which

his secretary had delivered to him an hour before train-time near to hand in his pocket, he had had a sense of action and commitment; he was conscious of himself, the image of himself, step following step, on his way westward. Now the feeling and the image were gone; nothing followed. Slowly he realized that clarification did not follow. In its stead there came over him the prospective tedium of the journey. It would be no different from any other trip, hammered monotone from the rails, grating stresses from the car trucks, raised voices, smell of hot rubber, enamel, velour, and more than all else, endurance of the slow exhaustion of time while his transportation across half a continent was accomplished.

He went back over the day, seeking for portents, recalling those who had said good-by to him, the clerk at the club that morning and after him the doorman, later at the office, Friedman, Cooper, Marvin, his secretary, the boy who carried down his grip and called the taxi; for them the trip was indistinguishable from any other. If he had been leaving for the South Seas, he thought, there would have been the same incurious deferential courtesy. Respect was like insulating material. Not one of them actually knew or was interested in him.

The bar of sunlight slanting through the windows penetrated uncomfortably warm across his ankles; he with-

drew his feet indolently. Edith at least was interested. Sorting through the papers in his inside pocket until he came to his wife's letter, he reread it:

We are all disappointed that you are not coming this week-end. John and Ted have been particularly counting on you and have worked like Trojans fixing the springboard so you won't be able to break it next time. Of course I know that you have had this trip in mind for a long time—a form of sentimental pilgrimage, isn't that what it really is? But a telegram is abrupt, and as there was time to write, a letter, really, even like the telegram only eight words long, would have been more thoughtful, Horace. The man with the telegram drove up as we finished dinner, which enabled everyone to observe that I was taken by surprise. Mother and Elizabeth and Cousin Sterling immediately wanted to know all the whys and wherefores, and when I explained as best I could, they thought you quixotic, to say the least, what with impossible weather for traveling, and Iowa in August no doubt like a furnace. You usually know your own mind, so I won't try to dissuade you from going. Do keep out of the sun. I always thought that when you visited Amaryllis you would take the boys with you. They ought to become acquainted with your side of the family as well as mine, and I certainly don't want them to become eastern snobs with a provincial outlook as you call it. They are old enough now to benefit by meeting their western cousins and experimenting with others' points of view. Don't you think you might consider taking them? Although, as you are apparently going alone, I suppose you want to go alone. We wish you a good journey and Ted and John can be ready by Friday if you want them.

The train crossed a river. The sound of the wheels resonated from the quivering bridge. Mr. Plummer's solid right hand with the letter in it fell on the seat beside him. "Sentimental pilgrimage," he thought derisively, "quixotic." Edith was too glib; her knack for words always got ahead of her judgment. He was never sentimental and he was not the sort to renounce the world and go on pilgrimages. That was certain. And this

sudden notion that the boys ought to meet his side of the family—she had forgotten that Dave was farming in Nebraska near Brokenbow; that Fred ran a garage in Eureka, South Dakota; that Carrie was dying of cancer in Texas, and that Louise was now in Santa Monica. No one living remained at Amaryllis. They were scattered westward. Only the two graves remained. Edith forgot because she was not interested in his side of the family. The Burtons sufficed her, and along with great aunts, cousins, and uncles by marriage they were enough to suffice anyone. When he thought of what Dave Plummer at fifty-six had probably become—a weatherbeaten soddy with a second wife and grandchildren on an unimproved homestead—the notion of bringing Ted and John thirteen hundred miles to meet Dave was preposterous. He could see their uneasy boyish condescension, the hand offered, elbow stiff by the side. They would probably look down on him for owing to such a stepbrother.

Mr. Plummer tore his wife's letter into strips and twice across and put the pieces in his pocket. Of course the boys were hardly to blame for their attitude. To be honest, he did not care about seeing Dave again himself. A much worse fault of their Burton upbringing was that it did not prepare them to see through charming spongers such as Uncle Anson. And there was Uncle Jefferson, living shut away in a house like a woman and stuttering in front of the dictaphone. Jefferson did not realize when he related the dictaphone anecdote, making it as long and as lively as possible, that he was confessing his own incompetence. Ted and John had to get more hard-headed business sense than the Burtons or the future would make fools of them. Lean worn headstones and modern white signpost "Burton Lane 1691"



might go on standing in Tewksbury, Connecticut, to the end of time; but the Burtons, for all their pretensions, were another matter. They were fortunate in having had him to get them out of railroads and municipals into public utilities at the right time. Edith had done the family a good turn by her marriage, and in their hearts they knew and looked up to him. The Burtons had stayed in Connecticut, the Plummers had gone west, and that was the only real difference. His own father, for instance, had been born in Marietta, Ohio, in 1849, and if running after ancestors were not such a silly business, Grandfather Plummer's movements could certainly still be traced eastward.

Outside the car windows in a flat industrialized landscape the color of metal and ashes, factory succeeded factory. Mr. Plummer, giving up surmises as to what the family, particularly Elizabeth, would be likely to say to him if he employed a genealogical researcher, began reading the large-lettered names and trademarks advertised on water tanks, chimneys, fences, and long brick buildings, grimy dark with windows. The familiar names turned idly in his mind. Behind a high woven-steel fence, topped with a barbed wire overhang, the words "Rahway Plant—American Synthetics, Inc." on a white signboard standing over the black bowls of two waiting spot lamps, started the recollection of a conversation with Corlears in the club lounge. Taking out a pocket memorandum, Mr. Plummer wrote, "Have M get details AS-DX deal through T," and gave himself up to checking through the list of his competitors in search for American Synthetics' tie-in on phenol supply. Among the factories, towns of poor houses repeated themselves. Mr. Plummer pulled his grip from underneath the seat where the redcap had

placed it and took out a magazine and a book, unbuttoned his vest, and began reading Chapter IX of *Cartels, Trusts and Combines*.

After late dinner in the dining car, Mr. Plummer walked back through the swaying train to the observation lounge. It was half full. A young woman at the writing table was dashing off a letter, smoking a cigarette, and watching herself and the speeding room behind her in the wall mirror. Mr. Plummer read and now and then listened to the conversation of a man several chairs away, apparently attorney to a liability insurance company, who complained to those on either side of him against the excessive claims, faked accidents, and perjured testimony, particularly that of doctors, with which he regularly had to deal.

When Mr. Plummer looked at his watch it was half-past ten. He took a railway folder from the rack and read the time-table. They were now in the Alleghenies, two hours east of Pittsburgh. As he turned the booklet it came open at a map, displaying the railroad as a factitiously straight heavy black line between New York and Chicago. Beyond Chicago the map was blank. Unsummoned and unexpected, there came to him remembrance of his school geography, a thin green book, each chapter embellished with scrolls and medallions showing the natives and products of the respective countries. One day with his ruler he had projected on the map a journey round the world, starting from Amaryllis, which he had located and printed large, and proceeding westward through the principal cities and wonders. He included Ceylon so as to see Adam's Footprint. Carefully he had retraced his penciling in ink. Fred Bender, when he bought the book, third- or fourth-hand by then, complained about the ink marks. He could still see the United States in buff,

the top-heavy yellowness of Siberia, and a pink Europe. If he should now draw the actual journey, the line eastward, the coil of lines around New York, the loops reaching in many directions, even to London and Berlin, it would be on the seaboard that the ink would run together and blot. But even at that moment he was projecting a line, engaged in drawing it westward, which, unlike any of the other lines, touched the beginning point, ended there, made a knot as though the loose ends of a tangled length of string had been tied together. He exclaimed at the sudden envisioning. This was the image he had sought. This was the logic of his return demonstrable upon the map. Slapping his thigh with satisfaction, he went out on the observation platform and stood by the barrier. He was knotting loose ends together.

The wind, lifting and whirling in the wake of the train, wrenched at his clothes and scurried across his skin. With one hand he held his straw hat on his head and with the other held to the polished brass of the barrier. His cigar burned fast. There was exhilaration in the cool troubled air. At his feet the clamoring railheads issued from beneath his own flying downspread shadow and as swiftly vanished in the greater shadow of the night. From flange and rail occasionally sparks flashed. The train followed along a river between mountains. Against the lesser darkness of the water now and then he discerned tipples, chimneys, a row of gondolas. The soot falling on his face made him withdraw to a chair in the lee of the platform and, lulled with swift motion, he watched the backward-soaring signal gantries mounted with discs of triple-set yellow incandescence, under whose power the trackage shone in lengthening, waving, silver-gleaming lines.

He had not thought of Fred Bender for years and years. He remembered

the chivaree after Fred's wedding, the bunch riding back in the hay rack, most of them slightly tipsy from Fred's hard cider, whanging tin pans and singing "Out of the way for old Dan Tucker" through the countryside at three o'clock in the morning. Someone dared the girls to prove they were not bowlegged, and Nellie Graves stood up to do so among whistles and cheers when a jolt of the wagon toppled her into his lap. The memory was so strong, so compelling, that by comparison the years since he had come to New York, years in which from secretary to old Colonel Donner he came to succeed him, married Edith Burton, made a name for himself, these years seemed confused, torrential. It was his earlier years that in his mind had meat and marrow. There were the stories he had told in so many lounges, over so many dinner tables—the summer he traveled round Iowa as a foot racer under changing names, while his sidekicks, Tim and Jerry Bresnahan, worked up races with various local prides and covered all bets; at Algona they met a ringer from Omaha who won by six inches and took them for three hundred dollars, the season's money; old man Shapley's advice to him when he asked to be taken into partnership in The Bazaar, that a young man was smarter to save money, get an education in bookkeeping and stenography and hike for the city than to sit down and wait for a dry goods inventory to move itself off the shelves—but these stories were staled with retelling and his imagination warmed and went on to neglected things. He remembered the farm, the house his father built the year he was born, every stick hauled sixty-five miles by wagon from Council Bluffs, the thatched sheds, boarded on the north and west, the well-windlass, the short cut to Uncle Taylor's through the slough where the bluestem grew



higher than his head, the outdoor cave full of potatoes and cabbage and brine jars of wild plums and crab apples; blindfolded he could still put his hand on the joist where the file for the spade was hidden. On one side of the house, fifty yards away on a slight rise, fenced with drooping cast-iron chains, lay his mother's grave. She had died when he was born. His stepmother had planted lilacs at the four corners of the plot; he remembered the first blossoms, irregular and sparse, that came one spring. His father never allowed anyone to break the blossoms or bring them into the house, and one of his summer chores had been keeping the grass cut with a sickle. The tombstone would be gray and old now and they were both buried there, as Ma Plummer had promised his father. He recalled Ma's letter to him at the time in which she wrote that she did not approve of having the dead buried out of reach of a church but that she believed flouting the wishes of the dead was worse. He had been too poor to return from New York for the funeral but he had paid his share for the monument, and years later, when Dave sold the farm, he took care to reserve the burying ground.

Ma was dead too, probably interred at Brokenbow, for she had been staying with Dave. He remembered her well, large, easy-going, the skin below her right eye gathered and scarred by lye from an accident in soapmaking. In the middle of the night she was shaking him awake. "Get up, Hoddie," she said, "there 're horse thieves out in the barn." His father was flat on his back with malaria. Together they went out on the back stoop. The moon had set, and the horses were stomping in the barn. Ma had the double-barreled shotgun. In her nightgown she seemed very big and he was not afraid. "Yell like a man, Hoddie," she said, "make them think

you're a man." She shot off both barrels, one after the other, and he yelled, "Get out of there, you horse thieves, you." Afterwards the family jollied him for not swearing at the thieves and he used to tell his step-brothers all the dirty cusswords he would have shouted if Ma had not been there. Ma did not like profanity because she was a Methodist. While they were lighting the lantern they heard horses going down the road. Bess and her colt were gone, but Uncle Taylor and the posse rode the thieves so hard the colt was cut loose. The colt had been afraid to ford the Nishnabotna River and was picked up grazing on the bottoms.

He remembered the Sunday they drove over to the Nishnabotna to go fishing, his father and Ma, with Louise between them, on the spring seat, and Dave, Fred, Carrie, and himself along with a ten-gallon vinegar keg half full of salt for preserving the fish jolting round together for ten miles on the straw in the wagon box. He had never before seen a river. Ma refused to go because the day was the Sabbath but she fixed them a dinner and at the last minute decided to come so as to keep everyone out of trouble. They had unhitched in Hopkins Grove. Seed squirters were scattering from the great silver maple trees. The Nishnabotna was shallow, clay-bedded, and lined with willows. Their father made jokes about it and told them that the Mississippi where he used to go fishing when he was a boy back in Dubuque was as wide as the Nishnabotna was long. Their father fished for cat while they waded farther downstream, trying to herd minnies. When the fishpole came floating by they splashed out and caught it. Their father was disgusted. He said he would be damned before he would treat a finger-length shiner as a fish and told them to fill the keg with maple

seeds rather than go home empty-handed. When they got back their father plowed furrows to the west of the house and planted the seeds. The maples came up, rows of scraggly saplings, which he thinned with the axe.

And he remembered many other things: standing in the snow to peek by turns through a crack in the schoolhouse, watching the teacher take off the black knitted tights she wore underneath her skirts in winter; his span of ponies and patent-leather dashboard when he began driving into town; Professor Garrison's elocution classes; the la-de-da silk vest he scrimped and saved for months to buy; his fight with Luke Maynard in the cow pasture where the boys had leveled off a ring; the time they put lampblack in the holy-water stoup; the poker games in the room back of Doc McKinsty's office—deliberately Mr. Plummer took from his pocket the scraps of his wife's letter. They were caught in the wind rushing from beneath the train and fluttered into the darkness, disturbed and upborne by an invisible current.

Mr. Plummer was hot. As he walked over the last rise he wiped his face with his handkerchief and, narrowing his eyes against the light, looked across the fields to the farm. Within a windbreak of trees, set well back from the road, he saw a house and a weathered red barn with silo and out-buildings. The hay mow door hung open and above the treetops the vanes of the windmill were turning. The buildings were unfamiliar. Mr. Plummer recognized the distance from the highway to the house, the worn slope from house to barn, the lay of the land—a stand of red clover grew where the slough had been and there was a straw stack in the field—but the buildings were larger, more piled together, more cluttered. Mr. Plummer

changed his coat to his other arm and walked on.

The name on the mailbox was "O. Skarstad." Standing by the farm gate, he dried his face with his handkerchief again and listened to the pigeons cooing and the creaking shuddering stroke of the windmill as it pumped water. Everything else was quiet. At one end of the bare porch the floor had sagged and rotted away from the pillar. Half-grown buff chickens were hunting through the whitetop and smartweed in the yard. As he turned the corner of the house a collie lying beside a broken blue dish got up and began barking methodically. In the back the house had an ell that ended in a woodshed. A woman in a blue percale dress came to the door and stood looking at him through the screen. On the stone step at her feet lay a hammer and pliers.

"Good morning," Mr. Plummer said, taking off his hat. "Isn't this the old Plummer place?"

"I don't know. Olas Skarstad live here."

"Are you Mrs. Skarstad?"

"Sure."

"I used to live here when I was a boy," Mr. Plummer said. "We moved away a long time ago. I happened to be in Amaryllis so I walked out to see the old place. It's changed a great deal since I was a boy."

The woman did not speak.

"Do you mind if I look round a bit, Mrs. Skarstad?"

"Sure. Go ahead," the woman said. She turned away from the door. "Tekla," she called. "Tekla." When Tekla came she stood in the door beside her mother. Mrs. Skarstad spoke to her in a language that Mr. Plummer did not understand and opened the screen and pushed Tekla out, flapping her apron at the flies.

"Tekla show you," Mrs. Skarstad said.



"Hello, Tekla," Mr. Plummer said.

Tekla stood on the stone step with one hand on the wooden spool that was nailed to the door as a knob. Tekla was about eleven. She had a clean chubby face, bobbed hair, and her faded pink dress was too large for her. She was barefoot.

"I've got a boy just a bit more than your size," Mr. Plummer said. "His name is John."

Tekla looked solemnly at Mr. Plummer. "What grade is he in?" she demanded.

"He's in fourth form."

"I'm in fifth grade next year myself," Tekla said. "I go in the bus."

Mrs. Skarstad disappeared from the doorway.

"Do you like going to school?"

"Just as soon."

"What did you do to your legs?"

"Scratches," Tekla said. "Do you want to see the barn?"

"I'd like to very much."

Tekla showed him the barn, stalls, oat bins, hay mow, silo, machinery sheds, water tank, hog pens, corncrib, and chicken house. Mr. Plummer did not recognize any of the buildings.

"What else do you want to see?"

"Do you know where the graves are, Tekla?"

"There are lots of graves in town," Tekla said. "The cemetery there is pretty. It's on a hill."

"Come with me," Mr. Plummer said, "and I'll show you."

He walked westward from the house through a grove of shady trees. Underneath the trees there were rusted cans and machinery, an overturned grindstone, and a large branch, broken by the wind, with shriveled leaves. On the far side of the grove was a barbed-wire fence and beyond it a cornfield. The corn was in tassel. It grew as far as he could see. Mr. Plummer turned and looked at the house in order to be certain of his

alignment. There was no mistake. Acres of yellowing tassels drooped in the sun. Mr. Plummer suddenly flung down his coat and, spreading the middle strand of barbed wire, crawled through the fence.

"Wait here," he said and walked into the cornfield. He walked through the rows, stooping and looking carefully up and down each row as he crossed it. The stalks were higher than his head. Green silky ears grew tightly against the stalks. Each row was like a sultry tunnel; there was yellow pollen fallen on the loam. He went on. The tassel grains clung to his perspiring face; the blades rasped his hands; his nostrils cloyed with the corn smell. As far as he could see, whichever way he searched, he found only ripening corn, he saw only myriad blades with their sharp hot shadows.

When finally he straightened and turned and looked for his direction, barely above the corn he saw the tree-tops of the grove. It came to him that these were the silver maples from the Nishnabotna bottoms.

"Wait, look out," Tekla said. "Your shirt is caught." She detached the barb. "You've got all hot."

Mr. Plummer leaned against the trunk of a maple tree, wiping his face with his sleeve. The weeds grew few and spindling under the dense trees.

"Do you think your mother would give us a drink of water, Tekla?" he said.

Tekla opened the back door and brought him into the kitchen. Mrs. Skarstad was ironing.

"He wants a drink," Tekla said.

"You get hot." Mrs. Skarstad leaned over the stove to put an iron back to heat. She detached the handle and picked up another iron. "Sit down and cool off."

Mr. Plummer sat down and laid his hat and coat beside the flyswatter on

the oilcloth-covered table. Three cleaned kerosene lamps stood in a row at the end of the table. Tekla filled the graniteware dipper from the water pail and started to bring it to him, but Mrs. Skarstad scolded at her. Mr. Plummer did not understand what she said. Tekla filled a glass with water and gave it to Mr. Plummer. Then she poured him a cup of hot coffee from the large blue coffee pot that sat at the back of the stove and brought him a piece of cake. Tekla sat down across the table from him, talking to her mother in Norwegian, and watched him eat the cake with a fork.

"Do you suppose I could telephone to Amaryllis and have a man come and get me with a car?" Mr. Plummer asked. "It's too far to walk back. Do you know a man who would drive out and get me for a dollar or two?"

Mrs. Skarstad stopped ironing and spoke to Tekla. As Tekla started out the door Mrs. Skarstad called to her and she came back. Mrs. Skarstad filled a tin pail with hot coffee and Tekla took it with her. "Harold take you," Mrs. Skarstad said to Mr. Plummer and went on ironing. "Tekla is a good girl," Mrs. Skarstad said.

"Tekla is a very good girl," Mr. Plummer said. After a pause he asked, "Have you lived here long?"

"Four years."

"Do you own the farm?"

"No." She shook out a nightshirt from the basket and began ironing it. "A man in Minneapolis has it." There was a pause. "Olas rent."

Mr. Plummer drank the hot coffee slowly. The kitchen had a low ceiling. The boards in the floor were white from scouring. At the far end lay the newly cleaned parts of an unassembled cream separator. Shelves of blue chinaware stood in the wall cupboard. Mrs. Skarstad laid the clothes on a chair as she ironed them.

Something in the room, its dimensions, the location of two of the windows, seemed familiar to Mr. Plummer.

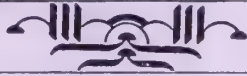
"Isn't this part of the house older than the rest?" he said, unintentionally raising his voice.

"Sure," Mr. Skarstad said and pointed with her hand. Mr. Plummer saw that the sill of the door leading into the other part of the house was six inches higher than the floor of the kitchen. He examined the kitchen. He had grown up in a two-room house. The studding which carried the siding had been unfinished on the inside. Now the walls and ceiling were plastered and papered and the floor, though worn, was not the same. At the far end of the kitchen, behind the separator parts, an open door went into the woodshed. High up in the gable end of the shed he found a small square window dirty with cobwebs. The pane was set immovably into the wall. It was the window by which his bed had lain when as a boy he slept on a platform laid across the ceiling joists. They had called the shelf under the roof an attic. Mr. Plummer came back and sat down by the table again.

"I was born in this room," Mr. Plummer said.

"Sure," Mrs. Skarstad said. "Everything changes." She lifted the stove lid and put three corncocks into the fire. After a while, Mr. Plummer heard a car starting. He watched from the door and saw Harold with Tekla beside him backing the car from the covered way in the double corncrib. Mr. Plummer thanked Mrs. Skarstad and shook hands with Tekla. Harold was sixteen and taciturn. Tekla stood on the running-board to the gate. She swung open the gate and Mr. Plummer said good-by to her again and they drove through. The floorboards shook and rattled under Mr. Plummer's feet. He did not look back at the farm.





## THE PLIGHT OF THE GERMAN INTELLECTUALS

BY ALICE HAMILTON, M.D.

THE world knows about the expulsion of Jewish professors from the German universities, the exclusion of Jewish lawyers and physicians, dentists, pharmacists from the exercise of their professions, everyone has read of the public burning of books considered un-German in spirit, but few except those who have been in Germany since Hitler's rise to power realize that these are only details in an elaborate program which Hitler and his followers have been developing for at least eight years. The attacks on individual scientists, historians, judges bulk large in the newspapers outside Germany; but though these incidents are deplorable, they are not so serious for Germany and for the world as is the revolution Hitler is bringing about in German intellectual life, in education, literature, the stage, art, music, and the public press. What he is doing seems so incredible in this day and generation and in a country which for decades dominated the scholarly world, that I find myself obliged to give chapter and verse for every statement I make on the subject. What follows, therefore, let me assure the reader, is gathered from the spoken or printed utterances of Germans.

Germany has been preëminently a land of scholars, of men devoted to accurate research on all subjects, even on some that to non-Germans seemed of trivial importance. Pure science, truth for its own sake, has been the

goal of the German scholar, and it has been Germany's boast that the brilliant discoveries in the field of applied science on which other nations have prided themselves were made possible only by the groundwork of German research. The world has admitted this. For almost a century Germany has been the land of pilgrimage for those who are seeking for true scholarship, and American universities especially were influenced by German methods up to the outbreak of the War far more than by those of any other country.

Yet now Germany is deliberately abdicating her place of leadership in the intellectual world, as she is giving public notice that from now on "intellectualism" is to be discouraged, to play only a minor role in the new Germany. Let the Leader himself speak. In his book *Mein Kampf* Hitler says that education in the new Germany must lay stress first on strong physique, second on character, and third on the intellect. Sport, defensive sport, is the most necessary part of all. "If our intellectual upper class had not been brought up in an atmosphere of culture but had been trained in boxing we should never have had the disgrace of 1918, the revolution led by deserters, cowardly and irresolute. Intellectual training does not serve in a moment when steel is needed. Our education did not produce Men but engineers, chemists, jurists, and professors. . . . A strong man of good character is of far

more value to the State than an intellectual who is physically weak. . . . Better have a company of a hundred and ninety less endowed individuals and ten outstanding men than two hundred of equal ability for it is easier to discipline the former. People never seem to realize that the strength of a political party does not by any means reside in the intelligence and intellectual independence of a large number of followers but rather in the discipline and obedience of the followers to an inspired leader. In politics as in war, blind obedience, discipline, thorough drilling, bring victory."

At the very outset of its assumption of power the new government made it plain that red blood and not gray matter were to count in awakened Germany. Early in April the new Commissar for Education, Rust, announced his educational principles, saying that "Unprejudiced, objective, scientific teaching, which is blind to the spiritual changes within the nation will no longer be tolerated. The revolutionary transformation within the intellectual classes must find its expression in the professorial study and in the lecture hall." In one of his speeches over the radio in April, Goebbels, the Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment, told us that the revolution was not a matter of the head but of the heart, and that was why the students were quicker to understand it than were the learned men; therefore, the students have a right to demand rejuvenated faculties and reformed curricula. From now on there is to be no more sterile intellectuality, no more scientific objectivity. Soon after the burning of the books, Goering spoke on the future Academy of Authors, which must be a place for German writers who keep themselves as far from an intellectualism foreign to the Race as from a hollow pacifism. And one of

the Nazi women leaders in an impassioned oration declared that "The world of bourgeois capitalism, of rationalism, liberalism, humanism is dying. A neoromantic epoch of irrationalism and mysticism returns. Intellect and reason are being dethroned in favor of emotion and instinct. Intellectualism ends in bloodless, overwrought thinking without inner experience, while spirit is tantamount to creative vision and a recognition of the essence of things."

These people are all high in authority in the new Germany; they are not simply making public speeches; they are declaring what the government is doing and what it means to do. Let us see how far it has gone on the road the new leaders have chosen.

There are two German words essential to the present regime and essential to our understanding of it. One is *Weltanschauung*, which can be made also into an adjective or joined with other words to form one of those complicated chain-words so characteristic of the German language and so convenient. The nearest we can come to it seems to be "philosophy of life" which is not the same thing. No American politician or editorial writer finds it necessary to discuss a philosophy of life, but it is impossible for Hitler and his followers to get through a single speech without using *Weltanschauung*. Another even more essential and more untranslatable word is *Gleichschaltung*, which is also a verb with a past participle. Our newspapers translate it as coördination but that carries a sense of mutuality, of coming together, and when people in Germany are "*gleichgeschaltet*" they do not meet the others half way; they are firmly pushed into the place where they belong. Germans tell me that the word is borrowed from the electrical industry, that it is used to denote switching to the same electric current.



In the early days of Hitler's ascendancy this word *Gleichschaltung* was on every tongue, sometimes in triumph, sometimes in fear, the greater because it was still vague. Here is a characteristic effusion by a loyal editorial writer. The title he uses is "*Gleichschaltung of our Spirits.*"

"In all the maze of complexities of the present situation there is one word that clears up confusion, the key to all bewilderment. It is *Gleichschaltung*. This is the test by which everything in Germany, in this historic moment, becomes acceptable or unbearable. All that has happened since January 30th, from the greatest to the least, from the most widespread alteration of the constitution to the organization of sailing clubs, all is to be explained by the *Gleichschaltung* of political, national, economic, and cultural forces which make up the great stream of our life as a people. *Gleichschaltung* in law courts and schools, in theater and press, in governing bodies and in criminal practice, in aviation, and in communal politics. *Gleichschaltung* is a strengthening of the national will through the unity of all wills. Whatever serves it serves the spirit of the German awakening, the renewal of State and nation. Whatever opposes it is a weed in the wheat field. All that happens must be subjected to this test and accepted or rejected accordingly. *Gleichschaltung* is not only a matter of practical politics and government, it must be found in the depths of the national soul. It serves the *Gleichschaltung* of the spiritual life of Germany when Marxism, like Medusa, perishes at the view of its own hideousness, and also when an Einstein reveals himself as Germany's foe. *Gleichschaltung* of the spirit, that is the word that expresses all German experience in this hour."

Hitler speaks frankly of his motive in forcing *Gleichschaltung* in every

field. He has for years told the public that to be strong a nation must be united in purpose, and this means that dissent is treason. He knows that vast numbers of adult Germans are skeptical and intellectually aloof from his thundering propaganda; but they do not really count, for he has them under strong control. It is the coming generation that counts, and he is determined to see to it that no hint of heresy shall reach their young ears. If he is to realize his ideal of a self-contained Germany composed of hard-working, peasant-soldiers, adoring and obedient, he cannot tolerate free thought and free speech. Every single statement in his daily propaganda could be challenged by an intellectual—the Aryan myth, the fantastic historical hodge-podge, the deep-laid world conspiracy of the Jews, the unrecognizable figure of Frederick the Great, the perverted accounts of the events that led up to the Armistice (an unconquered German army, a foul betrayal by the Socialists) and, last but not least, the part played by the Republican governments who tried to guide Germany during the last fourteen years. On every one of these subjects Hitler and Goebbels and other leaders make statements that are palpably lies and cruel lies, but it is on these lies that his whole program is founded, and he simply cannot permit them to be questioned.

The speeches of the Nazi leaders during my stay in Germany all preached unquestioning conformity. On June 20th Reichsstatthalter Sauckel spoke to a great meeting in Thuringia thus: "I command you to show intolerance to all that is outside our party. In the future there must be in Thuringia but one political faith. The right to this intolerance comes from the necessity for uniform thinking and acting on the part of the whole nation. There must be no more discussion over things that affect the life of the people

and the existence of the nation. With the brand of the traitor must he be marked who ventures to call in question the National Socialist Weltanschauung." On May 20th Ley, Leader of the Workers' Front, said in a speech to government employes that, while formerly they were divided in politics and in Weltanschauung, now all are one. A unity that formerly would have taken decades to accomplish has been brought about by Hitler in a few hours. (There is a poem about a heathen king and his conversion to Christianity. I cannot remember who wrote it and only these lines stick in my memory: "Choose ye, my people, to be baptized or given up to slaughter?" And the people answered with a gentle murmur, "O King, baptize us with thy holy water.")

## II

The attack on intellectualism goes hand in hand with the attack on the Jews. Again and again we are told that the Jew is intellectual, the German spiritual and idealistic, until we are driven to wonder if the achievements of the German mind which the world has so long respected were really always Jewish. Apparently Hitler thinks so, for he says, "Aryan idealism alone has produced the creative spiritual strength which, by a singular union of brutal fist and cultural genius, has been responsible for all great achievements in art and government. The Jews, on the contrary, are purely intellectual. They are altogether devoid of idealism."

On April 24th Hinkel, Commissar of the Prussian Ministry of Culture, spoke on the subject of the destructive results of Marxism and liberalism. He attacked especially the intellectuals and said that every simple Brown Shirt had done more for Germany than a hundred of the "intellectual beasts" who had presented the products of

Asiatic perverts as German art. They were the ones who called Adolf Hitler unintellectual, but it was only Hitler who made it impossible for Remarque's infamous film "All Quiet on the Western Front" to be exhibited.

Hitler is not an educated man, and perhaps it is partly his ignorance that makes him so ready to lay down the law to those who are far his superiors in this respect. He does not hesitate to condemn the generally accepted theories of education and to substitute a soldier's view. "What the German people need is self-confidence, which must be inculcated from earliest childhood. All education and training must be so planned as to give the German child the feeling that he is unquestionably superior to the children of all other races. His physical education must leave him with the conviction that his nation is unconquerable. . . . The teaching of history must be completely changed and the race question must take a dominating place. There must be a shortening of the educational course in favor of physical and character training. The groundwork of education must not be made up of materialistic subjects such as physics, chemistry, mathematics, but ideal subjects, the humanities, especially Roman and Greek history. The teaching of patriotism must be inspired by a new enthusiasm for a new Germany. Who would die in battle for a Republic?" [Possibly Horatius at the Bridge and the Lacedemonians at Thermopylæ, or even the Dutch, the French, and the American Colonists.] "Patriotism must be taught as a matter of pride of race and in such a way that each great deed or discovery will arouse in the pupil pride because the doer or discoverer belongs to his nation."

Education for the lad culminates in a year of military service, for, Hitler says, "If one asks to what the German people owes the greatest debt, the



answer is the Army. When one asks what the Army did for Germany, the answer is, everything. It was the school in which the German learned that the welfare of the nation was not to be sought in lying phrases about international brotherhood among Negroes, Germans, Chinese, French, English, etc., but in the strength and resolution of the people. The Army fostered personal courage in a cowardly world; resolution in a vacillating world; idealism, readiness to sacrifice, and unity in a class-divided State. But the greatest service of all was this—that the Army fostered devotion to a personality in opposition to the Jewish democratic worship of majorities. This was the real high school of the nation, and in the midst of a softened and effeminate people there issued from the barracks each year 350,000 young men bursting with strength who, by learning to obey, were fit to command."

The practical program for education had been worked out in detail by Hitler and his followers during the years of their struggle for power, and it was carried out with great speed. When I reached Germany early in April the Gleichschaltung of the universities was proceeding apace. Academic heads were falling right and left. In fact so great was the mortality that the spring vacation had to be prolonged until the vacant places could be filled somehow from the ranks of assistants and instructors. In Berlin the conflict between the Nazi students and the Rector was at its height. The Rector, Kohlrusch, demanded the removal of the "twelve theses against the un-German spirit" which the students had nailed up in the entrance hall of the university, theses calling for the dismissal of all non-Aryans from the faculty, declaring that Jews should be allowed to write only in Hebrew, and that Jewish intellectualism was abhorrent to Germans. The students stood firm, and Kohlrusch

resigned, on the ground that it was an attack on academic freedom; the Commissar, Rust, accepted his resignation and chose as his successor a man who declared himself to be in entire sympathy with the students' principles. This is Fischer, an anthropologist, who is convinced that race purity is both desirable for Germany and possible. Fischer was installed on May 6th at a great meeting of the new Nazi Students Union "to celebrate the victorious close of an eleven-semester fight against the Ministry of the November State." Rust, the speaker of the evening, proclaimed the day of fulfilment of the passionate longing of the younger generation for inner unity in place of division, and for this, he said, youth itself must be given the credit. The students marched forward, the professors were not at their head. The State had done what it could. It had expelled the teachers of foreign race, so that now and in the future only Aryan teachers will guide German youth. Freedom of research and free intellectual competition are of course essential for the progress of Germany, but the way to attain them is for the professors to accept seriously the will of the students as their own will. Let no one say that in driving out non-Aryan teachers they were destroying intellectual competition. There was to be no attempt at dictatorship in German education. It had simply been freed from a foreign domination. Higher education in Germany would be founded on freedom of research—but a united national Weltanschauung.

Expulsion of Jews and dissenters having been accomplished, the next thing was to announce the new program of study. In Munich on May 31st we read the report of a meeting of educators addressed by the State Director of Schools, who told them that in the new Germany politics must be the leading note in pedagogy always,

for political teaching means preparation for the battle on every front for the vital rights of the nation. "The ideals of God, Race, and Family are those that sustain the life of the people. The law of authority is higher than the law of independence and self-development, and authority must govern not only the national schools but the university and the professional schools. There must be a change of curriculum, making the nation and national ideals the center, which means that history must come into the foreground, natural sciences retire to the background."

By June 7th the Gleichschaltung of the teaching profession was complete. On that day in Magdeburg nearly ten thousand teachers, men and women representing all the teaching organizations, elected Schemm, Bavarian Minister of Culture, to the presidency of the German Teachers Union, and the Union entered as a body the National Socialist Party. In his speech on that occasion, Schemm proclaimed one people, one school, one teaching body, pledged to treat as criminal and traitor anyone who sought to disturb this harmony in the teaching profession. "The Lord God has with his unspeakable grace led us from the road to the grave which we had traveled for fourteen years to this new way and has thus confirmed our conviction that the German nation stands spiritually higher than all others and occupies a unique place in morals and ethics. . . . German teachers! March together to the goal, the training of youth to consecration to the nation, to fatherland, God, blood, race, home."

This picture of the German schools is tragic enough. The government promises intellectual freedom and the encouragement of research but in the same breath it insists on uniformity of teaching, even of thought. It gives authority into the hands of young sol-

diers and lets them expel from lecture hall and laboratory all that in their eyes savors of "Jewish intellectualism" and the critical, scientific spirit. How can scholarly work be carried on in an atmosphere in which scientific objectivity is denounced and emotional idealism exalted? As a matter of fact, I was told that no research work is possible now in German universities. To quote a professor who was still functioning when I saw him, but is now discharged: "For research one needs quiet, security, opportunity for concentration, none of which we now possess. You cannot carry on any real work with a sword of Damocles hanging over your head. Even lecturing is difficult, for a man cannot give his best to the class when he is continually haunted by the fear that some Nazi student may rise and order him to stop, accusing him of un-German ideas, as a result of which the Rector would say regretfully that, in the interests of peace and order, a resignation would be welcome. This is true even of men whose fields are far removed from politics or sociology, as, for instance, Bluntschli, who was forbidden to lecture on anatomy because someone discovered that he was a member of the League for Human Rights. Of course it is worse for those who teach the biological sciences or anthropology, history, economics, political science, ethics, or philosophy. Not one of these subjects may now be taught according to the truth as the teacher sees it, but only according to the theory of semi-educated dictators."

An old professor now retired, whom I have known for a good many years, told me that he wondered what the men teaching such subjects as anthropology, ethnology, and history would do when faced with the command to teach the fantastic theories of the Nazis with regard to the Aryan race, the Nordics, race purity. They must deliberately make the choice between in-



tellectual rectitude with financial ruin and submission with loss of self-respect. We met a young historian who was facing this choice. He had given himself a week in which to decide whether he would bow his neck to the yoke, teach history falsely according to the dictates of ignorant fanatics, or refuse and face discharge, the ruin of his career, unemployment, penury. It was a hard alternative, and I could not blame him much when I saw that he was trying to convince himself that he would do more good by staying on and "boring from within" than by making his protest. After all, a protest is not very satisfying when nobody hears it, and the newspapers are forbidden now to publish any such incidents even when they concern Jewish teachers.

### III

The new government is of course firmly set against liberalism. Such men as von Papen and Goebbels have little else in common but they are united in this: that Germany has turned her face away from the ideas of the last one hundred and fifty years and is seeking her way back to the golden days of Frederick the Great. Goebbels says repeatedly that this revolution is in absolute contrast to the French Revolution, for, while the latter was inspired by liberal ideas, the German was in conflict with such ideas. Liberalism was won by the French Revolution; it was annihilated by the German.

Von Papen puts the case with the most engaging old-fashioned simplicity in an article in *Die Woche*, written soon after the great day of Potsdam. "There has been a turn in our fate. Fourteen long and weary years of ceaseless, nerve-racking and strength-destroying conflict were needed to turn the German people from Weimar back to Potsdam. It was not the evil spirit

of Weimar that first stifled the spirit of Potsdam; no, this began earlier when the German people, following the unholy French revolution, began to chase after material things. August, 1914, saw the opening of a fight against the mechanization, collectivization, and de-spiritualization of our national life; but as hunger and privation increased during the war years, materialism again had a victory over heroism. Germany could not escape it. The people had to learn through immense suffering the incapability of the masses to govern and the need of a national leadership. The fight against the un-Prussian spirit of Weimar is part of the powerful struggle of a people for its own new birth. Without the Prussian ideal and the royal law of service to state and nation the Reich cannot be rebuilt.

"The Spirit of Potsdam, of Frederick the Great, of Prussia, is none other than this: to trust God, serve the State, love the Fatherland, and German blood, soil, race purity, and race morality, the German Spirit. Potsdam stands at the sign of the Cross and breathes the spirit of armed defense, of will to war, of honor and self-assertion. And more than human power is needed to carry out the vows solemnly made by Hindenburg and Hitler at the tomb of the great Frederick. God's help and blessing must attend this task. The 'Great Ally,' who in the hour of need never deserted Old Fritz, is to-day also our best confederate; so Forward with God."

We all know the rather imaginative writer who loves to dwell on the golden days in the South before the Civil War, or on the sterling virtues of early New England, or on the beauty of life before the machines came to destroy it, and perhaps we sympathize with him or perhaps we think him sentimental; but we do not take him very seriously. The *laudator temporis acti* has always been a familiar figure and rather a

pitiful one. But now in Germany he has suddenly seized the reins. Germans cannot smile at von Papen. He is no idle sentimentalist. He is in power and he is outlining the government's practical program.

This return to the past, this reverence for tradition, is to take place also in the medical profession. Haberling, writing in one of the medical periodicals, says: "It is necessary to remove the medical student from the influence of intellectuals whose minds range freely, if he is to be deeply rooted in the national life. He can be rescued from the spiritual homelessness of the scientific thinker only if he is brought under the influence of tradition. Adolf Hitler spoke to the medical student also when he said that all students must learn to feel deep reverence for the achievements of the past and a humble admiration for the great men of Germany's history, for German physicians, and German medical science."

Tradition, therefore, is to be the object of the medical student's admiration; it is to take the place of the impatience with the old and the passionate curiosity about the undiscovered which have always led the scientist on. The German student is to revere a Rudolf Virchow and a Robert Koch, but never to imitate their devotion to truth for its own sake. Research cannot live in an atmosphere of tradition. A very concrete and most disastrous measure aimed against scientific inquiry has been adopted only recently, namely the prohibition of animal experimentation. This means that practically all advance in the fundamental branches dealing with normal and diseased living matter comes to an end in that country which was for years in the forefront in just those fields.

The physician is told that he must be imbued with the spirit of the State. He must cease to be an individualist and to treat his patients as individuals;

for the State is supreme and the individual is of importance only as he is part of the State. He has held himself aloof from politics heretofore, but he must no longer do so or he will show himself to be un-German. Rein, writing to medical men, tells them that there have been three forms of the university: that of the Middle Ages, which was theological; then the philosophic-humanistic university of modern time, and now that of the future—the political. And in the same magazine Fryer informs physicians that the autonomy of all fields of learning has been suspended and now all must be political.

The expulsion of all Jews and radicals from the medical world was one of the very first measures put through by the Nazis. At the beginning exceptions were made in favor of men with war records or whose fathers fell in the War. But these exemptions no longer hold, at least not in the cases I know personally. Jews and half-Jews and quarter-Jews are now exiles from the German medical world. What this will mean to the progress of medical science in Germany one can guess by reading the names of those that have been thus expelled.

#### IV

The Dichter Akademie was cleansed while I was in Germany, the formal action taking place soon after the dramatic burning of the books on May 10th. It was Rust who dissolved and then reformed it, expelling the Jews, the political dissenters, the pacifists, and in general those of un-German spirit, and filling their places with loyal, patriotic, and truly Germanic writers, many of whom had not hitherto received any proper recognition. The new Academy is to be different from the old; it is to assume consciously the duty of reaching deeply



into the spiritual life of the nation and to seek out and foster talent in the young. "The authors who have been admitted to the academy are all in feeling and outlook closely bound to the nation and in sympathy with its needs and longings."

There is an enormous response on the part of the newer Academy, as shown in the press and magazines and in the books that fill the windows of the shops. Authors hardly heard of before are now rushing into print with books on the mystic swastika, sacred emblem of the Aryan race; on the Germans of Tacitus; on Herrmann and the Roman Legions; on the heroes of the Nibelungen; on the Teutonic Knights; on "Deutschthum." All this literature is ponderous and intensely solemn, for the German spirit is against irreverence, frivolity, satire. One of the newly popular authors, Waldemar Bonsel, tells us that the critical temperament is Jewish and is destructive to German thought. "The mature, over-clear, and sharply critical intellect of the Jew is much too strong and penetrating an influence on our immature people and prevents the development of our intellectual life in its own rhythm, driving it into an artificial illumination (*Aufgelicththeit*) foreign to it. The German spirit loves the deep places; it is timid, sensitive to every breath, easily robbed of its self-confidence; it needs solitude and long brooding quiet. Nothing destroys it so completely as ridicule, irreverent wit, scorn of sentimentality, the corrosive poison of the Jewish intellect, the mud that clouds the pure waters of German thought at their very source. And the danger is all the greater in that it is atmospheric, and the unsuspecting German does not realize what is responsible for his unease."

This repudiation of the critical temperament is voiced by all the orthodox papers. Ridicule is strictly forbidden,

satire cannot lift its head. At a lunch one day a lady told me that she and her husband had just finished *Ann Vickers*. "Sinclair Lewis is of course a Jew," she said. "Oh, no, he is not," I said. "Why did you think so?" "Because of his dry, bitter wit," she answered. "Really he must be a Jew, for that is characteristic of the Jewish mind." To which I could only answer that it seemed to be characteristic of the American mind also, but certainly not of the German.

I met an English Quaker in Cologne who spoke of the prevalence of mysticism in present-day Germany. "Do you mean that there are followers of the old German mystics, Tauler, Eckhart?" I asked. "Oh, no," she said. "This is quite different. This is not what we recognize as mysticism, a consciousness of the presence of God in the human soul. No, this is what the Germans call 'mysticism of the blood and of the race and of the swastika.' It is an exalted enthusiasm which has no intellectual basis, which accepts magic, miracles, and invents mythical objects for its worship." I had never encountered this in my many visits to Germany in past years but now I found that even a reader of the daily papers could not miss it; in fact, while I was there there was far less editorial writing on tough subjects like unemployment, government finance, the gold standard, than on the mystic entity known as "Deutschthum" and on the heroic figure of the Nordic, which is like no natural man, but has taken on the characteristics of a myth.

These new mystics are sometimes men of high intellectual standing. Some are theologians who reject all the wisdom of the East as Asiatic, unfit for the Nordic, since he demands a simple, uncomplicated fighting religion such as he possessed under the ancient gods. They do not explicitly reject Christianity, the New Testament, but

they come very near it, as when a writer, appealing in the name of the German Christians, calls for "a religion with a national spirit, the spirit of the Nordic Siegrune, that sign of salvation in which he has waged his war and won his political victory. We know that the way to Church unity will be full of dangers. The howlings of the outside world at the sight of the newly arisen '*Corpus mysticum Germaniae*' show what battles lie before us. Truly our ranks must be closed, as only a unified, national faith can close them."

One of the most popular of the "mystics of the blood" is Ernst Kriek, editor of a new magazine, *Die Sonne*, which is devoted to the Nordic religion. In the announcement of the first issue he tells us that everything now depends on the spiritual force of those who have true Nordic feeling. All that has sinned against the Nordic race for a thousand years (?) and especially during the last hundred years, must be abolished and the race restored to its original purity. "Therefore we who have become conscious of the Nordic at the base of our being, have come to a Nordic view of everything and, consciously and inexorably, we base our individual life and our national life upon the springs of power which belong to the Nordic Race. . . . Our struggle is to make Germans again believe in the Nordic Spirit and to permit the ordering of our life and our growth into eternity to rise again, heroic, unbowed, and great."

What are we to say to all this? That Germany has gone mad, leaders and people alike? It might be possible to think so if one never met individual Germans face to face, but when one does meet them they are, for the most part, reasonable people, like everyone else. No, it is not madness. For the leaders it is a carefully worked out plan, every detail of which was formu-

lated during the years of Hitler's struggle, a plan to lift Germany from the place of a conquered nation, subject to the will of her conquerors, to a glorious position not only of independence but of dominance. Hitler reasons that intellect is of little use to a nation bent on military success, in fact, it may be actually hampering; for a nation of soldiers cannot be a nation of thinkers. It is true that modern warfare requires scientific experts, chemists, engineers, sanitarians, and German universities will always see to it that sufficient men receive such training. But for the people at large none of this is desirable.

Hitler's program is very practical: he works for a Germany of primitive people, trained like the Spartans of old, strong, fearless, adoring the military virtues, unthinkingly obedient, but—provided with all the technic of modern scientific warfare. He sees them facing highly civilized Western nations, that are composed of many diverse elements with conflicting ideals, critical, doubting, individualistic, valuing the things of the mind rather than the "brutal fist," and he has no doubt of the outcome of a struggle between such opponents.

So much is clear, the leaders know what they are about. But the Germans themselves, do they accept this new Germany of soldiers not scholars? From my own experience of three months in Hitler's Germany I should say that the mature men and women of the educated class look on it either with doubt and distress or with utter despair. But with the young the case is different. Among them there is great enthusiasm for just this part of Hitler's program, for the revolt against reason and the exaltation of emotion, for the repudiation of modernity in literature and art, and for the unification of the nation. Young Germany has turned with disgust from many things that



characterized the post-war years—from the cult of self-expression, the over-emphasis of the individual; from the intense pre-occupation with sex; from decadence in art; from scorn of sentiment, cynicism, and irreverence; and has turned with a Puritanic zeal toward the old ascetic and patriotic ideals, quite as has Communistic youth in Russia. Along with this has come a rebellion against cold, scientific Socialism, with its economic interpretation of history and insistence on class warfare. Young Germans long for brotherhood, equality, a true Socialism, and believe that Hitler will lead them to it. They associate intellectualism with the cold doctrines they hate and with the critical spirit they fear; they respond with joy to the appeal of a warm emotionalism.

Something of this is true in every civilized land. All over the Western world there has been a swing away from a mechanistic philosophy and a new stressing of spiritual values, but in Germany only has it assumed a mili-

tant form. Only the German is ready to drive out hated doctrines by force, to fight with fists in defense of the spiritual against the material. It is here that German idealists differ from those of the rest of the world. They seek for a purification and strengthening of the spiritual life of the people; but they believe they can bring it about by ruthlessness, cruelty. Their dream of a united nation is beautiful, but they think to accomplish it by wholesale exiles and imprisonments.

The world faces to-day a Germany that has, under her new leader with his army of devoted young fanatics, abandoned reason for emotion, degraded her institutions of learning, silenced or driven out her scholars, regimented her artists, and proclaimed Sparta as her model. That there is much true idealism mingled with the stark religion of force only makes it the more formidable. But as to where the responsibility rests for Germany's surrender to the preaching of Hitler's religion, that is another story.





## R. M. S. TITANIC

BY HANSON W. BALDWIN

THE White Star liner *Titanic*, largest ship the world had ever known, sailed from Southampton on her maiden voyage to New York on April 10, 1912. The paint on her strakes was fair and bright; she was fresh from Harland and Wolff's Belfast yards, strong in the strength of her forty-six thousand tons of steel, bent, hammered, shaped and riveted through the three years of her slow birth.

There was little fuss and fanfare at her sailing; her sister-ship, the *Olympic*—slightly smaller than the *Titanic*—had been in service for some months and to her had gone the thunder of the cheers.

But the *Titanic* needed no whistling steamers or shouting crowds to call attention to her superlative qualities. Her bulk dwarfed the ships near her as longshoremen singled up her mooring lines and cast off the turns of heavy rope from the dock bollards. She was not only the largest ship afloat, but was believed to be the safest. Carlisle, her builder, had given her double bottoms and had divided her hull into sixteen water-tight compartments, which made her, men thought, unsinkable. She had been built to be and had been described as a gigantic lifeboat. Her designers' dreams of a triple-screw giant, a luxurious, floating hotel, which could speed to New York at twenty-three knots, had been carefully translated from blue prints and mold loft lines at the Belfast yards into a living reality.

The *Titanic's* sailing from South-

ampton, though quiet, was not wholly uneventful. As the liner moved slowly toward the end of her dock that April day, the surge of her passing sucked away from the quay the steamer *New York*, moored just to seaward of the *Titanic's* berth. There were sharp cracks as the manila mooring lines of the *New York* parted under the strain. The frayed ropes writhed and whistled through the air and snapped down among the waving crowd on the pier; the *New York* swung toward the *Titanic's* bow, was checked and dragged back to the dock barely in time to avert a collision. Seamen muttered, thought it an ominous start.

Past Spithead and the Isle of Wight the *Titanic* steamed. She called at Cherbourg at dusk and then laid her course for Queenstown. At 1.30 P.M. on Thursday, April 11, she stood out of Queenstown harbor, screaming gulls soaring in her wake, with 2,201 persons—men, women, and children—aboard.

Occupying the Empire bedrooms and Georgian suites of the first-class accommodations were many well-known men and women—Colonel John Jacob Astor and his young bride; Major Archibald Butt, military aide to President Taft, and his friend, Frank D. Millet, the painter; John B. Thayer, vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Charles M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada; W. T. Stead, the



English journalist; Jacques Futrelle, French novelist; H. B. Harris, theatrical manager, and Mrs. Harris; Mr. and Mrs. Isidor Straus; and J. Bruce Ismay, chairman and managing director of the White Star line.

Down in the plain wooden cabins of the steerage class were 706 immigrants to the land of promise, and trimly stowed in the great holds was a cargo valued at \$420,000: oak beams, sponges, wine, calabashes, and an odd miscellany of the common and the rare.

The *Titanic* took her departure on Fastnet Light and, heading into the night, laid her course for New York. She was due at Quarantine the following Wednesday morning.

Sunday dawned fair and clear. The *Titanic* steamed smoothly toward the west, faint streamers of brownish smoke trailing from her funnels. The purser held services in the saloon in the morning; on the steerage deck aft the immigrants were playing games and a Scotsman was puffing "The Campbells Are Coming" on his bagpipes in the midst of the uproar.

At 9 A.M. a message from the steamer *Caronia* sputtered into the wireless shack:

Captain, *Titanic*—Westbound steamers report bergs growlers and field ice in 42 degrees N. from 49 degrees to 51 degrees W. 12th April.

Compliments—

Barr.

It was cold in the afternoon; the sun was brilliant, but the *Titanic*, her screws turning over at 75 revolutions per minute, was approaching the Banks.

In the Marconi cabin Second Operator Harold Bride, ear-phones clamped on his head, was figuring accounts; he did not stop to answer when he heard MWL, Continental Morse for the nearby Leyland liner, *Californian*, calling the *Titanic*. The *Californian* had

some message about three icebergs; he didn't bother then to take it down. About 1.42 P.M. the rasping spark of those days spoke again across the water. It was the *Baltic*, calling the *Titanic*, warning her of ice on the steamer track. Bride took the message down and sent it up to the bridge. The officer-of-the-deck glanced at it; sent it to the bearded master of the *Titanic*, Captain E. C. Smith, a veteran of the White Star service. It was lunch time then; the Captain, walking along the promenade deck, saw Mr. Ismay, stopped, and handed him the message without comment. Ismay read it, stuffed it in his pocket, told two ladies about the icebergs, and resumed his walk. Later, about 7.15 P.M., the Captain requested the return of the message in order to post it in the chart room for the information of officers.

Dinner that night in the Jacobean dining room was gay. It was bitter on deck, but the night was calm and fine; the sky was moonless but studded with stars twinkling coldly in the clear air.

After dinner some of the second-class passengers gathered in the saloon, where the Reverend Mr. Carter conducted a "hymn sing-song." It was almost ten o'clock and the stewards were waiting with biscuits and coffee as the group sang:

"O, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea."

On the bridge Second Officer Lightoller—short, stocky, efficient—was relieved at ten o'clock by First Officer Murdoch. Lightoller had talked with other officers about the proximity of ice; at least five wireless ice warnings had reached the ship; lookouts had been cautioned to be alert; captains and officers expected to reach the field at any time after 9.30 P.M. At 22 knots, its speed unslackened, the *Titanic* plowed on through the night.

Lightoller left the darkened bridge

to his relief and turned in. Captain Smith went to his cabin. The steerage was long since quiet; in the first and second cabins lights were going out; voices were growing still, people were asleep. Murdoch paced back and forth on the bridge, peering out over the dark water, glancing now and then at the compass in front of Quartermaster Hichens at the wheel.

In the crow's nest, Lookout Fredrick Fleet and his partner, Leigh, gazed down at the water, still and unruffled in the dim, starlit darkness. Behind and below them the ship, a white shadow with here and there a last winking light; ahead of them a dark and silent and cold ocean.

There was a sudden clang. "Dong-dong. Dong-dong. Dong-dong. Dong!" The metal clapper of the great ship's bell struck out 11.30. Mindful of the warnings, Fleet strained his eyes, searching the darkness for the dreaded ice. But there were only the stars and the sea.

In the wireless room, where Phillips, first operator, had relieved Bride, the buzz of the *Californian's* set again crackled into the ear-phones:

*Californian*: "Say, old man, we are stuck here, surrounded by ice."

*Titanic*: "Shut up, shut up; keep out. I am talking to Cape Race; you are jamming my signals."

Then, a few minutes later—about 11.40 . . .

## II

Out of the dark she came, a vast, dim, white, monstrous shape, directly in the *Titanic's* path. For a moment Fleet doubted his eyes. But she was a deadly reality, this ghastly thing. Frantically, Fleet struck three bells—*something dead ahead*. He snatched the telephone and called the bridge:

"Iceberg! Right ahead!"

The First Officer heard but did not stop to acknowledge the message.

"Hard-a-starboard!"

Hichens strained at the wheel; the bow swung slowly to port. The monster was almost upon them now.

Murdoch leaped to the engine-room telegraph. Bells clanged. Far below in the engine-room those bells struck the first warning. Danger! The indicators on the dial faces swung round to "Stop!" Then "Full speed astern!" Frantically the engineers turned great valve wheels; answered the bridge bells. . . .

There was a slight shock, a brief scraping, a small list to port. Shell ice—slabs and chunks of it—fell on the foredeck. Slowly the *Titanic* stopped.

Captain Smith hurried out of his cabin.

"What has the ship struck?"

Murdoch answered, "An iceberg, sir. I hard-a-starboarded and reversed the engines, and I was going to hard-a-port around it, but she was too close. I could not do any more. I have closed the water-tight doors."

Fourth Officer Boxhall, other officers, the carpenter, came to the bridge. The Captain sent Boxhall and the carpenter below to ascertain the damage.

A few lights switched on in the first and second cabins; sleepy passengers peered through porthole glass; some casually asked the stewards:

"Why have we stopped?"

"I don't know, sir, but I don't suppose it is anything much."

In the smoking room a quorum of gamblers and their prey were still sitting round a poker table; the usual crowd of kibitzers looked on. They had felt the slight jar of the collision and had seen an eighty-foot ice mountain glide by the smoking room windows, but the night was calm and clear, the *Titanic* was "unsinkable"; they hadn't bothered to go on deck.



But far below, in the warren of passages on the starboard side forward, in the forward holds and boiler rooms, men could see that the *Titanic's* hurt was mortal. In No. 6 boiler room, where the red glow from the furnaces lighted up the naked, sweaty chests of coal-blackened firemen, water was pouring through a great gash about two feet above the floor plates. This was no slow leak; the ship was open to the sea; in ten minutes there were eight feet of water in No. 6. Long before then the stokers had raked the flaming fires out of the furnaces and had scrambled through the watertight doors into No. 5 or had climbed up the long steel ladders to safety. When Boxhall looked at the mailroom in No. 3 hold, twenty-four feet above the keel, the mailbags were already floating about in the slushing water. In No. 5 boiler room a stream of water spurted into an empty bunker. All six compartments forward of No. 4 were open to the sea; in ten seconds the iceberg's jagged claw had ripped a three-hundred-foot slash in the bottom of the great *Titanic*.

Reports came to the bridge; Ismay in dressing gown ran out on deck in the cold, still, starlit night, climbed up the bridge ladder.

"What has happened?"

Captain Smith: "We have struck ice."

"Do you think she is seriously damaged?"

Captain Smith: "I'm afraid she is."

Ismay went below and passed Chief Engineer William Bell fresh from an inspection of the damaged compartments. Bell corroborated the Captain's statement; hurried back down the glistening steel ladders to his duty. Man after man followed him—Thomas Andrews, one of the ship's designers, Archie Frost, the builder's chief engineer, and his twenty assistants—men who had no posts of duty in the engine-

room but whose traditions called them there.

On deck, in corridor and stateroom, life flowed again. Men, women and children awoke and questioned; orders were given to uncover the lifeboats; water rose into the firemen's quarters; half-dressed stokers streamed up on deck. But the passengers—most of them—did not know that the *Titanic* was sinking. The shock of the collision had been so slight that some were not awakened by it; the *Titanic* was so huge that she must be unsinkable; the night was too calm, too beautiful, to think of death at sea.

Captain Smith half ran to the door of the radio shack. Bride, partly dressed, eyes dulled with sleep, was standing behind Phillips, waiting.

"Send the call for assistance."

The blue spark danced: "CQD—CQD—CQD—CQD—"

Miles away Marconi men heard. Cape Race heard it, and the steamships *La Provence* and *Mt. Temple*.

The sea was surging into the *Titanic's* hold. At 12.20 the water burst into the seamen's quarters through a collapsed fore and aft wooden bulkhead. Pumps strained in the engine-rooms—men and machinery making a futile fight against the sea. Steadily the water rose.

The boats were swung out—slowly; for the deckhands were late in reaching their stations, there had been no boat drill, and many of the crew did not know to what boats they were assigned. Orders were shouted; the safety valves had lifted, and steam was blowing off in a great rushing roar. In the chart house Fourth Officer Boxhall bent above a chart, working rapidly with pencil and dividers.

12.25 A.M. Boxhall's position is sent out to a fleet of vessels: "Come at once; we have struck a berg."

To the Cunarder *Carpathia* (Arthur Henry Rostron, Master, New York to

Liverpool, fifty-eight miles away): "It's a CQD, old man. Position 41-46 N.; 50-14 W."

The blue spark dancing: "Sinking; cannot hear for noise of steam."

12.30 A.M. The word is passed: "Women and children in the boats." Stewards finish waking their passengers below; life-preservers are tied on; some men smile at the precaution. "The *Titanic* is unsinkable." The *Mt. Temple* starts for the *Titanic*; the *Carpathia*, with a double-watch in her stokeholds, radios, "Coming hard." The CQD changes the course of many ships—but not of one; the operator of the *Californian*, nearby, has just put down his ear-phones and turned in.

The CQD flashes over land and sea from Cape Race to New York; newspaper city rooms leap to life and presses whirl.

On the *Titanic*, water creeps over the bulkhead between Nos. 5 and 6 firerooms. She is going down by the head; the engineers—fighting a losing battle—are forced back foot by foot by the rising water. Down the promenade deck, Happy Jock Hume, the bandsman, runs with his instrument.

12.45 A.M. Murdoch, in charge on the starboard side, eyes tragic, but calm and cool, orders boat No. 7 lowered. The women hang back; they want no boat-ride on an ice-strewn sea; the *Titanic* is unsinkable. The men encourage them, explain that this is just a precautionary measure: "We'll see you again at breakfast." There is little confusion; passengers stream slowly to the boat deck. In the steerage the immigrants chatter excitedly.

A sudden sharp hiss—a streaked flare against the night; Boxhall sends a rocket toward the sky. It explodes, and a parachute of white stars lights up the icy sea. "God! Rockets!" The band plays ragtime.

No. 8 is lowered, and No. 5. Ismay, still in dressing gown, calls for women

and children, handles lines, stumbles in the way of an officer, is told to "get the hell out of here." Third Officer Pitman takes charge of No. 5; as he swings into the boat Murdoch grasps his hand. "Good-by and good luck, old man."

No. 6 goes over the side. There are only twenty-eight people in a lifeboat with a capacity of sixty-five.

A light stabs from the bridge; Boxhall is calling in Morse flashes, again and again, to a strange ship stopped in the ice jam five to ten miles away. Another rocket drops its shower of sparks above the ice-strewn sea and the dying ship.

1.00 A.M. Slowly the water creeps higher; the fore ports of the *Titanic* are dipping into the sea. Rope squeaks through blocks; lifeboats drop jerkily seaward. Through the shouting on the decks comes the sound of the band playing ragtime.

The "Millionaires' Special" leaves the ship—boat No. 1, with a capacity of forty people, carries only Sir Cosmo and Lady Duff Gordon and ten others. Aft, the frightened immigrants mill and jostle and rush for a boat. An officer's fist flies out; three shots are fired in the air, and the panic is quelled. . . . Four Chinese sneak unseen into a boat and hide in its bottom.

1.20 A.M. Water is coming into No. 4 boiler room. Stokers slice and shovel as water laps about their ankles—steam for the dynamos, steam for the dancing spark! As the water rises, great ash hoes rake the flaming coals from the furnaces. Safety valves pop; the stokers retreat aft, and the water-tight doors clang shut behind them.

The rockets fling their splendor toward the stars. The boats are more heavily loaded now, for the passengers know the *Titanic* is sinking. Women cling and sob. The great screws aft are rising clear of the sea. Half-filled boats are ordered to come alongside the cargo ports and take on more pas-



sengers, but the ports are never opened—and the boats are never filled. Others pull for the steamer's light miles away but never reach it; the lights disappear, the unknown ship steams off.

The water rises and the band plays ragtime.

1.30 A.M. Lightoller is getting the port boats off; Murdoch the starboard. As one boat is lowered into the sea a boat officer fires his gun along the ship's side to stop a rush from the lower decks. A woman tries to take her Great Dane into a boat with her; she is refused and steps out of the boat to die with her dog. Millet's "little smile which played on his lips all through the voyage" plays no more; his lips are grim, but he waves good-by and brings wraps for the women.

Benjamin Guggenheim, in evening clothes, smiles and says, "We've dressed up in our best and are prepared to go down like gentlemen."

1.40 A.M. Boat 14 is clear, and then 13, 16, 15 and C. The lights still shine, but the *Baltic* hears the blue spark say, "Engine-room getting flooded."

The *Olympic* signals, "Am lighting up all possible boilers as fast as can."

Major Butt helps women into the last boats and waves good-by to them. Mrs. Straus puts her foot on the gunwale of a lifeboat, then she draws back and goes to her husband: "We have been together many years; where you go I will go." Colonel John Jacob Astor puts his young wife in a lifeboat, steps back, taps cigarette on fingernail: "Good-by, dearie; I'll join you later."

1.45 A.M. The foredeck is under water, the fo'c'sle head almost awash; the great stern is lifted high toward the bright stars; and still the band plays. Mr. and Mrs. Harris approach a lifeboat arm in arm.

Officer: "Ladies first, please."

Harris bows, smiles, steps back: "Of course, certainly; ladies first."

Boxhall fires the last rocket, then leaves in charge of boat No. 2.

2.00 A.M. She is dying now; her bow goes deeper, her stern higher. But there must be steam. Below in the stokeholds the sweaty firemen keep steam up for the flaring lights and the dancing spark. The glowing coals slide and tumble over the slanted grate bars; the sea pounds behind that yielding bulkhead. But the spark dances on.

The *Asian* hears Phillips try the new signal—SOS.

Boat No. 4 has left now; boat D leaves ten minutes later. Jacques Futrelle clasps his wife: "For God's sake, go! It's your last chance; go!" Madame Futrelle is half-forced into the boat. It clears the side.

There are about 660 people in the boats, and 1,500 still on the sinking *Titanic*.

On top of the officers' quarters men work frantically to get the two collapsibles stowed there over the side. Water is over the forward part of A deck now; it surges up the companionways toward the boat deck. In the radio shack, Bride has slipped a coat and lifejacket about Phillips as the first operator sits hunched over his key, sending—still sending—"41-46 N.; 50-14 W. CQD-CQD-SOS-SOS—"

The captain's tired white face appears at the radio-room door: "Men, you have done your full duty. You can do no more. Now, it's every man for himself." The captain disappears—back to his sinking bridge, where Painter, his personal steward, stands quietly waiting for orders. The spark dances on. Bride turns his back and goes into the inner cabin. As he does so, a stoker, grimed with coal, mad with fear, steals into the shack and reaches for the lifejacket on Phillips' back. Bride wheels about and brains him with a wrench.

2.10 A.M. Below decks the steam is

still holding, though the pressure is falling—rapidly. In the gymnasium on the boat deck the athletic instructor watches quietly as two gentlemen ride the bicycles and another swings casually at the punching bag. Mail clerks stagger up the boat-deck stairways, dragging soaked mail sacks. The spark still dances. The band still plays—but not ragtime:

"Nearer my God to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee . . ."

A few men take up the refrain; others kneel on the slanting decks to pray. Many run and scramble aft, where hundreds are clinging above the silent screws on the great uptilted stern. The spark still dances and the lights still flare; the engineers are on the job. The hymn comes to its close. Bandmaster Hartley, Yorkshireman violinist, taps his bow against a bulkhead, calls for "Autumn" as the water curls about his feet, and the eight musicians brace themselves against the ship's slant. People are leaping from the decks into the nearby water—the icy water. A woman cries, "Oh, save me, save me!" A man answers, "Good lady, save yourself. Only God can save you now." The band plays "Autumn":

"God of Mercy and Compassion!  
Look with pity on my pain . . ."

The water creeps over the bridge where the *Titanic's* master stands; heavily he steps out to meet it.

2.17 A.M. "CQ—" The *Virginian* hears a ragged, blurred CQ, then an abrupt stop. The blue spark dances no more. The lights flicker out; the engineers have lost their battle.

2.18 A.M. Men run about blackened decks; leap into the night; are swept into the sea by the curling wave which licks up the *Titanic's* length. Lightoller does not leave the ship; the ship leaves him; there are hundreds like him, but only a few who live to

tell of it. The funnels still swim above the water, but the ship is climbing to the perpendicular; the bridge is under and most of the foremast; the great stern rises like a squat leviathan. Men swim away from the sinking ship; others drop from the stern.

The band plays in the darkness, the water lapping upwards:

"Hold me up in mighty waters,  
Keep my eyes on things above,  
Righteousness, divine atonement,  
Peace and everlas . . ."

The forward funnel snaps and crashes into the sea; its steel tons hammer out of existence swimmers struggling in the freezing water. Streams of sparks, of smoke and steam, burst from the after funnels. The ship upends to 50—to 60 degrees.

Down in the black abyss of the stokeholds, of the engine-rooms, where the dynamos have whirled at long last to a stop, the stokers and the engineers are reeling against hot metal, the rising water clutching at their knees. The boilers, the engine cylinders, rip from their bed plates; crash through bulkheads; rumble—steel against steel.

The *Titanic* stands on end, poised briefly for the plunge. Slowly she slides to her grave—slowly at first, and then more quickly—quickly—quickly.

2.20 A.M. The greatest ship in the world has sunk. From the calm, dark waters, where the floating lifeboats move, there goes up, in the white wake of her passing, "one long continuous moan."

### III

The boats that the *Titanic* had launched pulled safely away from the slight suction of the sinking ship, pulled away from the screams that came from the lips of the freezing men and women in the water. The boats were poorly manned and badly equipped, and they had been unevenly loaded. Some carried so few seamen



that women bent to the oars. Mrs. Astor tugged at an oar handle; the Countess of Rothes took a tiller. Shivering stokers in sweaty, coal-blackened singlets and light trousers steered in some boats; stewards in white coats rowed in others. Ismay was in the last boat that left the ship from the starboard side; with Mr. Carter of Philadelphia and two seamen he tugged at the oars. In one of the lifeboats an Italian with a broken wrist—disguised in a woman's shawl and hat—huddled on the floor boards, ashamed now that fear had left him. In another rode the only baggage saved from the *Titanic*—the carry-all of Samuel L. Goldenberg, one of the rescued passengers.

There were only a few boats that were heavily loaded; most of those that were half empty made but perfunctory efforts to pick up the moaning swimmers, their officers and crew fearing they would endanger the living if they pulled back into the midst of the dying. Some boats beat off the freezing victims; fear-crazed men and women struck with oars at the heads of swimmers. One woman drove her fist into the face of a half-dead man as he tried feebly to climb over the gunwale. Two other women helped him in and stanchd the flow of blood from the ring-cuts on his face.

One of the collapsible boats, which had floated off the top of the officers' quarters when the *Titanic* sank, was an icy haven for thirty or forty men. The boat had capsized as the ship sank; men swam to it, clung to it, climbed upon its slippery bottom, stood knee-deep in water in the freezing air. Chunks of ice swirled about their legs; their soaked clothing clutched their bodies in icy folds. Colonel Archibald Gracie was cast up there, Gracie who had leaped from the stern as the *Titanic* sank; young Thayer who had seen his father die; Lightoller who had twice been sucked down with the ship

and twice blown to the surface by a belch of air; Bride, the second operator, and Phillips, the first. There were many stokers, half-naked; it was a shivering company. They stood there in the icy sea, under the far stars, and sang and prayed—the Lord's Prayer. After a while a lifeboat came and picked them off, but Phillips was dead then or died soon afterward in the boat.

Only a few of the boats had lights; only one—No. 2—had a light that was of any use to the *Carpathia*, twisting through the ice-field to the rescue. Other ships were "coming hard" too; one, the *Californian*, was still dead to opportunity.

The blue sparks still danced, but not the *Titanic's*. *La Provence to Celtic*: "Nobody has heard the *Titanic* for about two hours."

It was 2.40 when the *Carpathia* first sighted the green light from No. 2 boat; it was 4.10 when she picked up the first boat and learned that the *Titanic* had foundered. The last of the moaning cries had just died away then.

Captain Rostron took the survivors aboard, boatload by boatload. He was ready for them, but only a small minority of them required much medical attention. Bride's feet were twisted and frozen; others were suffering from exposure; one died, and seven were dead when taken from the boats, and were buried at sea.

It was then that the fleet of racing ships learned they were too late; the *Parisian* heard the weak signals of *MPA*, the *Carpathia*, report the death of the *Titanic*. It was then—or soon afterward, when her radio operator put on his ear-phones—that the *Californian*, the ship that had been within sight as the *Titanic* was sinking, first learned of the disaster.

And it was then, in all its white-green majesty, that the *Titanic's* survivors saw the iceberg, tinted with the

sunrise, floating idly, pack-ice jammed about its base, other bergs heaving slowly nearby on the blue breast of the sea.

#### IV

But it was not until later that the world knew, for wireless then was not what wireless is to-day, and garbled messages had nourished a hope that all of the *Titanic's* company were safe. Not until Monday evening, when P. A. S. Franklin, Vice-President of the International Mercantile Marine Company, received relayed messages in New York that left little hope, did the full extent of the disaster begin to be known. Partial and garbled lists of the survivors; rumors of heroism and cowardice; stories spun out of newspaper imagination, based on a few bare facts and many false reports, misled the world, terrified and frightened it. It was not until Thursday night, when the *Carpathia* steamed into the North River, that the full truth was pieced together.

Flashlights flared on the black river when the *Carpathia* stood up to her dock. Tugs nosed about her; shunted her toward Pier 54. Thirty thousand people jammed the streets; ambulances and stretchers stood on the pier; coroners and physicians waited.

In mid-stream the Cunarder dropped over the *Titanic's* lifeboats; then she headed toward the dock. Beneath the customs letters on the pier stood relatives of the 711 survivors, relatives of the missing—hoping against hope. The *Carpathia* cast her lines ashore; stevedores looped them over bollards. The dense throngs stood quiet as the first survivor stepped down the gangway. The woman half-staggered—led by customs guards—beneath her letter. A "low wailing" moan came from the crowd; fell, grew in volume, and dropped again.

Thus ended the maiden voyage of the *Titanic*. The lifeboats brought to New York by the *Carpathia*, a few deck chairs and gratings awash in the ice-field off the Grand Banks 800 miles from shore, were all that was left of the world's greatest ship.

#### V

The aftermath of weeping and regret, of recriminations and investigations, dragged on for weeks. Charges and countercharges were hurled about; the White Star line was bitterly criticized; Ismay was denounced on the floor of the Senate as a coward, but was defended by those who had been with him on the sinking *Titanic* and by the Board of Trade investigation in England.

It was not until weeks later, when the hastily convened Senate investigation in the United States and the Board of Trade report in England had been completed, that the whole story was told. The Senate investigating committee, under the chairmanship of Senator Smith, who was attacked in both the American and British press as a "backwoods politician," brought out numerous pertinent facts, though its proceedings verged at times on the farcical. Senator Smith was ridiculed for his lack of knowledge of the sea when he asked witnesses, "Of what is an iceberg composed?" and "Did any of the passengers take refuge in the water-tight compartments?" The Senator seemed particularly interested in the marital status of Fleet, the lookout, who was saved. Fleet, puzzled, growled aside, "Wot questions they're arskin' me!"

The report of Lord Mersey, Wreck Commissioner in the British Board of Trade's investigation, was tersely damning.

The *Titanic* had carried boats enough for 1,178 persons, only one-



third of her capacity. Her sixteen boats and four collapsibles had saved but 711 persons; 400 people had needlessly lost their lives. The boats had been but partly loaded; officers in charge of launching them had been afraid the falls would break or the boats buckle under their rated loads; boat crews had been slow in reaching their stations; launching arrangements were confused because no boat drill had been held; passengers were loaded into the boats haphazardly because no boat assignments had been made.

But that was not all. Lord Mersey found that sufficient warnings of ice on the steamer track had reached the *Titanic*, that her speed of 22 knots was "excessive under the circumstances," that "in view of the high speed at which the vessel was running it is not considered that the lookout was sufficient," and that her master made "a very grievous mistake"—but should not be blamed for negligence. Captain

Rostron of the *Carpathia* was highly praised. "He did the very best that could be done." The *Californian* was damned. The testimony of her master, officers, and crew showed that she was not, at the most, more than nineteen miles away from the sinking *Titanic* and probably no more than five to ten miles distant. She had seen the *Titanic's* lights; she had seen the rockets; she had not received the CQD calls because her radio operator was asleep. She had attempted to get in communication with the ship she had sighted by flashing a light, but vainly.

"The night was clear," reported Lord Mersey, "and the sea was smooth. When she first saw the rockets the *Californian* could have pushed through the ice to the open water without any serious risk and so have come to the assistance of the *Titanic*. Had she done so she might have saved many if not all of the lives that were lost.

"She made no attempt."





## IN SEARCH OF THE NRA

BY GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

*Yet our distress comes from no failure of substance. We are stricken by no plague of locusts. Compared with the perils which our forefathers conquered because they believed and were not afraid, we have still much to be thankful for. Nature still offers her bounty and human efforts have multiplied it. Plenty is at our doorstep, but a generous use of it languishes in the very sight of the supply.*

*Primarily, this is because the rulers of the exchange of mankind's goods have failed through their own stubbornness and their own incompetence, have admitted their failure and abdicated. Practices of the unscrupulous money changers stand indicted in the court of public opinion, rejected by the hearts and minds of men. . . . Stripped of the lure of profit by which to induce our people to follow their false leadership, they have resorted to exhortations, pleading tearfully for restored confidence. They know only the rules of a generation of self-seekers. They have no vision, and where there is no vision the people perish.*

*. . . We are, I know, ready and willing to submit our lives and property to such discipline because it makes possible a leadership which aims at a larger good.*

WHEN President Roosevelt on the 4th of March spoke these words, clothed in the Scriptural phraseology that the fathers loved so well, the New Deal began. Millions of persons, taking those simple and direct words at their face value, regarded the inaugural speech as a solemn promise. Millions of those persons had no jobs and had had none for two or three years; millions of others had taken one pay cut after another and lived in daily fear of losing the jobs they had. They knew

of the destruction and abandonment of food and cotton and all the gear of life; they knew that there had been and still was cheating in high places, for the papers were full of it. The jobless man felt that it was strange and wrong that the richest in the land could manipulate their affairs to avoid an income tax at the very moment when others faced slow death by starvation, and God knows the jobless man was quite right. He might not be able to diagram his condition or understand a blue print of the economic state of the nation, but one thing he knew, and that was that he could not get a job, though he try ever so hard, and he also knew that there were persons in the United States who, at that very moment, could maintain princely residences and live in luxury. He knew that something was wrong, and there is no argument, no legal technicality however adroit, no dispassionate view, no blue print, no statistical table, no patter of economic law nor any proverb or wise saw that can get round the hard and bitter nub of the truth that this jobless man knew. He had elected Franklin Roosevelt President of the United States in the desperate hope that he would do something about it.

In the days following the Inaugural a dazed and obedient Congress assented to a mass of legislation designed to help the President do it. On the 16th of June the President approved the National Industrial Recovery Act and issued the executive order creating the



National Recovery Administration. "It seems to me," said the President, "that no business which depends for existence on paying less than living wages to its workers has any right to continue in this country" and "the challenge of this law is whether we can sink selfish interest and present a solid front against a common peril."

Just what has happened to this challenge; how is the new discipline working and how does it affect people? What has happened to them and what do they say and feel about the NRA? This article is the result of a trip made through four States. In this trip samples were taken at random in towns ranging from small manufacturing centers up to larger cities of a hundred thousand or more. No pretense is made at statistical exactitude. In these towns the bucket was let down at intervals and then hauled up again to see what was in it. In the course of the trip—in addition to NRA officials, Chamber of Commerce secretaries, and citizens generally—employers and workers were picked indiscriminately. Employers were questioned in their offices, on the streets, in factories and stores. Workers were found at home or at work or on the streets at night or in corner saloons. The sole intention was to find out what the feeling of people in these places was and to discover what conclusions could be drawn from the findings.

On the basis of these inquiries the following conclusions appear to be true:

The spirit and intent of the National Industrial Recovery Act and the codes are being frustrated, openly and in secret.

The codes are generally being violated, ignored, and evaded.

The intent to raise wages is being defeated.

The speed-up—in attempts to get round code restrictions—is being used to get the most for the least from workers.

The fear that any wage set as a minimum would become instead a maximum was well

founded, for that is exactly what is happening.

The provisions for collective bargaining and for independent organization—as opposed to company unions—are for the most part either ignored or quietly hamstrung.

Labor has little strength or influence in enforcement and its representatives are frequently compromised with the employer class.

The worker's early confidence in Roosevelt and the New Deal has been smashed and he is now afraid of the NRA and regards it as a threat to his freedom and his welfare.

Local compliance boards and NRA officials are lax and ineffectual and are either afraid of the employer or are entirely in sympathy with the desire for outright business control.

At rare intervals cases of honest observance of the spirit and letter of the codes may be found. Such instances would appear to be the exception.

Any supposition that business intends to "govern itself" in the spirit of the New Deal is preposterous. The profit motive is still solidly in the saddle.

## II

The American has long been admired for his ingenuity, his skill in getting round difficulties, and his willingness to try, try again. How doleful it would be to find that the copy-book maxims had lost their power in this day of the Blue Eagle. The reader has no cause for alarm. The traditional shrewdness shown by the steel-car builder who said that in running his factory he was "always on the lookout for somebody to fire" is yet vigorously alive to deal with the NRA. Many people hoped that the rugged individualism which knew how to rig the market and diddle the consumer had gone out with the Hoover administration. It is still happily with us. America, which mastered the art of paying off the racketeer's agent with the left hand and subscribing to the Red Cross with the right, has now found a higher calling in the task of scuttling the New Deal. General Johnson has said: "Self-

regulation under government supervision need not interfere in the slightest degree with such dearly held American institutions as individualism, competition, and liberty of speech and action." Truer words were never spoken. We are reassured by the report that a factory is dodging the 40-hour code provision by posting a large sign announcing that the plant works 39 hours and 59 minutes in one week. Our capacity for dishonesty remains undiminished.

A series of incidents from one locality will illustrate the gentle art of ignoring a code altogether. The vice-president of a large corporation told the author with great gusto how a local barber had hurried to sign the Blanket Code—the popular label applied to the President's Reemployment Agreement—and at once had hung out his Blue Eagle. Thereafter he had neither raised his assistant's pay nor cut his hours. The barber was horrified when a townsman jocularly told him that he was risking a daily fine of five hundred dollars and a term of imprisonment, but was reassured when he was told that no other employer in town was paying any attention to the code either, and that he might consider himself quite safe.

After relating this anecdote, the vice-president carefully closed his office door and explained to the writer why his firm had never signed the Blanket Code at all. It was contrary, he said, to their principles.

No less interesting was the case of a nearby contractor who had signed the Blanket Code to show his patriotism, even though the President was not a Republican. This contractor had reduced the hours of the two girls in his office. Had he raised pay or cut hours in the case of the rest of his hundred employees? "Naw," he said, "I need men at all sorts of different hours and I pay 'em what seems best."

These are examples of the NRA as a

dead letter. Violations frequently require a more complicated procedure, and the garment industry offers admirable illustration. Shirts and various other articles of clothing—typical sweat-shop products—are manufactured in a number of the New Jersey and Pennsylvania towns visited. The labor employed is native but ownership is not. Conditions in these industries have been frightful and under the NRA often still are. The writer was shown a list of girls whose pay and hours have been manipulated into a semblance of code observance, whereas the girls had actually been plundered without mercy. One girl, for example, does work known as "running the pocket," an operation involving the stitching of the pocket top. Under the code in effect at the time of writing, this girl must work no more than forty hours in a single week and must receive a minimum weekly wage of \$13, or \$2.60 a day, for a five-day week, or thirty-two and a half cents an hour. But she is not paid by the week, day, or hour. She is paid three-quarters of a cent for running the pockets on a dozen shirts. In order to earn \$2.60 in a single day she must run the pockets on four thousand, one hundred and sixty shirts! To accomplish this appalling task the girl must work at a break-neck pace known as the "speed-up"—a label that conveniently covers some of the most ghastly practices of exploitation in American industry. Let us suppose that this girl has run the pockets on her four thousand, one hundred and sixty shirts a day for five days. For that week she should receive \$13. But does she? Not in this factory. She is forced to sign a form or otherwise admit that in the two weeks since the last pay day she has not worked eighty hours, but sixty-eight, with a loss in pay of twelve hours. Twenty-six dollars were due her for two weeks' work and she actually receives \$22.10. The list of girls work-



ing at various shirt operations showed fortnightly dockings of from four up to fifteen and thirty hours.

A shirt worker in another town told the writer that if his earnings at the dozen rate reached ten dollars a week, he was paid thirty cents extra on each dollar. This total of \$3 added to his other earnings made the \$13 minimum weekly wage required by the code. On the other hand, if his earnings at the dozen rate did not total \$10, then the extra pay was cut. To this ingenious method of code gutting was added still another in the case of girl operatives. When a fast worker's pay began to approach the ten-dollar mark she would be told that there was no more work available and that she would have to go home for the rest of the week.

Sometimes these shell game moves are frankly abandoned for the shotgun method. The writer was told of a rayon worker who got \$3.01 for a six-day week's work, a cement packer who got \$6, and a clerk in a clothing store who also received \$6 a week and was threatened with instant discharge if he complained. Such examples indicate that the tactics of the employer and the holdup man are not incompatible.

### III

The reader may recall that after the President's Reemployment Agreement was approved there subsequently appeared a series of official interpretations. Here are two of them:

The signatory agrees "not to reduce the compensation for employment now in excess of the minimum wages hereby agreed to (notwithstanding that the hours worked in such employment may be hereby reduced) and to increase the pay for such employment by an equitable readjustment of all pay schedules."

and

Not to use any subterfuge to frustrate the spirit and intent of this agreement which is, among other things, to increase employ-

ment by a universal covenant, to remove obstructions to commerce, and to shorten hours and to raise wages for the shorter week to a living basis.

The meaning of these two passages would seem to be tolerably clear. While they are not incorporated in all the codes, it is reasonable to suppose that, if the NRA was actually to accomplish anything, the aims specified in these clauses would have to be attained.

Equitable readjustment has not meant much to the electrical worker who told the writer that his hours had been cut from fifty to thirty-six. Previously, his pay rate was fifty cents an hour. It is now fifty-five. The result is that he now gets \$18.60 a week instead of the \$25 he earned before. Other workers in the same factory thank the NRA for automatic pay cuts from \$20 to \$15 and from \$18 to \$13 a week. It was in this factory, by the way, that an investigation uncovered the case of a man who had punched a time clock six days in one week and on pay day received nineteen cents!

Sometimes the employer's patriotism takes other forms. A bus company was paying one of its drivers \$40 a week when the code was signed. At once the driver was fired and two men hired in his place for \$20 a week apiece.

In a department store, pointed out to the writer as a shining example of code observance, a clerk was picked at random. "Of course," she said, "we do work four hours less a week than we did before, but it's terrible hard on pay. My pay had already been cut three times when the Blanket Code cut it again. Now this Retail Code thing has cut it once more and brings it to \$12.50." BUY NOW doesn't mean much to this girl nor to the others whose experiences have been described. Where is business to secure the urgently demanded army of customers when it indulges in such practices?

What difference does it make if this girl's employer is acting within the letter of the law? Does he expect increased purchasing power to come from the employees in other businesses? He certainly cannot expect it from his own.

The attitude of the employee toward the NRA will be discussed later, but it may be noted in passing that this department-store clerk unconsciously puts that attitude into plain speech: "the Blanket Code cut it again" and "this Retail Code thing has cut it once more." In other words the NRA has become to her an instrument not of protection but of oppression.

#### IV

Long before the NRA there existed among persons concerned with labor legislation a conviction that any minimum wage set would tend to become a maximum. This conviction was born from experience with State minimum wage laws. That the Administration was aware of this possibility would seem apparent from a phrase in the Recovery Act. The clause in which this occurs deals with the President's right to interfere where no agreement has been signed. "No attempt," says the clause, "shall be made to introduce any classification according to the nature of the work involved which might tend to set a maximum as well as a minimum wage."

The writer, in the course of the journey, visited a State capital and asked an official investigator in the Labor Department to tell what he found the NRA to be like in operation. For some moments he discussed the history of the campaign for code signatures and the common attitude of trust in the President. Then, without warning, his official composure broke and he burst out with, "One of our jobs here is to copy pay rolls throughout the

State. They tell the story. Everywhere wages are being cut to the lowest minimum allowed. There is no maximum any longer. There is only a minimum."

In a silk factory a weaver's earnings are calculated by the yard. In one week a weaver earned \$11. Two dollars were added by the company to bring his wage up to the necessary thirteen. The next week he earned \$16 and had his pay cut to \$13. White-collar workers have felt the effects of this rigid minimum along with the factory worker. A well trained stenographer, going the rounds of the New York employment agencies, said to the writer, "All jobs are fifteen-dollar ones now."

The famous section 7a of the Recovery Act contains the proviso for the rights of collective bargaining and of independent worker organization. Not in every case have its teeth been drawn so sensationally as in the automobile code, but either openly or in secret the spirit and intent of this section are being violated. The writer has seen posted in an industrial plant employing more than a thousand men a notice to the effect that the company is not interested in labor organization but will continue to deal individually with the men as before.

The vice-president of this concern told the writer that a shop committee waited on him to discuss the question of unionization. "What do you want a union for?" I told 'em. 'As soon as you've got an organization you'll find you've got grievances. Didn't we collect clothes to give you last winter? First thing you know you'll be starting a strike; then you'll be on the street, and a fine chance you'll have of getting back again. We can't help it if you often have only a day's work a week. We pay what we can. What more do you want?' And," said the vice-president blandly, "that fixed 'em.



Of course there's one good thing about the NRA and that's the provision that allows industry to get together and work for fixed prices and close co-operation, but as for unions and collective bargaining—well, we've never had it in this plant and we never will."

This is a case of outright intimidation, but such plain speech is often unnecessary. The writer knows of one plant where the depleted force of workers are so afraid of losing their jobs that they absolutely refuse to consider factory organization. There are other plants where the workers have organized and, after fruitless attempts to secure just treatment, have struck and found their strike denounced as a treasonable attempt to wreck the New Deal. The reader is asked to consider, as an evidence of this treason, a strike in one of the towns visited. This strike was brought about by pay cuts after the code had gone into effect. It was finally broken, the settlement being effected by the mayor of the town in session with the company officials. Not a single representative of the employees was present to argue their side of the case!

There is a steadily growing demand on the part of business that the strike be outlawed as illegal, and a word should be said about it. This demand received its benediction in General Johnson's recent endorsement of Gerard Swope's plan for the transfer of the NRA to the National Chamber of Commerce with the provision that strikes were to be "eliminated." A strike is an unpleasant and frequently violent affair. There is often a vague notion among the well bred that strikes are got up by idle people whose sole interest in life is to make trouble. The strike came into existence only when the industrial revolution had bred and exploited to the point of starvation a helpless working class. Every advantage that labor has ever

gained, every step up from slavery and all its horrors has been won in one way or another through the strike. That corrupt labor leadership has betrayed the rank and file time out of mind is true; but the fact remains that the strike is the one powerful weapon that labor possesses. An arbitration board on paper is nothing. It is the people on it who make it mean something, and the worker has yet to see the day when the strength of an arbitration board is evenly divided between his employer and himself.

## V

The NRA assumes that the interests of the employer and the worker can be made one. To effect this marriage of true minds a bewildering series of arbitration and other boards have been set up. Of them all the NRA committees and compliance boards are most familiar to the community because the board members are not distinct names, but local flesh and blood persons. These boards have jurisdiction under the Blanket Code. Difficulties under separate codes must be carried higher to some other board or the Code Authority, whichever and wherever it may be.

A State NRA official described to the writer how the local committees were appointed. After some discussion telegrams were sent from Washington to Chambers of Commerce everywhere, telling them to appoint committees. These committees appointed compliance boards out of their own membership or from outside. Where there were no Chambers of Commerce, other and similar organizations were called upon to act. Sometimes the honor was conferred upon the Rotary or the Kiwanis Clubs. Upon these bodies—bodies whose main reason for existence is promotion—and the committees they appointed rested the responsibility of

the New Deal. George Babbitt was given a mandate to govern himself. At the same time, lest he be tempted to exercise any authority, actual power was snatched away and he was left to fall back on moral suasion.

What this means in practice is this: If George has an honest desire to enforce the code, he has no power. If, on the other hand, he desires to wink at violations or evasions, all he has to do is sit with hands folded and do nothing. Complaints? Complaints are made to the compliance board which he himself has appointed. Notwithstanding the fact that higher boards may set George aside in dealing with local difficulties, the fact remains that to the public the form and substance of the NRA in the home town is determined by the home-town men.

It is true that the worker is supposed to be represented on these boards. Here is a compliance board taken at random, giving the types of representation demanded by the NRA:

1. Employee in Industry
2. Employee in Retail Trade
3. Employer in Industry
4. Employer in Retail or Wholesale Trade
5. Representative of the consumer
6. Lawyer
7. Permanent chairman

Here are the board members selected in this town to fill the positions given above:

1. A paymaster
2. A department store buyer
3. A public utility manager
4. A manager of a store
5. An auto salesman
6. A lawyer
7. An insurance salesman

Now let the reader, familiar with the stratifications in American business, run his eye over this list of representatives. Every one is either an employer or a person whose interests are closely tied with the employer class. There is small chance in this town that a work-

er's complaints will receive impartial treatment.

In practice the members of NRA committees, the writer found, are either afraid of the employer or else are in sympathy with the employer's instinct to exploit the NRA to his own advantage. One chairman complained about the president of a large plant in the town and said that "it is so hard to get an audience with him!" In talking to the head of a compliance board, the writer was seeking information about the local plant of a great corporation. In passing, he asked if the men there were organized. "No," said the Chairman, "thank God they are not." It is not difficult to see how this chairman will regard complaints arising from Section 7a.

In still another town a search was made without result for a compliance board, only to have a luckless Chamber of Commerce official reveal the fact that no such board existed. Complaints were sent to a local banker, chairman of the original NRA committee, who "put the complaints away somewhere" and who "does nothing about them."

Occasionally the writer found that organized labor was represented. Without exception these representatives were drawn from a branch of the A. F. of L. or from an affiliate. They proved a sorry lot, without spine or force.

On one committee labor was represented by a member of the carpenter's union, a snivelling, red-eyed person. He said that code violations were the rule but he didn't dare talk because he "didn't feel safe." In another place the labor committeeman was a superb example of the "labor skate." Smooth, plump, and well dressed, cigar in mouth, he was the darling of the Chamber of Commerce. He talked in buttery phrases and professed ignorance of code violations in the town. On that very day the office of the com-



pliance board chairman was jammed with deputations from striking workers!

The reader who is curious to examine the history of the American Federation of Labor would do well to turn back to HARPER's for January, 1932 and read Louis Adamic's "The Collapse of Organized Labor." The NRA has swollen the Federation's ranks but it has not wiped off the leopard's spots. It is true that the writer discovered an occasional A. F. of L. official who admitted the wretched maladministration of the Federation and then declared that he himself was powerless.

The reader may wonder if all these lugubrious cases were picked to prove a thesis. They were not. They simply represent run of the mill examples. At intervals traces of honest observance of the spirit and letter of the codes may be found. The writer discovered three and here they are:

One was the case of a bed factory where the aims of the NRA apparently meant something, and the fact of this observance was in everybody's mouth. It appeared to be in the nature of a nine days' wonder. Further, the author discovered a waiter and a cigar maker who said that their hours and pay were better than they had been before. The cigar maker had previously worked from seven to five-thirty, six days a week, and earned an average of \$10 a week. She was now working from seven to four-thirty, five days a week, and her earnings averaged \$15. This worker talked about the NRA with great freedom and without restraint; but she and the waiter and the bed factory represent the only hopeful signs the writer saw in ten days' traveling in the States of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Ah, the reader may say, but this cannot be true in every town. Perhaps that is so. Perhaps the profit instinct is more

shy in Atlanta, New Orleans, Cleveland, Omaha, and Los Angeles.

In general, the employer's attitude toward the NRA is one of hesitant approval. Not many are clearly conscious of the opportunities that the NRA in practice offers for rigid wage control and exploitation, but almost all vaguely see that there is no sting in the command that the employer lion and the worker lamb must lie down together. Though he stumble at first, something tells the employer that the famous Section 7a is no great threat.

Other provisions of great moment are those dealing with trade practices which are, in effect, a relaxation of the Sherman Act. These are not so hard to take. It is easier for two lions—even though they be of different sizes—to lie down side by side. The difficulties of the two lions are still to come, and the average business man is still unconscious of them. Most employers have had their eyes fixed so glassily upon those iniquitous labor guarantees that they have failed to see that the larger lion is preparing to swallow whole the smaller. An examination of this swallowing operation—which has already been going on for some years—was the sum and substance of that extraordinary volume, *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, by the Messrs. Berle and Means. No employer questioned by the writer had ever heard of it.

## VI

There remains to be considered the workers' state of mind about the NRA. That can be summed up in one word—fear. The worker expected that the NRA would help and protect him. He now discovers that the spirit and the letter are being flouted and that he is in worse case than he was before. He had always known the fear of losing his job, and he is now held in thrall by a new fear that if he complains to any

authority of code violations some devious way will be found to inform his employer and he will be instantly discharged. The minimum wage has become a ceiling that he cannot break through. To him the NRA is now a prison with all the bars in plain sight. The result of all this is that when he is questioned by a stranger about his feelings toward the NRA he immediately suspects that he is being spied upon and will talk only when the most elaborate protestations have assured him that he will not be betrayed. The worker's apprehension was apparent in every one of the writer's interviews.

The cement packer who earned six dollars a week was questioned in his home. When the writer rose to go the packer flung himself at the door. "For God's sake," he said, "don't tell anybody that you've been here. I wish Smith had never told you about me. There are men in cement plants near here who have complained and now they're out in the cold."

Why doesn't the girl in the shirt factory complain? She knows one girl who protested to her boss and was instantly fired. She knows a clerk in a store in the town who was threatened with discharge if he reported violations.

If employee opinion is at all articulate it is always the same—and to the effect that the employers have packed the NRA committees and that the worker has no chance. Judging from samples taken on this expedition, he is quite right. The worker is bewildered and at sea. Faith in the A. F. of L. is non-existent. In the course of this trip the writer visited a Pennsylvania coal town. There the name of John L. Lewis is anathema, a synonym for the raw and dirty deal. Thousands of trades and callings, especially among laborers and semi-skilled workers, have never been organized, and the workers themselves know no way to turn. The unions have betrayed them,

radical leadership they are still afraid of. Bewildered and enraged, they look for someone to tell them what to do. Fascism is a word unknown, but they have heard of Hitler, and the name sounds good. It remains to be seen whether they must batter themselves against this stone wall.

If the conclusions drawn from this trip be true, then the country and those who so hopefully cast their ballots for the New Deal have been betrayed. However high and splendid the President's aims may have been, the outcome of the effort will offer a savage contrast. The depredations of the little gang on H Street are as nothing to the plunder and exploitation now in prospect for the business forces of the country. Teapot Dome was regarded as plain old-fashioned stealing; it lacked the patriotic varnish that the NRA is able to give. "Where there is no vision the people perish." Where is the vision of business? It may starve itself to death with food beside it, but it will never allow its pile of corn to be divided. Sweet are the uses of individualism.

Is the sun setting on the New Deal? Plenty is still at our doorstep, but we cannot grasp it. It is quite true that the rulers of the exchange of mankind's goods have failed through their own stubbornness and their own incompetence, but they have not admitted their failure and they have done anything but abdicate. Mr. Swope's trumpet blast is but a proof of their determination to stay put. Practices of the unscrupulous money changers may stand indicted—perhaps—in the courts of public opinion, but they have not yet been rejected by the hearts and minds of men. As for a readiness to submit property to discipline, property is happy to submit when it can make the rules and give the orders. Human greed is still enthroned.





# THE BLACK POPE OF VODOO

BY FAUSTIN WIRKUS

IN TWO PARTS

PART II

A WEREWOLF LEADS ME CLOSER

"YOU mean to say, Polynice, those sensible people actually believe that stuff?"

"Believe what, sir?"

"That this woman can kill a child just by looking at it?"

"They have to, mon lieutenant."

"What do you mean, have to?"

"Well, sir, I didn't use to believe men could fly through the air. But I saw them do it and land here on the island. And I didn't believe people could send messages from your country way down here without no wires to carry them. But you showed me a despatch and told me it come that way. When you see a thing with your own eyes you got to believe it."

"Those things are scientific."

"Yes, sir. And these things are Voodoo. Seems like pretty much the same to me."

"But it's impossible, man."

"Didn't you tell me, sir, one of your men, up in the hills near Médor one night, saw a *ragaou* change into a wolf-dog right there before him?"

"He said she did."

"Well, sir, he saw it. How can he help knowing it? This Vernélie, she's bad."

"Are you trying to tell me you believe this crazy story yourself?"

"Listen, sir. You know one of the most powerful *ouangas* is where the *bocor* uses a piece of a baby's skin."

"Well—"

"Where they get that skin?"

"Well, I suppose it's true that some of them rob graves."

"Yes, sir. And suppose they ain't no new baby's grave handy. What that *bocor* going to do then?"

"I don't know."

"Mon lieutenant, you are an honest man. You don't know. But I know, and these people in Pointe à Raquette know. There are many, many things you *blancs* know that we poor black Haitians don't. But I notice there are some things where *blancs* know nothing, because they're not willing to know. It may be there are no *ragaous* in your country. Here it is different."

"You think then I should do something about this woman? I can't go across there on an inspection without having half a dozen people whispering complaints about her."

"She is a very bad woman," said Polynice solemnly. "If she merely casts her evil eye on a little child, the child falls ill. Unless one gets a more powerful *ouanga* from a great *hougan*, the child dies—and she will get the body out of the grave."

I could not restrain an impatient exclamation. I was mightily interested

in Haiti and in Voodoo; but how could an officer of the law fit a crazy statement like that into his official actions and reports?

"I tell you, sir, my last child that died I buried in behind my house instead of in the cemetery, just so she shouldn't get it. If I catch her looking at one of my children that way, I shall kill her"—he lowered his voice and cast a quick glance about as he muttered—"even if she is connected with the Devil of Trou Forban."

That made me sit up. The Man of Trou Forban! If Werewolf Vernélie knew anything at first hand of that carefully hidden high priest, I was willing to let the law take its course, even if by doing so, like Dogberry, the law wrote itself down an ass.

"All right," I said, "bring in your monster. I want a deposition from the corporal over there if I'm to hold her or send her up for trial."

Accordingly there arrived under guard one day, over the hills from the other shore of La Gonave, Vernélie Chersier, with a report from the officer at Pointe à Raquette which is part of the official gendarmerie record of that year:

Mon Commandant,

I send you the specified Vernélie Chersier and Saint Felise Lajeune who have committed *ragaou* against Lucia Petit Mé. The said Vernélie is a hardened *loup-garou* who has given the said Saint Felix many things to carry out the *ragaou* against the said Lucia, and has talked with him concerning *loup-garou* for the purpose of revenge and to make her power manifest.

Mon Commandant, this Vernélie is unbearable in this town of Pointe à Raquette. All the people complain against her on this score of the sorcery of *loup-garou*. I send her to you for such treatment as her acts merit.

Very respectfully,  
A. Dorcinvil, Cpl. g'D.H.

I looked with curiosity at this ill-omened woman who inspired such terror in her neighbors.

At first glance she appeared merely one more of the simple primitive creatures one saw everywhere, picking up a scanty existence, living, breeding, and dying in the narrowest daily routine. But there was something quite different in the glances with which she searched my face now and then. And a lurking sardonic smile lay just beneath the stolid surface.

At once furtive and defiant, this fleeting expression. She knew things that placed her quite outside the common herd. And while this secret source of superiority had to bow sullenly before the physical power of white man's law, there was barely suppressed there an insolent threat that if a pompous official should go too far, he might discover even a *blanc* was not immune to the black powers upon whom she knew how to call.

"Your name?"

"Vernélie Chersier."

"I have had many complaints against you, Vernélie."

"Me! I am a poor woman, working to get enough to eat."

"You have a very bad reputation among your neighbors."

"They are big, big fools, those people."

"They say you break the law, in secret and abominable ways."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You are charged with the crime of *ragaou*, Vernélie."

"I never hear of that, me." There was not a flicker of expression on her obstinately set face.

"Never heard of *ragaou*, eh?"

"Never in all my life. How you think a poor ignorant woman talk about things she never understand?"

"Not deaf, are you?"

"No."

"Well, there's been plenty of talk about it in your village. I heard the word way over here."



"Me, I have nothing to do with those stupid. Anyhow, where are all these people who accuse me of foolish things I don't know? I don't see any of them."

She had me there. I had no charges specific enough to hold her for trial. After trying in every way to get some information from her, and being met always with that same baffling assumption of blank ignorance, I had to let her go.

Three months later she was back again. This time she was charged with the definite crime of having upon a certain day cast evil spells upon a specified child, in such and such ways, with results described; there were sworn affidavits, witnesses waiting.

I sent her before the Judge, and she was promptly convicted and sentenced to six months. Making her cook for the prisoners, I managed to talk with her around the barracks. Doubtless some of my friends on the inside told her I already knew something of Voodoo and was interested for other reasons than official ones, for she somewhat relaxed her hostile attitude.

Still I made little progress until one afternoon when I was pressing her hard with questions.

"Why you ask me?" she demanded. "What I know about all those things?"

For answer I looked straight into the half-mocking eyes and hummed under my breath a remembered phrase from the wild chant I had heard in the secret ceremonies:

*Bunda fachee cote sita a terre,  
Wy-o wy-o*

At once she was transformed. Breaking into a gross laugh, she looked at me in an entirely new fashion. "O-yo, O-yo," she sang.

I made a peculiar gesture which I had observed from one of the Voodoo priests. "I have heard the *loi* speak through the *hougan* of Léogane," I said meaningly.

The *loupgarou* woman's eyes rolled in uncertainty. In that secret order an initiate is constantly meeting another insider unexpectedly; if this other happens to be higher up in the unwritten hierarchy personal safety may lie in proper deference and awe toward a more powerful sorcerer.

"And," I continued in a whisper, "I have taken part in the Pétro."

She shuddered all over, ready for anything now.

"How could I know, master?" she whined. "What is it you want?"

"You know the Man of Trou Forban."

"Yes," she said proudly. "I do his bidding."

"You have seen him?"

She started and gave me a doubtful look. "No, no. How poor Vernélie see him? Nobody sees him. He sees everybody, but even if one of us saw him we should not know him unless he wished to reveal himself."

"Then how do you communicate? You say you work for him: how do you get your orders?" I knew the answer to that, but wished my information confirmed.

"You know that already."

"I want you to say it."

"It must be a letter. We write it on parchment and leave it in a certain spot."

"Where do you get the parchment?"

"Unless one knows how to make it one's self, it must be bought in the city. A terrible price that man charges too."

I had heard that too. It was the proprietor of a drugstore in Port au Prince who had this queer monopoly—and he collected one dollar for each sheet of the required parchment for these mysterious communications.

I nodded wisely. "I am glad to see you have decided to speak the truth. It is much better for you, Vernélie

Cherisier, I can tell you that. Now proceed."

"With what, master?"

"Tell me all you actually know of The Man, stupid. And remember—any lies, and you will wish you had never had anything to do with such high matters."

"I make charms of dried human skin sewn into little bags."

"And leave them for him?"

"Yes. And sometimes I find Indian thunderstones for him."

"I see."

"And if any of my own people need help beyond the power of myself or of any ordinary *bocor*, I tell them how to get a message to The Man."

"Vernélie, I want to meet the Man."

She turned positively gray. "Before God, master, I can't do nothing at all about that. Don't ask me anything of that sort. You don't know what he can do. I wouldn't dare so much as ask it, even if I knew him."

"Well, sooner or later, I'm going to meet him and talk to him."

"Yes, sir. Probably. But you speak to the woman over at Mont Rouis first."

"What woman?"

"At the station there. Tell her Vernélie said for you to talk to her. She knows a lot."

That was as far as I could get her, either by coaxing or threats. Evidently even a werewolf had little chance if she happened to offend against this mysterious High Priest, unseen, or at least, unrecognized, by the very priests and initiates who looked up to him with such awe.

#### THE FORBIDDEN CAVE

I did talk to the woman at Mont Rouis, right across on the mainland from our island. And I talked to Deluy, and Polynice and Zule and others.

I got many stories of The Man's magic powers. For instance, a gen-

darme named Augustin had been with me a long time. I had no idea he was a Voodoo priest or knew anything of the cloistered figure in whom I was so interested. Suddenly he went to the hospital, announcing he was going to die. The doctors found nothing the matter: no difference—he was about to die. I learned he had come under the Man's displeasure and had received a most potent *ouanga*. So he knew he must die. And he did—doctors and hospital and science notwithstanding!

But when I insisted on my own personal desire to meet this wonder-worker, all I could get from these insiders was a vague promise that perhaps, some day, if I continued for some more years in my slow advance into the more secret practices of Voodoo, somebody might venture to put my wish for a meeting before this shrouded, all-powerful Pope.

After I had mentioned certain names and repeated phrases of Pétro chants, the station woman was willing enough to talk about the marvelous powers of The Man.

"There is nothing he cannot do," said she proudly. "He can cure all diseases—even raise the dead, a great *hougan* tells me. If he is on your side you can have health and long life and plenty of money and revenge on all your enemies. He talks with spirits no other *papaloi* can call up. He can tell the very time you are going to die and never makes a mistake."

"And what does he require for these services?"

"Aren't such things worth a great price?" she flashed.

"Undoubtedly. I merely wanted to know what the usual price is."

"It may be anything, according to the help he gives. Sometimes, much money. Once or twice a child must be turned over to him to do his bidding ever after. I know a man who wanted a thing quite impossible; he



got it, but he had to give The Man the last five years of his life, entire. He was told the very day when that last five years began and"—her voice sank to a whisper—"if he had failed or run away to avoid keeping his bargain, he would have had the very soul taken out of him."

"And the authorities have never arrested this Man?"

"Who is going to arrest that one? He would destroy any fool who tried it."

The gendarmerie officer in me must have smiled involuntarily at that: I had arrested more than one powerful priest for breaking the law and had braved many a curse and threat of sorcery. Anyhow, my skepticism made this earnest worshipper highly indignant.

"Isn't that his own sacred place in full view up there?" she demanded, pointing eastward up the mountain slope.

"You mean the cave?"

"What else? Who has ever dared to go there unless he was bidden?"

I looked thoughtfully up the long sloping shoulder of the Mateux range which met the sea close by where we stood. Eight or ten miles away there was a great red scar in the mountain's rolling greenmantle—which I knew to be a sheer cliff. And against it, high, inaccessible, was a black spot. It was the mouth of a cave, of which I had heard tales that made me cast a longing glance in its direction.

Never had I managed to get close to it, though years before I had explored the almost unknown mountain back of it from the other side and found the best preserved moated fort I ever saw in Haiti, with a most impressive set of old ruins, stone foundations, fireplaces, big round flower-pots, and all sorts of remains of an ancient settlement of wealthy folk. Interesting and surprising as it all was, my trip had not

brought me to the *cul-de-sac* above which yawned the mouth of this notorious temple cave.

"Some of these Syrians tried it," continued my new friend. "At least they went shooting up in that region, though they were warned to stay away. They came back quicker than they went up."

"What happened?"

"They declared the whole place was full of devils who chased them with machetes." She laughed loudly.

"Oh, well—Syrian peddlers!"

"How about your marines?—they tried it too."

"What!"

"Indeed they did, a whole party of them. Did they ever tell you what happened to them?"

That brought to my mind an incident which had made little impression at the time. Years before, early in my stay at Haiti, I was a sergeant in the Marine Corps, stationed in Port au Prince. A bunch of marines went off on leave one day, taking the train to St. Marc for an up-country excursion. A gang of hardboiled babies they were, too. There were wild stories round our quarters that they were going to explore some mysterious cave which the natives thought was "hoodooed"; it was rumored to be full of treasure, a regular Aladdin's hoard. Lots of jokes passed, but the fellows in the expedition were very serious: they considered they had a hot tip, and expected to come back millionaires—and thumb noses at us noncoms.

There were more jokes when the expedition returned, shamefaced, with several casualties, banged up with bruises and sprained ankles. They wouldn't talk much; but it was understood they had tried to climb the almost vertical approach—when suddenly a landslide swept them away, big boulders rolling down on them, so that it was a miracle they weren't killed.

"Well," said I, slowly, "I did hear they had an accident—rocks rolled down the cliff on them."

"Yes," said the woman significantly. "And you didn't know why those bowl-ers rolled down at that exact moment. Neither did those tough fighters. But I know. And everybody in this part of the country knows. And you talk about arresting The Man!"

"What is up there?" I asked, my imagination working excitedly.

"When he bids you come, you'll see for yourself," she replied, mockingly.

Again that stone wall before my eager curiosity. I decided that unless I could somehow get to the bottom of this mystery the net result of all my long study of Voodoo would be merely disappointment.

The road along the seashore from the capital to St. Marc gives more than one clear view of that rock cliff. Driving along it, I looked up at the black spot standing out on the red smear against the emerald folds of the mountain.

"What is that up there?" I asked my black chauffeur.

"Why, Morne Fond Baptiste, sir," said he. I noticed he did not turn his head a fraction of an inch that way.

"I know that. I mean the red cliff there. And don't you see? That black spot. It looks almost like the entrance to a cave high up on the cliff face."

No answer.

"Don't you see it?" I persisted.

The man was rigid at the wheel. If anything, his fixed glance shifted a trifle the other way, toward the sea.

"Don't you see what I mean?"

"No, *mon lieutenant*," he muttered.

But as we whirled around a corner a little farther on, I noticed he gave one quick, furtive glance back over his shoulder. The whites of his eyeballs flashed an instant. And if I ever saw stark fear without reason on a man's face, it was on his.

## I STRIKE THE TRAIL AGAIN IN BLACK HARLEM

A turn of Chance's wheel carried me away from the island before my efforts to penetrate this tantalizing secret had any success.

Another turn placed me in the midst of a buzzing crowd in an entertainment in Negro New York. I was introduced to a most intelligent, cultivated colored woman, very light of skin.

"I want to talk with you," said she, and we sat down a little apart from the chattering throng.

"I've read your experiences on La Gonave," she began. "For some years I've been making a special anthropological study down in the Islands." She looked straight at me. "The biggest thing of all I didn't find in your story."

"I've spent a dozen years trying to get on the inside of Voodoo, and I'm only just beginning to understand the outer fringes of it."

"You've got much farther than I'd expect of any white man. But do you know there is a secret High Priest, a sort of Pope, who is supreme over all the *bocors* and *hougans* and *papalois* of that religion?"

I looked at her in surprise. "Yes, I know that. But how did you learn it? You say you haven't begun work in Haiti itself."

"I was way down in one of the Bahamas when I learned people went from there, from all over the West Indies, to consult a Great Power in Haiti. I got sufficiently into the confidence of a local priest so that he talked. He told me of this God of Trou Forban."

She glanced keenly at me to note if that name were news to me. I smiled somewhat ruefully.

"Also known," I remarked, "as the Devil of Trou Forban, or merely The



Man. I spent some active years just across a few miles of channel from Trou Forban, Pirates' Cove, but I'm ashamed to say how little I know. He's unseen and personally unknown by most of those who revere and dread him. He's consulted only by parchment letters left in a certain spot. A cave sanctuary temple of his own he has, far up on the mountain face, looking out to sea—open to all the world, yet inviolate, taboo, protected by supernatural powers, a source of dread to every native."

"Yes, yes!" she exclaimed. "Back in the bush of another island hundreds of miles away I heard, from people who knew nothing of the outside world, the precise tale of how the great irresistible U. S. Marine Corps sent an expedition to capture that cave—and how they came back defeated by the mighty sorcery of the unseen Man, who caused big boulders to roll down as they charged up the hillside, and swept them away to the bottom like flies. Did you hear that?"

"Well, something enough like it to believe and understand what you say."

"But, but," she demanded abruptly, professional zeal shining in her excited eyes, "if you got that far, what are you doing up here? Why aren't you down in the island like a hound on a hot trail, working to dig out the truth of all that?"

"It's a long road, and a tough one. But I mean to tackle it again when I can."

"The next highest figure in Voodoo is a woman, a *mamaloï* in one of the Bahamas. I'm working on that. But this supreme Pope is your job."

"Perhaps."

"Why don't you go back?" she insisted.

"I'm going to," I declared suddenly. And I did.

Success was waiting for me. Word

came finally through a man I'd known for years, to whom I had many times hinted, and asked, and urged my desire to see this secret potentate face to face.

"He will see you," was the whisper, surprise and awe evident in my informant's face. "Do thus, and so."

I followed instructions to the letter.

#### THE GOD OF TROU FORBAN

One afternoon I started out with a shotgun, as if bound after guinea-fowl. My usual camera companion was left behind. Pictures had been strictly prohibited.

Some distance out of town I picked up Zule—for it was he who had finally proved to be closest to the secret High Priest. We stopped at a tiny village on the shore, screened by thick scrub from the nearby highroad.

I went alone to a flimsy hut, just like a dozen others. As I approached, a man sitting there got up without a word and disappeared in the rear. Seating myself in front, I looked out at the unhurried activities of the primitive villagers. A few battered old dugouts were drawn up on the beach. Clumsy fishing boats bobbed at anchor. The little waves lapped up on the sand.

Nothing could have been more peaceful, more commonplace, more of a contrast to my inner excitement. A couple of black fishermen lounged past. I greeted them and they answered politely. But there was some constraint upon them: they spoke low and did not linger.

It was very quiet, with the stillness of an early tropical afternoon. Though my senses gave me not the slightest hint of anything unusual impending, I was filled with the certainty of some imminent dramatic event. I tried to relax and wait calmly for whatever it was.

Then, with quiet certainty my deep-

est consciousness knew that something *had* happened. I heard nothing, saw nothing. But there it was—the impact of something immaterial. Yes, a presence, a powerful personality, that made itself felt subconsciously by the immaterial projection of its very forcefulness.

Slowly I turned my head. An impressive figure filled the narrow doorway behind me. Though dressed in ordinary blue denim, like so many other natives everywhere, any acute eye would have picked him out at once as something unusual.

It was He, the man I had sought so long. This at last was the God of Trou Forban who stood before me so quietly, so confidently.

A tall powerful man, whose smooth purple-black skin had nothing of oiliness but was almost the color and texture of fine Chinese plum-colored silk. Only one man had I seen with skin like that—Zule himself. Perhaps both of them came from racial stock quite different from those which furnished most of our African population. Certainly remarkable and superior. A painter would have been excited in trying to render its unusual quality.

His lips were thin and well cut; there was almost no trace of negroid blubber or flattened nose. Large, clear, alert, confident eyes, ready for anything. I could see him leading a disciplined army of his people into battle: though in middle age, he looked a fighter born. Yet there was in his whole bearing the calm sureness of one so aware of his own power that he did not need to consider ordinary fighting. Tremendously impressive. A born leader. And even this obvious strong effect was overshadowed by the sense he gave of hiding unknown reserve forces.

"So you are from the United States," he remarked easily.

If I had been one of those prickly professional "Nordics," troubled over questions of white-black supremacy, his manner would have aroused bristling prejudices: it was that of royalty, utterly sure of itself, receiving a visitor from a far-off land. Believing as I do that a man is what he is, whether his skin be white or black or red or brown or yellow, I was merely absorbed in studying him, in mentally recording the qualities which, combined, made up one of the most arresting personalities I have ever met. The voice alone was deeply memorable: under perfect control, like everything else about him, it had a clear, beautiful richness like a perfectly played musical instrument. And the intelligence which gazed out of his steady eyes bespoke a truly extraordinary power. Just because of its hint of a large hidden force, one naturally thought of hypnotism in meeting and measuring it.

"Yes," I said. "But I have spent most of the last thirteen years in this island."

"I have heard of you," he said, "I should like to see your United States. They tell me there are five times as many of my race up there as here in Haiti, the one place in the Western World where the black man has controlled his own destiny for a century."

"Ours is a big country," I said. "And those ten million Negroes are scattered all over, and often finding it hard to adjust themselves to their surroundings. You may be interested though to know that I heard of you last year in the New York colony."

"It might be."

"I was told you have—visitors—from many faraway places."

"Yes. They come, from Jamaica, Turk's Island, Inagua, the Bahamas, all over the islands."

I longed to ask him why they came. But he was not a person whose confidence a man could force. You could



not possibly take liberties with him. Better wait for all that.

"And from every part of this island too, I believe."

"Oh, yes. I live alone chiefly so that I may always be ready to receive those who should come."

Zule had told me that The Man had a wife who stayed over near Rivière Momonce, since his sacred presence would be contaminated by ordinary domesticity. He visited her occasionally in secret; but my informant hinted matter-of-factly that there were free-will offerings of young virgins to his Holiness on occasion.

That might well be so. The black man, like the Oriental, has none of our Western prudery about sex. It's a natural, everyday matter to him. However, the hysteria commonly found in his religious observances is peculiarly apt to shift suddenly into sex excitement.

Besides, in every race and every age the King or Supreme Ruler has been a law unto himself in such matters; always he took the women he chose—and they were but honored thereby.

This Man was a true ruler: such tales were probable enough. True or not, all that seemed merely incidental: the man was far too big to use his power mainly for sex, or money, or anything of that sort.

We talked unhurriedly, on the surface.

"I am much interested in the old thunderstones," I said. "You must have some of those."

"Yes, I have got together quite a collection."

His face lighted up: evidently this was one of his enthusiasms, both for human and sacred reasons. He drew pictures of different types of celts; he acknowledged he had collected some of the rare *Ti Saints*—idols, frequently of ancient carved wood, also hatchets, and the Arawak pottery with its highly

conventionalized decoration of faces and incised patterns, and its unusual shapes.

"You need a large place and a safe place to keep such treasures," I observed. "I have seen an old stone axe which the owner kept chained because it was so powerful. I wanted it, but I could not afford the fifty dollars he asked to let it go."

"I have a safe place." He smiled and glanced to eastward. Between two trees that mountain cliff was notched. And against its red-brown surface was the black spot which had long aroused my ardent curiosity. It seemed to grow and expand and open before my eyes in the light of what this high priest had just revealed. What treasures for an archaeologist, or a student of Voodoo, must be in that lofty, inaccessible, carefully guarded temple cavern!

Impulsively I turned to The Man.

"I'd give a year of my life to see those antiquities you've gathered up there!" Again that wise, tolerant smile.

"Perhaps it may be, some day. There are great festival days, like the Christmas feast when we have special ceremonies, to which initiates may come. I have watched you closely these years, even though you did not know it. I think it might be that before long you can be admitted into that place. But not as a white man. Some of my people would not understand that and would be troubled. As for me, a man's color does not mean much. I want to know all about him; then I want to see him with my own eyes. After that I know what he is. The other things do not matter."

"No. There is a barrier between most blacks and most whites. But it can be crossed by real people."

"One thing I do not quite understand yet," he said thoughtfully. "Just why are you so interested in our religion?"

"Well, partly because most of my people think it's all a yarn when I tell the few things I know. There's been so much wild sensational falsehood written about it. It's time somebody was telling the inside truth."

"I suppose that is true."

Without any words I felt the interview was ended. Much as I regretted to do so, I arose and took my leave.

"I shall still hope for what I want," I said. "I've wanted it now steadily through ten or twelve long years."

He smiled again, in friendly if superior fashion.

"What is to happen is very apt to happen. One can be patient, remembering that."

As I left, he disappeared into the house.

Why, I thought, thousands, white and black, may have seen this Man of Trou Forban without having the least notion who he is. There was something dramatic in the idea of a dignitary, wielding such tremendous widespread power, going abroad day after day, unrecognized except

by a few members of the inner circle.

I thought of that temple cave and its archaeological treasures. I thought of the prodigious story to be told by the striking being I had just left. And my imagination was fevered as I went my way. I had succeeded in this first goal I had set. I had actually seen and talked with the God of Trou Forban. But, as with all living realities, this little initial success merely opened up other quests which now appeared even more important and necessary.

To-day I feel as I did at that moment: if some more years are given me, I shall surely talk again and more intimately with the Man of Trou Forban. A thousand things he must tell me, with the authority of final knowledge, about the religion of which he is supreme pontiff.

And I must see the inside of that temple cave, high in the cliff above the sea—and feast my eyes on what I am convinced must be the finest collection in the world of Indian "thunderstones" and ancient idols, and heaven only knows what else besides.

THE END







# HOW NOT TO WRITE HISTORY

A NOTE ON THE WORKINGS OF THE LITERARY MIND

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

**D**URING the War vaudeville managers were accustomed to save a weak act by appealing to the dominant sentiments of the time. A team of ham acrobats or a group of badly trained seals was coached to come into their finale brandishing the Stars and Stripes. When a mind-reader, a hooper, or a whisky tenor seemed unlikely to make his own way the orchestra was cued to play the "Star Spangled Banner" at curtainfall. Universally effective during wartime, the practice has by no means lost its value now, and it may be supposed that the practice of theater managers represents a sound principle of psychology. It does. The flag is irrelevant to acrobatic skill and the "Star Spangled Banner" has no relation to a hooper's art, but relevancy and relationship are supplied by the logic of sentiment. Because the flag and the anthem symbolize to the audience certain sentiments which they possess, they promptly identify those sentiments with the performers, and so break into applause. Thus stated, the principle is seen to be one of the most useful in the literary world.

The first chapter of a book which has been widely recommended to college freshmen is called "The Origins of the American Mind." Halfway down the first page the author states his intention of finding those origins. In the course of the book he finds them, describes the American mind in detail, and on the

basis of his description proves many interesting theses about the history and civilization of the United States. But the title of the first chapter states a fallacy that vitiates the whole book, "The Origins of the American Mind." It seems not to have occurred to the author that his book was dedicated to a description of something which does not exist, or that his analysis of the non-existent can have no meaning. For, of course, there is no such thing as the American mind. The phrase represents to any given person merely a group of his private sentiments, and though it may be used to symbolize those sentiments for people who share them, it is barren of meaning to people who do not. Its meaning, that is, does not derive from any objective thing but depends on the logic of sentiment, precisely like the applause that greets a ham actor waving a flag.

The fallacy is elementary but, because it has been so widespread in contemporary thinking, it may be examined at some length. If we set out to demonstrate the existence of the American mind we may, of course, establish it by definition, a procedure to which no objection may be made. We may say, for example, that we shall consider Benjamin Franklin a representative American, and that we shall call minds which are like his American minds, those unlike his being necessarily non-

American. We may now make generalizations about the American mind and they will be unexceptionable so long as we hold rigidly to our definition—we must say nothing about the American mind that is not true of Franklin's mind. But now we think of one of Franklin's contemporaries, Jonathan Edwards, who was quite as characteristic an American as he. It, therefore, seems desirable to enlarge our definition to include Edwards; but since two minds could not readily be more different than his and Franklin's, our definition becomes untrustworthy. It can justify few generalizations, and any statement we may make on the basis of it is likely to be challenged on the ground that, though true of Edwards or of Franklin, it is not true of the other one, and is, therefore, untrue of the American mind. But J. Hector St. John Crèvecoeur, a contemporary of Franklin and Edwards, was a characteristic American, and so was Samuel Adams, and it is clear that their minds cannot be called similar to each other or to those already included in our definition, or to either of them. If the definition is expanded to anatomize these four as the American mind it has already become almost meaningless, since what must be disregarded is much greater than what they can be shown to have in common. What can be said about the American mind on the basis of these irreconcilables? Nothing with certainty and very little with sense. Add now such characteristic American contemporaries as Count Rumford, Lorenzo Dow, Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Boone, Benjamin Rush, Thomas Paine, Alexander Hamilton, John Sevier, Robert Morris, Hugh Henry Brackenridge, William Findley, James McGready, John Hancock, Mother Ann Lee, John Singleton Copley, Aaron Burr, and Manuel Lisa. All generalization has ceased to be possible; the common characteristics of

these persons, from which the American mind is to be derived, are so purely formal that nothing can be said except that they were all bipeds and spoke more or less similar dialects of English. To select a few characteristics of some of them and to ignore the opposite characteristics of others would be farcical. Yet analysts of the American mind ask their fiction to harmonize such disparate Americans as these, and then extend it backward to cover the colonies for a century and a half, and require people who quarreled endlessly with one another to agree for the sake of sweet hypothesis. Thereupon, this essence having been distilled, they find it capable of reducing to a unity of indigenous American characteristics such intelligences as Emerson and Henry Ford, Brigham Young and Abraham Lincoln, Kit Carson and the late Gamaliel Bradford, Willard Gibbs and Frances E. Willard, Francis Grierson and Thomas A. Edison, Henry James and Mary Baker Eddy, Ulysses S. Grant and Henry Adams, Bronson Alcott and Jesse James, Andrew Mellon and Eugene V. Debs, John Noyes and Commodore Vanderbilt, Charles A. Lindbergh and Julia Ward Howe, Jefferson Davis and Babe Ruth and the Fox sisters and Henry George and Edgar Allan Poe and John D. Rockefeller and William Lloyd Garrison and Jim Bridger and Emily Dickinson and Theodore Roosevelt and Mae West.

What any two of these minds have in common for the distillation of a national mind is enormously diluted when any third one is added, till a generalization about any six of them is worthless. The American mind thus comes down to the human mind; but it was in an effort to distinguish from the latter what was unique in the former that the original effort was made. Here the logic of sentiment begins to operate. Since the heterogeneity of



the Americans cannot be reduced, the phrase "the American mind" corresponds to nothing real; but it is given a subjective meaning by a very simple mechanism.

The person who goes in search of the American mind has certain sentiments about it and, usually, wants to say certain things about it. The phrase represents those sentiments, and he selects from America or the Americans whatever corresponds to them and dismisses the rest. That selection and dismissal make the phrase a symbol, and to personify it requires but a short step beyond. Personification having occurred, the phrase has a life of its own and one may reason about it as if it were an entity, as if it really existed. Although there is no such thing as the American mind, the searcher may think beautifully about it. The abstraction is in accord with his sentiments: when he says something about the American mind he is really saying "Certain aspects of America or of certain American minds, which I prefer to consider, excluding those which differ from or contradict them, fulfill my ideas of what the American mind should be." The assertion is disarming but would serve as a warning that what he alleges about America is subjective—which is why it is never made. It shows that appeal is being made not to objective fact, to history, sociology, or psychology, to the United States and its inhabitants—but only to similar sentiments. Whoever has such sentiments about those selected aspects will probably applaud as the curtain comes down. But a person who does not share them, together with one who is thinking objectively about America or the Americans, will find himself trying to find meaning where no meaning is possible. To such a person the search for the American mind, whether accompanied by the "Star Spangled Banner" or the "Internationale,"

will be only an annoying kind of nonsense.

## II

For many years the search for the American mind—and such similar personifications as "the American point of view," "the soul of America," and "the American experience"—was a prerogative of politicians, clerical spellbinders, and foreigners, especially Englishmen, on tour. About 1914, however, a number of literary critics, feeling confident that an acquaintance with a number of American novels and essays gave them authority about the past, undertook to rewrite American history in accordance with their sentiments. Their apprenticeship, observe, had been served in literary criticism, a profession in which impreciseness of idea is a virtue and a generalized sentiment is much better than a fact. It followed that the history they wrote was an "interpretation," a search for symbols that could be personified.

It would be unsafe to generalize about the literary mind, but the books of these critics are tangible data and subject to analysis. They reveal a group of curiously disparate sentiments which, nevertheless, have in common a desire to project their prejudices on the past in the shape of general ideas. In addition, they have in common an invincible ignorance of the history they are endeavoring to rewrite. Ignorance is not a satisfactory equipment for a historian, and it is not helped much by disdain of the methods and material of history. The literary historian practices intuition as a method of research. He has frequently announced his superiority to facts and customarily dismisses as a pedant the historian who insists on saying nothing that facts do not justify. He prefers truths—poetic perceptions, guesses, and beautiful notions.

He prefers, that is, the literary idea.

His criteria are those of literary criticism, of fantasy and poetic necessity, not those of the objective world. The symbol is the final authority. When Mr. Mumford, for instance, symbolizes his sentiments about the Middle Ages by remarking that their world went to hell when people began to hang clocks in steeples, he is within the privileges of a poet. The idea has much sentimental force and suggests a great many pleasing and persuasive if somewhat indefinite emotions: in literary criticism, therefore, it has absolute validity. But when a writer forsakes literary criticism in order to make statements of fact about the past he must meet other criteria than those of pleasure and persuasiveness. For the past is a fact of experience. The events that happened during it actually happened and, within varying limits, are recoverable. A statement about it is worth nothing, is worth less than nothing, if it does not correspond to the recoverable facts. When you set out to write history, no poetry however beautiful and no sentiments however commendable can be substituted for statements of fact.

Such literary ideas about America may be illustrated, on a simple level, by Mrs. Mary Austin's doctrine of occupational rhythms. Mrs. Austin feels deeply that the rhythms of our daily lives must have a formative effect on our minds and so on our speech and writing. It is a pleasing idea, and so in the domain of literary criticism it is valid. But the logic of sentiment projects it into the area of fact. The "must be" of poetry becomes the "has been" of history. Lincoln at the dedication of the Gettysburg cemetery, Mrs. Austin says, "fell unconsciously into the stride of one walking a woodland path with an ax on his shoulder." To illustrate the rhythm of that stride forming the rhythm of speech, she quotes from the peroration of the

Gettysburg address, setting it off as follows:

It is rather for us  
Here to be dedicated to the great task  
Remaining before us;  
That from these honored dead we take  
Renewed devotion to that cause  
For which they gave the last full measure  
of devotion.  
That we here highly resolve  
That these dead shall not have died in  
vain;  
That this nation under God  
Shall have a new birth of freedom.

It is probably pedantic to wonder why the rhythm of one of Lincoln's occupations should form this speech to the exclusion of his experiences as a storekeeper, flatboatman, lawyer, and politician, and to inquire just how the ax on the shoulder is discernible or how the path is shown to be in the woodland. It is not pedantic, however, to point out that in her quotation Mrs. Austin twice departs from the text of the speech\* and that one departure alters the rhythm, nor is it pedantic to bring what she says to the test of fact. If the passage means anything outside of poetry, it means that the quoted words have the same rhythm as a man walking. It means that his steps mark the accents of the lines. Well, anyone who cares to make the experiment will find out that they cannot be walked.

Mrs. Austin goes on: "Thus the rail splitter arrives at his goal with the up-swing and the down-stroke:

That government of the people  
For the people  
By the people  
Shall not perish from the earth!

And the ax comes to rest on the chopping log while a new length is meas-

\* The accepted text of the Gettysburg address, the one which is usually reprinted to-day and the one which Mrs. Austin appears to be quoting, is Lincoln's sixth manuscript copy—sent to the Sanitary Fair at Baltimore. It reads "for us to be here dedicated," and "we take increased devotion." The quoted words are unchanged in all the other manuscript copies that still exist and in the only accepted transcript of the speech actually made by a listener at the time of its delivery.



ured." Mrs. Austin here achieves the triumph of misquoting the best-known line ever written by an American.\* If this means anything it means that logs can be chopped or rails split to the quoted lines. But they cannot be—either by an amateur or by a woodsman. And if they cannot be, what happens to Mrs. Austin's beautiful idea? This I think: it retains its power of evocation as poetry, but in the domain of fact, into which she projects it by discovering the rhythms of woodchopping in the Gettysburg address, it is utter nonsense.

That is a comparatively simple projection of a literary idea into history but it shows the process clearly. Because it is beautiful (*i.e.*, because it accords with certain sentiments) it must be true, and because it must be true, therefore it is true. The same process appears in, for instance, Mr. Lewis Mumford's discovery of the Golden Day in American life. This is an effort to find a place and time in American history which please the discoverer (accord with his sentiments), so that by describing them he will be able to express his dislike of other portions of that history. It is a selective *a priori* undertaking. By ignoring all parts of the past, all sections of the country, and all Americans that contradict his thesis, Mr. Mumford easily satisfies the requirements of his Golden Day. But it is the Golden Day of Mr. Mumford, not of America, for his analysis disregards all that cannot be harmonized with the thesis. So far as it is history at all, it is a history of Mr. Mumford's sentiments—which are interesting but should not be mistaken for the United States. Mr. William Aylott Orton, on a similar subjective quest, has recently identified another Golden Day in American history. The most interesting aspect of his discovery is the fact that his Golden

Day ends just before Mr. Mumford's begins. The Regionalists of the South have also produced a Golden Day—in a time and a society antipathetic to both Mr. Orton and Mr. Mumford. . . . It is a characteristic of objective fact that when people refer to it they can, whatever their sentiments, agree on a description of it. No one can object to a critic's writing his emotional autobiography in terms of the United States. It is not autobiography that is objectionable, but the attempt to pass off autobiography as history.

All these literary efforts display a hunger for unity. They are efforts to impose order and simplicity upon an obstinate multiplicity, and their authors are incorrigible monists. The realities of the American past refuse to form coherent sequences, being full of contradictions, disparate elements, eccentric and disruptive forces that war on one another, events and tendencies and personalities that cannot be reduced to formula. Against this multiplicity the monist makes headway by sheer violence of personification. He has his words, his symbols, the embodiment of his sentiments, and by treating the words as things, he is able to perceive a subjective order in the data that refuse to arrange themselves. Mr. V. F. Calverton's effort to force American history into a Marxist commentary on American literature is at once regrettable and absurd. Regrettable because history has not yet adequately studied the inter-class and intra-class struggles in America and their amazing shifts, and it could use more analysis from even the simple Marxian formula than it has yet received—and Mr. Calverton thus disregarded a promising opportunity. Absurd because, though engaged in a work of history, he decided to remain within the area of his preconceptions. He was content, that is, to write his history by a

\* Quoted from *The American Rhythm*, 1923. In 1930 a second, enlarged edition was published: the quoted passages are unchanged.

*priori* deduction from a half-dozen phrases. Simplification enabled him to reduce the complex and inharmonious class and sectional interests of three centuries to a simple article of faith, the Marxian Class Struggle. Personification enabled him to make such phrases as "bourgeois ideology," "bourgeois philosophy," "bourgeois conception of life" crush the disorderly into order. They are subjective phrases; they symbolize Mr. Calverton's sentiments but are barren of meaning. What is "bourgeois"? What is it, especially, when applied to the expansion of a nation across a continent through three centuries? Mr. Calverton asks us to assume that the "ideology" of a Salem shipowner of 1800 is reconcilable, even identical, with that of a Charleston factor of 1700 and that of a San Francisco stockbroker of 1900. This monster of contradiction, even, is not enough, and we are required to believe that frontiersmen of all sections and all periods, although mystically opposed to this ideology, also share and condition it. Well, by convention or agreement, we might permit the phrase to stand for one of them and so avoid fallacy, but a statement made about America in terms of them all can only be preposterous. In three centuries America has contained not one but fifty bourgeoisies, and their interests, on which their "ideologies" primarily depend, have mostly been in violent conflict with one another. To identify one with another, to detect a fundamental agreement among them, is to make an irreparable blunder. It is to be struck blind to the realities of history, and to lose the objective world in the delusions of faith or fanaticism.

Mr. Calverton's survey, chasing bourgeois ideology through American history by means of American literature, appeared only a few months after Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn had hunted an-

other personification through the same covert. Mr. Lewisohn's quarry was the Puritan, and the Puritan turned out to be a person whose sexual behavior and philosophy Mr. Lewisohn could not bring himself to admire. The two books may well signify a change in critical fashions. A good many literary critics before Mr. Lewisohn had denounced America in the name of the Puritan, but it was difficult to get them to agree about the nature of their prey. The Puritan was alleged to be so many incompatible things that he had identity only in the logic of sentiment: he was whatever, at the moment, you happened to dislike in American history. Very possibly, that burden of symbolical cliché may have permanently shifted to the bourgeois ideology. The literary lynching of the Puritan, and especially of his sexual timorousness, Mr. Calverton decides, dealt chiefly with myth. . . . Yes. And the bourgeois ideology?

### III

Another of Mr. Calverton's phrases is "frontier individualism," which brings us to the favorite personification of the literary historians. Discovering the frontier something more than a generation after legitimate historians had exhaustively surveyed the facts about it, they have given it a fundamental place in their systems. It has proved possible for historians to arrive at a few generalizations about the frontier. But it has proved possible only by means of a long study of an almost infinite number of facts. When a historian speaks of the frontier he refers to those facts, whereas in the mouth of a literary historian the word means only another projection of his sentiments precisely like "the American mind." It means, that is, another simplicity, another unity—which is to say one more distortion of history.



Let us examine "frontier individualism," a cliché which Mr. Calverton received from a long line of critics. Such a word as "individualism" is dangerously vague; it cannot possibly be qualitative but only at best, and doubtfully, quantitative. Yet the literary historian uses it as if it designated a thing as precisely as the "oxygen" or "acid" of chemistry. There were many frontiers and they differed considerably, and to lump them all together as individualistic is to avoid meaning anything. Are we to think of the individualistic enterprise of bear-hunting, or the co-operative enterprise of roof-raising or tariff-fighting? A man may be one hundred per cent individualistic on land-tenure and zero per cent individualistic on water-rights: is he an individualist or an advocate of community co-operation? The frontier which expropriated Spanish land-grants, riparian rights, and the grazing privilege would seem to be notably less individualistic than the one which enforced the right of preëmption. If piratical *laissez-faire* was characteristic of some frontiers, co-operative enterprise, and even communism, were quite as characteristic of other frontiers. What does the phrase mean? Clearly, whatever sentiments it symbolizes.

The method is to annihilate by a personification whatever contradicts the literary historian or diminishes the effectiveness of his thesis. Thus the birth of a demiurge: the "pioneer," a person who went West and created the frontier. To the critic he was one kind of person, a quite simple kind. It is a kind, however, that changes with the nature of the critic's aversions; so that the pioneer who for one analysis is a Rousseauian conducting "an experimental investigation of Nature, Solitude, the Primitive Life," is for the purpose of another a Puritan (a Calvinist, a believer in a completely an-

tagonistic set of ideas) who is in search of the only good that religious people recognize, financial gain. He goes West because he is "unadjusted" or "maladjusted," because he is an economic misfit, because he resents authority or cannot stand discipline, because he is driven to escape reality, because he is under a compulsion to "revert." It turns out, too, with the happiest results, that he is coarse, hard, extraverted, unintelligent, devoid of imagination and culture, resentful and contemptuous of everything he does not understand. He is a pretty accurate summary of the critic's phobias. And he wears well, for throughout history he does not change.

It would be a mistake to expect complexity in the society which so simple a person creates. The life of the frontier, we are told, "is life at a rudimentary animal level, a life that does not rise above the latitude of the spinal column." Frontier society was "an infantile society, infantile in its homicidal impulses, infantile in its mental development, infantile in its humor . . . infantile, in fact, in most of its tastes and interests and preferences." Observe with what assured ease the critic reduces to unity the greatest confusion of cultures, nationalities, and races in modern history, diffused over one of the largest national areas and most diversified geographies in the world, subject to change and circumstance through three centuries. This is literary intuition, and it asks us to suppose that on the frontier climate, geography, wealth, commerce, and occupation produced no differentiation. All races, all degrees of intelligence, all individual variation, that is, and all the differences of religion and private interest and group effort and civil war were overcome by some process of mystical disintegration. If you remember that, elsewhere in the literary scheme, the frontier is inhabited by a

race of obstinate individualists, you are to submerge the recollection in the realization that the logic of sentiment recognizes no contradictions.

One might inquire whether infantile is not an apt adjective to describe a mind which finds chaos so singularly unified. From any point of view such a description of the frontier is naïve; from the historian's point of view it is incomprehensible. A historian does not speak of the frontier's "tastes and interests and preferences." He sees the frontier as many different places in many stages of development, inhabited by many different people with many different kinds and degrees of culture, intelligence, racial tradition, family training, and individual capacity. He cannot speak of the life of the frontier, for he knows many kinds of frontier and many kinds of people living many kinds of lives. He cannot call any of them infantile, for he does not assume that people lapse to an infantile level when they move to a place which a literary critic happens to dislike. He sees many kinds of civilization, many kinds of education, many interests, many institutions, many forces. He deals, that is, with a complexity, with a constantly changing, extremely intricate set of relationships. When he thinks of Timothy Flint, publishing Byron and Shelley and reviewing French politics in his magazine, while the swamps of frontier Cincinnati were still undrained, he does not lump him with a *mangeur du lard* on Black's Fork and say that their mental development was infantile. It is beyond the reach of his integrity to assert that both the squatters of Bayou Texas and the Chouteau family of frontier St. Louis lived at a rudimentary animal level. In most of the frontier explorers, many of the frontier politicians, many of the frontier teachers and inventors and parsons and organizers—in Ashley and Jedediah Smith, in Ben-

ton and Lincoln, in Judah and Sutter and Brigham Young—he fails to find evidence of the infantile mind. He does not ignore such a frontiersman as Francis Grierson, or the biography of his neighbors which Grierson wrote, when he considers the spiritual squalor of the frontier. He does not ignore the commonwealths and social institutions which the frontier built when he considers its failure to rise above the level of the spinal column. . . . The frontier is not a person to him; it is a relationship among many variables, and his analysis of it must be complex. To select any one or any group of those variables and to ignore the rest is as ignorant, or as dishonest, as to describe the soil of the frontier as clay or its rock as sandstone. Clay and sandstone, rudimentary animal life and infantile mental development were there—as elsewhere in the known world. But a report which confines itself to either is unusable as fact and childish as judgment.

Ignorance or dishonesty—it is an unpleasant dilemma. Happily, we need not impale the critic on either of its horns, for there is another explanation. His ignorance of history, of course, tends toward maximum, but his profession is the better key to him. He comes to history from the criticism of literature, an activity in which success is attainable by means of sustained thinking. If you sit down and think about a literary problem it will eventually yield. It is because he tries to apply this combination of intuition and introspection as a historical method that he produces his grotesque results. His frontier is just one more unity, another personification, a cliché like "the American mind," significant only as an embodiment of his sentiments.

Method and results are summed up in a passage which one of these critics devotes to the coarsening effects of the



frontier on the pioneer, in which he quotes an English traveler's reflections. After looking at the frontier, this traveler decides that man is more virtuous when subjected to culture. He supports his declaration by mentioning the wild strawberry, which is insipid in flavor, wild peaches which are tasteless as a turnip, and wild roses which have little or no scent. No historian, I imagine, believes that an analogy from botany is worth much as historical judgment. But such an analogy as this one is a splendid literary idea and so it is irresistible to the literary historian. It is striking and picturesque—it must be true. But even so, it would have been wiser to investigate. For, whatever tasted like turnips on the frontier, wild peaches did not. Peaches are not indigenous to America: there is no such thing as a wild American peach. And the traveler could not even have tasted an "escape"; for if it was frontier, there had not been time for trees to escape from cultivation, and if there had been, the escaped peach does not ripen. Also, some varieties of wild roses have a strong, distinctive perfume. And finally, the wild strawberry has more flavor than the domesticated varieties—which have achieved size, color, texture, and stability at the expense of flavor.

These are facts, the inconvenient data to which the literary historian is superior. The first of them is available in all histories of American horticulture, in all botanies, in most general histories, and even in the encyclopedias. The other two are more accessible still, facts of experience open to everyone. But the English traveler's literary ideas, exactly opposite to the facts, were persuasive—and they served the critic's purpose. Why, then, should they be verified? His sentiments, in this instance, require wild strawberries to be tasteless, and that ends the matter. He has found

a symbol, he has projected his resentments and dislikes. He has written a portion of his autobiography, and the facts of history, an objective pursuit, seem to him trivial and pedantic. They are irrelevant to his higher truth, and, besides, they provide him with no mirror in which to find himself.

#### IV

These historians divide into sharply differing schools of thought. Each of them has identified and isolated these various phantasms—the American mind, the Puritan, the frontier, the bourgeois ideology, and a good many more. Each one can identify them to the last watermark, and invariably they turn out to be a summary of the sentiments and prejudices for which the school stands. They are never, by any chance, the same for two different groups, and so there is much warfare in the name of heresy. With that term the somewhat puzzled onlooker at last gets on familiar ground; it gives him a key to the controversy and he knows what to expect. He recalls another, earlier argument equally endless and fundamentally the same. Substance, essence; generation, creation; emanation, incarnation; *homoiouision*, *homoiousion*—over these words other generations fought the same battles. Our historians of the intangible are the Fathers, the Schoolmen, Eusebius, Athanasius, Peter Abelard, William of Champeaux. It is only an accident of time that has them searching for the American mind—they are metaphysicians, they are theologians, and they pursue the *nous* through material that differs only in appearance from that which their predecessors treated. They work on a plane altogether separated from the desire of the earthbound for ideas that correspond to something in the real world. With the history that is the

past of men, ideas, and events they have only a formal relationship: it is the springboard from which they dive into dogma and system-making. Their significance is primarily that of the unconscious mind or, if you like, of the soul, not of logic. And Miss Gertrude Stein, who is the Sibyl of this age, supplies a description of it. Miss Stein found occasion to tell Bertrand Russell that a knowledge of the classics was not essential in the United States. She has Miss Alice B. Toklas thus report her: "She grew very eloquent on the disembodied abstract quality of the American character and cited examples mingling automobiles with Emerson and all proving that they did not need Greek." That is the method of literary history in America. It is very eloquent. It deals with disembodied abstract qualities and with such spectral shapes as the American character. It mingles automobiles with Emerson. And it proves a lot.

It is an attractive and no doubt entertaining pursuit, but it belongs somewhere within the wide, elastic boundaries of literature. Nearly everyone enjoys metaphysical debate, many of us derive great profit from it, and for many people it is the most important thing in the world. Only, metaphysics is not experience, and the philosophy of history is not history. It is nice to be told how imaginative people wish the past had arranged itself or how they can arrange it on their own behalf; but that information differs in important ways from the past. It would, therefore, seem desirable to hold our literary historians to a responsibility at least as strict as that which we try to exact from manufacturers. No code of fair practices in thinking beautifully about America

seems practicable; there is no way of insisting that the vendor shall beware. But he is constantly misbranding his product and selling it as something different from what it is, to the possible damage of the consumer. For fraud of that sort neither generous emotion nor sheer ignorance would excuse a manufacturer of canned ham. Why should it excuse the manufacturer of history?

There is an eternal, fundamental, and irreconcilable difference between fantasy, any kind of fantasy, and fact. The fantasies of the literary historian are frequently beautiful and nearly always praiseworthy, but they are a form of protective or of wishful thinking, a form of illusion and even of delusion, and they must be constantly denounced as such. The past of America is immensely complex and immensely at war with itself. No unity exists in it. Its discords and contradictions cannot be harmonized. It cannot be made simple. No one can form it into a system, and any formula that explains it is an hallucination. The person who wants to understand it must enter upon a tedious, rigorous, and almost endless labor. Without that labor, and without a mind both able and willing to distinguish between the thing that is and the thing that is desired, nothing profitable can be said about our history. With them, nothing whatever can be said that implies simplicity, unity, or beautiful ideas. For that reason, or some other, literary historians have unanimously declined the labor, preferring the *must be* and the *ought to be* to the cold fact. Theirs is the easier method—to think it out. Doubtless that results in comfort of a kind, and in certainty. But also it is a fantasy. No one can object to it as such, but it should be labeled.





## MR. JUSTICE BRANDEIS

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

A POLITICAL society which lives under a written constitution must have judges whose law is an exercise in statesmanship. For if they are to safeguard principle, they have also to adjust it to changing needs. It is their task to scan the horizon of the future not less than of the past. They must be aware that statutes are made, ideas given affirmation, because environments change with the growth of experience. The American Constitution would not have survived if the Supreme Court had been content to seek its meaning in the climate of opinion which determined the operation of its original substance. It is a framework into which new ideas must be fitted, not a barrier against their access to constitutional status. It does not deny the right of legislative experiment; it asks only that the grounds for attempting it should be built upon the reasonable experience of men.

It is because he has approached his judicial work in this temper that Mr. Justice Brandeis is likely to be regarded as one of the essential figures in the history of the Supreme Court. He came to the Bench at a critical period in its evolution. The society with whose destiny it was charged was in one of those obvious epochs of vital transition by which the adequacy of its institutions are most severely tested. The America of the frontier period had finally passed away. It had been transformed into a great world-power dominated by the big interests of giant

finance and giant industry. These confronted the state as quasi-independent empires whose authority challenged the right of popular will to determine the character of the life it would lead. Laissez-faire America had destroyed the causal process out of which it had been born. A persistence of the negative state would have meant the domination of American life by interests which had no real concern in the maintenance of a democratic society. The task was the immense one of remaking the processes of politics so as to adapt them to new purposes capable of controlling effectively this challenge to the American idea.

That is the meaning of that pre-war generation in which men so various as Roosevelt and Bryan, Wilson and La Follette sought to make the government of America again capable of response to the new needs which had been born. They were significant rather by their protest than by their creativeness; and not the least barrier against their success was the inability of the Supreme Court to realize the coming of a new time. Judges like Field, Peckham, Brewer still looked upon the Constitution as an instrument devised to prevent the invasion of the claims of private property by public policies put forward in the interest of social well-being. Their view of the functions of the state was wholly negative in character. It was based upon the individualistic natural-rights philosophy of the eighteenth century,

in which the idea of freedom of contract was the sacred foundation of popular well-being. It did not dawn upon any of them that liberty of contract only begins where equality of bargaining power begins; that unless the state can use its authority to maintain an equal bargaining-power the claim of the individual to adequate self-expression is unlikely, in any serious sense of the word, to secure recognition. Pre-war America was laying, through the intellectual obscurantism of the Supreme Court, the foundations of an industrial feudalism in which the concept of a genuine social freedom might easily have lost all significance. The democratic idea was being unconsciously sacrificed upon the altar of an outworn interpretation of free contract. If American civilization was being made for the business man it was being so made at the expense of the American idea.

## II

Few people have ever come to the service of the Supreme Court so well equipped as Mr. Brandeis for the accomplishment of its essential function of statesmanship. It is true that he was one of only three men who have sat there who had never held political office; but the major part of his life had been passed amid the kind of controversy in which the main political issues of the time were being shaped. The place of the public utility in the state, the claims and purposes of labor organization, the significance for society of a highly centralized money-power, the degree to which social processes like insurance and transportation may be so regulated as to make them the servants, instead of the masters, of the public, the recognition of the administrator's task as at least as important as that of the legislator—it was to concrete issues involving these

questions that his life as an advocate had been devoted.

And he had interpreted the purpose of that life in a way somewhat different from that of the typical successful practitioner of the law. There had run through his career the thread of a consistent implication that the lawyer's business is at least as much the protection of the public as the safeguarding of vested interests which threatened public well-being. Adventures like his struggle against the Massachusetts insurance system, or the betrayal, both of the public and its shareholders by the New Haven railroad; experiences like his fight against the Morgan stranglehold over public credit; the realization, in the Ballinger case, that a Cabinet officer could deliberately surrender public interest to private greed and lie, with presidential protection, to make the surrender effective; the knowledge, from his experience of the Garment Workers of New York, that the trade unions were not only a necessary instrument of democracy, but one which, properly utilized, was capable of achieving vital social good; the recognition, through the famous Oregon case, that the power of the legislature might be exerted to impose desirable social standards upon the operation of industry—these gave to Mr. Brandeis an awareness of the contours of his time rarely open to the successful lawyer. They made him see the processes of social life not as things to deny or affirm in terms of past experience, but as things to recognize and to evaluate in terms of the function they were seeking to fulfil.

It was a significant experience, because unique, as a prelude to the Supreme Court; no one had previously sat there whose main effort had been the protection of the public interest against the prehensile ingenuity of business enterprise. But not less significant than the experience of life



was the character Mr. Brandeis brought to its interpretation. It counted, no doubt, for something that his forbears had come to America after the tragedy of 1848 in search of the legendary freedom of the New World; that gave a perspective to his purpose which supplied it with the drive and energy that a romantic inheritance of liberalism so naturally brings. But no one can read the record of Mr. Brandeis' career as an advocate without laying emphasis upon qualities which are all his own. A passion for justice in the first place; a sense that where wrong is being done it is the citizen's business to move to the attack upon wrong. A fine regard for individual rights in the second; and a regard for individual rights which looks upon the common man not merely as the subject of certain legal privileges officially conferred, but as a personality whose frustration is an explicit denial of whatever of creative purpose we may discover in life. There are, too, a devotion and a fearless integrity of mind without which no man can be a great judge. Brandeis the advocate was not a respecter of persons; he drove straight to the truth he had grasped without care for the consequences of his adventure. It is not surprising that he thereby encountered the ill-will of the eminent; for it is not the habit of powerful interests to parade their zeal for men who insist upon their separation from the common welfare.

The record of Mr. Brandeis as an advocate is the record of a great fighter in the cause of social justice. But what distinguishes him in that record from a score of lesser figures is less the moral than the intellectual qualities he brought to its service. Above all, perhaps, is the massive volume of knowledge; no man of his generation has so fully understood the inner workings of the economic system. That

gave to his generalizations a power which defied contradiction. It made them scientific in the technical sense of that term. Anyone who reads, for example, his evidence before the Pujo Committee twenty years ago, will have the best insight yet available into the character of the financial crisis of the last three years. Anyone who wants to understand the contemporary plight of the railroads will find the most effective materials for judgment in his analysis, published in 1907, of New Haven finance. The method is built upon the appreciation of significant detail, the power to weave this into a pattern from which the meaning stands out with incisive clarity. It is rationalist in the best sense of that term. For what it does is to make the battleground between the contestants essentially a matter of testimony. The facts are marshaled so that their evaluation does not permit of denial; and they are so marshaled as to permit the evaluation to become the reasoned basis of that ability to predict future occurrence which is the main objective of the social sciences. No young academic in search of an adequate technic of research could do better than learn the lesson of these momentous pages.

### III

President Wilson's nomination of Mr. Brandeis to the Bench in 1916 is not unlikely to rank as among the half dozen major acts of his period of office. It was significant enough in the opposition it aroused; no man can be better known than by the enemies he makes. It was even more significant by reason of the temper and method it brought to the work of the Supreme Court. Before 1916 Mr. Justice Holmes had been a liberal influence there because his mind was too skeptical to insist that his own judgment of what was desirable should be equated with con-

stitutional truth. But Mr. Justice Holmes not only enjoyed a lonely eminence in this regard; he was content to accept the traditional affirmation by deduction as the proper judicial method; and the careful student of his opinions will find that his differences from his brethren lay less in the substance of their philosophy than in the refusal on his part to make it a final and unchallengeable way of life. Mr. Justice Holmes accepted the assumptions of the old capitalistic America, its confidence in the struggle for existence as the parent of the survival of the fittest, its distrust of social regulation, its belief that the great business man was the natural leader of America. Where he departed from the ancient ways was in his willingness to admit that other interpretations were not merely possible but, more important, constitutionally legitimate also.

It was the importance of Mr. Justice Brandeis' accession to the Court that where Holmes was a liberal by negation he was a liberal by positive affirmation. He brought to the court not only a willingness to doubt its traditional outlook but an alternative philosophy which might reasonably supersede it. The very fact that it was an alternative led his critics at once to the assumption that he was, in the special American sense, a radical. That is a mistaken view. There has been nothing in his analysis of social foundations which suggests any ultimate dissatisfaction with their primary assumptions. But whereas to most members of the Supreme Court the main purpose of the Constitution was to preserve the rights of private property from invasion by the popular will, to Mr. Justice Brandeis the control of their pathological results by state action was an inherent and desirable function of public power. It was the assertion that this function was both inherent and desirable, the insistence

that no constitutional interpretation was justified which sought to put barriers in the way of its attainment, which has constituted the real innovation of Mr. Justice Brandeis in the years since he has sat upon the Court.

No one can doubt the remarkable impression he has made there. For fifteen years the combination of Mr. Justice Holmes's dissolvent skepticism with his own positively experimental temper resulted in the construction of an exhilarating alternative to the traditional philosophy of the Court. That alternative was new both in its emphasis and its temper. It was liberal, it was experimental, and it was hostile to the right of vested interests by the mere fact that they were vested to shelter beneath the rampart of constitutional sanction. Its liberalism emerged, above all, in the protection, as in the Free Speech cases, of the right to individual self-expression. It was insisted that the freedom to utter means not less an utterance inconvenient to authority than one which leaves it satisfied. Indeed, it may well be urged that not since the days of Jefferson's protest against the Alien and Sedition Laws has an American in high official position so resoundingly insisted upon the great commonplaces of freedom. Its experimentalism, less, perhaps, in the case of Mr. Justice Holmes than of Brandeis himself, was born of the conviction that what had once seemed to be passing excrescences upon the nature of American capitalism had now become a part of its settled habits; with the inferential insistence that, if the ways of tackling them by legislative action were new, that did not constitute a necessary barrier against their employment. The hostility to vested interest emerged in the emphasis upon the functional approach to law. What was examined was less the right which protested against attack than the use to which it



was proposed to put that right; and if Mr. Justice Brandeis could find in the facts a context of public desirability for the assault, he did not hesitate to give it his benediction. Thereby, let it be added, he sought to affirm an implicit extension of the boundaries of State-power wider than any judge of the Court has sought to sanction since the days of Mr. Chief Justice Marshall.

The method of this affirmation has been of extraordinary interest and importance. In a sense, indeed, it cannot, perhaps, claim novelty, since it is nothing so much as the adaptation to a new medium of Mr. Justice Brandeis' method as an advocate. It has been a deliberate effort to make the Constitution conform to the tasks of an economic statesmanship conceived in the terms of a conscious social philosophy. Unlike Mr. Justice Holmes, Brandeis has not sought to remain above the battle in which, subject only to the Amending Power, the Supreme Court is the ultimate arbiter. Rather he has attempted to appraise the tendencies between which he was called to judge, and to bring all the resources of his art and knowledge to secure the victory of those he thought most consonant with the public welfare. Where, for the most part, the conservative members of the Court have been the servants of assumptions of which either they were mainly unconscious or unprepared explicitly to avow, Mr. Justice Brandeis has deliberately revealed both the end he had in view and the full panoply of argument which led him to prefer that end. His opinions, therefore, have been at once a massive picture of the contemporary social scene and an evaluation of its characteristics. In the whole history of the Court there has been no more frank explanation of the motives which have underlain the judicial purpose than this effort. It has brought the processes of law into a closer relation with

life than at any time since the foundation of the Republic.

For it has taught us both what the judge is seeking to do, and the material which he regards as important for his purposes. It has rejected the historic picture of him as the impartial producer of a ballet of bloodless categories. It has admitted expressly that his private preference for a scheme of values, a way of life, enters into and shapes the disposition of the figures he chooses to make. It has recognized also, and with insistent fullness, the civic context of his function; even if indirectly, he is a legislator by whose insight the pattern of social life is determined. It argues that into the making of his decision there must enter all the knowledge that, as it is made, is available to him; so that the jurist's law expands the significance of *stare decisis* to adjust these latter to new needs and expanding purposes. To the stuff of these decisions go all that can be gathered from the laboratory of social experience, so that Veblen and John Marshall, Hobson and Mr. Justice Story, Rathenau and Mr. Justice Holmes find themselves cheek by jowl in the confirming citations. That goes, he seems to emphasize, to the making of law which goes to the making of the life it seeks to express. It is an effort to build the law in terms of the total social experience it embodies. It is humanism at its best, by reason of its unwillingness to repudiate as insignificant whatever in the experience of men may affect their activity as citizens. And for that reason, it is emphatic that the validity of the legal result is always a function of its social consequences. The categories of the Constitution are set not by obedience to a past tradition but by their elastic adaptation to the needs of a swiftly changing scene.

The result has been profound. It is not merely that, in seventeen feverish

years, Mr. Justice Brandeis has made a profound impact upon the Court itself; a personality so massive could hardly have failed to make itself felt in so constant and continuous an association. It is not merely either that he has been able, by the direction he has given to its work, to awaken a new popular confidence in the Court. Most important is the fact that the adoption of his method of approach to the law has fertilized and revitalized its study all over the United States; in this aspect, his influence in the last generation has been second only to that of Mr. Justice Holmes. He has effected that marriage between law and political economy which, nearly thirty years ago, Holmes pointed out was the most essential path of progress. He has done more than any judge within the jurisdiction of the Common Law to give vigor and creativeness to its sociological interpretation. He has made law alive by suffusing it with a deliberate and purposeful interest in the social forces out of which its basic evaluations are made. Law as living function instead of law as historic principle—this has been the abiding foundation of its methodology. He has been able thereby to renew the vitality of American jurisprudence by making it an active criticism of American ideals. And these he has sought to shape not, as has been customary with the Court, by building upon the assumption that past experience is inevitably present value, but by the insistence that each generation must see its own problems with its own eyes. It is, no doubt, a pragmatic interpretation of the law. But it would be difficult to find in the whole range of modern jurisprudence an equation more complete between technic and creativeness.

That is because, I think, the whole has been informed by a consistent philosophy at all times keenly conscious

of the dominating issues of the time. It is always difficult with one whose life work is embodied in judicial opinions to be certain that a statement of his ultimate opinions represents the completeness of his outlook. The judge works inevitably through the medium of interstices. He cannot choose the subjects upon which he is to pronounce. He cannot even hope that their formidable complexity will enable him, in a lifetime, to express anything like a total conception of the universe. His social vision is sketched in disjointed and fragmentary approaches, the links between which must be imagined by the observer rather than affirmed by the man himself.

No one can grasp Mr. Justice Brandeis' philosophy unless he starts by resisting the temptation to regard him as an economic radical. The American social system does not permit constitutional adventures of that kind to its judges. Not, in any case, that the foundations of his social theory are proletarian in temper. He has neither said nor written anything which indicates a sympathy with a revolutionary interpretation of the American scene. His effort has rather been a search for the ways of utilizing the established principles of the existing order to the maximum advantage for its citizens. To make of American capitalism a system in which, in an atmosphere of justice and freedom, the ordinary man has an opportunity that is real—this has been the constant purpose in his mind. Clearly enough, there is no basic radicalism in that purpose; in its very essence, it is nothing so much as the re-orientation of historic America to the new environment of giant capitalism. And it follows, if the re-orientation is to be made successfully, that the law must then be regarded above all functionally. It is a weapon, perhaps the vital weapon, in subduing



the behavior of men and their institutions, to ends that are predicated as desirable.

From that primary postulate all else follows with a rigorous logic. If man is to be the master of his institutions, the Constitution must be so shaped as to admit his mastery. From this he infers the need to humanize the industrial system. Profit must be subordinate to social responsibility; it cannot be quoted as an argument against reasonable hours of labor, an adequate standard of wages, the duty to bear the cost of social insurance. Because giant business tends to the habits of imperialistic autocracy, the state may put its hook into the mouth of Leviathan; to enforce efficiency, to compel competition, to regulate prices, to insist upon the recognition of trade unions, to protect the little man against the overweening power of such gigantic corporations as the chain-store systems—for him there is nothing in activity of this kind against which the Constitution lays down a bar. He is prepared to force the public utilities to act upon the assumption that service to the public is the first law of their being; and he has denied the right of a traditional basis of profit-making to stand in the way of that obligation. He has insisted that the conferment of corporate privileges involves duties in the corporation concerned, the fulfillment of which is no less urgent a function than the realization of the profit inherent in its privilege. At each point in the social process he denies the right of the Court to substitute its will for that of the legislature unless it can be shown unmistakably that the latter violates every canon of a decent reasonableness. He is for competition against the invisible empire of monopoly. He is for that legislative encouragement of incentive which gives the little man his chance of success in life. He is suspicious of bigness

and centralization, of the impersonal power of institutions which, like Wall Street, tend to destroy the prospect of individual initiative, of that separation between ownership and responsibility which inhibits in society a pervasive sense of civil responsibility as the foundation of individual behavior in economic life.

It is not, I think, an unfair account of Mr. Justice Brandeis' social philosophy to represent it as a kind of modified Jeffersonian democracy. Like his great predecessor, he is insistent that the worth of the state consists in the aggregate worth of individual citizens. Like him, also, he argues with passionate conviction that only a society of equals can be free; and he is, therefore, hostile to any form of industrial organization which emphasizes the differences, rather than the identities, of each man's claim to a share in the common welfare. So that his search, with considerable optimism and a definitely ethical evaluation of behavior, is for the conditions of an idealized capitalism in which, by state action, this environment can be created and maintained. It is a policy of positive liberalism in which the social philosopher will note with interest the kinship to doctrines like those of Hobhouse and T. H. Green. But he will note also how peculiarly and vitally American are both its springs and its expression. The intellectual seed from which it grows is that which underlay the profound sense of injustice in Shays's rebellion, which dictated Thoreau's noble defiance of his epoch, which moved Abraham Lincoln to the melancholy perception that an America could not endure which was half-slave, half-free. For it is, above all, an essay in the philosophy of freedom, an insistence that no system can be preserved save as it is built upon a respect for the eminent dignity of humble men.

Upon its validity, indeed, only the future can pronounce with adequacy; so much of its essential spirit is embodied in the measures of President Roosevelt that one is tempted to affirm that the destiny of that fateful experiment will be the epitaph, also, upon Mr. Justice Brandeis' philosophy. To me, at any rate, its temper is excessively optimistic; it comes to preach the possibilities of control when these have already become a part of history. It depends too much for its validation upon the shifting personnel of a Court from whose whole tradition it is emphatically alien. It envisages an ethical equilibrium which altogether underestimates the power of institutions to live their own lives independently of the men who direct them. It would be an intelligible philosophy for the America of Jefferson or Andrew Jackson. Not even the remarkable knowledge on which it is based, nor the massive ingenuity of its technic can prevent the sense to-day that, before the forces it seeks to control, it is a nobly romantic anachronism. Superb as a method of attack, it is impotent as the definition of an end. For it seeks to evade the making of those choices decision between which is forced upon us by the very character of our economic evolution. One can reform with reference to antiquity only when historic ideals have present application. I believe that this moment has passed. What will survive in Mr. Justice Brandeis' outlook, what has about it the inescapable quality of permanence, is less the end he seeks to serve than the way in which he has sought to serve it. To have made the law responsive to a philosophy of reconstruction it was molded to deny is a feat as considerable as any in the recent annals of jurisprudence. Nor has it been given to many to make a whole nation feel that its law may still be an instrument of justice.

## IV

No one can come into Mr. Justice Brandeis' presence without the sense that he is meeting a remarkable man. It is not, indeed, that his talk has either the depth or breadth which makes an hour with Mr. Justice Holmes one of the seminal experiences of a lifetime. There is not the flashing phrase, nor the power suddenly to evoke some vista which lights up the endless corridor of time. Discussion with him has a way of becoming friendly cross-examination, in which you find yourself stimulated to be your best, to put forth all you know, to aim at a precision of statement, an exactness of reference, which leave you, at the end, more aware of what you thought than you had ever been able to discover for yourself.

You are amazed at the mass of knowledge that has gone into the insights he contributes. It is not that graceful knowledge of the man of the world who knows effortlessly the attractive adornments of conversation. It is not even a natural gift for the right phrase. It is rather something akin to a genius for selecting significant fact, for putting it into a perspective which gives it new meaning of which you had been unaware. He has the happy power of making his interlocutor put his best foot forward; he will try to build his insights into an illuminating generalization. And to watch this as it is dissected is a training in the scientific analysis of social philosophy such as is without parallel in my experience. I know no American thinker save Morris Cohen who has the same massive dialectical power as the Justice commands.

He can be at once as hard as stone and as tender as a woman. No one can be the fighter that life has made him without a stern toughness of nature which distinguishes between en-



emies and friends a little ruthlessly. No one, either, can have his unending passion for righteousness without a grim resentment against those whose effort is built on the betrayal of its standards. He has no use for the men who are comfortable and complacent amidst the pain and inefficiency of contemporary civilization. Among all the public men I have known only two in England and one in France can compare with him in deliberate integrity of purpose and method. He is, no doubt, exacting; but he applies the same rigorous criteria to his own effort as to that of others. His energy and patience are as unending as his willingness to explore ideas he has not previously encountered. There is nothing he is not prepared to tolerate save the low aim or the mean short-cut to comfort.

But his gentleness is omnipresent. Mr. Justice Holmes, himself the embodiment of a genius for friendship, has borne testimony to his power of keeping friends. He keeps them without compulsion; and he has never lost them save on those final grounds of public difference which make a man honorable by the enemies he acquires. In an almost imperceptible way he brings to friendship its essential gifts, the sympathy of magistral silence, the unostentatious counsel that comes always at the critical moment, the unhurried judgment that is generous without being passionate. I would rather have his help in time of stress than that of almost any man I have known. And I have encountered very few to whom time and distance are so irrelevant to affection. He gives himself slowly; but when once he has given himself the affection is unalterable.

The root of his nature is a massive simplicity. His wants are few and simply satisfied. A good friend, a great book, time to reflect, the chance to be in the great fight, these have

formed the essential contours of his existence. There is neither arrogance nor vanity in his nature. He exacts a high measure of service from his colleagues; but he has the gift by a phrase or a look of making its fulfilment seem amply repaid. He is but little interested in the habits of the big world or its swiftly changing fashions. The book he wants is not the book of the moment but the one he is assured has extended the boundaries of knowledge. The task he cherishes is that which illuminates the world it is his special business to know; and he knows that world with a profundity that is a lesson even to the expert in some branch of it of what is meant by the scientist's knowledge.

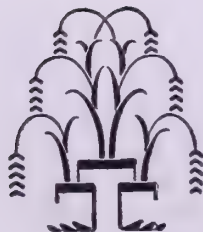
There are those who have found him cold. But this, I think, is to mistake for coldness the protective armament of a proudly sensitive nature. No one would call him cold who has been intimate with him. No one who has seen him, for instance, in the company of Mr. Justice Holmes but must have delighted in the radiance of that friendly interchange of thought. He can be severe. I have heard him dismiss a publicist of our time who, like Jeshurun, had in success waxed fat, in stinging phrases which bit and were intended to bite. But I have heard him also take eager pains to explain some difficult act of a politician of whose *bona fides* he was convinced in the most generous way. I should not think of coldness in the context of his character. There is a real aloofness of temper, a detachment from the obvious or immediate. But this, I think, is an essential part of that prophetic insight which is in him almost a racial gift. No one can see him in action without a new understanding of the Hebraic gift of moral vision. It is not for nothing that he is of the people from whom Isaiah and Maimonides and Spinoza were born.

## V

Those who have seen Mr. Justice Brandeis are aware of his startling physical likeness to Abraham Lincoln. There is the same high forehead, the same pensive brow, the same mouth of inflexible decision. The face is pale and worn, with an expression of which the serenity does not conceal a brooding melancholy beneath; and the eyes, capable at times of a piercing clarity, are yet in general shrouded as if enfolded in some inner vision.

The physical resemblance is not unconnected with a certain moral likeness also. In both the genius for public service was a clamant instinct impossible to evade. In both there has been a willingness to bear without re-

pinning the heavy burden of public sorrow. In both the wisdom of experience and the passionate respect for the dignity of humble men have been the groundwork of action. Abraham Lincoln, of course, was tried and proved upon the theater of supreme events; Mr. Justice Brandeis has played his part in a more limited and provincial drama. But it is not, I think, fanciful to imagine that Lincoln would have recognized in Mr. Justice Brandeis' life work something of the spirit he contributed to the heritage of America; and he would have added that in that recognition there was a proud delight that, however different the medium of its exercise, its quality was not diminished nor its strength abated.







# THE WEDDING GUEST

A STORY

BY FREDERICK FAUST

WHEN I was in Paris, Olympe Arouet wrote to me: "Dear Paul, now you are in France, but May is still cold in Paris. Do come into the summer and visit us. Besides, I have a need to see you. That is a need very much. Will you come?"

I had probably not seen Olympe more than six times altogether, but these were spread through ten years and, since I had been a Christian name to her father, I suppose she had inherited the fashion of using it. Jean Arouet had been an entomologist, and in his torture chambers, which he called his "studies," I had seen a praying mantis clamp a cricket in its hinged saws and turn its pointed little face to me as if inviting my attention before it began to eat. Jean Arouet was proud to claim that blood of Voltaire ran in his veins but, making a good modern transition, where Voltaire had plagued little humans in the name of Man, Jean Arouet speared insects in the name of Science. He was a tall, lean, bending man with so many things on his mind that he never could keep his eyes steady. He talked very well, though his French was too fast for me most of the time; but anyway it was not for his conversation that I went to see him. He had collected not only a great many insects but also a number of good American bonds, and that was where I came in as his broker.

When I received that letter from his

daughter it was not of the dead man I thought of or of Olympe's grave face with its high cheekbones and sober eyes. She was carrying on her father's work, I understood, and that meant she would still be dressed in gray high-collared smocks. Jean Arouet said that she had the eye and touch which makes for perfect dissection under the microscope. Yet I saw her less vividly than I saw Provence; for a spirit that is neither France nor Italy comes out of that land, and I had breathed of it. Some countries are old and dead: Provence is old like the sea. I don't mean Avignon alone, but even the open country, whether it undulates slowly or lies in strange colored flats. It is a land that is never wholly seen, but the thought of it comes over the mind in a pleasant mist and strangeness, not of twilight and night only, but even of the midday when the distances withdraw into the shimmering of that strong sun.

All of this Provence, which can be tasted and remembered but never spoken, spread warmly out from the page of Olympe's letter. "May is cold in Paris"; but every month is cold in Paris, after Provence. "Besides, I have a need to see you. That is a need very much." Well, she was ten years younger than I, and twenty-five; with high cheek bones—that type in which the skull shows a little through the face, steps rapidly out of girlhood,

out of womanhood, into the long, seasonless and virgin aridity. And yet an ardor that was truly Provençal came out of that one twisted phrase: "That is a need very much."

It kept me hurrying all the way; it was well underlined in my mind by the time I swerved my car off the wide, white road and let it roll past the mottled and pale trunks of the plane trees until the curving drive brought me in front of the house. It was not too big to fit comfortably into the eye; the color was more the stain of time than of yellow paint; and what pleased me most was that I could remember even the details of the coat-of-arms over the big doors, where a thin-bellied lion, on one side, wagged his tail and stood up and stuck out his tongue at a dragon on the other side. It is always comfortable to remember with exactness; all sorts of melancholy ghosts turn into commonplace reality and the future also seems secure.

It was only the middle of the morning, because I had got on the road almost with the dawn to finish the second stage of the journey, and the servant who opened the door for me was in one of those long, gray, striped coats which save both shirt cuffs and the knees of trousers during house-cleaning. Of course this grayness was what I expected, but when I stepped into the big hall I was startled to see flowers all about. The western windows were shuttered against the heat of the day, but through the open door there came light enough to give me a first glimpse, and after it was closed I still saw great vases overflowing with yellow and white and red in the shadows. I was breathing the rich, bitter-sweet fragrance of roses when a whisper came down the stairs and Olympe walked out of the big, dark arch to me.

I had heard that she was carrying on with her father's work. Work my eye! The cat was away for good and

this mouse was playing. When I had been thinking that this type often steps quickly from girlhood through womanhood into dry, endless years I had forgotten about the ones who bloom. Part of this was French bloom, on the lips and cheeks, but the living eyes were real and the thin morning gown let some beauty glimmer through.

She put out a hand not to take mine so much as to grasp a surprising idea. The brightness of it was in her face as she said: "But, Paul! I didn't remember that you were so big. But, Paul!" She spoke English better than she wrote it, with not many wrong constructions that I can remember, though she had the usual Latin trouble with the short "i," and I was glad all up my spine that she hadn't remember that I was so beeg.

She said that we would go into the garden, but just then a young fellow came in and gave me a quarter of a bow and a tenth of a smile and said, "It has happened, Mademoiselle Olympe." She introduced me to him and his name was something ending in "pour" or "four." There is nothing so sour as a sour Frenchman, and he was that sourest kind with a sallow skin and cheeks hollowed enough to press down the corners of the mouth. These fellows are all as tough as tool-proof steel but they look consumptive, and in me the look is father to the wish.

When Olympe heard that "it had happened" she waited a moment, looking at me, considering my will. Already she had made me feel twenty pounds bigger. My business had been going with a limp and a stagger ever since '29, but I stood beside Olympe inwardly feeling myself one of those fabled giants of the Street, inscrutable, weighty, and profound. I could have announced opinions on the farm problem, or anything.

"Have you ever seen the Great



Peacock—the moth, Paul?” she said. “Come upstairs for one little minute. It is so beautiful.”

I was ready to go with her anywhere for more than one leetle meenute, so I followed to the second story and down the open loggia that served for a hall. This gave me a glimpse of the garden behind the house that once had been palms and rounded beds of brown dead grass with frazzled edges, but now it was dazzling in the sun and glowing in the shadow; even the lady of the fountain had come to life and threw a cypress-shaped radiance into the air. Why, the world was no longer dying but living; no, not the world but just old Provence, the beautiful and the guilty.

We went into a bare room with an old deal table in the middle and a little dome of wire screen on the table, and inside the screen was the great Peacock moth. What could one say of the grays and the browns of the wings, bordered with white, and four black eyes set into them? No, only the pupils were black, for out of the iris colors dissolved and spread the rings of white and black and dull crimson and exquisite rosy brown. It was so big—I had not dreamed that a butterfly could be so big! But there were more things to say that will not come pat in words except that I remember how I wanted to touch the deep brown of it and began to smile with pleasure at the mere thought.

Olympe clasped her hands in excitement so that I saw the light tremble on the red enamel of her nails as she bent over the wire gauze of the prison.

“It is not a prince but a princess, François,” she said to the fellow who was her assistant in the laboratory. “See how she is feathered with softness, Paul!” I liked that. It made me smile as much as though I had touched the beauty. Feathered with softness! And it looked that way in

spite of its size, as though the thin air could float it. “She is a princess, now, but she is going to be a queen. François, open the window. You’ve forgotten to open the window.”

François looked at me still more venomously as though I had given the little reprimand, but as he opened the window he told Olympe to remember that the Great Peacock was barely out of the cocoon and that there was still time.

“There! There!” said Olympe gently. She went to the window and held her hands out into the sunshine. The rest of her was exciting enough, but her hands were lovely and perfect now covered with bright gold.

“Now the news is passing out,” she said. “The wind is carrying it. Do you see that poplar trembling and sil-vering, Paul? You can hear the whisper spreading.”

She kept her hands spread out in the heat of the sun; her eyes were half closed; she began to laugh, and the laughter was only a whisper too.

“What’s the news that’s passing through the window?” I asked François.

“The sort of news that the male moths want to hear,” he said. He kept his eyes fixed on the girl and spoke as though it hurt him to give me information. “There aren’t many of them. Only at the feet of the oldest almond trees. But this news will go to them even against the wind and they’ll come for leagues.”

Olympe had raised her head and, with closed eyes, let the full strength of the sun pour against her face. I was sure she did not hear François continuing, with a slow sneer in his voice, “One mate, and all the rest are wedding guests. They die the same day. They do not eat. The mouth-parts are only vestigial. They always dance round the wedding couple and they always die.”

I think he would have gone on in the same quiet, ironical voice, but Olympe now turned from the window. Somehow I felt that he had not been talking about the moths but telling me that he loved the girl.

We went down into the garden and sat on a bench where the crystal shadow of the fountain kept flowing over our feet. Now that I was close to the garden, I could see that it had not been altered from its old condition very long before. The ragged grass borders had been trimmed to neatness and flowers were blooming even in shadowy places where they could never have grown, so that I began to guess that the whole place had been brightened suddenly by putting potted plants in the ground. Some of the big blossoms had commenced to lean on dying stalks; I could not help thinking of a stage set and wondering what the action of the play would be, or if it had already commenced with me as an unconscious actor. This sense of unreality that contained me as part of the illusion was not a thing to smile at, for it was like having the print of a book dissolve and widen into the green and gold and blue of nature, all the beauty of summer enlarging from the poor words that had contained it. To give that illusion force and weight, here was Olympe Arouet beside me with the grayness of her old life laid away and a distance of imagination, beyond the distances of time and space, between the moment and the past. Excitement that had commenced to warm my blood when I first saw her now mounted into my brain. I was both spectator and performer; I began to watch and to expect, hoping that I should soon recognize the part that had been assigned to me.

If this seems very extraordinary or fanciful language, nevertheless, the bearing of Olympe was that of one before a great audience and her expres-

sion kept changing as though she were listening to several persons instead of one. I remember casting about for things to talk of, and that I thought of trying the weather, the garden, Provence; but all of these merely made a setting for the girl. She was talking on, and all at once I realized that she had asked me a question. So I said frankly, "I've not been hearing you very well. I've been too busy looking at you and thinking about you."

She was very pleased; she began to laugh, with her eyes resting on mine.

"Ah, Paul, how nice of you!" she said. "I was tired of being listened to and never seen. And so I studied being this way, and now I *am* this way. Do you like it?"

I smiled, and she laughed at herself again. "I want to be assured and reassured," she said. "Like a baby taking its first steps."

"You're not a baby," I told her seriously, because I was alarmed. It is high time to be afraid when a girl becomes so extremely naïve. "But say what it was that made you send for me?" I went on.

"Ah, because I wanted to see you, my old friend. And then besides there is the other thing. But how am I going to talk about that? How am I to say it?"

She caught her face in her hands and looked askance at the fountain, as though she might find help in the brightening and the showering of the water. "I *must* find a way of saying it," she murmured.

All at once I was sure that I did not want her to say the important thing which might put an end to my visit. She was in some sort of trouble, no doubt; she was in some sort of money trouble, of money doubt and, though I should be glad to give advice or help, I felt that I wanted to be something more than a broker just then. "There is plenty of time," I said.



"Ah, is there plenty of time?" she asked, with a great breath of relief.

"There's all the time in the world."

"Then I needn't hurry? I can wait—and find the words? Ah, how good that is! Just for a little while, even for a day or two, you will forget Paris and New York, Paul?"

At this she touched my arm and appealed to me with her face raised, so that I saw clearly the edges of the paint on her lips and the black that thickened her eyelashes; yet somehow this artificiality did not seem to me unclean.

"Don't do that," I said, before I knew that the words were coming.

"What?" she asked, drawing back her hand quickly. "What have I done, Paul? Ah, you see I have spent so much time with insects that I don't know how to talk to men!"

That made me smile. "The fact is—" I began. But then she broke in, "Don't explain. If you'll keep on smiling, everything is all right, and I don't want you to explain."

We got to lunch time quickly, for time moves very fast when one is trying to lay hold on every passing minute. Once when I was in Italy I remembered leaving the heat of Florence to go to the Lido, and sitting in the deep shadow of a hotel veranda and never turning my head, for fear the world behind me would not be as happy as my heart, and simply watching the high wall of the sea with white sails climbing it and taking the blue stain of distance as they reached the top. This day with Olympe Arouet was like that. Something like air-hunger made me take a deep breath now and then; the cause of happiness was partly in that old Provence and partly in the girl, and as time rushed by me I was afraid to arrest its flight by trying to understand.

The dining room was big and still

and cool and dim. François, who sat with us, was almost lost in the shadow except for the gleam of his eyes as he turned them toward me; but Olympe shone in all lights. What we ate I don't remember, but there was a wine of Alsace, well iced, with a thin bouquet and good clean taste. After lunch came siesta time, but late in the afternoon Olympe appeared again in a dress of rough, misty blue. It looked loose and easy and cool, but quite smart enough for Paris. And time began to sweep past me like a wind again until, all at once, the sunset was blooming round the wide horizon.

Then I remembered myself and said, "It's time for me to get to town and find a room in the hotel."

"In the hotel? A room in the hotel?" cried Olympe. "But see this big house—it has always been too full of rooms, and yours is ready for you. The one where you had your siesta. Couldn't you be happy in that room?"

I thought of the tall curtains and the whispering airs and the great jars out of which the flowers rose and leaned. But, "You know, Olympe, you haven't a chaperon in the house. The room is charming, but of course I can't spend the night here."

She thought about this for only a moment before she said, "Well, there's François for a chaperon." "That youngster?" I exclaimed. "Knowledge is what counts, and François knows everything," she answered. She laughed in a way that I did not altogether like. "François will be perfect as a chaperon," she said, "and of course you are going to stay."

I felt that it was very wrong, but to give any French girl advice always seems a foolish impertinence. Anyway I stayed. We walked about through the garden a bit longer before Olympe went up to dress for dinner. I followed more slowly, knowing that I was doing wrong but entirely happy

about it. I suppose there are few pleasures that are not improved by a small sense of guilt.

Just as I came into the hall a very odd thing happened. The lights flashed on, making the sky beyond the windows a deeper blue, and in the corner of the hall I saw François with his hand still on the electric switch. The fellow watched me across the room like a cat, but as I came to the foot of the stairs I knew that he was smiling. Somehow he was relieved—relieved and triumphant.

I turned about quickly and the smile was indeed on his mouth, insolently persisting.

"What's the news of the Great Peacock?" I asked, to justify the manner in which I had turned.

"Oh, they'll be arriving, perhaps before night," he said, with a French shrug of his French shoulders.

"Pouring into that room upstairs?" I asked.

"And the other rooms," said François. "A lot of the wedding guests lose their way."

The sneer with which he spoke became unendurable. I turned away, and the memory of his smile followed up the stairs behind me. I could not get the chill out of my blood until I had finished bathing and dressing because I kept remembering what the girl had said—that François knew everything. Confound him, I began to fear that he did!

Downstairs I found Olympe dressed in white and completing herself with a corsage of flowers. She had blue and yellow and red to choose from but she appealed to me to make a choice. "But I know what you will pick," she said, turning her back to cover the three little bouquets from my eyes. "I have it in my hand now."

"Show it to me and I'll be honest," I said.

She held out the red and I nodded

at once. "I thought so," she said, and I knew that I had made a mistake though I could not see why. But how can any man understand a woman when what seems to us the most faint and devious path may be the broad, straight road to her heart?

François appeared, silent and yellow as always, and made himself useful serving dry vermouth with fragrant, thin shavings of lemon peel dropped into it, while Olympe pinned the miniature red roses at her breast, smiling down at them or at her hands. Afterward she made me sit in a high-backed red chair. The red velvet that lined it was a bit moth-eaten, but that only helped it to look authentic and baronial. She surveyed me, from the arm of a smaller chair, saying, "Have you had a happy day, Paul? There is something in the quiet down here, and a few people like it. Have you been happy?"

I told her that there was a lot in the quiet down there, and that I was very happy. "Yes, after Paris," she said. "Paris is a plus for some people, but it is a minus for others. It's a minus for me."

Now, as she sat there chatting, her voice soft and her smile continuing, I could feel that she was judging me in relation to that stiff-backed velvet chair which framed me. For the second time I was aware of her criticism and because of that, perhaps, all at once I knew that I was in love with Olympe Arouet. All the other women I had cared for became as dim as pictures in a family album; the dust of time covered them, throat and lips and hair. I knew also that Olympe had made me love her and that she had called me from Paris for that purpose; but by the very knowing of these facts I was subdued, and by the simultaneous assurance that at this same moment she was not quite sure of the wisdom of her course.



What is a man to do in a time like this? If he tries to be entertaining he is apt to make himself into a grinning ape; if he is silent he is a boor. On the other hand, he may become demonstrative, and that is apt to be the worst of all. I was cold with anxiety and now I told myself that I understood why François refilled my glass with almost an air of kindness. I could swear that he himself loved Olympe, but already he had ceased worrying about me. I was filled with a very still and deep desire to murder François except that when he was gone I would lose with him the answer to that riddle which he seemed to understand. What he had said about wedding guests going astray—that was what got between me and the taste of the French vermouth.

It was just at this time that the tires of an automobile came grinding over the gravel of the driveway and stopped before the house. A moment later a servant appeared and announced that a man's automobile was out of order and that the chauffeur would have to work at it, but the gentleman asserted he was a friend of the house and sent in his card.

Olympe took it, canted her head a bit to one side, frowned, and then looked up at the man who had stepped into the doorway. He was dressed in rough tweeds. It looked as though the wind had been tousling his hair all day long and his forehead had been polished red-brown by the sun. He was tall but sparely made and his shoulders were a trifle bent. Yet what a man he seemed! Young, I mean, and smiling because he found the world young with him. There was an alertness in his carriage, and the very bend of his shoulders gave him the look of one leaning forward to run. Besides all that—the youth and the impatient hurry of his look—he was more distinguished in that travel-

ing suit than a diplomat in tails with a string of gaudy medals and ribbons across the breast. When Olympe went up and spoke to him, he bowed over her hand in a way that no American has ever been able to bow; no, not trained dancers even. His manners were those of a race which for a thousand years has looked at women as though they were queens of Sheba but which has treated them as though they were not worth a damn.

While Olympe Arouet talked to him I could see her head lifting by degrees, and when she turned towards us again, I knew that she had taken something into her eyes. She introduced him to us with a sort of happy unconsciousness. When he came closer, he seemed much more foreign than at a distance. His head was well made but there was a boniness about the temples and a distinct slant of the eyes. His name I never made out very clearly but it sounded, on the lips of Olympe, something like Borik, or Zborik, or Borikh, and the first name was Crassin, perhaps spelled with a "k" and a "z."

I thought he was a Russian, but he might have been a Magyar or a Pole or even a Mongolian. All Western tongues were hard for him, as I learned before the evening was over, yet he seemed able to understand Olympe and she certainly understood him from the moment when he began apologizing for his clothes to the time we all sat down at the dinner table. It appeared that his chauffeur had hopes of repairing the car soon, and that it was important for Borik to be on his way again as soon as possible.

How glad I was of that! I wanted to leave the table and help the chauffeur. The engine trouble, it appeared, had developed only a few miles down the road and then Borik, or Zborik, or whatever his name was, had remembered that many years ago he had come from his far-off country

with his father and had visited the house of Jean Arouet.

"But I remember it perfectly well now," said Olympe. "You were the tall boy in the uniform. Do you still wear uniforms?"

"Why should we, except on a golf course?" said Borik—at least, that was the meaning I got out of his chopped and broken French. Olympe laughed a good deal at that, and even let her eyes leave his face for a moment to welcome François and me into her mirth, but I could not smile. If only that chauffeur might be inspired to finish his work soon—that was my only thought. Sometimes François and I looked straight at each other. His expression was that of a man listening to faraway sounds, and I know that mine was the same.

Olympe ran on about the visit and the wise, bearded face of Borik's father.

"He is dead," said Borik, and closed his eyes and smiled.

That hit me—the calm, clear voice more than the words.

He knew the French for "dead" well enough and he brought it out in his melodious voice with a trifle of Oriental sing-song, caused I suppose by the effort of finding strange words. I hoped the cold blood of this would shock Olympe, and it did. The smile left her face as though a shadowy gesture had removed it. She leaned and stared for an instant; then her trouble disappeared. All this, mind you, took hardly longer than the flicker of an eyelash, but then I saw, or guessed with Olympe, that the eyes of Borik had closed in exquisite anguish. He was tasting that death again, not smiling at it.

It's a small thing to write about. It wasn't a small thing to see. It lasted a second, but that was long enough to take one winging into a strange land where people can look the end of things in the face and keep on smiling.

I felt rather dizzy, returning again to that table which Olympe had made so brilliant and gay that it was like a victory feast—at which François and I represented the losers.

Borik went on talking about his father. I think I understood him more by the words and the murmured sympathy of Olympe, which commented on everything. Just what the situation was I do not know, but there had been some sort of a rising and the castle had been filled with yelling murder. A few of the faithful had dragged Borik away from his father—to save the line—and I suppose it had been some little principality not too obscure for revolution to find it out. And then the father had turned and faced the murderers in a narrow hall, covering the rescue of the boy.

"He stood like this," said Borik.

With a lift of his hand and his head he showed how the brave old man had stood. The tears began to run down Olympe's face, but a moment later Borik had us out in the wind among the icy rocks of winter mountains, the pursuit laboring behind so close that the nightmare weakness began to come into my knees as I listened. Then Borik was at the verge of a great lake, he was pushing out in a small boat, and as the waves hurled him about, a thick squall ran over the waters and shut him away from the view of his enemies.

"But my father was dead!" he finished.

Jealousy feeds on all things, even the tenderest; but though I wished Borik any place away from that house, even in hell, I liked him as well at that moment as I have ever liked any man.

I don't mean that Borik spent the entire dinner time talking about his own experiences—and death. He did his gallant best to get François into the conversation and I remember that he told me with a sort of an air that he



had seen New York, once—in a picture book! He raised his hand and his eyes and then shuddered; there are a good many people who feel that way about New York, but Borik smiled to show that he was speaking as one ignorant of how to value such a mightiness and majesty and ugliness.

After dinner we went into the salon on the way to the garden, where Olympe had suggested a walk, but Borik spied the piano and he brushed the three of us into the garden ahead of him, with his gestures and his bows; afterward we heard the piano and the voice of Borik singing. He had neither range nor strength; some of his notes squeaked and others were shouted; but he did the thing with a strength of race, so to speak, and out there in the black-and-white of the garden by moonlight we felt the wildness of joy and the wildness of sorrow of which music can make one theme.

Olympe sat down on the first bench with François on one side of her and me on the other. She lay back with her head reclining, given up to listening. There was enough wind to blow the shadow of a branch across her, so that she was continually between the moon and the darkness, and this gave an odd effect as though she were drifting away from us toward the music.

"Paul," she said, "were you ever in love?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Tell me about it," said Olympe. "Tell me about it, while I listen."

Tell her about a love affair of mine while she listened to Borik's Oriental music? Well, I told her, clearly, so that François could listen also. I tried to make another night, far away in California, but still farther away in my own mind, live again there in Provence in the untrue beauty of that garden.

She listened devoutly—always more to the music than to me, and once she

looked up at me and said, "Was it like that?" and sorrow that music knows nothing about went through me.

She was using my words, not me.

In the meantime that damned chauffeur might save everything if he would only hurry with his work!

The music ended. Borik stood on the terrace, leaning wearily on the stone balustrade and saying that he was tired. He was so tired that he wanted to lie down and sleep, even if it were only for an hour.

François and I looked at each other suddenly as Olympe sprang to her feet. She had no idea that the evening was to end like this and she went up to Borik and talked eagerly to him. But he merely looked down at his hands on the balustrade and shook his head. I don't know what she had suggested—a walk, a talk; but she was completely indignant over this ungentlemanly behavior. She turned about and said, "I'm tired also. François, will you show him a room? There is an extra one ready, I think."

She turned back to Borik and said, "Perhaps I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you again, monsieur. Perhaps your car will be repaired before morning and you will be gone. Therefore, adieu."

He bowed over her hand, and she went quickly into the house.

When Borik and François were gone, there was no reason why I should remain in that damned garden with the ghost of Borik's singing about me, so I went up to bed in my turn. I passed François in the upper hall and he said, "But perhaps, after all—"

I let him finish off his idea with his own gesture and went gloomily on.

But then I reached the open door of a room and saw Olympe standing at the window with the moonlight sloping over her. She had thrown over her shoulders a great cloak of figured velvet and, since her hands were on

her hips, I thought of the soft, unfolded wings of the Great Peacock.

"Olympe—" I said.

She turned her head, silently, but I could see that she was smiling, and that was what drew me across the room until I faced her. There was enough in me to have poured out song and poetry but all I could say was, "I love you!"

She laid a hand on my breast and lifted her head a little. It was not exactly a gesture to withhold me but rather like that of one who supports a book at the proper distance for reading. I noticed then a very thin, an almost impalpable fragrance, and afterward I saw that she was smiling. She was not using me for her mirth but I knew that I stood at a great distance.

I stepped back a little. Her hand remained where it had been, half-extended; her smile remained also, and I had to set my teeth and gather my strength before I could walk out of that room. A few minutes later I was lying in my bed, swearing through stiff lips in a whisper. There had been no reason for waiting for a silly convention at such a time. I could see now that the best plan for me would have been to talk as soon as possible—even that morning, or certainly in the evening, and then perhaps I could have drawn her to me forever.

The last I remember of that hour was that my hands were still gripped hard, and I was telling myself that I would have her in spite of Borik and the devil.

When I wakened there was a whispering in the room, a queer hushing noise that made me snap on a light which showed me half a dozen great Peacock moths fluttering around the room; and I realized that the call of the female had gone out, as Olympe had said it would, and had brought in the searchers. These were some of

those wedding guests that had missed the way.

I sat up in the bed and looked at the great beauties drawing their uneasy circles closer and closer to the glare of the light. And then I heard a sound like a drawn breath with a choking sob in it out in the hall.

I pulled on a dressing gown, stepped into slippers, and jerked the door open, and saw François close by. The moon had shifted until the light of it slanted through the arcades of the hall, and by that illumination I saw that the face of François was battered and running blood. His clothes were fouled with dust. His coat was ripped open.

He came right up to me. Blood splattered from his lips as he said, "And you—you slept—you slept, you—"

He meant a great deal of insult, but somehow I was in no humor to resent what he said because it was clear that we had at least one important interest somewhat in common. And then I heard the sudden rattle of a self-starter in front of the house, the whine of a departing motor. A horn sounded, already small with distance.

François leaned a hand against the wall and nodded at me. He laughed, and the laughter did horrible things to his face.

"Now he is gone," said François. "He was ready to go, and he has gone. And I—and you—"

He began to laugh again and then went down the hall with a bit of a stagger in his step. His door closed and shut me out by myself in the midst of an unanswered problem. Everything was whirling together in my mind—Olympe, Borik, François, the Great Peacock moth. But I could guess that it was Borik who had started the red dripping down the sallow face of François.

Then I heard a quick, light step farther down the hall. I saw someone open the door of that bare room in



which the Great Peacock female was enclosed. I followed and passed in. All the air of the room was one gay confusion for there were thirty, forty, fifty of the huge butterflies sweeping out of the corners of the room to dance around the central light in the ceiling.

In spite of François there was still sleep in my mind, but the last of it was scattered when I saw that Olympe was there. And with the sight of her that entire day became as dim as something dreamed but never lived, a vision that would melt in the first bright hour of reality. For now I saw her as I had expected to find her when I came down from Paris.

I mean that she had a gray smock over her dress, and from her face every trace of makeup had been removed, so that one could see, as I had expected, the shadowy outline of the skull striking through the flesh, as it were. I had thought that she was beautiful, but she was not even pretty now.

She said, "Close the door, Paul. But

even if you left it open they would not leave."

"Olympe," I said, "I've seen François and—what has happened in the house?"

Now I saw that although her face was as arid and gray as a desert, her eyes held an abundance of light. And I knew that it would never stop welling into them.

Instead of answering me, she said, "You might even leave the door open to cool the room, because the Great Peacocks won't leave. They're dancing at the wedding feast, you know."

I stared at her. Comprehension began to come over me suddenly.

"Borik has gone," I said. "But you don't mean—Olympe—"

I began to laugh, easily. For the day, you see, was already lost in the intangible part of existence, the dreams.

She spread her hands toward the moths.

"How beautiful they are, the poor dears," she said.





## EDUCATORS GROPING FOR THE STARS

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

WHEN H. G. Wells pronounced his well-known dictum that the future was a race between education and catastrophe, he may have been speaking merely in an expansive mood or out of a psychology of despair, or only committing a logical fallacy by oversimplification. But in any event he won converts in America beyond his hope, perhaps beyond his intention. American education is stripped and on the mark, about to outrun catastrophe.

It is the kind of challenge that makes an appeal in America, and the times are such as to lend force to the appeal. Religion has lost its hold on us. We no longer really believe in the traditional democracy. Salvation by prosperity is newly proved delusive. Thus the three cardinal American articles of faith have lost substance. But the American nature abhors a vacuum of belief in panaceas. We must have a magic key to the riddle of life, a master key, rather, to all its riddles. Now one is being fashioned out of education.

I have had occasion in the last two years to observe from within something of the spirit which animates the world of education. I have seen it not in its workaday aspects but on the higher levels where the philosophy of education is mooted, where its objects are formulated and grand strategies laid down. I refer to such circles as the National Educational Association, the American Council on Education, the Progressive Education Association, the Association of American Colleges, and

the schools of education and teachers colleges from which emanate the researches and philosophical systems which are the tablets of Sinai to contemporary education. I have examined the written record in which the educational profession expresses itself with deliberation and for preservation. As I have pored over the voluminous literature of education, the books, monographs, reports, "surveys," journals and, most of all, the published proceedings of multitudinous educational conferences, I have felt a gathering sense of awe. No one can read what educators write or hear what they say on official occasion without being awed by the amplitude of their assumption and the altitude of their ambition. They mean to save the world, at least in America—a prospect which would never occur to anyone who knows the world or America or the results of American education in recent years.

This exalted ambition is not altogether new-sprung. It has roots in the soil. Education has always had a kind of sanctification with us, if only as an institution. Heretofore, however, the belief in education has been a corollary to the belief in democracy. There was the inherent right to equality of opportunity for all cultural advantages and, furthermore, only a literate people could fulfill the political duties of a democratic state. Education was, therefore, the instrument with which to make democracy effectual. Now, however, education is giving itself



wider scope. It has taken Mr. Wells to heart and conceives itself an agent of universal solution.

How? Broadly speaking, there are two main bodies of opinion on the frontiers of educational thought. One is centered on what may be called social reconstruction, the other on what is loosely and largely called personality. The first sets the making of a new social order as the goal of the school. The second sets as its goal the prophylaxis and remedy for all the ills that make men unhappy in their personal lives. It would not only educate individuals to extract the full development of their capacities but correct their personal deficiencies.

These two camps are by no means inclusive, for when educators let themselves go by tongue or pen, universality alone sets their bounds. I have, for instance, heard a college president boast with pride in a speech to other educators that he had introduced into the curriculum of his institution courses on leadership. Business men had told him that what they needed most was leaders; his own reflections on life had convinced him too that the world had drifted into a morass for lack of leadership. Asked how he could choose which boys of eighteen would be leaders at forty, what the prerequisites to admission were and how the contents of the courses in leadership were distinguished from other courses, he answered that he was not clear as yet; he was certain only that the world needed leaders and that they could be trained. Half of which is indeed true and has been true since there has been a world.

The two main roads by which the educators hope to lead the advance, however, are by way of social reconstruction and by way of the development of personality. It is easier to discuss the first, since that can be put with definiteness, while the proponents

of personality are seldom inhibited by the need for exact definition. Also, the proposals for social reconstruction have intrinsic substance. There is some reality to the controversies to which they have given rise. It is proposed that education become a process of indoctrination for a new social order. The race must be prepared for a socialized way of life, for a society in which collectivism is progressively supplanting individualism, and social control is supplanting individual autonomy. Individualism is already an anachronism, since the individual is no longer an effectual unit in a world of large-scale production, chain distribution, and concentrated credit. We shall have collectivism in any case. We must, therefore, re-shape the social order in conformity, and we must make the transition as smooth as possible by preparing the younger generation to live in such a society. Therefore, it follows, we must take the school as the most effective instrumentality to hand and use education to indoctrinate the coming generation with the principles of collectivism and social control. In the words of Professor Harold Rugg, of Teachers College, Columbia University, one of the more modest advocates of this philosophy, "Nothing less than thoroughgoing social reconstruction is demanded, and there is no institution known to the mind of man that can compass that problem except education." Professor George S. Counts of the same institution, the most vigorous advocate, bluntly entitles the pamphlet carrying his pronouncement "Dare the School Build a New Social Order?"

To this argument, which can be put impressively, at least in the abstract, it is generally answered that education would then become merely a form of propaganda. To this in turn it is replied that that would constitute nothing new in theory or practice, since education is and always must be propa-

ganda, if only by the process of selection of what shall be taught. Our present education is no less a form of indoctrination. It differs only in that it indoctrinates for the *status quo*, the regime of laissez faire and individualism. And thus the controversy is waged, with much heat and telling blows on both sides.

Impressive as the case may be in the abstract, it lacks reality of course. True or not, what of it? Granted that we are going into a new society, that it is more efficient to prepare by education for the kind of world we shall live in, and that the school ideally is the best agency for such preparation—granted; but who believes this? How large a proportion of our population now believes that we must have a collective society—or any other society essentially different in form from the one we have? More important, how large a proportion of that part of the population which makes opinion and sets values? View all these considerations against the setting of the recent quarrels in Washington over the right of labor to collective bargaining! The boards of trustees of our largest universities are composed of bankers, corporation lawyers, owners of large industries. Let the economics department of a university attempt deliberately to instill the principles of a communistic or socialistic society as preferable to the regime of private property and how long will the members of the economics faculty remain in the university? The school board of a city of one hundred thousand is composed of a prominent real estate dealer, the president of the First National Bank, a Presbyterian minister, the vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce. Let them hear that high school teachers in their town are teaching the evils of capitalism and private enterprise and pointing the lessons by laudatory descriptions of

Soviet Russia and how long before the teachers are dismissed and proscribed from the teaching profession?

When indoctrination for a new social order is practicable it will no longer be necessary, for then the new order will already have arrived. Those who control the present order will have surrendered or been converted. Whatever education may be culturally or as a concept, as an institution it is not independent or self-sufficient. It cannot create; it can only reflect. It cannot generate new social ideas; it can transmit only those which are already accepted. It must always bend to the collective will around it. In social ideas it can rise no higher than the source of the thought, feelings, and beliefs of the dominant groups in the society in which it finds itself. Having regard to how ponderously and wastefully societies move, this is a regrettable fact, but it is a fact nevertheless. For educators to debate the merits of new social indoctrination in schools and universities is either an interesting but meaningless intellectual exercise or it is to clothe themselves with a fictive importance. They are followers, not pioneers. To attempt to endow themselves with a grander role is to waste motions or court heartbreak.

## II

Yet these educators of whom I have been speaking are the more realistic and earthbound. The circles in which a heady ferment has been stirred by the yeast of personality are less easy to describe. They are as elusive as they are grandiose. Educators of this school do not aspire only to re-make society; they aim to re-make man. I shall point out later that science has gone to the educational profession's head. And the part of science which is most highly aerated is psychology.



It is probably easier to be scientifically unscientific about psychology than about any other field of human knowledge or endeavor. Certainly it is easier to adopt its phrases without a foundation of exact knowledge.

To understand the genesis of the personality school of educational thought one must know something of the background in psychology and in education itself. Now, it has been discovered and unanswerably proved that the intellect is only one aspect of the whole person. The actions, even the "thoughts," of an individual are determined at least as much by the instincts and the emotions as by the intellect. We know that a man may have deep and wide learning and may reason with impeccable logic and yet be badly balanced, unstable, and sentimental in his human relations. The professor of history, leaving his library, is carried away by mass emotions, in time of war for example, as completely as any butcher. Witness the years 1914-1918. To store the mind with facts, even with the distillate of facts which represents the accumulated knowledge of the race, is not sufficient to produce a wholly cultivated man or one who will act as a cultivated man in all situations. All of this is true, and from it have flowed innumerable *non sequiturs* and snap conclusions; from it have led wild excursions into the as yet unknown. Educators have learned that it is not enough to "educate," as that word has been conventionally understood. A whole area lies untouched, and they are stirred to action. Like the legendary general at the sound of alarm, they have flung themselves into the saddle and are riding off in all directions at once.

It operates as a complicating factor that the educational profession has acquired a corporate consciousness—not so much the working teacher, whether the college instructor of history or the

girl teaching the fourth grade, as the pundit above the battle in the colleges of education; not the teacher but the professor of education fabricating a science and a philosophy. Democracy and the spread of education to the masses have multiplied the numbers of the profession and given them an enlarged status. The teacher is no longer a handmaiden of learning. He is one with clergyman, doctor, lawyer. Newly aware of his dignity, he is naturally self-conscious in it, sensitive to its recognition and a bit bedazzled by it. The profession has become a craft, with all the craft mysteries. It has even a language of its own, intelligible only to the initiated. Because the craft is still unrooted and without traditions ripened by time and because this is an age of fashions in thought, changing rapidly with other fashions, even the initiated must keep up with current educational publications to understand the language. The ordinary well-read layman who picks up a few educational books or journals finds himself at sea. The words are familiar, but in their familiar connotation they communicate no meaning. One cannot understand either the literature of education or education itself without realizing that the writers are no less at sea. They have a patois as a symbol of group-consciousness, of craft-solidarity, as visible testimony of their importance. The patois changes because it does not really represent a craft mystery. It is not the expression of settled meanings, of tested knowledge, of convictions hammered out by cumulative experience, and argument. It is a substitute for all those, because those do not exist. If there were any, they would not change annually.

How providential then the many and rapid discoveries of psychology! How they lend themselves to the uses of a profession which is just old enough to acquire a sense of dignity and not

old enough to have background and depth. The lexicon of psychology is ideally adapted to patter. It can be intelligible without being understood. Unlike biology, physics, chemistry, law, or medicine, psychology does not require exact technical knowledge for purposes of discussion in other connections. For professional psychologists who remain in their laboratories it may, but not for others. We have then a happy conjuncture of circumstances: a profession which is newly arrived and must buttress its sense of inner security by setting its role in grandeur; the scientifically validated findings of psychology that knowledge and intellectual discipline are not enough, thus giving the profession scientific warrant for soaring; and in psychology a source of easy profundities which can be transformed into slogans.

Out of this conjuncture has come the succession of biennial philosophical systems and far-flung programs, each built on a new phrase or word. For one biennium it is "self-expression," now incidentally outmoded; for another "creative," then "orientation," "evaluation," "co-ordination," "integration." At the moment it is integration, with co-ordination not quite faded out. You cannot be counted among virile educational thinkers if you write three pages in an educational journal and do not use "integrate" at least twice, though if you say "co-ordinate" instead, you may still pass. To be sure, you need not define these words, and certainly you need not use them in the same sense twice. You need not even be certain what they mean. It is not particularly important what they mean, since they are primarily badges of membership. But you must use them.

Now, all of these are wholly respectable words, with perfectly respectable definitions, even with exact defini-

tions. If they were employed to denote thought-out and clear concepts and always the same concepts, they would be unobjectionable. But they have become instead merely a debased coinage uttered in lieu of genuine metal of standard weight and fineness. To carry out the figure, they are the tokens of an unhealthy inflation. I refer now to inflation of purpose, and this brings me back to personality.

Education is now all-absorbed in personality. Told that a large proportion of human ills result from maladjusted and unadjusted personalities, it aspires to apply prophylaxis and cure. It conceives the duty of education to be the integration of personality, sometimes more modestly called the adjustment of personality. This entails, of course, vastly more than imparting information, drilling in the use of basic tools such as language and calculation, and disciplining the reasoning faculties. It takes in individual character traits, their formation and harmonious development, habits not directly related to the learning process, choice and fulfillment of career, family relationships, social relationships, successful marriage and parenthood, proper attitudes toward all situations in which the individual will ever find himself—mark the word attitude; it is already challenging integration and education may yet come to consist of teaching attitudes—and other intangible subjective factors about which the psychologists themselves can come to no agreement even as to classification. In short, it puts the school *in loco parentis*, if not *in loco Dei*. In fact, it is trenching very closely on God and nature.

There are being established now, for example, what are known as personal adjustment bureaus as models of what should be incorporated into the educational system as adjuncts. The best known is now limited to men and women beyond school age. It has



been discovered quite correctly that many men are misfits in their jobs and that many others become misfits because of psychological disorders having nothing to do originally with their work. The task is being undertaken of adjusting the personalities of such men, that they may find themselves again. It is a laudable object. It ought to be attained. But can it be attained now by anybody who is unendowed with omniscience and omnipotence? Adjusting personality! First, what is personality exactly? There is no generally accepted definition. Second, what really is "adjusting"? What is that process exactly? Third, how does one "adjust"? What does one do concretely? Fourth, adjust to what? What is the personality norm? Who knows? Who can say on what we now know?

Again, an organization called the National Occupational Conference has been formed, under the most august educational auspices, and has been dedicated to the question of the relation of education to the life work of the individual. It has just laid down its research program, which is to consist of three essential parts:

1. More accurate, comprehensive, and significant information regarding occupations.

2. More accurate, comprehensive, and significant information regarding the growing individual.

3. Experimental evidence of the value and efficiency of various types of operating programs which seek to synthesize these two types of information.

Therefore, the organization will promote "research looking to the psychological, sociological, educational, and economic analysis and classification of occupations . . . looking toward the educational and occupational analysis of individuals as growing entities. This means the study of capacities, abilities, achievements, enduring interests and emotionalized attitudes from

the view of occupational adjustment . . . research concerning the changing adjustments and objectives in the life of the individual which depend upon age."

Indeed a comprehensive research! The final report, however, must consist of the history of the human race from its beginnings, and in this æon at least it can be written only by God.

I should point out also that this is by no means an exceptional enterprise. The educational journals abound with equally expansive "projects."

Assuming, however, that all these questions can be answered, who is to carry out all these laudable functions? It must be said again, as in discussing the proposals for indoctrination, that education is not an absolute entity, super-mundane and self-sustained. It is an earthly institution, conducted by administrators and teachers. And who are they? By the design laid out for them they should be, of course, prophets, sages, poets, seers, and men of affairs. But actually they are of the same stuff as the children whose personalities they will not only understand but guide to harmonious fulfillment. Nearly all of them are out of the same environment, most of them with four years of high school and two years in normal schools; they are of limited cultural advantages, harried by routine and their own worries, overworked, underpaid, and themselves not always "adjusted personalities." Have educators never seen school-teachers? Even if so many supermen existed in the world and could be found, would they be willing to become school-teachers?

Assuming also that the personnel is available, how are these majestic functions to be carried out? Science supplies the answer. Education has become aware of science and taken it to its bosom. Why not? It is the motive force of our age. From science

have been acquired technic and research, at least as words. Now, science has its place, and its place is in the laboratory, where objects can be weighed and measured and counted and timed, the results always verifiable by tests. When a chemist addresses his colleagues on  $H_2O$  he reveals in a hundred words that he knows whether  $H_2O$  is buttermilk or ink. There can be no doubt, and no eloquence can conceal any uncertainty. And when he undertakes a research he must prove every step with verifiable evidence. All that education has taken over from science is the word research. By its very nature that is all it can take, for it deals with too many factors which are imponderable, which by their very essence are not measurable by fixed and unchanging standards. There can be no inductive method of approach to any of the questions which have just been raised. But because science has achieved conquests by methods proper to itself, education takes over the methods. Hence technic, studies, surveys, all the elaborate paraphernalia which lend an imposing exterior to futilities or trivialities. All education is passionately engaged in making studies to find the proper technics for doing things that it does not know that it wants to do—or why it wants to do them. Technic has become the satisfying substitute for the breaking business of trying to understand. It is not a means to an end, as in the laboratory. It has become an end in itself.

A volume is necessary merely to list the titles of educational researches in progress at any one time. An incredible amount of every educator's time is taken up with filling out questionnaires received from other educators or in drawing up questionnaires for other educators to fill out. And when all the answers are assembled, tabulated, "run through" adding machines, Hollerith machines, and other cabalis-

tic mechanistic devices; and when the graphs are all drawn; and when the statistical tables are set down, with plus and minus signs attached to the same figure, and sigma and other Greek letters attached to the bottom or top of a figure; and when a final equation is evolved, taking half a page to print and embodying all the symbols used by Mr. Einstein and Mr. Millikan in their more abstruse and recondite demonstrations—what then is known? The original answers with which this imposing apparatus works were either hasty guesses, subjective estimates varying with each person making them, or irrelevant trivia.

How does one go about personality adjustments? One has "batteries" of tests. One tests with unfailing accuracy such qualities as mechanical aptitudes or physical strength. But one also tests character traits, emotional attitudes, veracity, responsiveness, loyalty, reliability. One tests them by asking questions of the subject and taking down the answers. It can be assumed of course that the answers are faithfully revealing. Then one holds discursive interviews and writes down the impressions, which in fidelity to the scientific method are "correlated" with the impressions of another interviewer. For personal adjustments of those occupationally misfit there are meticulous recordings of personal history, family circumstances, "interests" and leisure activities, school accomplishment, and an analysis of the subject's present work experience. He is asked whether he likes his job immensely, very much, moderately, a little, not at all. He is asked whether his employer is sympathetic, co-operative, antipathetic. He is asked whether his job gives ample scope for his faculties or just holds his attention or cramps his expression. He is asked what his principal interests are. As if he knew!

He is asked, for example, in one of



the standard "self-rating" personality tests, from which I quote: Does admiration gratify you more than achievement? Do you find conversation more helpful in formulating your ideas than reading? Do you find that people are more stimulating to you than anything else? Do you like to bear responsibilities alone? Are you considered to be critical of other people? Are you inclined to study the motives of other people carefully? Do you usually prefer to do your own planning rather than with others? All the questions are in terms varying in definition with every interviewer and varying in definition also between the interviewer and the subject. And the poor little machinist's helper lad is supposed to fetch out of his highly complex consciousness answers to questions which he could not truthfully and accurately answer if he had the introspective faculties of Marcel Proust. Then all the answers are set against a scale of ratings and a line is drawn through all the points on the scale, and that line is the "profile" of the boy's personality, on which the diagnosis for his career is based. But when one knows all that about the boy, when one knows all about any human personality that can be extracted by formal, conscious question and answer—what does one really know about him? This is science in comic opera libretto.

### III

The unhappy truth is that education is at sea and rudderless, and has lost its bearings. Its grandiloquent fantasies and wild divagations are an escape from the harshness of facing the realization that it is without direction. It accumulates mountains of fact as a substitute for thinking about ends, whereas it is not facts that are lacking but an assured philosophic grasp, a philosophy which commands author-

ity within ourselves and which can give us criteria by which to interpret facts. In all of which, of course, education is not differentiated from any other aspect of contemporary life.

Furthermore, education is suffering a reaction from a frenetic inflation. It had an almost pathological growth in the last two generations. We had thought that by multiplying units of educational machinery we were really increasing the depth and breadth of education in the race. We now feel dimly that we did not. We increased only the machinery. In doing so, however, we also scrapped the only philosophy and method of education ever applied with success.

The classical discipline, which had preserved and transmitted the cultural heritage of the white race, was abandoned, in effect if not always in the letter. It was inadequate to the needs of a mechanized society, a society also which was no longer organized on a broad base with an all-powerful, aristocratic leisure class as apex. The classical discipline also had become arid with pedantry. It had really lost its force. In reaction against it we went to the extreme of the "practical." Education had to be for immediate use, for utilitarian application. We taught carpentry and bee-keeping and powerhouse engineering. And now we know that practical education is not even practical. Employers testify that machinists graduated from the vocational high schools have to be re-taught when they enter a machine shop. The executives of many large industrial corporations testify that the so-called applied courses in the engineering colleges are of little use and that all the young engineer needs is a sure command of fundamentals, of mathematics and the sciences.

Our educated classes are no longer educated in the old sense; they have no broad culture. They are not edu-

cated either to deal effectively with the material environment in which they are placed. What the old education attempted to do, and what it is still doing where it has not been abandoned, it at least did well, inadequate though that may be for the world we live in. But in what it set out to accomplish it succeeded. What we have been attempting to do in all our groping, more soundly conceived as it may be, we have failed in. We have the advantage of neither the old nor the new. It is instructive to compare a hundred educated Americans with a hundred educated Europeans. Class for class, level for level, ninety of the hundred Americans will be relatively ignorant; not only ignorant but uncultivated. In compensation we have not even any greater effectiveness in our environment.

All this the world of education cannot evade entirely, wherefore its swirlings and its reaching for the stars, its omnipotence complex. I suggest respectfully that it scale down its ambitions and temper its hopes. The omissions and commissions of the Creator or of biology cannot be remedied by organized education; the perplexities of modern life will not be solved by organized education alone—or by any other agency alone. The role of the institution of education is inherently restricted, as is the role of any other single institution. To seek to expand that role is only to militate against its being fully executed in the proportions proper to itself. At the best, it is to be futile; at the worst, comical.

In the language of disarmament conferences I suggest an educational holiday. I suggest an arbitrary, ruthless restriction of "studies," "surveys," "projects." I suggest an unrelenting birth control of educational associations and the adjournment *sine die* of educational conferences, which gen-

erate enthusiasm that leads to reckless speech. Incidentally, the official Directory of Education compiled in Washington lists almost two hundred national and regional educational associations and one hundred and seventy-five educational periodical publications. I suggest that educators take themselves at whatever point they now find themselves, resolving only to do well that which they are now doing. Unconvinced though they may be of the ultimate value of what they are doing, doing it well is itself an end, and therefrom they may also come to see what is more worth doing. They will at least have time to think and to form judgments. They will save the energy and time lost in false motions.

Out of the more deliberate observation of what they are doing and the cumulative gathering of thought and experience and the imaginative brooding of many minds, ideas will slowly formulate, to be caught up and given synthesis by great individuals—some Froebel or Pestalozzi or John Dewey. Parenthetically, how much of the current educational patter is a superficial rendering of John Dewey's educational philosophy! It must be remembered that Dewey, who has been our greatest pioneer in educational thought, did his pioneering before there were any Hollerith machines. And I doubt whether he could to this day make the correlations from two statistical tables. Neither, probably, will the next John Dewey be able to do so. In the intangibles of cultural progress, education included, progress cannot come by multiplication of paraphernalia or the elaboration of technics. Nor does it come by sitting down in formal scheduled conferences to evoke a philosophy before the closing address at five P.M. Friday. However it does come, at least it is never self-consciously. More likely, it is by a slow, imperceptible ripening.



## The Lion's Mouth



### A NEW ROAD TO GREATNESS

BY PHILIP CURTISS

THERE is a mystery over which I have pondered for years without discovering any adequate explanation: How do famous men find time to write all the endless and intimate letters which, after their deaths, are collected and published in three or four volumes? Furthermore, when the letters are written and posted, how does it happen that they are so invariably saved? How, in short, does it come about that when a biographer wishes to write the life of almost any well-known person, from Pliny the Elder to Buck Davis, the cowboy poet, he seems to find a complete file of his hero's correspondence from the cradle to the grave?

To these questions I know, of course, the usual and superficial answers. I realize that in the days when paper was two and sixpence for half a dozen sheets or when it cost seventeen cents to send a note from New York to Stamford letters were not treated as lightly as they are to-day. They were tied up in bundles and packed in trunks. But this explanation takes care of only the incoming correspondence, not the outgoing, which is the matter in point. If, for example, I wished to write a biography of Shelley, I should naturally go to the old Shelley mansion and ask

the maid if I might look in the attic; but while this might show me who had written to Shelley between 1810 and 1817, it would cast very little light on the letters that Shelley had dashed off himself.

Again, it is obvious that if one received a letter from Gladstone while he was prime minister or from Abraham Lincoln just after the Emancipation Proclamation, the letter would probably be saved; but how about those thousands and thousands of letters written by great men before they were anybody in particular, those long self-revelatory epistles that appear in the chapters called "Formative Years"? In my own formative years I wrote probably two hundred letters—grand letters—to a girl in Germantown, Pennsylvania. But where are they now? As a matter of fact I know very well where they are. They were sent back and were burned in the Psi U house furnace after that unfortunate misunderstanding at the Penn. State game. But, if I had been Shelley or Cicero, those letters, to-day, would be in the British Museum.

No, the more one looks into the question, the more completely do the usual explanations fall to the ground. Once or twice, to be sure, the letters of a Pope or an Addison might turn up in the stock of a secondhand dealer on the Paris quays or in an old rectory in the south of Ireland. But when one finds nine-tenths of the world's greatest men survived by practically their whole correspondence one begins to suspect that something more than chance is at work. Have we not, in fact, always looked at this thing from a charmingly

naïve point of view? Have we not put the cart before the horse? In other words, do the letters of great men survive because the writers are great, or do men become great because they are, first of all, such excellent letter writers?

One may get an idea of the truth by examining the kind of letters that famous men write and the conditions under which they write them. If you or I, for instance, had been at the battle of Waterloo, the epistolary result would probably be about as follows: "Dear Ma, We had a battle to-day but I wasn't hit. Just the same I am all tired out, so forgive me if I dive for the hay." But would that be the method of a really great man? Most distinctly not! A man destined for greatness would first pick out someone whom he could rely on, by preference a fussy little country nobleman whose library would surely be held in the family for several generations. Then he would sit down and write him in this manner:

My Lord: There has been heavy cannonading all day and so I have not had time to communicate with you since my letter of this morning, except for the three or four hasty sheets which I wrote at noon and which you will, ere the receipt of this, have had from the hands of Captain X. (Editor's note: Captain Xavier, a cousin of the Duke of Newcastle. He was afterwards equerry to George the Fourth.)

It is now past midnight and in half an hour I shall attend at council where we will decide the fate of the French emperor, but in the meantime I will endeavor to give you a picture of the action which was fought to-day.

At two this afternoon I rode out with Marley (Editor's note: Lord Marley) to look at our dispositions. I found that the third brigade (Duggingham's) was resting on Montville with the right partly masked by the line of trees extending from Ourcq to Quatre Bras. Between that and the Second Corps, now commanded by the Earl of Hess, were four Belgian contingents and nine companies of the 22nd Foot . . .

And so on it goes, the famous "Waterloo letter," which afterward

will occupy fourteen pages of fine print. And that letter, we are asked to believe, was written in half an hour, in a tent, after midnight. Well, if it was, the writer would need no other reason for being called great.

Another very suspicious circumstance is the fact that letters of great men are so often written to only one person, a person of whom little else is ever known. If the receiving end of the vast correspondence is occupied by a woman, she is seldom the famous man's wife. As a rule, the only identification of her in the biography is found in a brief footnote which explains that she was "probably the wife of the poet's friend, Dr. Y." Moreover, the correspondents so seldom seem to see each other, and all this in a little place like England or France. Only now and then, in the letters, appears a hasty notation of this kind: "I arrived at Rouen this afternoon and found to my disappointment that you had gone on to Italy several days before . . ." And yet, on the basis of these fleeting glimpses, we are asked to believe that the great man continued to write the lady nine thousand words a week for a period of thirty years.

Now I am not saying, exactly, that these correspondents, whether masculine or feminine, are nothing but dummies. Yet it does appear that they are usually chosen with rare skill. For one thing, why don't they ever answer? Or, if they do, why aren't *their* letters ever published—in between the others? To this it may be replied that the public is not interested in them, but only in the celebrity whose name is on the cover of the book. Yet, if the unknown correspondents could write letters good enough to draw out regular answers of eight or ten pages from men of recognized genius, it would look, at first glance, as if the world had been cheated of some pretty fine stuff.

And who, besides imaginary or sin-



gularly complacent individuals, would allow the hero to talk so endlessly about himself without a little more attention to *their* woes and worries? Was Madame Y wholly satisfied with that letter which began, "I am sorry to hear that your cough is no better," and then went on to give three pages to a description of the writer's good times among the court beauties of Naples? Or had the whole matter been put on a thoroughly businesslike basis from the beginning? If the answers could ever be found, would they be merely this: "Your letter received and put in the safe with the others. Keep it up, boy, keep it up. Your style is getting better and better"?

It must not be thought that I am uncovering these points simply for the purpose of exposing old scandals. On the contrary, the more I see of the work of the great letter writers, the more I recognize the merits of their system. If we should discover that the world's strongest men were all terrific milk drinkers we should immediately conclude that milk had some direct connection with their strength. Likewise, when we find that most great poets, generals, statesmen, and prophets have been accustomed to tossing off their eight or ten quarto pages every evening after work hours, we are driven to the conclusion that the clarity of thought and endurance of body displayed in their public careers must have been developed by their prodigious letter writing.

One is ready indeed to ask whether the disappearance of voluminous letter writing is not responsible for the flabby state in which the world finds itself to-day. If every man now in Congress felt obliged to sit down at night and describe our financial policy for the benefit of a lady in Naples, how quickly would our whole political thought be purged of its excesses and absurdities. If almost everyone, in

fact, could form the habit of writing down at regular intervals just what he observed and believed, how quickly would the results be visible in our national thinking.

All of which leads to the final question at which I have been aiming. Would not this be an ideal time for a revival of the old practice of extensive letter writing? Certainly most men and women have never before had as much time on their hands as they have at present. To start the ball rolling I will state right now that if anyone wishes to write me two or three letters a week I will faithfully tie them in bundles and put them in the attic. I will even go so far as to say that I will possibly read them. Nevertheless, one right I must reserve—the traditional right of those in my position. I must insist on the immunity of Lord X and Madame Y and never be expected to answer.



### COMPLETE IDENTIFICATION

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

**M**R. HAYDON had never happened to cash a postal money order before, and he looked forward to his coming invasion of the big building on 45th Street with mild excitement. It was ridiculous, he assured himself over his breakfast coffee, that a man should reach the age of thirty-seven without having cashed a postal money order. However, this very morning he was going to cash three.

Once again he opened his wallet and examined the pale-blue slips with care. Each was duly made out to him, and carried on its face a promise to pay one

hundred dollars. But he had decided that it would be well to patronize a rather large sub-station, as a small one might be pinched for funds. Hence his selection of the 45th Street office. Naturally, as the slips informed him, he would have to furnish "complete identification"; but there was no difficulty about that. Again he checked the documents with which he had decided to fortify himself.

First there was his wife's letter, telling him that she was sending him three money orders for one hundred dollars each and asking him to cash them and to hold on to the currency until further notice. Mrs. Haydon was an actress who had just started out on tour, and before leaving she had considered long and carefully what she would do with the portion of her salary not needed for current expenses. Her final decision reflected temporary nervousness owing to a recent and intimate experience with a bank now closed. Not that she was a real hoarder, for she could still point with doubtful pride to a useful checking account; but she did not feel like swelling it at the moment.

Well, there was the letter. Then there was the latest statement of their joint checking account—"Elizabeth Roberts Haydon or Lawrence Bailey Haydon or Survivor." This he laid on the table beside the letter. After that came a joint brokerage statement, a few brokerage slips, his automobile registration card and driver's license, a Maine hunting and fishing license, several bills, as yet unpaid, and finally a cluster of speakeasy cards bearing his name. Surveying the collection, Mr. Haydon found it not merely satisfactory but impressive. In addition, as contributory evidence, he carried on his person a handsome watch with his name engraved on the inner case, a fountain pen, a knife, and a belt buckle, all marked with his initials.

Having located the proper window

in the crowded post office, Mr. Haydon decorously took his place at the end of a trailing line. The big clock on the wall said quarter past ten. Fifteen minutes later he had shuffled half the distance to the window, having meanwhile occupied himself by observing two sinister gentlemen in plain clothes who slouched up and down the room with large automatics belted round their waists. Mr. Haydon found this reminder of the frontier tradition picturesque but a little startling.

Shuffle, shuffle, for another quarter of an hour, and Mr. Haydon had the window to himself.

"I should like to cash these, please," he said politely, shoving the three slips through the wicket.

A female clerk, with heavy glasses and matted black hair, seized them, examined them, and without looking up replied in what Mr. Haydon considered an unnecessarily vulgar voice, "Nope."

Mr. Haydon, slightly stunned, held his ground. "What do you mean by no?"

"Too big. Gotta be identified. Complete identification. Next!"

Mr. Haydon smiled. "Yes, of course I understand I have to be identified. Now if you will just look . . ."

"You can't identify yourself. Next."

"What do you mean I can't?" Mr. Haydon bristled. "I have all the necessary papers here."

"Can't be done. Gotta be identified poisonally."

"But . . ."

"Nope. Can't be done. Next."

Mr. Haydon's anger found expression in dignified sarcasm. "Is there by any chance," he inquired, "a person in this establishment who happens to occupy a position superior to your own?"

"Window number nine. Ask for the foreman. Next." She had not deigned to lift her eyes.

Furious, Mr. Haydon sought out



window number nine. When his turn came there was not even a vulgar voice to greet him. At the far end of a long narrow room a woman was sorting papers and chatting with a postman who leaned above her desk. After waiting a minute or two, Mr. Haydon rapped sharply on the window shelf. The woman raised her head and stared at him. A little later the postman drifted away and shortly afterward the woman followed. The room into which Mr. Haydon peered was empty. He looked at the big clock. It was just eleven.

More minutes passed. The woman came wandering back and sauntered up to the window.

"Was there anything you wanted?"

"Yes." Mr. Haydon spoke in the voice of a man exercising great emotional control. "I wish to see the foreman about cashing some money orders."

"I'll see if he's around."

Again Mr. Haydon found himself furtively studying the armed guardians of the place. Of course it was imagination, but their eyes seemed hostile. The woman reappeared.

"He'll be out to see you in a minute." She went back to her sorting, and Mr. Haydon waited.

It was exactly eleven-thirty when Mr. Haydon heard a courteous voice inquiring, "Are you the gentleman who wished to see me?"

Mr. Haydon turned. The man at his elbow was smiling pleasantly. Here at last were amiability and intelligence.

"Yes. You see I came here to cash some money orders, but the clerk wouldn't let me identify myself. Of course, I understand complete identification is necessary, but she wouldn't even listen to me."

"Was she rude?"

Mr. Haydon hesitated, thought of the unemployment statistics he had

read in the morning paper, and then spoke like a gentleman. "No, she wasn't rude; only a trifle brusque."

"She shouldn't have been. But let's see what you have in the way of identification."

"I have everything here. If we go over to that desk, I can lay them out and let you have a look at them."

They walked to the desk and Mr. Haydon produced his wallet.

"Now here are the money orders. You see they are made out by my wife, Elizabeth Roberts Haydon, and are payable to me, Lawrence Bailey Haydon. They were bought at the Touraine Hotel in Boston. See? And here is my wife's letter, written on the Touraine stationery and postmarked Boston, in which she says she is sending me the orders." Mr. Haydon smiled confidently and paused for breath. "And here is a joint bank account statement. You see the two names at the top? Then we have this brokerage statement and these purchase and sales slips made out in our names. And here are my driver's license and my automobile registration card; and some letters addressed to me, and a hunting and shooting license, and all these speakeasy cards."

Mr. Haydon came to a full stop and looked at the foreman who had been examining the items, one by one, without comment.

"Well?" said Mr. Haydon.

The foreman shook his head. "I'm sorry, but none of this stuff is any good."

"What do you mean, it isn't any good?"

"It won't do for identification."

"But, good lord man, it identifies me a dozen times!"

"I'm sorry, but according to our rules it doesn't. You have to be personally identified."

"But nobody round here knows me."

"Well, that's too bad. There isn't

anything I can do. You'd better get an identification from your letter carrier and then come back."

"But I don't know my letter carrier. Besides, I wanted the money now."

The foreman looked judicial. "Then why didn't you go to your bank? They'll cash the orders for you."

"Yes, I know, but this was nearer, and I wanted to get the money as soon as I could." Mr. Haydon was not confessing that he had been afraid that the teller at his bank would think of him as a hoarder if he suddenly demanded so large an amount in cash. One of the armed guards slouched by, looking at him curiously. Mr. Haydon began to feel strangely guilty; his heart started to pump and nervous prickles ran up and down his spine. The foreman regarded him impassively.

"Well," said Mr. Haydon weakly, "well, I suppose . . ." Then, plucking up courage, he returned to the attack. "Look. Here's something else. You see this fountain pen has my initials on it, and so has this belt buckle." He pulled out his watch and snapped open the case. "And here's my full name engraved inside this watch." He held out the timepiece for inspection.

Peering at it, the foreman read that it had been presented to Lawrence Bailey Haydon, on his twenty-first birthday, by his loving parents.

"It's a pretty watch," said the foreman, "but I'm afraid it doesn't help."

Disappointment, bewilderment, and incredulity were written large across

Mr. Haydon's features. "Then you really mean to say," he demanded, "that all the things I've shown you don't identify me?"

"I'm afraid they don't." The foreman seemed to be getting a little bored with the proceedings, but his poise remained unruffled.

"Then I wish you'd tell me just one thing," said Mr. Haydon, finally stowing away his papers. "How do people ever manage to cash money orders when they're in a strange city?"

"Why, they can get somebody at their hotel to identify them."

"But suppose they're not staying at a hotel," persisted Mr. Haydon. "Suppose they don't know anybody at all and are in desperate need of the money."

The foreman shrugged his shoulders. "In that case they can't cash them."

"Then it really comes down to the fact that it is practically impossible to cash a postal money order. Is that it?"

The foreman nodded in genial agreement. "That's about it. That's why people like to use them. They're so safe."

Mr. Haydon's flag went down in complete and unconditional surrender. The foreman accompanied him solicitously to the door.

"You are quite sure the clerk wasn't rude?" he asked again at parting.

"Quite sure," said Mr. Haydon shortly, and started for his bank five blocks away. When he arrived it was just quarter-past-twelve. He had forgotten that it was Saturday.





## WE BUMP ALONG

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

POSTAGE stamps were invented to carry letters, and they still serve that purpose, to which nowadays is added a large and growing use to advertise the national emotions. The stamp in commonest use just at the moment of writing is the NRA. Back of all the fly-by-night issues is a standard series of portrait stamps that we are used to, and it is permitted to wonder as we stick an NRA stamp on a letter how long it will be before we return from government by professors to our old and honored friend George Washington. Of course, we are going to get tired of government by professors, but we did not take to it to please ourselves but because the times had violent need of medicine and we called in the doctors reluctantly enough because the country was so sick. We have gone on taking their physic for the same reason and we are not likely to discharge them until the country feels a good deal better. Perhaps if Louis XVI had had a spell of government by professors he might have kept his head. It behooves us to keep ours, even though we do not see a way yet to our immediate destination.

Mr. Wickersham, addressing lawyers in Syracuse, calls the NRA a "gay adventure" and has forebodings about what will happen to our grandchildren if it does not succeed. But he admits that repeal of the Prohibition Amend-

ment has been coming very much faster than he expected and that he isn't really an infallible prophet. Writing in March, 1864, to a former Senator of the United States, a former Governor of New York saw among other prospective calamities "a debt accumulated and accumulating beyond the ability of the people of this country to pay without making worse slaves of them than the negroes have ever been." "My country!" he exclaimed, "What have we to look forward to for the future?"

Most people in active business failed in '57. They had not got over it when the Civil War came leaving such anxieties as above recorded. Nevertheless, the country did survive, and Mr. Wickersham, long life to him! will probably see it survive again.

We should live along, if possible, to that end. Persons contemplating suicide (there are far too many of them judging by news items in the papers) are entreated to buy a belt, contrive a meal inside of it, and take a more sporting attitude toward human life. It's very speculative now; of course it always has been and always will be in our life on earth, and probably also to a satisfactory extent in the life that succeeds it. This idea that when we die we become canned souls, as you might say, and go right on in a stated condition after that, is no more sound than

it is attractive. Life here is a big gamble because we have free will and certainly we carry a due proportion of free will with us when we move on. If we have had a fair admission to the heavenly heights we may watch the concerns of earth work out from there, and those it happens to will have to do it; but the place to see this game through is on the grand stand and bleachers of our physical world.

Not that it is necessary to read everything in the daily paper about codes, regulations, dissents, rejoinders, and all such matters which concern the regulation of trade. No mind can hold to advantage more than a moderate dose of all that. If everyone affected and his lawyer read and consider the particular edict that affects them, that will do. Reading is for many, many people the greatest solace of existence. Nevertheless, immoderate indulgence in it and immoderate regard as to what is said may work as much harm as other forms of excess. To read is very well, to write is very well; but to live is bigger and more potent than either of them. We should not forget that what we Christians generally regard as the greatest mind that ever dwelt on earth did not leave a line of writing behind him. That is very remarkable, but probably nothing written can be a final truth. All our writings and all our conclusions are related to our period and to what is known in our world; but final truth is not so related, and we need not expect to handle it.

So as to what the professors contribute to the papers—it serves its purpose sometimes by demonstrating that it is not practicable. It has a right to be there; it is right that those whom it affects should examine it but, of course, it's not essential daily food for you and me, which means the millions. The American people do not know yet what

is happening to them; when they get it they will get it through the pores, out of the atmosphere, by the aid of digestion. If they are comfortable it will be good; if they are not comfortable they will want a new dispensation. To read the codes to find out about government is like reading theology to find out about religion. We want to know the aim and purpose of all the efforts of the Brain Trust. We want to know how much a dollar is going to be worth and how much it will cost. We want to know what the country is heading for and how hard it is likely to bump. We want everything to be settled for all time, all our time anyhow, whereas terrestrial life is not geared to any such plan, but is a day-by-day speculation. To get beyond that one has to go out and look at the stars and consider what authority controls and operates them—and when it comes to that he knows it is too large a subject for his facilities to handle.

We must not repine at complaints, discouragements, and forebodings by seers like Mr. Wickersham or stern critics of deportment like Mr. Pecora or Senator Couzens, nor yet at the earnest remonstrances of General Johnson because some people do not meet his expectations in their performance. We may not like to have General Johnson scold Mr. Ford because we cannot help feeling that Mr. Ford on the whole is a useful man who at least understands his business and is a good hand to furnish employment; but even the complaints that abrade our sympathies may be useful. Two little cousins, Nancy and Agnes, had practiced riding and were entered at a horse show with two other little girls to ride four horses abreast in a parade. They were sent for special training to an expert horsewoman. When they came home the mother of Nancy inquired how she had prospered. "Miss Nelson scolded us. Some of the



girls cried." "Did you cry?" "No! The girls that had cross mothers didn't cry." "Who was the other girl that did not cry?" "Agnes." That made the families of the cross mothers laugh, but the moral is obvious that complaints have a value in developing endurance and a philosophic attitude of mind. If we think of General Johnson and Mr. Wickersham and Senator Couzens and Mr. Pecora merely as our cross mothers whose office is to toughen us a bit, we will be less disturbed by what they say. If the adventure fails, says Mr. Wickersham, this and that will happen. But what is back of the adventure cannot fail. The American people are not going to fail. What is back of all these struggles and efforts and complicated expedients is the American people who can do a lot of things pretty well, can raise food, build roads and houses, make clothes, supply all the necessities of life in unprecedented quantities and are not going to starve to death in sight of too much plenty. They are not of a revolutionary disposition; they know too much. They know enough to grumble, enough to want administrative changes, but their hereditary habits call for no great interruptions of public order. We may skip the codes and most of the industrial, economic, and fiscal details that fill the newspapers from day to day; but even so we share in the instruction that is now being passed round. We are all at school and are probably learning more than may appear. What is it we most need to learn? Not technical things; that important branch of instruction will take care of itself. Watchmakers will learn about watches; shoemakers about shoes just as heretofore. What we most need is the kind of learning that makes us better people. It may come by religion; it may come from schools; it may come out of family life, and that indeed is the likeliest source of it. It will not come by com-

pulsory virtue such as was attempted by the Eighteenth Amendment.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN has died and there are those who will say that the best American writer of his day has passed on. So wide an assertion may have to be qualified to fit the facts a little better, but that can be done to suit the taste and the substance of the observation will survive. Those who knew his writings and thought well of them will say nobody put more interesting thoughts into better words. He knew what there was to know about words. He was a master of style and in his middle years at least he had a prodigious energy of mind that drove him to find expression in remarkable pieces of writing and in remarkable and often controversial actions. He was always willing to fight a good fight and, though whether the particular fights he fought were good might be disputed, there never was a denial of interest in his controversial matter.

In the headlines of the *Herald-Tribune* account of him it speaks of him as critic, scholar, and lecturer. "Remembered for his attack on President Wilson in 1915 as a 'provincial professor.' Raised religious issues, citing Smith's Catholicism as 1928 election neared."

Oh, well, it is not for any of those things that he will be remembered. One may have forgotten that he ever said anything about Wilson, as is the case with this writer, or talked about Alfred Smith as a Catholic. Those things were incidental, as was his assault on the inclusion of James Byrne in the Harvard Corporation. Alfred Smith is an admirable man, and Chapman doubtless knew it; James Byrne is an admirable man, and probably Chapman knew that. Whether he ever saw the merits of Wilson is not so sure; but when he shot at Byrne and Smith his target was the great organi-

zation, perhaps the most powerful that exists, and the same that drove his forebears, the Huguenot Jays, out of France and made them citizens of the State of New York. He did not want the Roman Catholic Church to obtain increased control of education in the United States, and that was a legitimate objection. Catholics might say their prayers and get to heaven in their own way without criticism from Chapman, but control of American education was another matter.

He might have made all of his objections in a gentle and deprecatory manner, but that was not his way, and if he had done so there would not have been these headlines over his obituary. He thought that the way to make objection to something that was objectionable was to make it bite. Here is something he wrote:

Remember that there is no such thing as abstract truth. You must talk facts, you must name names, you must impute motives. You must say what is in your mind. It is the only means you have of cutting yourself free from the body of this death. Innuendo will not do. Nobody minds innuendo. We live and breathe nothing else. If you are not strong enough to face the issue in private, do not dream that you can do anything for public affairs. This, of course, means fight, not to-morrow, but now. It is only in the course of conflict that anyone can come to understand the system, the habit of thought, the mental condition, out of which all our evils arise. The first difficulty is to see the evils clearly; and when we do see them it is like fighting an atmosphere to contend against them. They are so universal and omnipresent that you have no terms to name them by. You must burn a disinfectant.

That is from a thin book called *Practical Agitation* which he wrote in 1900 and reprinted in 1909, with a note to say that when he wrote it he intended it to be an epitome of human wisdom but it had not yet made the stir he had expected. Neither did he

himself make the stir that one might expect. His books of essays published by Moffat, Yard & Co. never had any very wide distribution, yet they are extraordinarily interesting. Writing about Samuel Gridley Howe, he said that there are men who are famous during their lives and disappear forever, and others who live unknown to their contemporaries and then emerge on posterity, but that Dr. Howe was a hero in his own day and can never be wholly lost and "belongs rather to that class of reappearing reputations that distribute their message to humanity through many undulations of loss and rediscovery." So it may be with Chapman. There was a column about him in *The Times*, a column in *The Herald-Tribune*. Certainly he was not unknown but has left reading on the shelf that blazes with light whenever you turn the page.

He was very cultivated, deeply read, and had seen many things, many people, and had a remarkable background. He liked to translate classics; Greek poets; Latin essays, Lucian the last one; but those exploits are aside from his main value, which was in his discourses on religion and on people. He wrote wonderful things about both—a discourse on non-resistance very remarkable in its exposition of the mind of Christ. He was seventy-one years old. It may be that he had done his work and was entitled to his release, but who will combine for us so much that edifies, inspires and entertains?

Ah truth! whatever truth may be,

'Tis neither yours nor mine.

'Twill shine through taciturnity,

Through broken speech 'twill shine.

Then wherefore sweat to have one's say?—

To save what cannot pass away,

Or rescue the divine?

So he said in 1929 in "Last Words," a poem published in *Scribner's Magazine*.







THE FLYING CODONAS

By John Stuart Curry

*Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries*





# Harpers *Magazine*

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## GOD SAVE THE CHURCH!

BY DAVID CARL COLONY

UPON learning of American recognition of Soviet Russia, Archdeacon Bullitt, of the Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania, uncle of our first ambassador to the new Moscow, exclaimed, "A national disgrace!"

This attitude of annoyance is probably characteristic of the great majority of clergymen who have any reasoned opinion on the subject and is caused by an accusing conscience. These men fear, without necessarily expressing their anxiety or even consciously admitting it to themselves, that what befell the Russian Church will be their lot too if our social-economic-religious order is exposed to the contamination of Communism. They seem to fail to realize that truth is absolute and eternal; that a healthy body when exposed to illness should be well able to ward off contagion. By their very fear of Russia they admit that the religious body is sick, its resistance worn down by impurities within. While there was

a time when the Christian example caused the heathen to follow Jesus, now they fear that the example of Communism will cause Christians to embrace the teachings of Lenin.

Their fear is well-grounded. To understand the situation clearly, we must go back to the Russian Church and see why it was left by the wayside while other Russian institutions march from strength to strength.

If the very elements of justice were to prevail, the Russian Orthodox Church had to go under. From time immemorial Church and State were wedded in an indissoluble marriage, always putting the ends of government first. The general ignorance of the clergy, frequently as great as that of the common people, insured for many generations against the spirit of inquiry. And when that spirit showed signs of real potency in the seventeenth century, the State lined up definitely on

the side of reaction. Any opposition to the Orthodox Church was treated as rebellion against the civil authority. From Peter the Great until the fall of the Empire the fortunes of religion varied with dynastic changes. Under a law of 1685 "schismatics," the heretics of that day, were anathema; their lives were in constant jeopardy, their property subject to confiscation; and the very people who harbored them were liable to flogging and banishment. A century later, Peter the Third somewhat relaxed the severity of the law; and Catherine the Second, a Protestant princess, was definitely antagonistic to orthodoxy, and for a brief period the spirit of inquiry within the Church dared to show its head. Under the act of 1824, however, Alexander the First ruled that adherence to the Orthodox Church, with all its ignorance and superstition, was compulsory, and male dissenters were ordered drafted into the army, while their women were banished to Siberia.

The priests had little time for, or inclination toward, scholarship, which is the mother of freedom. Social justice was a meaningless term, intelligible only to radicals. Their chief interest was in their comfort and in the fees which were becoming increasingly difficult to collect. The voice of the clergy was rarely raised in protest against wrong. Thus in 1903, when the last Nicholas began to hear the swelling rumble of rebellion and hastened to promulgate his "religious tolerance" of March 11th, his decree had no effect whatever except to intensify in cruelty the massacre of the Jews of Kishinev on the following Easter Sunday and Monday. So far as is known, not a single voice of rebuke came from the Church. Indeed, since the Church and State were closely allied, it is more than suspected that the priesthood encouraged the frightful bloodshed. Nor was persecution con-

fined to Israel. The Polish insurrection of 1863 resulted in the closing of Roman Catholic churches or their conversion into barracks and stables. The Uniat Church, for example, which acknowledged the supremacy of the Holy Father, was "persuaded" to reunite with the established religion, the "persuasion" being strongly aided by the police and the military.

Thus, for countless generations, while Tzars by Divine Right ground the people under their feet; while the spirit of rebellion grew, slowly but surely, against the privileged few; while men were seeking a just measure of freedom, religion was exactly what Communists to-day charge it with being, an opiate for the people. And when finally the populace seized control on that fateful October day, the Church was doomed.

That Church was a vicious caricature of the Bride of Christ. It was a blasphemy. It knew no peace save the sullen, silent submission of slavery. It knew no love, save of its own power. Communism comes nearer to the doctrines of the Prince of Peace. It has, at least, more charity. There are still, according to Maxim Litvinov, forty thousand churches in Red Russia.

## II

What the house of Romanov was to Russia, the economic order is to present-day America. It was no empty gesture of Ambassador Gerard's to list the rulers of America as being, primarily, the overlords of industry. What he did not point out, though it is equally true, was the fact that these men control also the religious life of a nation, compel the prophetic voice of the preacher to keep time with the tune of wheels whirling round and round in factories; and, in the event of discord, it is the voice of the preacher which is silenced. While our clergy



are, on the whole, far from ignorant, they are guilty as were their Russian brethren before democracy's tribunal. The very streets of our cities bear witness, Senate investigation chambers substantiate the charge, the voice of the past brings accusation against them.

As far back as the industrial revolution in Europe, when feudalism finally collapsed, the clergy looked upon social evil with comparative equanimity. When, to quote Professor Lindsay, "The rise and power of the capitalistic order severed the poor from the rich, and created a proletariat class within the cities," the clergy did very little to alleviate these conditions. They rarely spoke in protest. Indeed, they were hated by the common people with a fierce hatred. Thus, a Spaniard visiting in the Germany of that day remarked that "the rich is buried in the church, the poor in the churchyard. The rich may marry his nearest kin, but the poor not so, albeit he be ready to die for love of her." It was bitterly avowed "that it seemeth that Paradise itself is shut up from them that have no money."

It was much the same all over the European continent. Since it was England, however, which cradled the infant America, it is interesting to find an English writer remarking that "the priests have their tenth part of all the corn, meadows, pasture, grass, wool, colts, lambs, geese, and chickens." One of the most persistent notes of sixteenth-century England was detestation of the priesthood; and the Reformation brought but little change in the economic order. Thus, while Charles Dickens bitterly arraigned the conditions of his day, the clergy were more concerned with going to hounds than with going to heaven. Child labor, indescribably bad working conditions for women, and exploitation of the common man were the rule rather than the exception. And through it

all it was the voice of literature rather than that of the ministers of Christ which pleaded for a better economic day.

In the United States most of what we possess is the heritage of older cultures; and with the glory of the past we have inherited much of the evil. It would not be difficult to trace, in the early history of our country, many evidences of social injustice. We need only mention the pious creation of the institution of slavery in our midst, and to point out that as recently as the middle of the last century, the Church as a whole looked with no marked disfavor upon it. It was recognized as legitimate, legally and morally, in a society where one of the chief motives was to secure cheap labor. And, lest we feel tempted to remark that things are better in the present day, I need only call your attention to the fact that child labor is still constitutional among us; that the sweatshop still does a nefarious business; that, as in the coal fields of western Pennsylvania, men are still shot down like dogs by hired thugs merely because they dared to seek a fuller life.

Through it all the Church has remained quiescent until comparatively recently. There was rarely raised a voice of ecclesiastical protest. Devoted men and passionate lovers of justice there were in the clerical ranks, but the clergy as a body were indifferent, or else, used to a measure of comfort, dared not be militantly critical lest they lose their livelihood. That kind of a ministry deserves no livelihood. It deserves to-day the scorn which was the lot of the priesthood of the sixteenth century. It has been a long time now since we have had a Christian martyr. And unless the Church becomes militant against injustice and greed it will not be long before the Church in America goes the way of Russian orthodoxy.

It is true that, of late, men of courage have spoken high words. Even church councils have dared to voice a corporate opinion at variance with the established order. I need but point out the names of Dr. Tittle, Father Coughlin, The Pope himself. But spoken words evaporate quickly and leave hardly a trace behind them. Forceful action is needed, old-time stern rebukes. It is quite likely that upon such men as Wiggin, Insull, and the operator of a vicious sweatshop excommunication would have no effect whatever. A man who seeks to save his life, we have it on good authority, shall lose it. But priests, ministers, and rabbis could set up once more the ancient church tribunals, could order a man of ill repute to give account of himself, should have the courage to say:

"John Doe, we find you guilty of exploiting your fellow-men, of driving new nails into the broken body of Christ, of disobeying the will of the high and mighty Jehovah. We, therefore, cut you off from all communion with the people of God until you make amends and earnestly repent. And may God have mercy on your soul."

The excommunicates may continue merrily going to perdition. But the Bride of Christ will have left no doubt about her love of truth and equity. The Church, by such action, will cause the people to raise the emblem of the Cross above the red flag of discontent. And when, and if, men are driven by desperation to tear apart by violence, in order to rebuild upon foundations of justice for a better world, they will bless the ministers of Jesus; bless in gratitude, not curse in hatred.

The present economic order, like the house of the Tzars of Russia, is bound to go under. And with the passing of that order there is danger that religion will go the way of the Russian Orthodox Church. We have a man of vision and magnificent courage at the na-

tional helm. I believe that justice, without violence, will in the end prevail. But the Church must have a hand in the securing of that justice. Else, like Nineveh and Tyre, religion will be no more.

### III

The specific charges against the clergy are luxurious and easy living when hunger stalks abroad throughout the land, and that they have made religion a competitive business. These are serious accusations and should be proved.

Whatever conclusions are reached it would be entirely unfair to forget the great army of devout ministers who get little for their labor and give most of that little to the poor. They have their reward. But there is a host of others who have turned the altar into a source of profit. These are the men who place all religion in jeopardy by their selfishness. They are scattered all through America, and everywhere breed ill-will among the populace. The evidence of this thesis is based upon the official record, for 1932, of one of the leading Eastern dioceses of the Episcopal Church. It is not subject for discussion. It is a statement of official facts from which any impartial observer may draw his own conclusions.

During one of the worst years of the economic depression the total receipts of the independent parishes in the diocese under discussion approximated three million dollars. Salaries of the clergy consumed more than one quarter of this amount, which was distributed among two hundred and eighty-two priests, resident in the diocese according to the bishop's report. Even if we assume that all the clergy listed are regularly employed, the average salary was fifty dollars per week. It should be hardly necessary to remark that, of the ministers listed, many are



unemployed or engage in secular occupations. The weekly figure, however, is highly deceiving to the uninitiated. Most of the clergy receive the free use of a house, in addition to their salary. Assuming the very reasonable figure of fifty dollars per month, which the average layman would pay as rental for his residence, the priestly salary is the equivalent of sixty-two dollars a week. Even this is only a part of his income, since he receives, generally, gratis many services for which the layman is compelled to pay. For example, most reputable physicians charge the clergy no medical or surgical fee whatever; hospitals allow special discounts. Even the railroads grant the ministry the privilege of half-fare rates. There should also be added the many stores, clubs, and other institutions which give the clergy special financial consideration. On the whole it is very conservative to estimate that each clergyman was receiving the equivalent of at least seventy dollars per week, which in a five-day-work-week means fourteen dollars per day. He enjoyed, too, almost absolute independence, which most men spend their entire lives trying to attain—and in vain. The rector is absolute ruler of his parish.

I am charitably leaving out of consideration the many places where an automobile is supplied, frequently a secretary, sometimes even a chauffeur.

It is true that these figures are not exorbitantly high for professional men. But the ministry dare not be a profession. It must be a passion. And the clergyman who would win the common people to Christ must learn to live like one of them. Men who receive three dollars a week from charity wherewith to feed their entire family look upon fourteen dollars a day as wealth untold. These, thirteen million of them, and many not much more fortunate than they, stay away from

church. And when the reckoning comes, God save the Church!

Furthermore, the laity charges that the minister has an easy life. That charge, too, is justified in the light of facts. Except for the Anglo-Catholic priests, most clergy in the diocese under discussion can stay abed as late as they please. I am not saying they do. It is probably very true, however, that few of them rise early enough to hear the factory whistle, to see the lines formed at the employment agencies. And once awake, what of the day? There can be no parish visiting, except in emergencies, until afternoon. Even then only the women can be found at home. The morning, we are told, the minister spends in study. Either that is merely a form of speech or most priests are dullards. Certainly the sermons we hear bear very little of the mark of excellence which should come from constant study. The hardest work the minister does is ordinarily that of the afternoon and evening and consists primarily of visitation. That is not hard work. It should not be work at all. It is an endless pleasure to those who love mankind.

If, then, the man in the street looks upon many a minister as an expensive loafer perhaps there is some justification for that point of view.

After the salaries of the clergy are deducted, there are still some two million dollars left. Let us see what becomes of that.

The second most expensive single item is that of music. It consumes about twelve per cent of the total income, close to three hundred thousand dollars. Viewed casually, of course, this is not an undue proportion of the whole. And there are those who would insist that the value of music is great in creating an atmosphere of devotion. That is true. Two things, however, should be remembered. First, most people in church like to do their own

singing, and the worse their voices, the more lustily they sing. The harmony may be, under such circumstances, very poor; but the heartbeat of the congregation is more in tune with the heart of God. Second, and this is tragic in its implications, expensive voices are hired, fine organists are engaged not in order to worship God in greater beauty but to attract the "customers" from neighboring parishes. That priest is successful who can attract enough of his neighbor's parishioners to show that his congregation is growing in numbers, if not in grace.

The lack of co-operation among parishes of the same discipline is of course notorious. There is, for example, the actual case of a man who wanted his name perpetuated in stone, failing good works. He willed a church to be built as a memorial to himself. He left much money for the purpose. As canon law required, the bishop of the diocese asked permission for the project from all the neighboring parishes. They all, with one accord, said, "No." Nevertheless, the church was built. And directly opposite the altar, under a bright light that all may see, is the painting of the donor, who smiles perpetually and philanthropically upon God. In the meantime, since there was no need for the church, there now are two adjacent struggling parishes where formerly there was one doing fairly well.

#### IV

There is a third charge, more damning than either of the first two, against the modern clergy. It is that they have forgotten one of the chief reasons for the being of the Church or else they have deliberately chosen to neglect one of the cardinal commandments of the Master, to preach the Gospel to the poor. "Gospel" means "good news." And there is one kind of news which

has more meaning than any other to the poor man of to-day. If someone gives him bread to still his family's hunger, insures the presence of a roof over his head, of a fire in his furnace and gas for cooking in his kitchen, that is the beginning of the Gospel. It causes a glow of gratitude within him, and being, for the most part, a gentleman, he turns to God to give thanks. Then, and only then, have such words as "salvation" and "incarnation" any meaning for him. When, however, he must watch the slow starvation of his children, see his household effects sold by the constable, his gas turned off by the charitably inclined utility corporation, then "salvation" and "incarnation" sound to him exactly like "starvation," and he curses God and the ministers of His Gospel. This is a truth which was evidently well understood by Jesus Himself. For while His chief mission was entirely spiritual, He always placed the populace in a receptive frame of mind before He spoke to them of the eternal verities. And although Peter is reported to have converted a great multitude by his sermonizing, it is strongly suspected by those who understand the workings of human nature that his preaching had less to do with his success than the works he did in the name of Christ.

"Feed my lambs," was the divine command.

Instead, in the diocese under discussion, out of a total annual income of close to three million dollars, the poor received only some fifty-five thousand, or less than two per cent. Even that figure is deceiving. For out of the one hundred eighteen parishes counted in this analysis, eleven provided almost half of the total expended on the poor. In other words, one hundred and seven parishes gave alms of one per cent of their total income.

It will be argued that in these days of highly organized charity almsgiving



has ceased to be a vital part in the Church's program. In these days of stress, government and private charities perform a splendid piece of work. In the locality we are considering, however, all that one can get from these social agencies is confined generally to the barest nutritive requirements. The poor man's rent, his light and heat, raiment for his emaciated body must come from other sources. I know of actual cases of families "on the relief" where the truant officer threatened the imprisonment of the parents of a delinquent child. Johnny, said the authorities, must come to school. But Johnny couldn't walk the snow-covered streets without shoes.

The Church must find shoes for Johnny. She must insure the permanency of his home. She must provide medicine for his illness. The Church must cease her everlasting preaching, in a plaintive voice, of the Kingdom of Heaven. Heaven is with us, and hell too. The privileged few have taken to themselves most of the heavenly joys. The insipid preaching must cease. There must be a break, before it is too late, with the crumbling order of selfish greed. Tacit approval of an evil economic structure must be replaced by a thundering summons to repentance, an insistent call to share the world's goods. The Church must be the first to set the example. Else, now that the reckoning is at hand, the poor will soon or late proclaim the sacrifice of Jesus a hollow mockery.

Three-quarters of a million for priestly salaries. Three hundred thousand to lure people into church. Fifty-five thousand to feed the hungry poor of God.

God save the Church!

## V

Those who destroy should be prepared to rebuild. The following sug-

gestions are offered in the spirit of one who strives to serve his God and the Holy Church. They are not presumed to be the ultimate in reformation, but they offer a point of departure for those who seek to hasten the coming of The Kingdom.

I give you an NRA for the Church. From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs. This should be the rule in providing the livings of the clergy. To accomplish such a purpose it should be required that all receipts of the parish be turned over to the diocesan authorities. A minimum wage would then be fixed for each priest according to the size of his family. Thus in this ideal ecclesiastical state if a man is unmarried he receives a hundred dollars a month and residence; if married, one hundred fifty dollars a month and a house. If there are children an additional sum is allowed according to their number. Such a system of sharing among the clergy accomplishes two things of importance. It insures, first, that none come into the Church motivated by a desire for luxury. It eliminates the ecclesiastical transient who wanders from faith to faith and sometimes changes his allegiance three or four times in a lifetime, and generally at a regularly increasing stipend. It does away, secondly, with the restlessness of the clergy. A man under such circumstances is content to shepherd souls in any community where he is placed without continually seeking for advancement, by which is meant a more lucrative appointment. Some such method as this allays too the suspicion with which the poor layman looks upon the highly paid priest. It would get abroad then that the ministry is a democratic institution if nothing else.

The priest should be given too the choice of spending his morning and early afternoon in one of two ways. He would be required either to attend

graduate or advanced classes in some recognized institution of learning or to find profitable occupation of a secular nature, such as teaching school or doing social service under trained supervision. Or, if he lived in the country, away from the opportunities of a university, he would be required to do a definite amount of studying at home and to write reports, at regular intervals, accounting to his bishop for every minute of the time he holds as a trust from God. If he were not studiously inclined he would go out to help his parishioners on the farm or in doing some share of a layman's work, to understand as fully as possible the problems of a layman. There would be times when he would find it his Christian duty to perform such service gratis. When, however, he is paid for his labor, the money he receives will be the property of the diocese and will be deducted from his monthly check.

Under such a system there would be no problem of unemployment among the clergy. And men would be less likely to seek somewhat shady sources of outside employment. It would not be possible for a loan company charging forty-two per cent interest to boast "We are proud of our record of thirty-eight years. An investigation of the names of our stockholders would make any man proud to be honored by their acquaintance, as *they include Episcopal clergymen of the highest standing.*"

All this has a decidedly communistic tinge, for which no apology is made. In the economic order, I am quite definitely opposed to communism. But the Church is by her very nature a communion. Probably the best example of such community living is to be found in the monastic orders such as Holy Cross at West Park, New York. There all the religious live as one family, sharing whatever fortune sends them. Such a mode of life is prevalent in every American home. The minis-

try of the Church must be willing either to live as one divine family or to admit by their refusal that the priesthood is only another profitable profession.

All paid choirs should be eliminated. They have made it too easy to pass for a Christian without actually requiring a confession of faith. It is quite possible to hear others intone the Creed, with various fancy flourishes which make the words unintelligible, without subscribing to a single article of faith; to hear the Lord's Prayer chanted without any intention to forgive the trespasses of others, or to seek the Kingdom on earth as it is in heaven. These are things which every Christian should be required to say for himself, vigorously, militantly. And the hymnology of the Church should be confined to things of beauty, beautifully expressed, not like some of the sentimental mush which is far too frequent in our hymnals. Words of fervent prayer, of heartfelt thanks, of loyal exaltation should be sung by the congregation, with their hearts in their mouths, else their worship is vain.

The mission of the choir is chiefly to lead the singing of the people. And any church should be able to find among its members enough good voices for a satisfactory group of volunteers. In most places too someone in the parish can play the organ sufficiently well for accompaniment. And wherever that is not the case, any number of trained musicians would be glad, in these days of stress, to give their services, Sunday by Sunday, for a very nominal charge. Gradually, too, young seminarians should be encouraged in a more serious consideration of church music so that in time a greater number of the clergy could, when necessary, play their own organs and pianos.

In any event, it is clear that whatever remedy is used to cure the competitive music business of the Church,



it must be inexpensive. It is a grievous sin to sing about "Greenland's Icy Mountains" to the tune of three hundred thousand dollars, while next door to the house of prayer a family shivers miserably, trying vainly to keep warm in a house almost as cold as Greenland's icy mountains, and as cheerless.

It will make a much more joyful noise, I am certain, in the ears of God to hear the poor singing the praises of His Holy Bride because she took them in when they were homeless, fed them when they were hungry, clothed them when they were naked.

Finally, the Church must break with the mustiness which gathers in her magnificent buildings from one Sunday to another. The doors must be always open, and for a purpose. The three hundred thousand dollars saved by eliminating the hired singers and other entertainers should during this present crisis be given over to turning our parish houses into temporary dormitories, dining rooms, and kitchens; so that anyone who happens to be wandering, weak in body and spirit, may enter confident of finding food and shelter, and find them served in Chris-

tian courtesy, as if he were buying for a price. I do not know the exact number of church buildings in the United States. There must be at least one hundred thousand. Any well-ordered parish should be able to take care of thirty people who have been robbed of the necessities of life. That would turn three million souls in gratitude to God, and the Church, instead of being looked upon with suspicion and hatred, would become, by common consent, the champion of the poor.

And when the present crisis is past let that vast sum of over a quarter of a million be placed annually in reserve against the coming of plague, pestilence, and famine, or, God forbid, another series of lean years like the present. Then, the Church will be in a position to speak in the name of God, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Whatever the social order, whatever powers control the affairs of men, the Church will then march from strength to strength.

Then, verily, God *will* save the Church.





# WASH

## A STORY

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

SUTPEN stood above the pallet bed on which the mother and child lay. Between the shrunken planking of the wall the early sunlight fell in long pencil strokes, breaking upon his straddled legs and upon the riding whip in his hand, and lay across the still shape of the mother, who lay looking up at him from still, inscrutable, sullen eyes, the child at her side wrapped in a piece of dingy though clean cloth. Behind them an old negro woman squatted beside the rough hearth where a meager fire smoldered.

"Well, Milly," Sutpen said, "too bad you're not a mare. Then I could give you a decent stall in the stable."

Still the girl on the pallet did not move. She merely continued to look up at him without expression, with a young, sullen, inscrutable face still pale from recent travail. Sutpen moved, bringing into the splintered pencils of sunlight the face of a man of sixty. He said quietly to the squatting negress, "Griselda foaled this morning."

"Horse or mare?" the negress said.

"A horse. A damned fine colt. . . . What's this?" He indicated the pallet with the hand which held the whip.

"That un's a mare, I reckon."

"Hah," Sutpen said. "A damned fine colt. Going to be the spit and image of old Rob Roy when I rode him North in '61. Do you remember?"

"Yes, Marster."

"Hah." He glanced back towards

the pallet. None could have said if the girl still watched him or not. Again his whip hand indicated the pallet. "Do whatever they need with whatever we've got to do it with." He went out, passing out the crazy doorway and stepping down into the rank weeds (there yet leaned rusting against the corner of the porch the scythe which Wash had borrowed from him three months ago to cut them with) where his horse waited, where Wash stood holding the reins.

When Colonel Sutpen rode away to fight the Yankees, Wash did not go. "I'm looking after the Kernel's place and niggers," he would tell all who asked him and some who had not asked—a gaunt, malaria-ridden man with pale, questioning eyes, who looked about thirty-five, though it was known that he had not only a daughter but an eight-year-old granddaughter as well. This was a lie, as most of them—the few remaining men between eighteen and fifty—to whom he told it, knew, though there were some who believed that he himself really believed it, though even these believed that he had better sense than to put it to the test with Mrs. Sutpen or the Sutpen slaves. Knew better or was just too lazy and shiftless to try it, they said, knowing that his sole connection with the Sutpen plantation lay in the fact that for years now Colonel Sutpen had allowed



him to squat in a crazy shack on a slough on the river bottom on the Sutpen place, which Sutpen had built for a fishing lodge in his bachelor days and which had since fallen in dilapidation from disuse, so that now it looked like an aged or sick wild beast crawled terrifically there to drink in the act of dying.

The Sutpen slaves themselves heard of his statement. They laughed. It was not the first time they had laughed at him, calling him white trash behind his back. They began to ask him themselves, in groups, meeting him in the faint road which led up from the slough and the old fish camp, "Why ain't you at de war, white man?"

Pausing, he would look about the ring of black faces and white eyes and teeth behind which derision lurked. "Because I got a daughter and family to keep," he said. "Git out of my road, niggers."

"Niggers?" they repeated; "niggers?" laughing now. "Who him, calling us niggers?"

"Yes," he said. "I ain't got no niggers to look after my folks if I was gone."

"Nor nothing else but dat shack down yon dat Cunnel wouldn't let none of us live in."

Now he cursed them; sometimes he rushed at them, snatching up a stick from the ground while they scattered before him, yet seeming to surround him still with that black laughing, derisive, evasive, inescapable, leaving him panting and impotent and raging. Once it happened in the very back yard of the big house itself. This was after bitter news had come down from the Tennessee mountains and from Vicksburg, and Sherman had passed through the plantation, and most of the negroes had followed him. Almost everything else had gone with the Federal troops, and Mrs. Sutpen had sent word to Wash that he could have

the scuppernongs ripening in the arbor in the back yard. This time it was a house servant, one of the few negroes who remained; this time the negress had to retreat up the kitchen steps, where she turned. "Stop right dar, white man. Stop right whar you is. You ain't never crossed dese steps whilst Cunnel here, and you ain't ghy' do hit now."

This was true. But there was this of a kind of pride: he had never tried to enter the big house, even though he believed that if he had, Sutpen would have received him, permitted him. "But I ain't going to give no black nigger the chance to tell me I can't go nowhere," he said to himself. "I ain't even going to give Kernel the chance to have to cuss a nigger on my account." This, though he and Sutpen had spent more than one afternoon together on those rare Sundays when there would be no company in the house. Perhaps his mind knew that it was because Sutpen had nothing else to do, being a man who could not bear his own company. Yet the fact remained that the two of them would spend whole afternoons in the scuppernong arbor, Sutpen in the hammock and Wash squatting against a post, a pail of cistern water between them, taking drink for drink from the same demijohn. Meanwhile on weekdays he would see the fine figure of the man—they were the same age almost to a day, though neither of them (perhaps because Wash had a grandchild while Sutpen's son was a youth in school) ever thought of himself as being so—on the fine figure of the black stallion, galloping about the plantation. For that moment his heart would be quiet and proud. It would seem to him that that world in which negroes, whom the Bible told him had been created and cursed by God to be brute and vassal to all men of white skin, were better found and housed and even clothed

than he and his; that world in which he sensed always about him mocking echoes of black laughter was but a dream and an illusion, and that the actual world was this one across which his own lonely apotheosis seemed to gallop on the black thoroughbred, thinking how the Book said also that all men were created in the image of God and hence all men made the same image in God's eyes at least; so that he could say, as though speaking of himself, "A fine proud man. If God Himself was to come down and ride the natural earth, that's what He would aim to look like."

Sutpen returned in 1865, on the black stallion. He seemed to have aged ten years. His son had been killed in action the same winter in which his wife had died. He returned with his citation for gallantry from the hand of General Lee to a ruined plantation, where for a year now his daughter had subsisted partially on the meager bounty of the man to whom fifteen years ago he had granted permission to live in that tumbledown fishing camp whose very existence he had at the time forgotten. Wash was there to meet him, unchanged: still gaunt, still ageless, with his pale, questioning gaze, his air diffident, a little servile, a little familiar. "Well, Kernel," Wash said, "they kilt us but they ain't whupped us yit, air they?"

That was the tenor of their conversation for the next five years. It was inferior whisky which they drank now together from a stoneware jug, and it was not in the scuppernong arbor. It was in the rear of the little store which Sutpen managed to set up on the high-road: a frame shelved room where, with Wash for clerk and porter, he dispensed kerosene and staple foodstuffs and stale gaudy candy and cheap beads and ribbons to negroes or poor whites of Wash's own kind, who came afoot or on gaunt mules to haggle tediously

for dimes and quarters with a man who at one time could gallop (the black stallion was still alive; the stable in which his jealous get lived was in better repair than the house where the master himself lived) for ten miles across his own fertile land and who had led troops gallantly in battle; until Sutpen in fury would empty the store, close and lock the doors from the inside. Then he and Wash would repair to the rear and the jug. But the talk would not be quiet now, as when Sutpen lay in the hammock, delivering an arrogant monologue while Wash squatted guffawing against his post. They both sat now, though Sutpen had the single chair while Wash used whatever box or keg was handy, and even this for just a little while, because soon Sutpen would reach that stage of impotent and furious undefeat in which he would rise, swaying and plunging, and declare again that he would take his pistol and the black stallion and ride single-handed into Washington and kill Lincoln, dead now, and Sherman, now a private citizen. "Kill them!" he would shout. "Shoot them down like the dogs they are—"

"Sho, Kernel; sho, Kernel," Wash would say, catching Sutpen as he fell. Then he would commandeer the first passing wagon or, lacking that, he would walk the mile to the nearest neighbor and borrow one and return and carry Sutpen home. He entered the house now. He had been doing so for a long time, taking Sutpen home in whatever borrowed wagon might be, talking him into locomotion with cajoling murmurs as though he were a horse, a stallion himself. The daughter would meet them and hold open the door without a word. He would carry his burden through the once white formal entrance, surmounted by a fanlight imported piece by piece from Europe and with a board now nailed over a missing pane, across a velvet



carpet from which all nap was now gone, and up a formal stairs, now but a fading ghost of bare boards between two strips of fading paint, and into the bedroom. It would be dusk by now, and he would let his burden sprawl onto the bed and undress it and then he would sit quietly in a chair beside. After a time the daughter would come to the door. "We're all right now," he would tell her. "Don't you worry none, Miss Judith."

Then it would become dark, and after a while he would lie down on the floor beside the bed, though not to sleep, because after a time—sometimes before midnight—the man on the bed would stir and groan and then speak. "Wash?"

"Hyer I am, Kernel. You go back to sleep. We ain't whupped yit, air we? Me and you kin do hit."

Even then he had already seen the ribbon about his granddaughter's waist. She was now fifteen, already mature, after the early way of her kind. He knew where the ribbon came from; he had been seeing it and its kind daily for three years, even if she had lied about where she got it, which she did not, at once bold, sullen, and fearful. "Sho now," he said. "Ef Kernel wants to give hit to you, I hope you minded to thank him."

His heart was quiet, even when he saw the dress, watching her secret, defiant, frightened face when she told him that Miss Judith, the daughter, had helped her to make it. But he was quite grave when he approached Sutpen after they closed the store that afternoon, following the other to the rear.

"Get the jug," Sutpen directed.

"Wait," Wash said. "Not yit for a minute."

Neither did Sutpen deny the dress. "What about it?" he said.

But Wash met his arrogant stare; he spoke quietly. "I've knowed you for

going on twenty years. I ain't never yit denied to do what you told me to do. And I'm a man nigh sixty. And she ain't nothing but a fifteen-year-old gal."

"Meaning that I'd harm a girl? I, a man as old as you are?"

"If you was ara other man, I'd say you was as old as me. And old or no old, I wouldn't let her keep that dress nor nothing else that come from your hand. But you are different."

"How different?" But Wash merely looked at him with his pale, questioning, sober eyes. "So that's why you are afraid of me?"

Now Wash's gaze no longer questioned. It was tranquil, serene. "I ain't afraid. Because you air brave. It ain't that you were a brave man at one minute or day of your life and got a paper to show hit from General Lee. But you air brave, the same as you air alive and breathing. That's where hit's different. Hit don't need no ticket from nobody to tell me that. And I know that whatever you handle or tech, whether hit's a regiment of men or a ignorant gal or just a hound dog, that you will make hit right."

Now it was Sutpen who looked away, turning suddenly, brusquely. "Get the jug," he said sharply.

"Sho, Kernel," Wash said.

So on that Sunday dawn two years later, having watched the negro midwife, which he had walked three miles to fetch, enter the crazy door beyond which his granddaughter lay wailing, his heart was still quiet though concerned. He knew what they had been saying—the negroes in cabins about the land, the white men who loafed all day long about the store, watching quietly the three of them: Sutpen, himself, his granddaughter with her air of brazen and shrinking defiance as her condition became daily more and more obvious, like three actors that came and

went upon a stage. "I know what they say to one another," he thought. "I can almost hear them: *Wash Jones has fixed old Sutpen at last. Hit taken him twenty years, but he has done hit at last.*"

It would be dawn after a while, though not yet. From the house, where the lamp shone dim beyond the warped doorframe, his granddaughter's voice came steadily as though run by a clock, while thinking went slowly and terrifically, fumbling, involved somehow with a sound of galloping hooves, until there broke suddenly free in mid-gallop the fine proud figure of the man on the fine proud stallion, galloping; and then that at which thinking fumbled, broke free too and quite clear, not in justification nor even explanation, but as the apotheosis, lonely, explicable, beyond all fouling by human touch: "He is bigger than all them Yankees that kilt his son and his wife and taken his niggers and ruined his land, bigger than this hyer durn country that he fit for and that has denied him into keeping a little country store; bigger than the denial which hit helt to his lips like the bitter cup in the Book. And how could I have lived this nigh to him for twenty years without being teched and changed by him? Maybe I ain't as big as him and maybe I ain't done none of the galloping. But at least I done been drug along. Me and him kin do hit, if so be he will show me what he aims for me to do."

Then it was dawn. Suddenly he could see the house, and the old negress in the door looking at him. Then he realized that his granddaughter's voice had ceased. "It's a girl," the negress said. "You can go tell him if you want to." She reëntered the house.

"A girl," he repeated; "a girl"; in astonishment, hearing the galloping hooves, seeing the proud galloping figure emerge again. He seemed to

watch it pass, galloping through avatars which marked the accumulation of years, time, to the climax where it galloped beneath a brandished saber and a shot-torn flag rushing down a sky in color like thunderous sulphur, thinking for the first time in his life that perhaps Sutpen was an old man like himself. "Gittin a gal," he thought in that astonishment; then he thought with the pleased surprise of a child: "Yes, sir. Be dawg if I ain't lived to be a great-grandpaw after all."

He entered the house. He moved clumsily, on tiptoe, as if he no longer lived there, as if the infant which had just drawn breath and cried in light had dispossessed him, be it of his own blood too though it might. But even above the pallet he could see little save the blur of his granddaughter's exhausted face. Then the negress squatting at the hearth spoke, "You better gawn tell him if you going to. Hit's daylight now."

But this was not necessary. He had no more than turned the corner of the porch where the scythe leaned which he had borrowed three months ago to clear away the weeds through which he walked, when Sutpen himself rode up on the old stallion. He did not wonder how Sutpen had got the word. He took it for granted that this was what had brought the other out at this hour on Sunday morning, and he stood while the other dismounted, and he took the reins from Sutpen's hand, an expression on his gaunt face almost imbecile with a kind of weary triumph, saying, "Hit's a gal, Kernel. I be dawg if you ain't as old as I am—" until Sutpen passed him and entered the house. He stood there with the reins in his hand and heard Sutpen cross the floor to the pallet. He heard what Sutpen said, and something seemed to stop dead in him before going on.

The sun was now up, the swift sun



of Mississippi latitudes, and it seemed to him that he stood beneath a strange sky, in a strange scene, familiar only as things are familiar in dream, like the dreams of falling to one who has never climbed. "I kain't have heard what I thought I heard," he thought quietly. "I know I kain't." Yet the voice, the familiar voice which had said the words was still speaking, talking now to the old negress about a colt foaled that morning. "That's why he was up so early," he thought. "That was hit. Hit ain't me and mine. Hit ain't even hisn that got him outen bed."

Sutpen emerged. He descended into the weeds, moving with that heavy deliberation which would have been haste when he was younger. He had not yet looked full at Wash. He said, "Dicey will stay and tend to her. You better—" Then he seemed to see Wash facing him and paused. "What?" he said.

"You said—" To his own ears Wash's voice sounded flat and duck-like, like a deaf man's. "You said if she was a mare, you could give her a good stall in the stable."

"Well?" Sutpen said. His eyes widened and narrowed, almost like a man's fists flexing and shutting, as Wash began to advance towards him, stooping a little. Very astonishment kept Sutpen still for the moment, watching that man whom in twenty years he had no more known to make any motion save at command than he had the horse which he rode. Again his eyes narrowed and widened; without moving he seemed to rear suddenly upright. "Stand back," he said suddenly and sharply. "Don't you touch me."

"I'm going to tech you, Kernel," Wash said in that flat, quiet, almost soft voice, advancing.

Sutpen raised the hand which held the riding whip; the old negress peered

around the crazy door with her black gargoyle face of a worn gnome. "Stand back, Wash," Sutpen said. Then he struck. The old negress leaped down into the weeds with the agility of a goat and fled. Sutpen slashed Wash again across the face with the whip, striking him to his knees. When Wash rose and advanced once more he held in his hands the scythe which he had borrowed from Sutpen three months ago and which Sutpen would never need again.

When he reëntered the house his granddaughter stirred on the pallet bed and called his name fretfully. "What was that?" she said.

"What was what, honey?"

"That ere racket out there."

"Twarn't nothing," he said gently. He knelt and touched her hot forehead clumsily. "Do you want ara thing?"

"I want a sup of water," she said querulously. "I been laying here wanting a sup of water a long time, but don't nobody care enough to pay me no mind."

"Sho now," he said soothingly. He rose stiffly and fetched the dipper of water and raised her head to drink and laid her back and watched her turn to the child with an absolute stonelike face. But a moment later he saw that she was crying quietly. "Now, now," he said, "I wouldn't do that. Old Dicey says hit's a right fine gal. Hit's all right now. Hit's all over now. Hit ain't no need to cry now."

But she continued to cry quietly, almost sullenly, and he rose again and stood uncomfortably above the pallet for a time, thinking as he had thought when his own wife lay so and then his daughter in turn: "Women. Hit's a mystry to me. They seem to want em, and yit when they git em they cry about hit. Hit's a mystry to me. To

ara man." Then he moved away and drew a chair up to the window and sat down.

Through all that long, bright, sunny forenoon he sat at the window, waiting. Now and then he rose and tiptoed to the pallet. But his granddaughter slept now, her face sullen and calm and weary, the child in the crook of her arm. Then he returned to the chair and sat again, waiting, wondering why it took them so long, until he remembered that it was Sunday. He was sitting there at mid-afternoon when a half-grown white boy came around the corner of the house upon the body and gave a choked cry and looked up and glared for a mesmerized instant at Wash in the window before he turned and fled. Then Wash rose and tiptoed again to the pallet.

The granddaughter was awake now, wakened perhaps by the boy's cry without hearing it. "Milly," he said, "air you hungry?" She didn't answer, turning her face away. He built up the fire on the hearth and cooked the food which he had brought home the day before: fatback it was, and cold corn pone; he poured water into the stale coffee pot and heated it. But she would not eat when he carried the plate to her, so he ate himself, quietly, alone, and left the dishes as they were and returned to the window.

Now he seemed to sense, feel, the men who would be gathering with horses and guns and dogs—the curious, and the vengeful: men of Sutpen's own kind, who had made the company about Sutpen's table in the time when Wash himself had yet to approach nearer to the house than the scuppernong arbor—men who had also shown the lesser ones how to fight in battle, who maybe also had signed papers from the generals saying that they were among the first of the brave; who had also galloped in the old days arrogant and proud on the fine horses

across the fine plantations—symbols also of admiration and hope; instruments too of despair and grief.

That was who they would expect him to run from. It seemed to him that he had no more to run from than he had to run to. If he ran, he would merely be fleeing one set of bragging and evil shadows for another just like them, since they were all of a kind throughout all the earth which he knew, and he was old, too old to flee far even if he were to flee. He could never escape them, no matter how much or how far he ran: a man going on sixty could not run that far. Not far enough to escape beyond the boundaries of earth where such men lived, set the order and the rule of living. It seemed to him that he now saw for the first time, after five years, how it was that Yankees or any other living armies had managed to whip them: the gallant, the proud, the brave; the acknowledged and chosen best among them all to carry courage and honor and pride. Maybe if he had gone to the war with them he would have discovered them sooner. But if he had discovered them sooner, what would he have done with his life since? How could he have borne to remember for five years what his life had been before?

Now it was getting toward sunset. The child had been crying; when he went to the pallet he saw his granddaughter nursing it, her face still bemused, sullen, inscrutable. "Air you hungry yit?" he said.

"I don't want nothing."

"You ought to eat."

This time she did not answer at all, looking down at the child. He returned to his chair and found that the sun had set. "Hit kain't be much longer," he thought. He could feel them quite near now, the curious and the vengeful. He could even seem to hear what they were saying about him, the undercurrent of believing beyond



the immediate fury: *Old Wash Jones he come a tumble at last. He thought he had Sutpen, but Sutpen fooled him. He thought he had Kernel where he would have to marry the gal or pay up. And Kernel refused.* "But I never expected that, Kernell!" he cried aloud, catching himself at the sound of his own voice, glancing quickly back to find his granddaughter watching him.

"Who you talking to now?" she said.

"Hit ain't nothing. I was just thinking and talked out before I knowed hit."

Her face was becoming indistinct again, again a sullen blur in the twilight. "I reckon so. I reckon you'll have to holler louder than that before he'll hear you, up yonder at that house. And I reckon you'll need to do more than holler before you get him down here too."

"Sho now," he said. "Don't you worry none." But already thinking was going smoothly on: "You know I never. You know how I ain't never expected or asked nothing from ara living man but what I expected from you. And I never asked that. I didn't think hit would need. I said, *I don't need to. What need has a fellow like Wash Jones to question or doubt the man that General Lee himself says in a handwrote ticket that he was brave?* Brave," he thought. "Better if nara one of them had never rid back home in '65"; thinking *Better if his kind and mine too had never drawn the breath of life on this earth. Better that all who remain of us be blasted from the face of earth than that another Wash Jones should see his whole life shredded from him and shrivel away like a dried shuck thrown onto the fire.*

He ceased, became still. He heard the horses, suddenly and plainly; presently he saw the lantern and the movement of men, the glint of gun barrels, in its moving light. Yet he did not

stir. It was quite dark now, and he listened to the voices and the sounds of underbrush as they surrounded the house. The lantern itself came on; its light fell upon the quiet body in the weeds and stopped, the horses tall and shadowy. A man descended and stooped in the lantern light, above the body. He held a pistol; he rose and faced the house. "Jones," he said.

"I'm here," Wash said quietly from the window. "That you, Major?"

"Come out."

"Sho," he said quietly. "I just want to see to my granddaughter."

"We'll see to her. Come on out."

"Sho, Major. Just a minute."

"Show a light. Light your lamp."

"Sho. In just a minute." They could hear his voice retreat into the house, though they could not see him as he went swiftly to the crack in the chimney where he kept the butcher knife: the one thing in his slovenly life and house in which he took pride, since it was razor sharp. He approached the pallet, his granddaughter's voice:

"Who is it? Light the lamp, grandpaw."

"Hit won't need no light, honey. Hit won't take but a minute," he said, kneeling, fumbling toward her voice, whispering now. "Where air you?"

"Right here," she said fretfully. "Where would I be? What is . . ." His hand touched her face. "What is . . . Grandpaw! Grand . . ."

"Jones!" the sheriff said. "Come out of there!"

"In just a minute, Major," he said. Now he rose and moved swiftly. He knew where in the dark the can of kerosene was, just as he knew that it was full, since it was not two days ago that he had filled it at the store and held it there till he got a ride home with it, since the five gallons were heavy. There were still coals on the hearth;

besides the crazy building itself was like tinder: the coals, the hearth, the walls exploding in a single blue glare. Against it the waiting men saw him in a wild instant springing toward them with the lifted scythe before the horses reared and whirled. They checked the horses and turned them back toward the glare, yet still in wild relief against it the gaunt figure ran

toward them with the lifted scythe. "Jones!" the sheriff shouted; "stop! Stop, or I'll shoot. Jones! Jones!" Yet still the gaunt, furious figure came on against the glare and roar of the flames. With the scythe lifted, it bore down upon them, upon the wild glaring eyes of the horses and the swinging glints of gun barrels, without any cry, any sound.

## WHAT EDIFICE?

BY LIONEL WIGGAM

**W**HAT edifice of dust and joy  
Do brothers of the grass employ?  
What girls of honey-colored hair,  
Of lip serene and petulant,  
Tranquil or gay or arrogant,  
Are resurrected there?

*I daresay many a man construes  
A woman less like flesh than flower.  
Through dreamy caverns he pursues  
The charming body hour on hour;  
Under the mountain, under the stream,  
He captures beauty in his dream.*





# THE MEN AROUND THE PRESIDENT

A GROUP PORTRAIT

BY DREW PEARSON AND ROBERT S. ALLEN

ONE day shortly after the Roosevelt landslide, an unassuming man with a pugnacious chin and a nose which tapered off to an inquisitive point came into the office of Senator Costigan of Colorado and sought support for appointment to office under the New Deal. The job he wanted was the modest one of Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Senator Costigan had known this unassuming man as a Midwestern Progressive who had fought for the rights of Negroes and Indians, Hiram Johnson's presidential nomination, and other lost causes, and he said:

"Harold, you could probably get the Commissionership of Indian Affairs without much trouble, but why shoot at small potatoes? Why not be Secretary of the Interior?"

This was an idea which never had occurred to Harold Ickes. He was not, however, one to discourage bigger and better things; and at that particular moment the gods who govern Cabinet appointments, plus Hiram Johnson, smiled upon him.

The President-elect had asked Governor George Dern of Utah to be his Secretary of the Interior and was a little nonplussed one morning to receive vigorous objections from Senator Johnson of California. The Secretary of the Interior, Senator Johnson reminded him, allocates the water and water power to be derived from Boul-

der Dam. The Senator also recalled that Utah, California, and other Western States, were in considerable disagreement regarding that allocation. . . . So Governor Dern was made Secretary of War.

At this particular moment two things happened. One was the prod which Senator Costigan gave to the ambition of Harold Ickes. The other was the death blow which Mr. Roosevelt gave to the ambition of Arthur Mullen. Mr. Mullen, Democratic National Committeeman from Nebraska and Roosevelt's floor manager at Chicago, had set his heart on becoming Attorney General. But the President-elect had set his heart on having Senator Tom Walsh fill that important post.

So one day Mullen, despondent over his rebuff, bumped into Harold Ickes in a corridor of the Senate Office Building. Ickes also was feeling low. His new ambition to be Secretary of the Interior had run up against the dislike of his Progressive friends to ask favors of the new Administration. Even his old friend Hiram Johnson was reluctant to be placed under obligation. Arthur Mullen, however, was not. If he could not be in the Cabinet he would be a Cabinet-maker. So he submitted Ickes' name to Roosevelt.

A day or two later the President-elect sat in one end of the long sitting room of his Sixty-fifth Street house in New York, talking to a friend. At the other

end of the room two callers awaited their turn. Complete strangers, they stood admiring the collection of old naval prints—New England clippers, early Mississippi steamboats, the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*—which covered the wall.

Finally the President-elect, finished with his caller, turned to the two who waited. And, obviously uncertain of their identity, he said:

"Is Mr. Ickes here?"

Next day the press announced the appointment of the new Secretary of the Interior.

The selection of a presidential cabinet is supposed to be a solemn and deliberate event in the life of the Nation. Theoretically it is. Actually it may be just as accidental as the whim of fate which caused Franklin Roosevelt to pick a man whom he had never met to become not merely Secretary of the Interior, but subsequently Administrator of Public Works, Dictator of the Oil Fields, and one of the strongest members of his official family. Especially for a man catapulted into the White House by the greatest protest vote in history, whose success depends upon keeping permanently behind him the heterogeneous factions which backed him on election day, deliberation would seem the better part of valor.

But fate rather than deliberation played the leading role in molding the Cabinet of the New Deal.

There was the fate of Senator Tom Walsh, found dead upon the floor of his Pullman car en route from a honeymoon to his new job as Attorney General. Donald Richberg, attorney for the Railway Brotherhoods, was slated to be his successor. But Richberg came from Chicago. Moreover, he had been the law partner of the man who stumbled upon the job of Secretary of the Interior. Two cabinet members from the same city might

have escaped criticism, but not from the same law firm. So the Justice Department went to a non-crusading New England politician who was to have been Governor-General of the Philippines—Homer Cummings.

There was also the fate of Senator Swanson of Virginia, kept waiting until the last minute to get his Navy post, and who, seated in the Senate one day, complained in bitter whispers to Senator Byrnes of South Carolina:

"The newspapers keep saying I'm going to be appointed, but I haven't heard a word from him about it. Why doesn't the damn fool let me know?"

"You ought to hear pretty soon, Senator," consoled Byrnes, remembering, but not mentioning the fact that Roosevelt had promised a Senate vacancy to ex-Governor Byrd of Virginia and was under the absolute necessity of getting Swanson out of the way.

Just then a page approached the Senator from Virginia.

"Telephone call from Mr. Roosevelt in New York, Senator."

"Tell him what you think of him, Claude," chuckled Byrnes after his retreating colleague.

But all the Senator told the President-elect was: "Yes, sir." His appointment to the Cabinet was confirmed.

There was also the fate of William H. Woodin, slated to be Secretary of Commerce, but lifted bodily and protesting mildly to the Treasury Department when Senator Glass declined the honor. And there was Dan Roper, who turned down the Commissioner-ship of Internal Revenue and was edged out of the picture completely, until his old friend McAdoo, wrathful over Woodin's appointment to the Treasury, spent several hundred dollars in long-distance telephone calls demanding that Roper be given the Commerce Department. And finally there was Cordell Hull of Tennessee, who



would have much preferred being Secretary of Commerce but meekly accepted the State Department instead.

## II

Whether born of accident or deliberation, the personnel of the New Deal is now cast. There have been important changes since March 4th; there will be more during the next three years. Some of the low spots may be raised, some of the high spots may be flattened out; but for better or for worse, the character of the Roosevelt body politic is set.

At its head, through right of precedence, sits Cordell Hull, the Secretary of State. William Hull, his father, was taken prisoner during the Civil War and confined in an Ohio prison camp where a Yankee guard, either drunk or criminally insane, put out his eye with a bayonet. Years afterward, old William Hull, having returned to his Tennessee mountains and having saved enough money to travel, came north again, traced the prison guard to his home and shot him.

Cordell Hull is not unlike his father. A patient, long-suffering person, he avoids trouble when possible, gives the impression of one who will take almost any insult and say nothing. Underneath all of this he hides the temper of a bull. Hull never forgets. For weeks he endured the condescension of his subordinate, Professor Moley. For weeks he said nothing. But like his Tennessee father, he "got his man." And after he had kicked the Professor back into the obscurity of private life, Hull proceeded to make a clean sweep of all who were Moley-tainted. Celeste Jedell, his stenographer; Harry Payer, Moley-created Assistant Secretary, and Arthur Mullen, Jr., Moley's man Friday—all scuttled before the irate and vindictive mountaineer.

In his unostentatious way, Hull is a

passionate crusader for the underdog. He led the fight for the income tax during the Wilson Administration. He attacked the war debt settlements under Coolidge. He is almost fanatical in his determination that American marines shall not land on Latin American soil. He has a deep-rooted dislike for lobbyists, calls them "whores" and "prostitutes." For something over a decade he sat on the Ways and Means Committee and watched Republican majorities write ever-mounting tariff acts; and it remains one of the tragedies of his life that, having achieved a position at the London Economic Conference where he could reduce world tariff walls, he was doomed to failure.

Hull is not a good executive, is easily boxed by his career diplomats, is slow in making decisions, talks interminably but says little in his press conferences, loves to canoe, is an expert at croquet, has a delectable fund of Tennessee stories, carefully peruses all newspaper comment about himself, and at anything unduly critical loses his temper completely.

William Phillips, his Undersecretary of State, was a senior at Harvard when Roosevelt was a freshman, and has spent almost every year since then following the carefully modulated life of a career diplomat. Phillips was appointed over Hull's head to serve as the President's office boy, and has been scrupulous in obeying orders.

The life of William H. Woodin, Secretary of the Treasury, has been a series of misfits. Only son of a wealthy father, he was called back from a career of music in Germany to take over the gigantic American Car and Foundry Company of which his father was justly proud. Forty years later, anxious to help his friend, Franklin Roosevelt, Mr. Woodin suddenly was made Secretary of the Treasury at a time when the nation faced the worst financial crisis in history. In neither big business

nor the Treasury has Mr. Woodin been particularly happy. Frequently he has offered to resign, and following the revelation that he was on the preferred list of J. P. Morgan's "friends," Woodin actually took a poll of his cabinet colleagues to see whether he should get out. All except Jack Garner voted that he should stay. After months of absence from the Treasury, nursing an ailing throat, he finally achieved the pleasant fiction of an indefinite leave of absence which Woodin will be the last man to terminate if he can help it. Mr. Woodin is one of the most charming members of the Cabinet, has won friends even among his critics, is a renowned collector of old coins, composed the Franklin Delano Roosevelt March for Inaugural Day, has had several of his symphonies played in New York and Berlin, and hires a musical secretary or "orchestrator" who takes down the Woodin improvisations as he thrums his guitar in bed.

Henry Morgenthau, Jr., who would be actual Secretary of the Treasury were not Roosevelt his own Secretary, was characterized by one of his best friends on the day he took office as "a nice boy, but dumb." Almost every act since then has substantiated that diagnosis. Morgenthau started off by inaugurating a press censorship, dropping Professor H. M. Groves—most advanced tax expert ever hired by the Treasury—and attempting to sabotage the Securities Act.

The President appointed Morgenthau Acting Secretary of the Treasury because they had grown up together. His father is an old friend of the Roosevelt family, has a large fruit farm near Hyde Park, was a heavy contributor to F. D. R.'s campaign "Before Chicago"—when money talked. Young Henry was a naval lieutenant when Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He was State Conservation Commissioner when Roosevelt was

Governor of New York. He is one of his most intimate friends. He has few convictions of his own. If Roosevelt goes "red" Morgenthau goes red. If Roosevelt goes Tory Morgenthau goes the same way. Neither radical nor conservative, he is a pro-Roosevelt man.

Lewis W. Douglas, Director of the Budget, once bulked large in the management of the Treasury. But as the President turned toward monetary experimentation, Douglas, conservative, hostile, got woefully out of step and is now in the obscure background. Son of Arizona's wealthy copper family, Douglas is one of the most able, hard-hitting, and courageous members of the New Deal and also one of the most hated on Capitol Hill. The ruthlessness with which he pruned veterans' compensation will cost many Democratic Congressmen their seats at the next election and has killed his chances of returning to the House for a long time to come. Douglas rides a bicycle, has three small sons as pugnacious as he is, and once rescued Trubee Davison, ex-Assistant Secretary of War, from a mail bag in which he had locked himself.

J. F. T. O'Connor, Comptroller of the Currency, had the opportunity to play a leading role in the Treasury Department but missed his cue. Charged with the all-important job of re-opening the closed national banks of the country, O'Connor has lacked the vision and the initiative to start a revision of the banking system. He owes his appointment to the fact that he championed William Gibbs McAdoo against Smith during the fateful Democratic Convention of 1924 and subsequently became McAdoo's law partner. "Jefty" is an Elk, a great friend of young Jimmy Roosevelt, and personally one of the most likeable men in the Administration.

George H. Dern became Secretary



of War after a long and enlightened period as Governor of Utah, and big things were expected of him. He has, however, been a disappointment. More complaisant than Dwight Davis, not as spectacular as Pat Hurley, Dern appears happy and content to let his generals run the Army. He has sunk out of the New Deal picture even more completely than his Big Navy colleague, Claude Swanson, and the only time Washington hears of him is when he takes issue with Secretary Ickes over getting Public Works money for the manufacture of munitions. Dern began his military career at an early date. University of Nebraska records list him as "private and second alto" under Lieutenant John J. Pershing. An asterisk placed after his name indicates that he was "somewhat irregular."

General Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff, is the real Secretary of War. Under him the War Department follows the identical policies it did under Herbert Hoover. MacArthur's retention as Chief of Staff is one of the surprises of the Roosevelt Administration. The General had gone out of his way to claim credit for the evacuation of the Bonus Army, had posed for the photographers while his men routed the veterans with tear gas. Public resentment against him was vitriolic. Friendship in the Roosevelt family, however, is sometimes stronger than politics, and MacArthur, who knew the President as a belligerent young Assistant Secretary of the Navy, has remained.

Homer S. Cummings is a charming, easy-going person, who would much rather be governing the Philippines than filling his present arduous post of Attorney General. For a man not overly fond of hard work, Cummings has applied himself earnestly, and would be making a fairly good record if he did not have a weakness for listening to the patronage pleas of his

Cabinet colleagues. Whenever a deserving Democrat has turned up who could not be unloaded anywhere else, Homer Cummings has obliged. He took in Jimmy Roosevelt's young friend, George C. Sweeney, as Assistant Attorney General, despite the fact that Sweeney admitted knowing relatively little about law. He accommodated Dan Roper and Senator McAdoo by accepting J. Crawford Biggs as Solicitor General, much to the disgust of liberal members of the Administration. And he took compassion on Jim Farley by giving shelter to Pat Malloy as Assistant Attorney General after that turbulent soul had been pushed from the doors of the Interior and War Departments. Finally, however, even the good-nature of Mr. Cummings balked. Mr. Malloy got into trouble over some New Jersey beer permits, and after only six months of the New Deal found himself on the street. Cummings is tall, bald, and near-sighted, a veteran Democrat, has a keen eye for feminine charm, has been married three times, and is delightfully at home at diplomatic receptions.

James A. Farley takes seriously only three things in life. One is the Catholic Church, the second is his job as Postmaster General, the third is the perfection of the political machine which will re-elect Franklin Roosevelt in 1936. Farley is big, bald, bland, uses green ink, chews gum, never takes a drink, and once spent one thousand dollars to have the cornerstone of the new Post Office Building recast to bear his name. Jim understands nothing about the intricacies of inflation, crop stabilization, or deposit guarantees, and doesn't care who knows it. He is not much concerned whether American marines land in Cuba or if the London Conference fails. But he is intensely interested in Public Works, in the efficiency of his own Department, and in the appointment of a Democrat

to every conceivable job in or out of the Administration. Jim is absolutely square, the most companionable member of the Cabinet, and always stands by a friend especially when that friend is a "Before Chicago" Democrat. During the campaign he stood by Bill Lyons, ex-prize fighter and door-keeper at Democratic Headquarters in the Biltmore. Frank Walker, Treasurer of the Committee, had given strict instructions that no one was to come in. Bill Lyons obeyed instructions. He even barred Mr. Woodin. Mr. Woodin protested feebly. He said he was a friend of Mr. Walker's.

"It don't make no difference," said Bill Lyons, "you can't come in."

"But I have a check for ten thousand dollars I want to give Mr. Walker."

"Gwan," said Bill. "I said you can't come in, and that settles it."

So Mr. Woodin went back to his office and mailed the check to Mr. Walker. Despite this, Bill Lyons got his reward from Mr. Farley. With the New Deal Bill was given a job in the office of the Postmaster General, clipping newspapers and pasting them in Farley's scrapbook. He is called the "Pastemaster General."

Claude A. Swanson, walrus-mustached Secretary of the Navy, is now spending the happiest months of his life. For exactly thirty-six years Claude Augustus represented the Dominion of Virginia in the House of Representatives and the Senate, voted for bigger and better navies, and served as an enthusiastic member of the Naval Affairs Committee. Now seventy-one years old, the oldest member of the Cabinet and not in the best of health, nothing pleases him more than rounding out his four decades of public service as head of the one branch of the government to which he is passionately devoted. From the Admirals' point of view Swanson is a perfect Secretary. They run the Navy, he takes the

salutes. In fact he is even better than their devoted friend Charles Francis Adams; for Swanson carries enough weight to increase naval appropriations. Adams did not.

Claude Augustus has made just one mistake since assuming his new post. At the height of the Cuban crisis he was scheduled to sail for the West Coast on the cruiser *Indianapolis*, stopping at Havana. The President announced this to the press, taking great pains to say that the trip to the Pacific had been planned weeks before and that the *Indianapolis* might not even touch at Havana. That afternoon, Claude Augustus came to the White House. The world spotlight was on Cuba and Roosevelt's next move. Emerging half an hour later, Swanson posed for photographers on the White House steps.

"Hear you're going to Havana, Mr. Secretary," queried a newspaperman.

"Yep," was the proud reply.

"When do you arrive, Mr. Secretary?"

"Friday."

"Going direct or stopping at Key West?"

"Going direct."

Afternoon newspapers that day carried streaming banners: "*Naval Secretary Will Command Cuban Armada.*"

This was exactly contrary to what Roosevelt had intended. As a result, a White House radio went to the Naval Secretary, then already embarked on the *Indianapolis*. Two days later, when that vessel reached Cuban waters, the "commander of the Cuban Armada" remained on his ship a virtual prisoner. He was not even permitted to go ashore.

Colonel Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, is a close rival to Swanson for the admiration of the Admirals. Attendance at the Naval Academy, twenty years' service as an officer in the Marine Corps,



and a blood relationship with the President, all make Roosevelt the perfect naval executive. The Admirals now have a pipeline direct to the White House and have not hesitated to use it. Cousin Harry once used it himself on behalf of President Trujillo of Santo Domingo. Trujillo had royally entertained Roosevelt on a Caribbean junket and asked in return the loan of two Marines to train his army. Actually Trujillo wanted the Marines in order to give the stamp of American approval to his tottering regime, and the State Department raised immediate objection. So Cousin Harry went over the head of Cordell Hull to Cousin Franklin in the White House. The Roosevelts are a clanny lot, but blood is not thicker than policy where the Caribbean is concerned. Cousin Franklin sent Cousin Harry back to the State Department. His debt of hospitality to President Trujillo was not paid through the Marine Corps.

Harold J. Ickes, unassuming Secretary of the Interior, has turned out to be the most powerful member of the Roosevelt Cabinet. Starting as an unknown, untried Republican, Ickes moved cautiously at first; but when he disagreed with the President, said so, and in no uncertain terms. Apparently the President likes an argument. Also he seemed to like Harold Ickes; for as the months have passed he has placed more and more responsibility upon the shoulders of the man whom he had never met before he made him Secretary of the Interior. As Administrator of Public Works, Ickes has had more vitriol poured over his name by irate Congressmen than any other member of the Cabinet. And he will have more. There are two reasons for this and both have spelled delay in Public Works. One is the fact that most States and municipalities are unable to borrow additional money under their own constitutions. The

other is the revealing fact that on the question of unnecessary federal buildings, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hoover see eye to eye. "Pork" is out as far as they are both concerned, regardless of Congressional protests. Within these restrictions, Mr. Ickes has done a remarkably good job with Public Works. He has transformed the sleepy old Interior Department into one of the busiest in Washington—the only Department which runs a regular night shift. He has surrounded himself with a group of fast thinking, hard-hitting young men, among them Oscar Chapman, product of Judge Ben Lindsey's Juvenile Court and one of the most efficient assistant secretaries in the New Deal; Nathan Margold, a Felix Frankfurter protégé; and Harry Slatery, exposé of the Ballinger and Teapot Dome scandals.

Henry Agard Wallace is such an idealist that his role of hard-boiled Secretary of Agriculture sometimes pains him excruciatingly. Wallace himself is not hard-boiled, which perhaps is his greatest weakness. He is the most visionary, sensitive, lovable member of the Cabinet. To hurt a subordinate's feelings is like hitting his own child. He will not run from a fight if he realizes he is running, but he will tolerate an inexcusable situation for months to save a friend's face. Ickes and Wallace invariably head toward the same general goal, but Ickes can be brusque and turbulent, Wallace never. Born on an Iowa farm, son of a Republican Secretary of Agriculture, editor of the *Iowa Farm Journal*, chief spokesman for the farmers during the Roosevelt campaign, hanged in effigy by them since the campaign, Wallace has spent a lifetime fighting the cause of the farmer. Perhaps because he fights with soft words rather than General Johnson invective, his battle eventually may carry him farther; but there is no question that failure to act ruth-

lessly with some of his subordinates has helped widen the price gap between the commodities the farmer sells and the manufactured goods the farmer buys.

Professor Rexford G. Tugwell, in his quiet decisive way, is the most crusading liberal in the Brain Trust and as Assistant Secretary of Agriculture is the perfect complement for Wallace. The two men agree on fundamentals, though Tugwell stands out for the less cautious approach. A contributing editor of the *New Republic*, a man of pronounced socialistic views, Tugwell has bitter critics both in and out of the Administration, a fact which has not as yet diminished his influence in the inner councils of agriculture. As a youngster he wrote a poem which his critics have held against him ever since, but to which he is still faithful. The last line reads: "I shall roll up my sleeves—make America over."

Daniel C. Roper, Secretary of Commerce, began his public career as clerk of a Senate Committee thirty-nine years ago and, except for brief intervals devoted to politics, law, and lobbying, has been a faithful public servant ever since. Imbued with the same spirit are his children. Four are in the federal service and a fifth is employed with the Democratic National Committee. Dan Roper's chief object in life is to get along with people. Long years in government service have taught him how to accomplish this and also have given him the gift of being an excellent administrator. As Commissioner of Internal Revenue under Woodrow Wilson, he set a high-water mark for collecting corporation and income taxes, many of them rebated by Republican successors. Roper's greatest blow was to take over Herbert Hoover's Commerce Department just as it was to be deflated to a mere skeleton. For a man with a reputation as an administrator this was not to be tolerated, and

Roper's octopus grasp already has gathered the Shipping Board within his toils and made menacing motions in the direction of the Radio Commission and the NRA. The Secretary of Commerce is small and suave, has a delicious fund of stories which he tells at Cabinet meetings on General Johnson, helped organize the 1928 anti-Smith movement in the Bishop Cannon Belt, but went off to Europe to escape the ignominy of voting for a Republican.

When Frances Perkins was first appointed Secretary of Labor, she was frequently referred to as "the best man in the Cabinet." Time has proved, however, that she is not. Miss Perkins has charm, nerve, and ability to appear before a Senate Committee or a group of Labor leaders and win their confidence, but she is not a good executive. Her own Department is not well organized. Her friends worked for weeks to induce her to accept Dr. Isador Lubin and Edward F. McGrady, two of the best executives she has. She arrives at decisions by intuition rather than reasoning. When she thinks she is right, however, she will put up a harder fight against the President than any other member of the Cabinet. In private life the Secretary of Labor is the wife of Paul Wilson and the mother of a twelve-year-old daughter. Miss Perkins will never talk about her family life although it is a most happy one. She collects patchwork quilts, was called "Loquacious Linguist" at Mount Holyoke where she graduated, and once played the part of Brutus in "The Lamentable Tragedy of Julius Cæsar." Her mother always refers to her as Mrs. Wilson.

### III

To be a cabinet member in the days of Herbert Hoover really meant something, but under the New Deal it may



prove almost as empty as the dining-out privileges of the Vice-President. For there have developed in Washington a group of Recovery Administrators whose power and prestige in some cases overshadow mere mortals in the Cabinet. General Hugh S. Johnson, who holds the fate of industry in the hollow of his hand, is beholden to no one but the President. Nor is Joseph B. Eastman, dictator of the railroads. Jesse Jones, director of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, pushed his power to a point where he, far more than Mr. Woodin, molded the financial destiny of the nation; while George Peek, recently resigned Administrator of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, was regarded by meat packers, millers, and milk dealers as the real Secretary of Agriculture.

Of these, General Johnson, father of the Blue Eagle, is by far the most dynamic, the most picturesque, and the most powerful person to grace the Nation's capital in the last decade. The General has all the qualities of a great offensive campaigner. Graduate of West Point, originator of the Selective Draft Act, a writer of boys' tales, a painstaking student of the Bible, he has the dash, the courage, the spectacular personality, the contagious enthusiasm that make men eager to leave a trench and follow him through hell. But when it comes to long-drawn-out defensive warfare, the General is not there. He is at his best where the fire is thickest. He has to do everything himself. He works until such late hours that his judgment at times has been warped and bleary, especially in picking his deputy administrators. But regardless of his faults, few other men could have launched the National Industrial Recovery Administration with more speed and more all-round success than that profane and pugnacious human dynamo, Hugh S. Johnson.

Among his associates, Donald R. Richberg, General Counsel for the NRA, has made the largest contribution toward the flight of the Blue Eagle. A rare figure in the legal profession, Richberg once abandoned a lucrative corporation law practice to fight Sam Insull when that discredited magnate was in the full flush of his power. A co-author of the Recovery Act, Richberg stands high in the President's confidence, and is playing an increasingly powerful role in the New Deal.

Just as powerful is Joseph B. Eastman, Federal Railroad Co-ordinator. Eastman is one of the most crusading liberals in the Roosevelt Administration. For years his loud dissenting voice on the Interstate Commerce Commission stood out like the minority opinions of Justices Holmes and Brandeis on the Supreme Court. A sincere believer that the only hope of the railroads is government ownership, Eastman is working eighteen hours a day to keep them liquid. One of Washington's few prominent bachelors, he plays handball for diversion.

With the advent of the New Deal, political prognosticators generally predicted that the public days of Jesse Jones were numbered. A politically ambitious Texas banker, hotel owner, real estate boomer, and newspaper publisher, he had been appointed to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation by Herbert Hoover and turned out to be one of that gentleman's most amenable supporters. But the political prognosticators were wrong. Mr. Woodin's continued absence from Washington left a hole in the fiscal armorplate of the New Deal, and into this hole Mr. Jones thrust his large and ungainly bulk. And in that hole, despite the tirade of his critics, the Chairman of the R. F. C. has continued not merely to sit, but to play

one of the most important roles in the Roosevelt fiscal program.

#### IV

Studied individually and at close range, the personalities of the New Deal present a highly variegated, and at times bewildering picture. Seated round the same cabinet table with the idealistic Wallace, the indomitably liberal Ickes, the socially minded Perkins, are the ultra-political Farley, the suave and conservative Roper, the easy-going, complaisant Cummings. Offsetting the dynamic General Johnson is the drab and bumbling "Seaboard Bill" Stevenson of the Home Loan Board. Hampering the effectiveness of the forthright Fred Howe, Consumers' Counsel of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, is the trouble-making Clyde King, protector of milk dealers in the same organization. Co-members of the Federal Trade Commission are Ewin Davis, lame-duck, big-business-protecting brother of Norman Davis; and James Landis, crusading author of the Securities Act. Similar bizarre contrasts stand out in every branch of the Roosevelt Administration.

But get away from the close-ups. Stand back far enough to study the whole panorama. It is bright and colorful. The contrast with predecessors of the past twelve years is heartening. There is not so much ponderous respectability. There is not so much reverence for the past. With the exception of Jack Garner, who made his money at real estate and poker, there is not a millionaire in the carload.

Two features stand out above the others.

First, the picture is typically Rooseveltian—no heavy underlines, not too much emphasis on any one point of view, but a definite swing to "left of center."

Second, the picture is not fixed or rigid, but in a continual state of flux. Personalities appear and disappear. All the years of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover did not witness the personnel upheavals which have marked the first ten months of the New Deal. And they are just beginning. A year from now the composition of the Roosevelt official family will be as different from to-day's as to-day's is from that of March 4th.

Professor Moley, Undersecretary Acheson, Professor Sprague, George N. Peek, Charles Brand, Prohibition administrator Dalrymple, Pat Malloy, and—for practical purposes—Mr. Woodin, all have departed. Others of equal rank are ready for the skids.

The President once described his method of dealing with problems as comparable to a football game—the strategy of each play being worked out in a huddle as the game progressed. The comparison is equally true of his team. If the next move calls for a new line-man or a new quarterback, he calls for a substitute. Such shifts have produced little rancor and personal bitterness. There are few feuds and cliques. Vigorous differences exist, but over policies, not personalities. This is due entirely to the persuasive friendliness, the ingratiating good humor, the deft personal touch of the President. A more impulsive, less agile executive confronted with the same complexities of personnel, long ago would have had bedlam on his hands or else become subservient to his more purposeful advisers.

But not Franklin Roosevelt. Behind his smile, his quick wit, his winning friendliness are two factors never to be overlooked in his evaluation. First, Roosevelt is a Dutch gentleman, reared in the manner, environment, and tradition of landed aristocracy. Second, one of the most terrible of all diseases



has subjected his character to a crucible of suffering through which few people have ever passed. To the first he owes social poise that knows no superiority; to the second a subconscious objectiveness that views men and events with an unhurried, tolerant detachment.

Unquestionably the President is heading toward the left. Almost every day pushes him in that direction. His pace is much faster than that of his Cabinet, and in quickening it he has sought advice far beyond its narrow confines. The Brain Trust of Professor Moley's day is no more. It was a closed corporation in which one man jealously dished up to the President at breakfast each morning what he wanted him to say and do.

The President has progressed far beyond that day. He has now expanded the Brain Trust until it is a loose-knit organization functioning under no one but himself and reaching into every corner of the New Deal, both in and out of the government. It includes

such men as Felix Frankfurter, although he seldom comes to Washington; Johnson, Richberg, and Eastman, who flit through White House doors more frequently than Cabinet members; Leo Wolman and Ed McGrady, labor conciliators; Harry Hopkins, a genius at unemployment relief; A. A. Berle and Rex Tugwell, two survivors of the original Brain Trust; James Harvey Rogers and George F. Warren, monetary advisers.

On major matters of Recovery no one man has the President's ear. Not even little Louis Howe, his lifelong adviser, now counts with him beyond matters of personnel and politics. Roosevelt takes opinions from everyone and makes his own decisions. But the group he is listening to most are the Wallaces, Ickeses, Tugwells, and Frankfurters. They are Liberal, many of them Liberal Left, but they are put to it to keep up with the President in his restless search for the Road to Recovery.



# RETURN OF THE NATIVE

A STORY

BY LLOYD MORRIS

AFTER Bridgeport the train became a local, winding slowly along the Naugatuck valley. Drab mill towns succeeded one another, each a monotonous repetition of the last. At every one the train halted, amiably, as if paying a visit long overdue. In the torrid smoker Bruce Kinsolving crumpled the New York papers and cursed the heat. This was a hell of a home-coming.

Home? . . . Kinsolving glanced out the greasy window. Looking out at the familiar Connecticut landscape, he tried to whip up some emotion about it. But all that he felt was the bristly persistent plush eating into his damp flesh. Between the patches of desolation at which the train stopped the landscape was rather more than pleasant. It had a homespun charm in the waning light of this June evening. Clumps of wood along a rocky riverbed. White farmhouses, with orchards behind them and lilacs in front. From time to time masses of rose or white laurel. It was all friendly enough. He'd been born and brought up in it.

He shifted his itching posterior. The two stout, shirt-sleeved men in the seat ahead of him were arguing about a milk strike. Across the aisle a colored laborer was snoring, firmly clutching a stinking pipe. A very blonde girl down the car was "kidding" the lanky conductor. The air

reeked of sweat, stale smoke, and something like orange-peel. There was a baby in the car. It kept whining fretfully. In Paris Kinsolving had looked forward eagerly to the trip up from New York.

Well, there was still plenty of time in which to get sentimental about scenes of childhood. At Torrington he would have to look sharp for a taxi. Doctor Chamberlain would not be likely to meet him. Why should he sacrifice his dinner-hour to welcoming his friend's nephew and heir? A ten-mile drive over the hills to New Haddam. As the taxi crawled up the steep ascent to the Common, maybe he would feel the anticipated thrill. A sharp turn at the top . . . the white colonnade of the old church.

An image of it, rising uninvited in the Boulevard Saint Germain, had started him across three thousand miles of ocean. It had been a symbol. It had represented New Haddam, and the town exemplified those specifically American qualities which long residence abroad had taught him to admire. He had tried to interpret them to his Parisian friends by describing the town. Old, stately mansions on wide, elm-shaded streets. He had let himself go about the houses, recalling delicate moldings, noble doorways, intricate balustrades of wrought iron. They implied a tradition in living, he had said, an ele-



gance, a kind of serenity. Difficult to define, perhaps, but, nevertheless, a positive heritage. His Parisian friends listened politely, but he had sensed their incredulity. This obsolete village didn't represent the America they wanted to know. Why didn't he tell them about 'Ollywood?

The train was running parallel to the state road. Kinsolving saw a yellow motor van lettered in blue: "Mother's Pies." Then a scarlet gas-station and refreshment stand, hot bakers, cream soda, toasted sandwiches. . . . Home. Or was home the comfortable, shabby studio round the corner from Saint-Germain-des-Près?

It hadn't seemed so one morning scarcely a month back. He had taken his letters from the *concierge* and gone to his usual table on the *terrasse* to read them. A warm, bright May morning, with air washed by recent rain, and the Boulevard gay, sparkling. He had glanced at the *Herald* and *Matin*, then turned to his letters. Two or three unimportant notes, then Doctor Chamberlain's letter, announcing the death of his uncle, Bristow Kinsolving, and the doctor's appointment as executor. The will made Bruce Kinsolving residuary legatee. He would have the house and a substantial capital. If Bruce Kinsolving intended to remain abroad the house could be rented. People from New York had been making inquiries about it. At that point Kinsolving had put aside the letter, as if actually before his eyes there had risen in the sunny Boulevard an image of the old church at New Haddam.

"That disposes of everything, I guess," Doctor Chamberlain concluded and pushed the excellent port round once again.

Bruce Kinsolving nodded, pouring from a fragile Waterford decanter.

Everything had turned out splendidly. The doctor had met him, brought him home to dinner, and taken a room for him at the Tavern. The dinner and wine had been perfect, so were his host's Chippendale, Spode, and Revere candlesticks. This was precisely the kind of thing which he had tried to explain to his Parisian friends.

"Except one thing," Doctor Chamberlain added. "I've had another letter from the Dravitts, those New York people who want to buy your house. They're rich. I'm told that Dravitt rolled up his fortune on the short side of the market. . . . Well, they want your house at any price. That's about what it comes to. Socially ambitious, I suppose. What about it, Bruce?" But before Kinsolving could reply the doctor continued, "Better think it over, my boy. You may not really like it here, you know. And, in that case . . ."

Kinsolving shook his head. "I like it too well already, thanks to you! It's very good to be home, after ten years. The house isn't for sale."

Doctor Chamberlain smiled. "I'm glad to hear it," he exclaimed cordially. "Well, then, I've had my say. . . . By the way, won't you be wanting a piano? Bristow never had one."

"I arranged for one yesterday in New York," Kinsolving told him. "It'll be here at the end of the week. Then I'll have to begin work."

"More port? No?" Doctor Chamberlain stoppered the decanter and crushed out his cigarette. "I'd like to hear you play, Bruce. Sometime after your piano comes maybe. Or you might try mine one of these days. I read accounts of your recitals in Paris and London, and I've seen mention of your tone poem and string quartette. I don't suppose I should understand 'em, however. Debussy is about *my* last outpost."

Kinsolving laughed. "The extreme

moderns are going back to Bach and Mozart," he said. "Why, Stravinsky himself . . ." He broke off, and asked, "Where's your piano, Doctor? I'll play for you right now."

He was pleased by the old gentleman's surprise. Doctor Chamberlain pushed back his chair and seized two candlesticks. "These will light the piano. This way, my boy."

Kinsolving followed him into the dark drawing-room. Doctor Chamberlain disposed the candlesticks, uncovered the keyboard of the piano, and lifted the lid. "They've left the windows open," he said. "You don't object? Fine! I'll sit at the other end of the room. Pretend that you're alone." He moved toward the front windows and called back to Bruce, "It's thick with fog outside."

Kinsolving seated himself at the keyboard, struck a chord. Tone and action were excellent. He waited for a moment. Then he began to play.

An hour later, Doctor Chamberlain ceremoniously accompanied him to the front door. "You can't see a foot ahead of you. But you know the way, Bruce. Good-night, my boy. Thank you for playing."

Kinsolving descended five steps to the path. He heard the front door close behind him and began cautiously to explore his way to the gate. Presently he heard the gate click, and footsteps on the pavement. But when, having reached the street, he tried to see who had left the doctor's lawn, no one was visible. Even the light footsteps had been swallowed by the fog. Someone had evidently stopped to listen to him play. It was, he felt, a good omen.

At the end of a month his unknown auditor still lingered in Kinsolving's memory. But then the incident had become exceptional, and gratifying. It was an unconfirmed augury.

During his first busy weeks he had believed it to be prophetic of New Haddam's recognition of him. It wasn't as if he were asking the impossible. All that he wanted was normal acceptance. Surely the town couldn't help being aware that he had made something of himself, that his compositions had been enthusiastically praised by European critics, that his recitals in London, Paris, and Vienna had drawn large audiences. But he had had no indication that New Haddam knew anything of the kind. Even the weekly *Clarion* had failed to play up the usual "home-town boy makes good" story. It had reported his occupancy of Bristow Kinsolving's house, and then continued with a column about his ancestors, the Revolutionary general and Civil War governor. Kinsolving's bewilderment had given way to fury. For the *Clarion* he was only an insignificant footnote to local history.

Malicious, grudging, or merely ignorant? He couldn't make up his mind about his townsfolk, couldn't interpret their attitude to him. They weren't lacking in cordiality. But presumably they had decided to ignore his ten years' absence and the prestige that he had achieved. The postal-clerk, the dog-warden, and the chemist had been his classmates at school. When he met them they grinned and shouted, "Hi, there, Bruce!" But they never referred to his residence abroad. So far as they were concerned, he might never have left town. It would have relieved him if they had even questioned him about the girls and the wickedness of Paris. He had listened to them report on their hot week-ends in Bridgeport. . . . Had there been deliberate malice in old Miss Markham's refusal to lend him books from the Memorial Library until he had produced references? People did say that her memory was



beginning to fail. And that pair of old dowagers on the porch of the Country Club! As he passed, one had asked the other to identify him. "Tchk! Tchk! Of course you remember him. Bristow Kinsolving's little nephew. He always was a queer fish!"

But although ignored as an artist, he was quickly reminded of the privileges due a Kinsolving. The first families of New Haddam welcomed him home, as they might an unfortunate prodigal, by pretending that he had never deserted it. Their invitations to dine and play bridge were informal and neighborly. In six stately, pre-Revolutionary mansions Kinsolving was informed about the financial condition of the Country Club, about the railway's project to abandon its freight spur, about gardens. Above all, about gardens! A turbid aura of annuals, perennials, and herbaceous borders hovered round these dinners. An unfamiliar rock-plant was capable of producing a violent disturbance. But he, Bruce Kinsolving, fresh from European triumphs, didn't make a ripple.

Paris? New Haddam took it calmly. The Meurice, for a fortnight, *en route* to Aix or Vichy. It was loyal to Worth and Doucet, the cuisine of Foyot, and the admirable diction of Madame Sorel. It had not even heard of his Paris—the Paris of Chanel and Lelong; Picasso, Cocteau, and Stravinsky; the Boeuf-sur-le-toit. At the Hallowell Danas' Kinsolving tried to meet this emergency. He told an anecdote about Picasso and Gertrude Stein. He described the last drag-ball at Magic City, where there had been thousands of roughnecks dressed like Mistinguett. He spoke of the Princess de Polignac's winter musicale, at which he'd played an impromptu duet with Stravinsky. He stopped to chilly silence. Then, from the end of the

table, Mrs. Dana's voice resourcefully saying, "The first thing I do when I land in Paris is go to Rumpelmayer's for some of those marvellous little cakes."

Kinsolving left the Hallowell Danas' with Wesley Bricker, who ran the antique shop and tea room on the Common. Bricker was middle-aged and melancholy. In their five minutes' walk Kinsolving learned that Bricker made annual trips to Paris, frequented the bar of the Boeuf, had once been presented to Jean Cocteau. Flutteringly, Bricker mentioned that he had attended one of Kinsolving's recitals. When they parted, at the corner of the Common, Bricker said, "Do come in some day, for tea. We have very good prune-whip. And we'll have a talk about Paris."

Suddenly, Kinsolving realized that he was desperately lonely.

On the Fourth of July the first families of New Haddam always dine at the Country Club. After dinner there is an expensive display of fireworks. The first families never forget that colonial independence was the private hobby of their ancestors.

The day dawned sultry, as always, saluted by an ancient cannon on the Common. Exercises were held by the Boy Scouts and a handful of war veterans. The fire department paraded. The Common rang with martial music, mostly off-key. In the shade of his uncle's library Kinsolving fidgeted. The day yawned before him without distraction. Impossible to work with that damned racket going on. All afternoon there would be firecrackers exploding, and in the evening, the Country Club. He had promised old Mrs. Barclay Tyler the pleasure of his company. The pleasure of his company, indeed!

At a little before eight Kinsolving set off in his roadster. Last year he

had been staying with friends at Bandol, and on the fourteenth of July they had all gone into Toulon. What a night! The Quai de Cronstadt swarming with people. Festivity in the air. Sailors dancing with their girls to the blare of accordions, in front of the cafés. The town was heady with rut . . . And to-night! A dreary dinner with stodgy people. A crowd of well-bred Americans, earnestly trying to have a good time. If it was possible to have a good time in America, a good time like those he always had in France, Kinsolving didn't know where to find it. The back streets of Bridgeport wouldn't furnish the equivalent of Toulon.

Under the quizzical eye of his hostess, Kinsolving hastily swallowed three cocktails. Then he found his place at table. He noticed with dismay the inevitable paper caps and streamers, but, with quick relief, that he had never met the girl beside him. She turned to acknowledge his presence, and he saw that she was pretty. Dark; rather wistful eyes; about twenty-six. Pretty, he amended, in a fragile way. Blue blood thinning down after a century or so. There was something odd about her expression. Frustration? Boredom? Disappointment? He let it go at that.

She spoke first. "We used to know each other years ago. I'm Elinor Haviland. You played tennis with my cousins."

He smiled, disappointed in his hope of novelty. Her name told him all, though his only recollection of her was as a sober little nuisance in pigtails.

"Yes, of course," he assented. "We would know one another, wouldn't we? Doesn't anyone new ever come to this town?"

"What about yourself?" she retorted.

"Me? I've been here only five generations, like everyone else."

"But you're new," she said. "It has them all worried."

At that Kinsolving laughed. "Nonsense! Everyone here has known me from childhood. And most of them knew my ancestors."

"Sure," she agreed. "But you've broken the pattern. You've escaped from the cage. Well, they're uneasy with you. They ought to know you as intimately as they know everyone else here. But they don't know you at all."

It broke upon him with the glare of sudden light. "So that's why . . ." he began.

She nodded. "Weren't you wise to it? They'd like to make you feel at home. You see, I understand. I'm rather in your class. That's why Cousin Deborah seated us together. She's done her best for both of us—and the others!"

"But I don't see . . ."

"Oh, be your age!" She lighted a cigarette. "They've heard that you're something of a celebrity. But they remember you as Mr. Kinsolving's little nephew. What do you want them to do?"

He changed the subject quickly. "What puts you in my class?"

She looked at him mockingly. "You're thinking of those pigtails. But I've changed, too. I've stepped out, some. Enough to make *them* suspicious. It doesn't take much."

"Meaning what?" he prodded her.

"Theater, among other things. Three weeks of summer stock in Danbury. And I played with a repertory company in New York—while it lasted. They came from Chicago and were very highbrow. Ibsen, Tchekov, you know. That's why mother let me do it. You remember mother?"

Kinsolving did. Fifteen, even twenty years ago, Mrs. Haviland had been a formidable old lady. He thought he understood the girl's puzzling ex-



pression. Chained to mother. Why hadn't she married? She must have money of her own . . .

"Is your mother here to-night?"

"Near the end of the table. At Mr. Caldecott's right."

Kinsolving glanced there. Naturally! The dowager who had identified him on the porch of this club. He turned back to the girl. "Your mother dislikes me, I believe."

"Right. What about it? You don't want to seduce *her*, do you?"

He dodged this flippancy. "Can you tell me why she does?"

Elinor Haviland pondered this a moment. "Probably," she said, "because she thinks you eccentric. If you were only a celebrity they could snub you. But you're a Kinsolving, so they can't. Mother included."

"That's a mercy," he acknowledged. "Let's drink my gratitude to old Israel Kinsolving, who didn't get killed at Bunker Hill. You mean that your mother can't snub *him*. And to think that, in Europe, I always thought of this town as home!"

"It's not the worst place . . ." She paused, then asked, "Wasn't it you playing, about a month ago, at Doctor Chamberlain's? One night, when there was a fog?"

He nodded.

"What was the last thing you played?"

"So it was you . . . listening out there on the lawn?"

"Me and the dog. What was the piece?"

"A ballade by Chopin. Why?"

"Because, boy, you got under my tanned hide with it."

Kinsolving felt the flush of pleasure. The omen had been fulfilled.

To his own amusement, Kinsolving began to pity Mrs. Haviland. She didn't like him and refused to pretend that she did. Ancestrally eligi-

ble, but personally suspect: she must be finding him a difficult morsel! Yet he was being served to her almost daily. Elinor seemed completely indifferent to the bristling, unspoken protests which his presence provoked from her mother. Sometimes he wondered what Mrs. Haviland would say if she knew the truth.

New Haddam, Kinsolving imagined, interpreted his conduct as courtship, and probably expected the announcement of an engagement. Elinor surely knew this, but it didn't seem to worry her. In a cool, imperturbable fashion, she was enjoying their little affair, but not taking it seriously. Rather to his own astonishment, Kinsolving found himself about to become involved. The more he meditated, the more arguments he found in favor of marrying Elinor. She was amusing, emancipated, and a hard-boiled realist. Sometimes that embarrassed him, but on the whole it saved him trouble. If they married she wouldn't expect too much from him. And together they might rouse the social life of the town from its torpor.

One evening, under compunction for his neglect, Kinsolving paid a call on Doctor Chamberlain. The doctor, he noticed, regarded him a trifle curiously, and he braced himself for an inconvenient question. But the good doctor struck off into the safe channel of music and resolutely stayed there. Half an hour passed, an hour. Whiskey and soda were brought. Another half hour. Kinsolving prepared to take his leave.

Then, irrelevantly, "You're looking seedy, Bruce. I'd say you were . . . well, bored and restless or feeling stale. Better look to yourself, my boy!"

Kinsolving said, "I don't feel it, you know."

"I've always wondered," Doctor Chamberlain proceeded, "whether you're finding it congenial here."

"You were doubtful about it the night of my arrival," Kinsolving reminded him. "I told you then that it was home."

"Mmm . . . Of course, I'm glad for that. I'd miss you if you left here. You're one of the few people whom I can talk to." Doctor Chamberlain paused, as if awaiting some comment. When none came, he continued, "That's just what's the matter with this town. If there were only more people here like you and myself . . ."

"There's Elinor Haviland," Kinsolving hazarded, to draw him.

"Little rip, that girl . . ." Doctor Chamberlain chuckled. "By and large, we're museum specimens. Last relics of a vanished civilization, untouched by the living present, making a cult of our ancestors and their houses. This whole damned town is living in the past. It's all right for me. I'm a dilettant, if you like. But for you, Bruce"—he puffed at his cigar—"if you're half the artist I think you may be, it's nothing for you."

"But, look here, Doctor . . ."

"Oh, it's none of my business," Doctor Chamberlain assured him. "But if you're showing the symptoms of dry-rot, you'd best diagnose them correctly. I never forget that this town is an anachronism. There's a living world outside, but we've excluded it and all it stands for. Don't make any mistake about that, my boy."

Later, when he pondered what Doctor Chamberlain had said, Kinsolving began to resent it. Since his return to New Haddam he had completely failed to accomplish any work that satisfied him. The springs of composition had simply dried up. He had gone stale. At the root of his restlessness, his discontent, was this terrifying sterility.

A few days after his visit to the doctor Kinsolving received a call from

Mrs. Hallowell Dana. After skirmishing for a while she came to the point. Wouldn't he give a recital at the Country Club for the benefit of the Memorial Library? Of course, they had usually had amateur theatricals, but since he had returned to the old home . . . with his great reputation . . . European concerts, and all. In short, wouldn't he play? The town would like to hear him. Mrs. Hallowell Dana was obviously bewildered by his prompt assent.

This was his chance, he felt, to retrieve himself as an artist. So for the next fortnight he shut himself away, and saw Elinor only twice. In the excitement of practice he scarcely missed her. She told him that his willingness to play a benefit concert had dispelled the last vestiges of suspicion. The whole town was now pronouncing him a splendid fellow and speaking with pride of his European exploits. He recalled how much he would have valued the belated verdict had it come a little earlier. Still it broke ground for the future. . . . He would ask Elinor to marry him immediately after the recital.

When the evening of the recital came Kinsolving was nervous and irritable. It didn't help to remember that his audience wouldn't be critical. The occasion was, in a way, symbolic. It was his opportunity to force the recognition that New Haddam had refused him. And anything short of a brilliant performance might mean failure. The apprehension of an ordeal hung over him. He told himself that he was being absurd: he had European laurels which New Haddam couldn't wither. No use. His nervous state was the price he paid for being an incurable sentimentalist. Hadn't he crossed the Atlantic because of a memory of some architecture?

When he went on the platform his nervousness vanished. He began with



a Chopin prelude, and the first notes told him that he would play as well as ever before. A sea of familiar faces surged up at him, then fell away. A breathless hush at the end of his first group. Then rattling applause. He forgot the audience, forgot his motive in playing to them, forgot the urgent necessity to play well, forgot Elinor. For the first time since his return he had recaptured his old sense of living intensely, of functioning completely. A feeling of happiness welled up in him. It was not until his last encore that it receded, leaving him free to step off the platform and into the habit of his daily life. And only then it flashed on him that this habit was an odd one, perhaps not really his.

He escaped as quickly as possible from the usual appreciative crowd and joined Elinor, awaiting him in her car. It was a soft night, and a great amber moon was hanging low. Elinor didn't speak to him but drove swiftly through the town and took a road out to the hills. Kinsolving sank back lazily, closed his eyes, and waited for the tingling excitement to subside. After a while, Elinor brought the car to a halt. They were on the crest of a hill, and below them a valley was flooded with moonlight.

Elinor turned to him. "It was swell, Bruce. You certainly can play."

He roused himself to the anticipated moment. He had thought of all the ways of speaking to her, but what he said was, "Why not let's marry, Elinor?"

Her giggle startled him.

"Elinor!"

The giggle went on. He waited.

"Bruce, you're not a bad egg. But don't be a damned fool. We've had a swell time—while it lasted. But that's over now. If it hadn't been for your concert I'd have told you before."

"Elinor!" He grabbed her arm. She shook him off.

"You can't take it, can you? Don't be silly, Bruce."

"But I don't understand," he said.

"Well, what of it?" She put her foot on the starter and the car responded with a low throbbing. "Not a bad view," she said, and started the car downward into the valley of moonlight.

In his uncle's library, an hour later, Bruce Kinsolving crumpled up the New York paper. The *Île de France* was sailing in five days. He would have to see Doctor Chamberlain in the morning. Those New York people could have the house if they still wanted it. And he hoped they'd be thoroughly common.

He leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes. The Boulevard Saint Germain under a mild September sun. The old church, dark gray and white, with the pigeons wheeling around its spire. He could almost smell the Paris odor of asphalt and gasoline. The *concierge* would have his studio ready for him, welcome him home. Home . . .



## HOUSES LIKE FORDS

BY DOUGLAS HASKELL

AT THE Chicago Fair there were plain intimations that a "Century of Progress" was to be projected forward as well as backward. The past was conceived, in the modern way, as forming a part of the future. And so it came that the holders of some twenty million admission tickets received vivid impressions concerning the future of their homes. Among the exhibits on Home and Industrial Arts were a dozen actual houses. These houses had one characteristic in common: they looked like nothing familiar. They were all "modern." One of them, boldly called the "House of To-morrow," departed from accepted standards to an extreme. It was circular, or rather polygonal in plan, stepped up, or pyramided, in three stages. Its walls were all glass. But although this and other startling shapes gave the greatest *appearance* of reaching forward, yet there was another, less spectacular looking house that concealed a more radical and more probably effective principle.

This, a low rectangular little building off to one side, was marked as the exhibit of "General Houses, Inc."—a name obviously modelled on "General Motors." This house was a fabricated one. It aimed, as its name implied, to carry over into the building of homes the methods prevailing in the building of cars. In fact it was not a "built" house at all. There had been no masons on the grounds raising brick on brick as they read off the architect's blue prints. It was a Fordized house,

an assembled house. The parts, including the large thin flat sections that made up the walls and the roof, had come ready-made, "fabricated," from the shop. On the site they had been merely bolted together, much as a farmer finishes the bolting of his harvesting machine which, on account of its bulk, has been shipped to him only partly assembled, in several transportable crates. The next house these people would erect, although it might differ considerably in the number and relation of the rooms, in equipment and detail, would, nevertheless, be put together of the identical parts in the very same sizes, and so would the next and the next. The sponsors were ready by this process to supply anyone in the vicinity of Chicago with a house ready to move into within two weeks of the clearing of the ground. Elsewhere the time would be a little more. And yet this was no jerry-built beach cottage but an extremely complete and unusually convenient small home.

Houses like Fords! The home-maker is thus confronted by an idea entirely new. It cuts across ten thousand years of building habits. What would such a home be like, to look at, to live in, to own, to acquire? Is it a promise or a threat? Will it actually materialize, as the motor car materialized even while everyone was shouting, "Get a horse," or is there something intrinsically peculiar to the home that will elude the efforts of the manufacturer?



At the present time, to be sure, the notion of any such advance may fall on rather deaf ears among the citizenry. Although the technical and architectural journals have devoted attention to the idea for a number of years, and a popular "magazine of business" devoted a whole series of articles to an exploration of the possible market, ordinary people still have their hands pretty full with their own rents or mortgages. Whole neighborhoods continue to disintegrate as their occupants are forced to give up their suburban homes and move back to town, and within the cities families still live doubled up, unable to pay the rents charged in their former not-too-good apartments, let alone investing in anything progressive, improved, and brand new. Others, somewhat better off, have discovered the abandoned farms. There they can escape over the week-ends, at a price within their means, from the twentieth century. They are ready to freeze, use old-fashioned out-houses, and bury their own garbage for the sake of a little grass and a slice of peace. In no particular has the depression revealed more distress than in the problem of habitations. And yet it is just because this situation looks the most hopeless that it invites the most positive innovations. Home-building was the first activity to shut down, is still shut down tight, and if left to its traditional methods and attitudes will be the last to recover. If the economic system as a whole is afflicted with acute indigestion, then the home-building industry is suffering tenfold because of an antecedent condition of chronic constipation.

The absurdity begins with the way in which houses are ordered. The prospective home-owner goes through a maze of institutions and operations that would daze an international diplomat. Mr. Buckminster Fuller has revealed the nature of the opera-

tions by applying them to a hypothetical car. If a resident of, say, Chicago, were to go about ordering an automobile as he goes about acquiring a house, he would first visit one of the thousand automobile designers or architects in the city and, not knowing just where to begin, would first limit the outward appearance. His car must resemble "a Venetian gondola, a French fiacre, or a Coronation Coach of Great Britain, pictures of which he had obligingly brought with him—all final embellishments, of course, to be left to his wife." Together they would then pick and choose from the automobile accessory catalogues, from advertisements, and from automobile accessory shows, "the motors, fly-wheels, fenders, and frame parts offered, whether in concrete, brass, sugar-cane fiber, walnut, or other material." The design, "somewhat after the style of some other fellow," would then be bid upon by the five local garages in Evanston. The successful bidder would insist, because he had built grandfather's velocipede, on the use of some other wheels than those specified. The local bank, in lending the money, would have some practical man look over the plans, guess at the cost, and incidentally insist on the replacement of several parts and methods by others in which they were interested. Then would come the insurance company, condemning a few more units that had not paid for "official approval." Fifty salesmen would now show up, having been informed of the operation by a "reporting agency whose business it was to ferret out this man's private plans"; there would remain a city department to pass on the plans and give a permit to build, "sending around assertive (if honest) inspectors" while the construction went on. The result, declares Mr. Fuller, would be that few would dare to continue at all, and the automobile "would finally cost in the neighbor-

hood of \$50,000, and be highly unsatisfactory and completely without servicing when finished." Nor is the account rounded out without reference to strikes by plumbers and electricians who would insist on "most of the improvements being left out, since they had no rule covering them," or to the time element, since the car could not possibly be completed in less than six months or a year.

Mr. Fuller's comparisons may sound a little harsh, but only because he has transcribed what is all too habitual a process into another realm. The description of getting a house, in the book *Middletown*, that famous study of the habits of Americans in a small city, is essentially the same. "It seems to be not so much a lack of raw materials or skill that creates the 'social problem' of a housing shortage as this intricate network of institutional devices through which a citizen of *Middletown* must pick his way. . . ." A list is appended of the entrepreneurs associated in a single model housing development. The list includes, in addition to the owners of the real estate, the architect, and the banks, a formidable horde of others. "Construction was under the general supervision of a man whose business is described in the local directory as 'Designer and Builder, Real Estate, Investments, General Insurance.' The above man is busy at many things and had, therefore, another man on the job as general supervisor of work and materials." So there was a sub-contractor for the foundation, another for the stone topping on it, another for sanding the floors, another for stucco and plaster, besides an electrical contractor, a plumbing contractor, a painting contractor, a tin contractor, and a separate group for the heating.

The proposal that we fabricate our houses calls for a change in all that.

Its ultimate ideal is to relieve the homemaker of all those negotiations and decisions in which perforce he is a rank amateur. He needs concern himself only with the actual planning and the purchase, the purchase being finished with a single paper. To do this it is necessary that a single housing company undertake all the technical and business operations of all the present-day unrelated crafts, professions, and rackets. To describe the process from the homemaker's standpoint, we can make up a composite picture, based on changes already in sight, of the prospect before a young couple in search of a house. Such a composite picture must sacrifice accuracy in details and completeness in listing alternatives for the sake of being brief, concrete, and illustrative of the underlying principles.

## II

One difference between the house and the Ford appears immediately. The demands on houses are too varied to permit a single line of "models." In all but one proposal known to me so far, *not the houses themselves are to be standardized, but only their parts*. It still remains a matter of choice whether the owners prefer to climb stairs or to purchase more space on the ground; whether they will dine in space used also for living purposes or will demand a separate enclosure. They are bound by only one new restriction: the dimensions of their rooms must conform to the size of the sections out of which walls, floors, and ceilings are composed. A room might have to be 12 x 20, not 12½ x 19¼. The procedure has been compared by the architect Harvey Wiley Corbett to planning on a large chessboard. The rule is that your boundaries must stay on the lines. But you have so many squares that, like a chess player, you command almost an infinity of moves.



One of the finest prospects is that of expansibility. In Berlin during the summer of 1932 there was a demonstration, under the City Architect, of expandable houses; and although the idea itself is old, what made the demonstration impressive was the ease with which the interchangeable sections could be rearranged. Of course, with any system whatever of house assemblage, some types of plan are better to take than others, and on occasion a smaller model had better be traded in for a larger than expanded.

How this interchangeability works out may be seen on the site. On a skeleton foundation of concrete the men are erecting the walls. These go together like a Japanese screen. The individual sections or panels are very large: perhaps nine feet high (as high as the room) and four feet wide; yet they are light enough to be lifted into place by two men and then bolted together. This results in rapid work, a whole outer wall in a day. (A six-room house to-day requires the separate laying of some 15,000 brick.) The sections come ready-made from the factory, and they come in a few even multiples of size, differing only in equipment. Some are blank; others of exactly the same size are already fully equipped with a door or window frame, needing only the final glass. Great care has been taken to have them harmonize side by side. Thus, there is the double advantage in standardization: not only is there no costly labor on the site fitting the parts to size, but several kinds of sections fit the same space, permitting substitution. A comparison can be made in clothing. Not only is every size 15 collar manufactured an exact size, but in size 15 there is a choice among several types. Where one man wants a door the other can have a window. Here is a catalogue of parts for "House K<sub>3</sub>H4D." It is no longer necessary to provide an

architect's blue prints, with every dimension marked and material specified; a simple keyed diagram is enough. A mathematician might do it all with letters and numbers.

What would be the outside appearance of a house constructed in such a fashion? We need not go far afield in speculation. Such houses will look very much like the "modern" type of house, for the simple reason that the "modern" house was made to look like them. Anticipating the future, the "modern" architects built *as if* they already possessed the desired new materials, *as if* they could fabricate. The distinguished German architect Walter Gropius definitely said so. Yet already we see such diversity in those modern houses that no dogma can be laid down making them all smooth, or cubical, or flat-roofed; it can only be said that they will be efficient looking, with accurate lines and surfaces in place of decoration; light on their feet; as simple as possible in detail, so that any intricacies will be not merely pictorial but organic; they will be inviting, brighter in color, more various in texture; generally gay.

For the possibility of fine design within machine fabrication there has often been advanced as warrant the beauty of airplanes and racing cars. In houses we have a precedent still more directly applicable and of longer standing. It comes from the Japanese, who, as Frank Lloyd Wright points out, are artists so far beyond our own plane of sophistication as once more to be natural. Their house is based directly on the number of "mats." These floor mats are all exactly alike, in a size approximately three by six feet. The size of rooms is "three mats," "four mats," "six mats," and so on. The *result* is no more mechanical than Beethoven's Quartet in F Major, which, along with all other modern Western music as opposed to medieval

"polyphonic," is woven on purely mechanical bars and beats.

By exception, a serious mistake has already been committed by one large steel manufacturing corporation, which designed its first model to special measurements, and with a covering faintly imitating wood shingles, with the explanation which is always advanced to excuse atrocities, that it is "what the public wants." This level of intelligence is the equivalent in the realm of design of the wisdom which kept the steel companies floundering for decades because, with their own skyscraper frames right in front of them, they could imagine no other way of constructing a common house that the public would want than with steel framing clumsily imitating wooden studs.

Of intense interest to the occupant will be the materials used for outside covering. It is no foregone conclusion that the predominant material will be metal or glass. All that is certain so far is that it will not be common sawed lumber or ordinary baked clay. We have an anomaly in our present house. Though we have equipped it with automatic gas-burning furnaces, with telephones, radios, bathrooms, and electric refrigerators, the materials of the outer shell remain exactly the same that the earliest savage picked up in front of his feet: lumber and clay, "sticks and stones." Astonishingly good as these materials have been throughout ten thousand years, the last century and a half has suddenly rendered them obsolete. Think, for instance, of buried pipes! If the men in charge of a dynamo had to dig through solid clay or gypsum every time they needed access to a wire, the designing engineer would soon have to run for his life. A harassed suburbanite, on the contrary, finds his water pipes frozen one morning even though he knows they were carefully packed when

installed. After three days of having the house upset by the digging and searching of an expensive crew of plumbers, he finds that the trouble was due to some small accidental open spot in the mortar. But the poor man has no redress. As his wife sweeps up plaster all over the house he must console himself that matters were not worse.

We do not, in fact, use the old materials so well as our ancestors did: we do not like the solid weight and mass. Hence our masonry walls, though carefully built to current practice of the best brick, are likely to leak rain water through to the thin layer of asphalt paint *inside*. The very way in which our houses are put together indicates that modern improvements are mere invaders in an ancient realm. Floor joists are laid by the carpenter across the kitchen and bathroom along with the rest of the rooms, only to be sawed out again by the plumber where they interfere with his pipes. That the house is not seriously weakened is due to the fact that materials are used in huge excess. Again, the lumber yard, we know, takes precautions to keep its lumber dry and straight; but immediately after erection the plasterer drenches it in tons of water, the proper drying of which, by the way, is one reason why houses are built not in weeks but months. And after the house is finished, though the owner has installed his efficient modern heater, yet the heat is being thrown at a sieve; it leaks out through countless openings. Moreover, during the first six hours of firing half the heat, on the average, disappears into the frigid masonry walls. They take six hours to warm through. (People often wonder why it is that on a summer's day, with the temperature at 65 degrees, they are comfortable in the lightest cotton clothing, whereas in a heated room the same 65 degrees may leave them distinctly chilly. The an-



swer lies in a wall, five to ten degrees colder than the room, to which the body is losing heat by radiation.) They are like a large reservoir that must be filled.

Since the Civil War great progress has been made in heating considered as the elementary art of fuel conversion; but there has been no proportionate increase in realized comfort. Hot and dry takes the place of cold and damp, while fuel bills remain a major worry. This is partly because the new contrivances are misplaced in ancient shells. We have put our motors into fine ox carts.

In the future, house materials must be such that the heat can be turned on almost as instantaneously as the lights. To reach a balanced temperature the walls will require not hours but minutes. This new wall is, so to speak, a narrow reservoir that fills up quickly. Yet it does *not* for this reason lose heat any faster to the out-of-doors. Such heat loss depends not on the "heat capacity" of the wall as a reservoir but on leaks due to flaws in its qualities of "insulation." The walls in the advance models, at most four inches thick, already show insulation four times as good as the customary eight inches of brick. This is partly because the door and window openings, fabricated to machine standards of accuracy, can really be sealed, partly because the synthetic materials used are not just the best that are lying about but are compounds deliberately set up to meet specified tests. Of the old-fashioned craftsman we say that he is "faithful to his material"; but the chemist sets up materials that shall be faithful to man. Architecture is now praised if it "expresses the material," but in the future it will be the material that must express the architecture. Hence the experiments now embrace a wide variety of organic and inorganic products, broken down and recom-

bined for greater efficiency. To name a few, there are: sugar-cane fiber ("Celotex"), cork, seaweed, mosses; then wood as plywood in huge sheets up to 10 by 30 feet, put together with phenolic resins that do not go to pieces under moisture; pressed wood, "balsam wool," paper; there are asbestos and its derivatives, then plaster board, "mineral wool" as an insulation filling made of melted limestone or slag; there is the familiar reinforced concrete but also concrete in pre-cast slabs, concrete made lighter by having the gravel "aggregate" replaced with pumice stone or with "Haydite," which is clay bloated somewhat like Puffed Rice; there is concrete in "aerated" form with one-fifth its previous weight and the porosity of a sponge; also aerated clay; there are the metals steel, copper, brass, stainless steel, nickel, aluminum, aluminum foil, porcelain enamel steel, the new chromium plate; there are the "thermo-plastics" such as "Bakelite" or "Vinylite"; as an outside covering there is even cotton duck with a special tar emulsion base; inside we find linoleum, synthetic leather, new rubber compounds, and so on. All these materials are synthetic, and the list is far from exhausted. *Our old friends the stick and stone have not disappeared from the list, it will be noted; but they are radically modified in form.*

Once the house is designed to associate with the machinery inside, we can dispense with innumerable "fittings." For example we may expect the disappearance of the dear old space-absorbing, eye-shocking, and baby-burning radiator. Its cumbersome pounding pipes betray that the whole system was an afterthought, to be incorporated in buildings *after* they were built—if not physically (as in Europe) then at least mentally so on the part of the designers. In the near future the heat-dispersing bodies will occupy no floor space at all. Heating cannot be a

sort of accessory or luxury but must be an organic function of the house itself. Just as, by metamorphosis, a tree trunk develops special cells to serve as ducts, so specialized heat-conducting or heat-spreading elements will become a part of the floors, ceilings, or walls. Employing this principle, certain exhibition buildings at the Chicago Fair designed the space that is ordinarily wasted between the ceilings and the floors above them, to serve as the "flue" in a system of air conditioning.

"Air conditioning." The phrase in itself suggests the expanded concepts of the day. Formerly we asked for a dozen different things. We asked for light and ventilation, and got windows. We asked for heat and got fireplaces, then stoves, then central furnaces. Cooling the food required an ice box. To-morrow all these separate requirements will be mere aspects of one central requirement. When we build a house, a shelter, what we are doing is controlling the weather. All the heating and cooling and lighting and ventilating pertain to that. Our efforts are naturally centered mainly on the air. We want it fresh, just humid enough, clean, warm in winter, cool in summer; we want plenty of sunshine inside, its intensity subject to control.\* This one comprehensive concept of weather control brings with it a unification of the multifarious devices. Just as the same gas line already cooks our food and freezes our ice, so the entire heating system can be redesigned to include cooling also. Note that all this calls for no *new* mechanical wonders. It starts by co-ordinating what we already have.

### III

Having stumbled into the subject of

\* Certain enthusiasts are trying to push the idea of controlled weather too far and make it "manufactured weather." But shutting out sunlight, which comes free, by means of a windowless house, and then burning expensive coal for electricity, will always stand under the suspicion of being idiotic as a public policy.

the mechanics of the house before dealing with its social features, we might as well ask our couple to take us in through the back door. Here, just as we would expect, the lady who is to be the manager of the plant has her instruments all within convenient reach. All the "utilities" are grouped together; all the machinery, whether for freezing ice or humidifying air, washing dishes or washing people, is assembled as a unit. In more familiar terms, the kitchen, the bathroom, and the furnace room, with their intricate inter-fitting parts, have been dropped into the house all in one, just as the motor is dropped into the chassis of the car.

Beginnings toward such an arrangement have of course long since been made. The water heater has often been connected with the furnace. Gas refrigerators carry gas burners. Within the last year there has even appeared on the market a new back-to-back kitchen-bathroom unit, with a wall panel that combines the plumbing for both rooms in one immensely simplified stack. If access is needed, no plaster need be torn out or spilled. One of the panels is opened just as the hood of a car is lifted for inspection of the motor. Installing the device calls for less than half a dozen plumbing connections instead of scores of them. The next step is to integrate this and other simplified utilities into our one "mechanical unit." Once this is accomplished efficiencies can be reached that to-day might appear fantastic. We cannot tell, for example, whether Buckminster Fuller's proposition that the house can eventually be heated by what is now the "waste" heat of electric light bulbs is possible; but we can be certain that the bill of specifications includes improvements of this order and degree.

Such integration of the mechanical unit is to be welcomed not only as an



advance but as restoring a lost balance. It has long been recognized that the mechanical plant is a disproportionately expensive part of the house. You could build yourself three empty house-shells with the equipment that satisfied our Colonial forefathers for the cost to-day of installing the indispensable kitchen, bathroom, heater, and electricity, in one. This cost of individual gadgets, adjusted neither to one another nor to the clay cave, helps explain why in its pseudo-modern stage the decent house is more than ever out of the masses' reach.

Will the house then be a "mechanical house"? Will it be a *machine* for living in? Let us see. The lady is just turning from her kitchen. She has been delighted by her dish-washing sink placed in exactly the right relation to cabinets and stove; by the incinerator chute just where you would naturally throw refuse; by flour bins that do not break her back, by an ironing board and iron that are attached and require no pushing about in closets. She has been in the bathroom and observed a washbowl large enough so that no extra tub need bang around for bathing the baby; and the plentiful cabinet space for medicine and cosmetics is flush, taking up no more room than would ordinarily be taken up by solid wall. Her workroom and her office are laid out on an efficiency basis, like her husband's. He for his part has been exploring the side of the combination that contains the air conditioning and the heating. But they are now walking into the "living" rooms.

Do they get in these rooms a feeling of " $K_3H_4D$ "? Not at all! The house is a machine for *living* in. These living spaces are still a human habitation, the "Fisher Body" of the house which the motor serves only to keep comfortable. The motor is to replace the servants, not the master. Chairs and couches remain, in beautiful materials,

though lighter, more mobile, inflated instead of stuffed; based on the shape and actions of the body, not, as in the pseudo-modern stage, on some abstraction about "the horizontal line." There will be all necessary desks, tables, sectional bookcases, cabinets. Built in? Not too much; that would not be flexible enough. What will distinguish the fine house will be a special air of spaciousness and a certain sense of gay intangible exhilaration. This latter quality analyzes down to the abundance of light, controlled and modulated to a nicety; to the openness of the room with its one side transparent so that pulling the curtain permits a wide outdoor view as from a sun porch; to the "emptiness," since the occupants, enjoying the space and the light, the way it shows off their few selected sculptures and pictures, the comfort that is generated and the well-being, will have an immensely reduced desire for bibelots and gimcracks. The spaciousness will derive in part from the fact that not all "rooms" are boxed off by hard-and-fast walls, but they have become flexible spaces to be contracted or opened into one another again by means of movable curtains or screens. This charming arrangement the future house shares with the Japanese dwelling of to-day, with the difference that the Western engineers will be required to solve the problem of acoustics. We are not so sociable a people as the Japanese.

Among such dwellings, so long as present social distinctions remain, we must expect such differences as those between the body of a Ford and of a Lincoln, not to mention custom-built bodies. But the Lincoln looks more like a Ford than like a similar rank of carriages; and the Ford of to-day offers qualities unobtainable in the Lincoln ten years ago. So too the accomplished Mies van der Rohe's Tugendhat House, of which excellent models have been

seen by a good many Americans in a modern architecture exhibit that toured our museums, is subtle and polished no end by virtue of craftsmanship, yet it bears more resemblance to the same architect's dwellings in Stuttgart for workingmen than to the beautiful Moravian craft products at Brno where it stands. And the even more superbly charming model for a house on the mesa by Frank Lloyd Wright showed more relation to the mass production patterns from his own studio than to any country home erected by a devotee of the old "arts and crafts" such as the skilful Goodhue.

Into such houses the people of bad taste will be free to carry whatever of their old things sentiment desires, so that during a transition period there may occur on a large scale the curious combinations visible in many a German "modern" workingmen's housing development to-day: the large windows all but obscured by heavy lace and plush curtains, the built-in closets blocked off by the huge bulging old wardrobes. In all the small things which it deems so very important mankind will forever remain free.

So far we have considered the future house as a projection of the cottage, planned for ownership by one family and surrounded by a lawn. Such a home remains legitimately the house-maker's dream, in a country which, despite its industrial concentration, still has only forty-three inhabitants to the square mile. Of the housing experts who work in big cities and now insist everywhere on houses in solid rows, we may suspect that they have come to love the restrictions placed on them by the past. Yet separate houses cannot be the only result, in a society with needs that become more, not less, diverse. Mass production is just a method of work. It will do nearly as much for the dweller in apartments or flats as for the owner of his own free-standing

home. One need only imagine, for example, that the machinery of the house, or its "utilities," which in the single house we find united in one core, are projected upward, with the same economy of construction, to form a vertical stack. The apartments could radiate out from it. They could be larger or smaller. They could be of every variety that an occupant might choose. Great economies would result even if the walls and floors were built by hand as to-day. With the kitchen and bathroom centralized, the occupant could have the rest of his rooms arranged to suit his needs, by means of movable partitions, just as to-day the common loft building is subdivided to suit the lessee. The proposal comes from Mr. Henry Wright, one of the ablest housing planners. Again, architects such as Mr. Robert W. McLaughlin, Jr., who have done intensive work developing Fordized houses as separate units, have been convinced that the economies are greater yet if the houses are joined up in rows, and they have designed them to go in groups eight dwellings long and two or three stories high. Land which was formerly wasted in alleys between the houses is thrown together to make magnificent common play spaces and parks. That houses may more and more be rented rather than owned is indicated by surveys such as those conducted in Pittsburgh by the Buhl Foundation and in Philadelphia by another recent study. We prefer to remain mobile, to leave the risks of ownership and the problems of management to those better armed and qualified to assume them; usufruct is better than possession.

#### IV

Will industry really be able to supply us with the new homes? So far as the industrial process is concerned, the answer is a positive yes. One would be



hard put to it to make a prediction with figures; moreover, the process is evolutionary, already in process of partial fulfilment in advance of complete realization. Yet the fabricated house was implicit when Leonardo invented the wheelbarrow. It lies in the direct path of industrial development. And the "American bathroom," now about a hundred years old, and despised for decades as a mark of materialistic degradation, is a major contribution. We now witness some of the largest of American corporations, such as American Rolling Mill, Pullman Manufacturing, or American Radiator, bending their efforts toward rationalizing the production of the entire dwelling. Then, too, the growth of the automobile industry is inevitably slowing down, and there is needed a new employment for our national capacity of tools and work.

The precedent of the automobile is a lively one. It explains why we speak of "houses like Fords." One hundred and fifty years of handicraft have given us 25,000,000 habitations, characterized as to quality by one of the reports to President Hoover's housing conference as "the country's greatest bulk of discredited and obsolete equipment"; it took us only thirty years to accumulate 23,000,000 highly creditable passenger cars. The cars cost steadily less, the houses more. Thirty years ago Henry Ford was offering a two-lunger without a top for \$1,200; to-day we should not exchange his \$500 touring car for the \$7,000 1903 Packard. The 1933 \$7,000 house needs to yield to a vastly superior one at a top price of \$2,000.

For years the American bathroom was scored as "materialistic"; yet it is becoming difficult to admire any culture antipathetic to it. Does this bathroom not more truly symbolize the modern dissemination of the worthy old Roman religion of Æsculapius,

concerned with cleanliness and health, or the Japanese Shinto? And does not reducing the entire house to the same degree of simplicity, with the same concern for health, carry out what was positive in the ideal of Thoreau, releasing time and endeavor for more human pursuits? It is true that we shall have to sacrifice some niceties of individual composition—niceties which, to be sure, in that vast bulk of homes with which it is proposed to deal, have been entirely unrealized and hypothetical. Yet an equivalent energy is released from the designing of details in individual houses to the more important and almost entirely neglected problem of their grouping, of the community. Indeed, the manufacturer, unlike the speculative builder, is nailed down by his trademark: he cannot afford to have his houses seen in regions slopped together and, therefore, abandoning their owners to blight and ruin.

## V

To have solved the production problem of everyone's house does not, unfortunately, do all that is necessary toward putting everyone into it. The young home-seeking couple are still concerned with two main problems: where to get cheap enough land and where to get cheap enough money. Interest and mortgages underlie rents as well as purchase prices, and mass production in itself does not touch them. Mr. Arthur Holden once made a drawing of the home-building dollar. The largest single slice, 27 cents, went to promoters and financiers, and 21½ cents went to land. And so it has seemed to a good many commentators that mass production could not put down its new homes in the only place where home-seeking people could use them: on specific parcels of land; nor could it reduce the interest charges. A fifty per cent reduction in the cost of

the house shell has been deemed to constitute only a ten per cent saving in the total venture.

Now anything like a full discussion of these intricate aspects of the question cannot be indulged in here. There are, nevertheless, one or two leading principles to be laid down, principles that have been almost universally overlooked. By analogy we may put it this way: China, by the usual reasoning, should not be able to use Fords for lack of roads; but, on the contrary, China buys the Ford and the Ford brings the road. The fabricated house will help bring into line the money and the land.

Into the interest charges on money we cannot go, except to remark that the outrageous average rate of about 15 per cent on second mortgages (counting fees, bonuses, and discounts) reflects the "industry's" chaos. Rational production and responsible distribution should permit "single-paper" financing at not over 6 per cent. Let us take a brief look at the problem of getting the land.

This is crucial, because mass housing deals with the people as a whole. It is important not only to the young couple (whether their payment is through mortgages or through rent) but to the manufacturer who depends on vast numbers of people buying his houses. In respect to land he virtually becomes their agent. He must force the price down not on individual parcels only, but on land in quantity; on land in general, which in the United States where desirable for homes is almost universally out of reach. The problem is far more crucial for our manufacturer than for the present-day builder, who, being a real-estate speculator as well, often finds it quite as profitable *not* to proceed but to hold the land for an increase. The manufacturer must build in far greater quantities before he can turn his efficiencies

to account. Fabrication must create new customers by the million.

Over against the manufacturer, as also against his potential customers, stand the solid interests of speculation. Seldom has it been realized what a drastic conflict exists between the manufacturer's and the speculator's basic aims. Thus the speculator's advantage lies in holding land *out* of use as long as possible; but the house-fabricator and the public can derive advantage only from rapid land utilization. The speculator seeks the exceptional property that puts all others at a disadvantage; if he is clever he does everything in his power to magnify "risks." But the manufacturer, if he is to sell house-space in quantities, must smooth out differences so that conditions are brought to a dependable average. To the speculator land is a mere counter in the game. He does not care whether it is used for homes, slaughter houses, or tin cans. To the manufacturer it is a raw material toward the one commodity his plant is equipped to produce: namely, homes. While idleness is thought of by the speculator as an essential phase in the "ripening" of the land, idleness to the manufacturer is machinery eating off its head. In all these matters the house-fabricator who must keep his machines going is the natural and powerful ally of the citizen who needs a healthy, up-to-date dwelling.

Skeptics at this point are likely to obtrude the economic "law of rent." Its veto on lower land prices is considered final. Yet we are not concerned here with learned mystifications, and confine ourselves to the observation that the original "law of rent" was a modest and innocuous affair compared to the flatulent real estate practices of to-day that borrow its mantle and claim its parentage. We are living less under the "law of rent" than under a multitude of exaggerations, acquired



habits, carefully shaped instruments of exploitation, in short, a complete distortion. And these things can be changed by the human will.

The original "law of rent" said something basically simple: that a more favorable location for your house, with ready access to your office, pleasant neighbors, and a magnificent view, would come proportionately higher, "by and large, in the long run, etc.," than a poor location in a tuberculosis-ridden block under the elevated railway. Recognize this description under present conditions if you can! The manifestations are reversed: it is the land in the New York "lung blocks" that costs close to a million dollars an acre; and even were one to distribute such a price among all the swarming families that live there, it would still probably come higher, per family, than a nice place among the homes of the real-estate agents themselves in a Westchester suburb.

The answer is, of course, that not even the sum of all the rents that are actually collected in such slums begins to justify any such price as is asked for land; and that such prices, along with the price any of us is asked to pay, anywhere, rest in reality not on the present facts of desirability and convenience, but on the concerted hopes and opinions of the owners based upon imaginary things to come—in short, on speculation. The cost of the land under our homes, whether rented or mortgaged, depends on somebody else's *idea* of what the place would *probably* be worth for some totally *different* use, e.g. for skyscrapers. And the devices for capitalizing and instrumenting such speculation have reached into the gigantic. Thus even in the sedate city of Grand Rapids, every taxpayer (and, therefore, every inhabitant) pays not only for his own street, sewer, and other city services, but also for miles on miles that run through vacant lots: enough

such lots having already been subdivided to take care of all the anticipated building of the next thirty-five years. Around Chicago enough land was subdivided in a single year to accommodate twenty years' normal expansion, almost all of it calling for the same services again from the taxpayers, or rather their tenants. Once more: after a man has bought a pair of shoes it is presumed that the purse-maker has been outbid for leather, and the transaction is closed; but if it were handled as land is, the man would never be out of danger of having the shoes ripped off his feet, with the aid of the law, and converted into purses.

But these exaggerations, habits, even the institutions, rest on no firm base of common sense such as underlay the original statement of the tendency of economic rent; they are expressions of individual cleverness against a background of common sloth. It is not necessary to wait for a single-tax law to fight against them. All are subject to change; in fact the battle against such excesses is a continuous one. We zone against them, we can tax against them, and even within the real-estate field itself the economic interest of large operating companies somewhat counteracts the desire to have land stand idle. In European countries and in New York State, large cities have power to modify the worst situations by land condemnation for purposes of housing. The new federal housing administration had its origin in the absolute necessity of removing these obstacles if the American people are to have homes that can be called decent, and quite properly its first act has been to set its face rigidly against high land.

Now among the weapons available precisely the strongest are likely to be forgotten. While we talk political reform, the automobile has quietly opened up a previously inaccessible countryside and made it all good "loca-

tion" for new homes. Mobility is the death of congestion. Increased mobility will be an attribute of the fabricated house, since it is demountable, movable, salvageable, decreasing by so much the landholder's particularistic, localistic advantage. Mr. Buckminster Fuller, the most advanced pioneer, quoted before, may be expecting too much when he designs his Dymaxion House to be entirely independent of location, to service itself anywhere and fly away should any landlord set his snares; but with his uncanny knack for dramatizing future trends, Mr. Fuller has found the direction of the escape. When we are able to move our homes there will still remain better locations and poorer ones, as stated in the "law of rent"; but the differential between them will be vastly decreased, and that is what actually counts.

It is not probable that the house and the lot will be bought by the consumer direct from the manufacturer. General Motors and Henry Ford have not the resources to finance all their dealers, much less could a housing company, and the plan put in operation by "General Houses" calls for much the same sort of distributor. Indeed his knowledge of local people, local land, local tastes, is indispensable, as also his skill in directing subdivision and erection.

## VI

Perhaps we have projected a sufficient shadow of forecast and speculation from one small house in the Chicago Fair. There is one senseless but formidable snag that may upset the entire program. It inheres in our civilization: the very efficiency of the fabricated house, as things now are, stands

against it! Things are so arranged that in order to procure any bounty we first have to have work, and after an initial period house manufacture is bound to decrease the amount of building labor. And under our peculiar system of credit, close students such as Frederick Ackerman see no way by which any further expansion of industry of such magnitude can be financed. In short, we have all the means, but perhaps we lack the power to command them.

And this is all portentous for our civilization. The idea of the Fordized house is a touchstone. We could all live in something better than palaces. Setting up our habitations would be a matter only of weeks; we could have sunlight flooding every room; we could dispense with most of our troublesome gadgets and still enjoy instant warmth, comfort, and spaciousness; our dwellings at last would be on a par with our cars. The large scale of the enterprise would induce careful planning on the land, and would give powerful aid in rendering land available; millions could come out of darkness and dampness into something more than mere minimal, or animal, space. The physical means and the engineering minds are all at hand. To fabricate homes would be to place the capstone on the Industrial Revolution. Failing such an advance our home-building is certain gradually to run down. Its present anarchy is already insupportable. The problem is a complicated one of organization, or even of government. In the modest slogan "Twice as good a house at half the cost" is expressed something of the brotherhood of man and the dignity of his capacity for constructive thought.





## A CLOSE-UP OF POLYGAMY

BY JUANITA BROOKS

**I** ONCE overheard a conversation in which a girl from the East told of her acquaintance with a young man from a Mormon polygamous family. Her attitude expressed what appears to be a popular belief. She marvelled at the young man's size, because, she said, "I had always had an idea that in those big families the stock ran out, or something, and the children were under-sized and—you know—anemic. But he certainly wasn't, and he was one of twenty-eight, the youngest son of the third wife."

I smiled as I thought of my father, also the youngest son of a third wife, also over six feet tall and, as a young man, perfectly proportioned. His brothers and sisters numbered forty-seven instead of twenty-eight, however, and every one of them was average or above in size, without a single deformity in the group. My mother was the second child of the second wife, and her nineteen brothers and sisters were not only physically sound but were intellectually superior—at least they produced a surprising number of school-teachers and professional men.

To one like myself, brought up in a Mormon community, there is nothing startling or difficult to understand in the children of polygamous families. What is difficult to understand has to do with their fathers and mothers. Some day someone may make a careful, scientific study of the psychology of polygamy; I can only write from observation and from discussions I have

had with people who lived it. And I confess that I'm still very much puzzled about many things.

My own parents, both the result of polygamous unions, have different attitudes toward it. My mother harbors a feeling of bitterness toward her father, not because he had more than one wife, but because she feels that he did not treat them fairly. My father, on the other hand, speaks with the greatest reverence of his parents and accepts all the other four wives and their children equally. Probably the best way to get behind these attitudes in my parents will be to analyze both cases rather fully. There is nothing more unusual or spectacular about them than about many other cases. In fact, I consider them rather typical of two common phases of the practice of polygamy.

Mother's father, Grandpa H., had four wives. He was a sturdy German, a good financier, thrifty and industrious. In his youth he married a splendid girl, but one who was proud and aristocratic. She brought with her some property which he, with rare economic good sense, invested wisely in a country store and some cattle. The young couple soon became prosperous, bought more and more farm land, held mortgages on several homes, and enlarged their store.

About this time the principle of polygamy was being preached as a means whereby a man might inherit

a higher degree of glory in the next life. Grandpa H. was prominent in church work and so was urged to live the principle. I have no way of knowing of course how much his personal desires entered into it. With Grandma's attitude I am more familiar, as she lived at my home several months last winter, and I used to ask her about it as she sat braiding rugs or mending my family's stockings.

When Grandpa H. first courted her for his second wife she refused him in order to become the second wife of a neighbor.

"Why did you marry a man with a wife anyway?" I asked her one day. "Weren't there young men enough to go round?"

"Oh, there were plenty of single men," she answered. "I don't know why, only I liked some of the others better. I went with some of the single ones, but they were so gawky."

"But why didn't you take Grandpa in the first place then?"

"Oh, I liked George a lot better, and, besides, Suzette and Mary were so different." (Suzette was Grandpa H.'s first wife; Mary was George's.)

Then, in her quaint way, she told how both men were paying her some attention at the same time. One incident seemed always to amuse her. Grandpa H. came to call on her one evening and soon after he was established in the family parlor Suzette arrived. He acted a little taken back when she came in, but she explained that the children were asleep and she was so lonesome at home that she thought she'd run over and chat awhile too. After a short visit she said, "Well, John, let's go home." He paid no attention to the comment. After a few minutes she repeated it. He acted a little nettled and answered, "You go ahead; I'll be along in a few minutes," at which she jumped up and hurried out, slamming both the door and the

gate after her. Grandma chuckled as she told this.

"And did you refuse him just on that account?"

"Oh, no, I'd likely have refused him anyway, but that made it easier. I decided I'd never go into a family where the wife felt that way about it."

Then she told of the courtship of the man she married first. He was a neighbor who was friendly with the family. He would stop in every day on his way to or from work to chat a while. When he first began paying attentions to Grandma it was to bring her home from the dances along with Mary, his wife. Sometimes at intermission the three would go across the street to his home for cake and sweet wine.

"His wife was in favor of it," Grandma explained. "She was always friendly. She helped me make my wedding dress. It was white lawn with a little blue flower—real pretty. Then Mary gave me a petticoat to wear with it, all embroidered by hand and with a lot of pin-tucks. We even put up the grub box for the trip together."

In order to be married "right" they went to the Endowment house at Salt Lake City, a ten-day trip. When they left Mary kissed them both and wished them luck.

But the happiness was destined to be short-lived, for the very day after their return home George was killed in a runaway. He had taken both wives and the three youngest children to the field to look over the crops and on the way home the team became so frightened that he lost control of them.

So Grandma was left a widow at nineteen. Now to be a widow in the Mormon Church is a distinct disadvantage. Having been "sealed" to her first husband, she is his for eternity whether she remarries or not. This cannot be changed, for "you cannot rob the dead"—unless in some way the husband is shown to have been un-



worthy. Her children also, should she remarry, belong to the first husband. Eternity was very real to these people; it was a continuation of the normal activities of life under improved conditions, like walking from a poorly furnished, dim cabin room into a beautiful, carpeted, lighted, modern apartment. Death carried no fear because it was only a temporary separation; the only union fit to be called a marriage was one in which the relationship was to be continued throughout eternity. For this reason there was something rather heroic about a man who would take another man's wife, support her, and permit her to bear children who at death would belong to the first husband. Men naturally preferred to rear children who would belong to them in the next world, because part of a man's standing in the kingdom was determined by the number and quality of his posterity. Bearing children was the chief end of a woman's existence: she was supposed to have "all the Lord wanted her to." Barrenness was considered almost a curse and failure to marry, a disgrace.

At any rate Grandma's status as a widow was decidedly different from what it had been before her marriage, three weeks previous. When Grandpa H. came again to woo, after a reasonable interval, things were more easily managed. His first wife was not consulted, and after a rather surreptitious courtship the marriage was arranged. The young husband left for a trip north with a load of dried fruit and a wife-to-be acquired without his first wife's knowledge after he left home.

Obviously such an arrangement would be attended by difficulties. Much of Grandpa's property had come as a result of Suzette's contribution and she, naturally, did not favor sharing it. Grandma did not have a similar contribution to make, so it was impos-

sible for the two women to be equal economically. Grandma was humiliated by the fact that her children could not dress as well as Suzette's; she was embarrassed that she did not receive equal recognition from Grandpa in public.

When the federal officers came into the country, and Grandpa might have a prison term to face if he were caught, he bought a home in Nevada about sixty miles away and moved Grandma and her five children to it. He provided her with a farm, got her a cow, pig, and chickens, and seemed to feel that he had done his duty toward her maintenance. She was independent and proud; she wouldn't ask for anything. His land, cattle, store, and church duties, as well as the almost impassable roads, all kept him tied in his home town; his visits became more and more rare until there was an almost complete estrangement.

In the meantime he had taken two other wives, one a widow with her own home and some additional property (which he managed well), the other a girl scarcely older than some of his children. I have often wondered how these three managed, for I understand that the last wife was almost as jealous as the first.

I never saw Grandpa H. until I was eighteen years old, but I had formed an unfavorable opinion of him. What I actually met was a splendid old man, well respected, successful, intelligent. As I came to know him better I decided that he was, in part at least, the victim of circumstances. Given wives of the types his were, I hardly see how he could have done otherwise.

One day when I was talking about it with Grandma I ventured to ask, "If you had not been sealed to another man, so that you both felt the children belonged to him instead of Grandpa, do you think it would have made any difference?"

"Well, yes"—reluctantly—"maybe it would. Your Grandpa was a good man. I think I would do the same thing over again."

When I thought of the hardships, the poverty, the neglect she endured I wondered at it.

## II

With my father's people, on the other hand, the polygamous set-up took a very different turn. Grandpa L. had something of the position of the patriarch in his family. His home life was probably patterned after the ancient leaders in Israel; at any rate, he commanded the same type of obedience and respect. I have tried to find out all I could about his early life in an effort to understand what there was about him that would keep five women and forty-eight children so loyal to him, and because of him, to one another. For they always mentioned their connection with pride. Grandpa L. was a typical pioneer, strong, sturdy, fearless, loving the out-of-doors. Incidentally, he was a great guide, scout, and Indian interpreter. When he was in his early twenties Brigham Young sent him, with three others, to prepare for colonization in the extreme southwestern part of the State. After a year of preparation, building, and establishing friendly relations with the Indians, he went north for his young wife, a girl of twenty, and the baby. With them he brought his wife's younger sister, to keep her company and help care for her during her coming second confinement. What could be expected but that he would marry the sister also? It was the doctrine taught; the girl was attractive; the first wife was willing. So the sisters lived congenially together and the Indians named Grandpa "Wamptun Tunghi," "Wamptun" meaning "more than one wife" and "Tunghi" meaning "one who tells or explains," or an interpreter.

It is hard to imagine what their life must have been like, completely cut off from the outside, without any comfort or convenience, entirely upon their own resources. Grandpa was away a great deal, often for long periods, so the women were company for each other. After several years, when two or three thriving towns had been established in the vicinity and Grandpa had begun to get prosperous, he married his third wife, my grandmother. She was a young English girl who was very much attracted by the thirty-year-old man in spite of his two other growing families. I have not been able to learn any of the details of their courtship. I only know that I have never seen two people more devoted to each other in their old age. The young girl seemed to live on peaceable, congenial terms with the first two wives, however. His fourth wife was a young Indian girl who had been raised from birth in a white home of culture and refinement but was, nevertheless, a full-blooded Indian. Evidently this choice of his was influenced by the interest in the Indians, then especially intense, because of their connection with the Book of Mormon and the promise that "they should yet become a white and delightful people." Grandpa shared this interest and belief; he had worked as a missionary for years and no doubt wished to see the prophecy fulfilled. This Indian girl did not fit so well with the other wives; I have never heard of any difficulty or difference, but I know that in all her married life she maintained a separate establishment, poor enough it is true, but always by herself, while the others often lived two in a house. The fifth wife was a widow of one of his dear friends, left with five children. He assumed the responsibility of this family in his middle life.

I knew all five of these wives well and was taught to address them all as Grandma—Grandma Mary, Grandma



Maria (pronounced Miriar), Grandma Thurza, Grandma Jeanette, and Grandma Martha. They have been at my father's home many times and, as a child, I have eaten meals in every one of theirs. I wondered at their friendliness with one another and at my father's almost equal respect for them all. For they all bore children, 12, 12, 10, 11, and 3 respectively. The infant mortality was 1, 1, 2, 3, and 2, in the same order, a remarkably low one when living conditions are considered—the barren desert land, the heat, flies, comfortless living quarters, and lack of any medical aid whatever, even in childbirth.

While all this family was growing up, Grandpa L. had interests and holdings in several towns and ranches. He would station a wife and family at each of these and divide his time among them as he found it necessary, trusting to the older boys of each group to take the initiative in managing things. He was as a monarch over his small domain, benevolent and kindly, but to be obeyed without hesitation or question. His children tell how, when "Father" came, things were set to rights, the best food prepared, the children scrubbed and marshaled in to family prayers. At his arrival there would be a sort of council meeting at which every member of any of the families in the vicinity would be present. Here Grandpa would review his doings since the last visit in some detail and have each child report on his activities. Difficulties between children were settled at these general council meetings; religious instructions were also given here. Grandpa was truly a patriarch; everyone waited on him; everyone wanted to wait on him. One child brought his shoes, another got him a drink, another prepared water in the basin and a clean towel for him to wash, and so on. He was always expected to have the choicest food; a special section of

"picked biscuits" made of cream was always reserved in one corner of the large pan of buttermilk bread baked for the family.

But he somehow held the group together and built up a sense of family solidarity which made the children all consider themselves full brothers and sisters regardless of which wife their mother happened to be. They were all Grandpa L.'s sons so completely that it is only recently that I have learned to which wife the various ones belong.

I wish I had known Grandpa as a young man. My memory of him after he had grown old is very vivid; in fact many of the clearest memories of my childhood are connected with him. He had a great shock of snow-white hair, a large trunk, powerful arms and shoulders, but crippled, bowed legs. When he died at eighty-six his teeth were perfect, not a cavity nor a missing tooth among them, and I doubt that he ever saw a toothbrush. Even as an old man he was still ambitious; he could not be happy unless he accomplished something. My father would haul loads and loads of green cottonwood and Grandpa would sit on a low, homemade, rawhide bottomed chair and chop it up, while we children ricked it up in long piles as high as we could reach. Grandpa's axe was always kept sharp and shining, and woe be unto the youngster who ever touched it.

He often visited our home a block away, this old chair as a support in one hand, a cane in the other. Several times en route he would stop and sit on the chair to rest. He sat to dig most of our cistern, a large hole fourteen feet in diameter and eighteen feet deep. His ability to throw the dirt out was a source of pride to him and astonishment to the neighbors.

I used to curl up on the floor in front of the huge fireplace in his home and listen to his Indian songs and stories. Captain John Smith "had nothing on

him" when it came to narrow escapes, for Grandpa L. had three different times come near death at the Indians' hands. As he told of his experiences, however, he always attributed his deliverance to "the hand of the Lord" or the fact that "the Lord softened their hearts." These stories might have been slightly colored by time, imagination, and frequent retelling—I have no means of knowing—but in the main they were facts, and his manner of telling them was so convincing that I always got prickly sensations along my spine to the roots of my hair.

I remember his prayers, long, eloquent prayers, usually expressed in general terms and with little variation. Some phrases linger, such as "hasten the day when the Enemies of Zion will be stamped out and their evil designs become as naught," and "the blood of the Prophets will be avenged and righteousness cover the earth as the waters the mighty deep." Likewise I remember his frequent exhortations to his children to "pay your debts, walk uprightly before God, and keep yourselves unspotted from the sins of the world." He was always insisting that each one own his own home that he might not be in "bondage" to any man; he advised that each maintain at least a two-year supply of grain in advance, against the time of famine "when you can't buy a sack of grain with a sack of gold."

I shall never forget how wrought up he became when knitted "garments" were introduced into our town. He threatened those who wore them with dire evils because, he said, these articles were a deviation from the true form, Gentiles had probably had a hand in making them and they were desecrated and defiled. The "garment" should be made and marked in the home by the Latter Day Saint wife, according to the revealed pattern and design. It was secret and sacred and not to be traded in or flaunted in public.

This, then, may give a faint idea of my impressions of my two Grandfathers, and the information I have been able to gather about them. The fact that each had more than one wife did not seem unusual; it was accepted by everyone as a matter of course.

### III

It is interesting to study the type of children each produced. I have not yet secured complete statistics for the family of Grandpa H. I know that as a group they are very successful financially. They are also much inclined toward education; many of the grandchildren have become teachers, several at least have Master's degrees, and one has a Ph.D. They are all leaders in their various communities, all respected citizens.

Of Grandpa L.'s family I have more definite statistics. Of his 48 children, 10 died in infancy; 2 were killed accidentally after reaching maturity, one from the kick of a horse, the other from getting caught in a molasses mill; 3 died of illness after they were grown, two of typhoid and one of pneumonia; two remained unmarried, and one married but bore no children. This leaves a total of 30 who reproduced. These were a remarkable group physically, all being large and well-formed, without a deformity among them. Three of the forty-eight seemed subnormal mentally; one grew to maturity without ever being able to talk, while the other two were considered "queer" by their brothers and sisters. There is no question as to their low mental capacity, but as neither of them married, the problem has been minimized.

It is difficult to measure the accomplishments of this group. Living as they did under pioneer conditions, they had little opportunity to advance educationally; their energies were taken in clearing land, building dams, and dig-



ging irrigation ditches, and as they grew older, in establishing homes of their own. Their social contributions were made by holding various church and civic positions. Five of the thirteen sons filled missions, devoting at least two years each, entirely at their own expense, to the service of the church. The thirty who married produced a total of 265 children, or a family average of almost 9. Of this total, only two have any physical deformities, one a girl with a withered arm and one a boy with an eye defective from birth. Only one is subnormal mentally to the extent of being unable to do even simple school work. The infant mortality was 29 out of 265, a very creditable average, I believe, and due largely to improved living conditions. Many of these grandchildren of Grandpa L. are still young people, still unmarried, still going through school, so any statistics regarding their accomplishments would of necessity change from year to year. (The total number of 265 is accurate, however, because all the second generation are past the child-bearing age.) Of this total 171 have been married and 6 divorced; here they offer a contrast with their 30 parents, not one of whom ever separated. It is impossible at this stage to predict the size of the average family, but I am reasonably sure that it will be less than 9, since of the 171 married, 8 give evidence of being permanently childless. Statistics regarding educational achievements would also be of little value because so many of the younger members of this generation are still in the high-school stage.

#### IV

My own family might be taken as typical of the results of polygamy, since, as I have shown, both my parents were a result of the system. In some ways our group is rather different, chiefly in our desire for education; but that was

in part due to the fact that we accepted so literally the old Mormon proverbs, "Man is saved no faster than he gains knowledge," and "The Glory of God is Intelligence." My parents had eleven children, buried the first child when she was two years old and have raised the remaining ten—six girls and four boys—to maturity. All but the two youngest boys are married. They are in school, one a junior at college, the other doing graduate work.

Mother's babies came regularly every fifteen months to two and a half years, but she seemed always to enjoy good health. She is to-day remarkably young looking and vigorous for a woman of sixty.

I do not remember a serious illness in the family. As children we all ran the gauntlet of mumps, whooping cough, and measles with surprising lack of inconvenience. All the girls are healthy specimens; the boys average over six feet in height and one hundred and eighty pounds in weight.

Of the ten, 6 have now finished college and one is in his junior year, one has a Master's degree from Columbia University, and another is working toward his at the University of Nevada. Of the remaining three, two completed junior college work and taught in the primary grades. Only one of the ten, the youngest girl, failed to do college work; she married too early. Eight of the ten have been and are teachers.

Our desire for education might be taken only as the old pioneering spirit of our Grandpa transferred from the physical to the intellectual fields; it might be only the things our mother and father wanted and could not have which were now finding expression in us. For we were poor; not poorer than our neighbors, but poor. What it was that made my parents buy a piano when we children were still going barefoot (I never owned a pair of shoes in

the summer nor more than one a winter until I was fourteen), how it was that they could subscribe for three or four of the better magazines while we were still eating off whitegranite plates, I don't know, unless it was just a sense of values created by a combination of teaching and pioneer spirit. Anyway we all got through high school, because when the oldest child was in the eighth grade, one was begun in our town, tuition free and books furnished. I should add perhaps that my father was one of the board of trustees responsible for this beginning and that he continued there until long after its permanency was established. Going to college may not mean much to people who live in a college town or who have plenty of money, but for us it was a genuine adventure. After one had finished and secured a good position things were simplified; but for those first years no word will express the experience except "adventure." The nearest college was four hundred miles away, over unimproved roads, among strange and, to us, wealthy people; the undertaking looked stupendous, as it was. The details of how we did it will have to be another story, but it is enough to say that we graduated, six of us—three with distinction, all above average in our various fields; and all of us secured positions.

But I must get back to my general theme of polygamy. My most intimate knowledge of the every-day living of it came from my best girl friend, who was a polygamous child about my age. For the first eighteen years of my life I lived across the street from her, and we were together almost constantly. I had never considered her family as being different from mine, except that it was larger. There was nothing secret, nothing unusual at all about it. The wives lived in the same block; between them was the family granary and tool shop, in the center of the block the cor-

als and haystack. Each wife had her own cow, pigs, chickens, and garden; both seemed to have access to the granary and hay stacks. Uncle Tom spent one night at one home and the next at the other, regularly, as long as I knew him, unless there were sickness at one home or the other, when he stayed to help with it.

Since they lived just across the street from our home, we could hear him routing his boys out to work at day-break every morning. (By the way, his first wife bore him 7 sons and 4 daughters, the second, 7 daughters and 4 sons, all of whom are still living, all but two married, and not a death yet among either children or grandchildren! I have a picture of the whole group, taken a year ago at Uncle Tom's golden wedding—truly a remarkable thing.) But as I was saying, Uncle Tom got up early and insisted that all the boys do likewise, insisted in a voice that could be heard distinctly by the neighbors. He always began with the oldest and named all who were old enough to do either chores or farm work. He always drawled the first name or two and became more staccato as he proceeded until the last few sounded with a pop, "Tom-mie, John-nie, Myron, Eldon, Will, Lem, Vincen, Lorin," etc. Somehow he kept order among them all, and co-operation to the extent that his haystacks were larger, his granaries better filled, and his children better dressed than any of his neighbors. No one saw anything unusual in the fact that when he went to church or to any public gathering he always took both wives and always walked between them. The children were all treated alike; his pride in them and his tendency to brag publicly of them became something of a town joke. When he died, a week ago, every child was present at the funeral service and I have never seen more genuine evidence of respect anywhere.



I know these examples are only a few, but I believe they are fairly typical. I am sure there were many terrible things about polygamy, even under the best of conditions, but I am equally sure that it was not so bad as it has been painted. People entered into it with a high, religious purpose, not for lust, judging from the type of people I have known. The women, especially, kept the institution reasonable, I believe. I have heard older women in telling their experiences relate how, before the manifesto, various married men had made advances to them and been repulsed because "he couldn't support the family he had," or "he had his nerve to ask me after the way he treats his first wife," or "he's like that—tried to play up to every girl he met and couldn't stay true to any," and so on. A married man had to be fairly successful financially, well respected in the community, and personally attrac-

tive to secure more than one wife; but given these qualities, it was not difficult.

I have no means of telling whether the system would have died of itself (certainly there were many who abused it and many others who entered it with the best of motives who found themselves unable to live it), but I am sure the persecution by the United States marshals only served to popularize and strengthen it. For what man would desert wives taken in good faith, and dependent children? All the families in all the communities naturally combined to shield him and help him evade the law.

I am glad, however, that polygamy is not practiced now. It would be a difficult system to live in unless one's religious zeal were ardent enough to enable one to forget jealousies and personal desires. That zeal, among the people of my grandfather's generation, kept it sane.





## TIGHTENING THE COTTON BELT

BY WEBSTER POWELL AND ADDISON T. CUTLER

THE Southern cotton farmer has long been accustomed to suffering. He is now suffering farm relief. What he faces is sharply and authoritatively expressed by Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Rexford G. Tugwell, who said on August 4th, "We must study and classify American soil, taking out of production not just one part of a field or farm, but whole farms, whole ridges, perhaps whole regions. . . . It has been estimated that when lands now unfit to till are removed from cultivation, something around two million persons who now farm will have to be absorbed by other occupations."

A glance at Southern agriculture will show what the Agricultural Adjustment Administration has stepped into, for better or for worse. It is well known that cotton planters, merchants, and bankers have ruled the South with heavy hands for more than a hundred years. This aristocracy, now somewhat battered and forced to share power with the new industrialists, rode to riches on the backs first of slaves and then of "share-croppers." When slavery was broken up the share system slipped into its place. For the millions who do the work in the cotton fields there has never been anything but abject poverty.

Cotton growing in the southeastern section of the cotton belt—the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama—is based upon the labor of share-croppers, Negro and White. Planters and merchants refer to them as "niggers" and

"poor whites" just as they did "before the War between the States." To a large extent, the plantations of the Mississippi delta also depend upon croppers, although the increasing use of tractors up to the depression brought with it a partial shift to wage labor. The newer cotton areas of Texas and Oklahoma, however, are largely operated by tenant farmers who pay one-third or one-fourth of the crop as rent to an absentee landlord. They enjoy a farmer's independence in tilling the soil but submit to a farmer's dependence upon the credit and marketing institutions with which they must deal.

Last summer as we drove along dusty roads between rows of waving cotton, white and green, the bolls were just bursting open in the late August sun. On each fifteen- or twenty-acre patch stood a board cabin, containing one room and a kitchen, unpainted and unchinked against the winter frosts. In these cropper cabins live families of five or more; the average is seven. Working in the cotton patch at the doorstep could be seen the whole family, from six to sixty. Their clothing was a patchwork of old scraps sewn together. Bare feet were the rule, relieved occasionally by rude sandals made of bits of burlap bagging. An old straw sombrero topped the costume. Beside the cabin lay the cotton which had been plowed under by government persuasion—enough cotton to clothe this family and many other farm



families. It lay on the black earth yet no one dared pick it.

The share-croppers are regarded by the landlord-masters as a class of labor rather than as tenant farmers, although the cropper's legal status is that of a propertyless tenant. He and his family grow ten to twenty acres of cotton and sometimes plant a little corn and a small garden. The land, the mule, plow, and other equipment are supplied by the landlord, who in addition usually keeps the family alive during the growing season by advances of rations. At the end of the year the crop is supposed to be divided equally between the landlord and the cropper. The theory is that the landlord's half is rent for the use of his land and equipment, while the cropper's half is the return for his labor. That is the relationship in theory and law. It is illustrated by the common expression in the South to describe a cropper. He is "working on halves," they say. But in fact the proceeds of the whole of the crop, when it is sold, go to the landlord. This is because the landlord simply takes the cropper's half to pay for the monthly advances of rations which the cropper has received during the growing season, together with the interest thereon. The rations are the traditional slave diet—"fat-back," meal, and molasses. It is well known that no matter what the yield and price of cotton, the cropper is usually still in debt to the landlord at the end of the year. In fact he is often farther in debt than he was at the same time the preceding year. The landlord keeps the books.

But this is not all. The landlord directs the cropper in his work. Although the cropper is supposed to be a tenant, the landlord regards him as his hired man. Sometimes he dictates in person. Sometimes he hires an overseer or a "riding boss" to keep a close watch on the cropper in his daily

work. And then when it comes to the end of the season and the cotton is sold for money, the landlord usually sells the whole crop including the half which is supposed to belong to the cropper. Few of the White croppers and practically none of the Negro croppers are allowed to sell their own shares. The landlord does the selling and credits them with the proceeds. It is by no means unusual for the cropper to be credited with cotton at the lowest price of the season, while the landlord himself gets a much better price because he keeps the cotton off the market until conditions improve.

And so, because the cropper has no control over his own work or the product of that work, he is not really a farmer or a tenant farmer. He is something like a wage worker because he depends on the monthly rations of his boss for his living and because he has no property. But he is not paid in cash—most croppers do not see a handful of change during the whole year—and he is almost always in debt to the man who supplies him. Observers have sometimes compared his position to that of a Mexican peon or a medieval serf. To the Southerner he is simply a cropper or, more tersely, one of Mr. Smith's "niggers."

This Southern pattern of social relations between landlord and cropper has made it possible for the landlord to pass a maximum of loss to the cropper, as the price of cotton has tumbled in recent years. Low standards of living have become even lower. Apparently the limit is a matter of calories only. The average annual furnishings supplied by landlords to croppers this year was fifty to sixty dollars. This applies to the Southeast and Mississippi areas and is based on statements made to us by landlords, croppers, and local officials. For a family of five this amounts to about three cents per person per day. The total income of

course may be augmented somewhat by odd jobs picked up during the winter or by a few vegetables grown in the garden. Cropper gardens, any Southerner will tell you, are "no account." The small income usually allotted to the cropper from the sale of cotton seed was absent this year because the value of that by-product was absorbed by the increased cost of ginning.

## II

That the Administration should have chosen the cotton South, with all its deep-seated antagonisms of a decaying feudalism, for its first experiment in crop control seems surprising. It will be remembered that the Farm Act, passed by Congress in the middle of May, was not mandatory. The complex machinery of crop reduction with bonuses at the expense of consumers was left in the hands of the President and the Secretary of Agriculture to operate as they saw fit. Cotton was one of the seven crops eligible for control under the Act. It would have been perfectly possible for the Administration to plan for a reduction in cotton *planting* for the coming year, perhaps paying the bonuses in advance, as it finally did in the case of wheat. That the Administration chose to employ the "land-leasing" provisions of the Farm Act for the purpose of *plowing up* growing cotton in the middle of the current season is significant. It means that for some very powerful reason the Administration decided to take the risk of emphasizing the destructive feature of crop reduction in a manner strongly reminiscent of Herbert Hoover's former recipe for "plowing under every third row of cotton." And this was to be done in a section of the country where problems of class and social relations are the thorniest, where smoldering resentments offer, from the long-run point of view at

least, one of the greatest threats to the stability of the social system which the government is committed to upholding.

The reasons which influenced the decision to "plow under" are clear. A 13,000,000 bale carry-over from the preceding crop year—equal to a year's crop—threatened a price for 1933 even lower than the disastrous 1932 price of 5 to 6 cents per pound. Large plantation owners had made it clear that under the most "efficient" conditions profits could not be made at a price of 5 cents, not to mention a lower price. Farm creditors, including banks, merchants, insurance companies, and the government itself, faced a complete cessation of returns from farmers. (That this factor was a strong one, perhaps the strongest one, in influencing the decision is suggested by the fact that the actual benefits of the plan went in large measure to the creditors, as will be later shown.) Finally it was emphatically represented at a conference of interested parties held in Washington on June 3rd by the Agricultural Adjustment Administration that unless something was done, the social unrest in the South would be so great that "property would not be safe."

The plowing-up campaign was opened with much publicity in the latter part of June. As an inducement for plowing up cotton, the government offered a sliding scale of benefit payments depending on the prospective yield of the cotton acreage plowed under. The payment was to take the form of cash or of part cash and part option on government-owned cotton. When the campaign proved to be lagging it was extended into July. It was run, at the top, by the cotton section of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. Next came the extension directors of the State agricultural colleges. Below them were the county agents, who are paid jointly by the State and the federal Department of



Agriculture. Although their usual task is to give farmers scientific information on how to be efficient in increasing production, this time their job was to persuade farmers to plow up about one quarter of the best crop they had seen in years.

The county agent was the local key-man in the campaign. He appointed a county committee, composed of the leading big farmers. The county committees appointed local committees. The instructions to these committees were to "sell" the scheme to all the farmers of the county, to get them to sign the contracts with the government, and to pass on how much acreage and yield per acre the farmer could claim when it came to the government benefit payments. These benefit payments opened the door to all sorts of petty local graft and favoritism. Exactly how much of it there was will probably never be known. We do know that some farmers refused to serve on the committee, saying that if they were strictly honest in the appraisals they would lose some of their friends. In the hundreds of counties we visited we did not find a single case where a share-cropper or a representative of the poorer ranks of farmers was put on the committee.

The campaign was pushed by methods of high-pressure salesmanship, similar to those of the NRA campaign in industry which followed closely after. First was the attempt to convince the cotton farmer that he would benefit himself by signing up. Of course it was seen that the payments for the plowed-up cotton would probably not amount to as much as the sale of that cotton if it were allowed to reach the market. But still it amounted to something. Whether the farmer or his creditors would get the payment was a question conveniently ignored at that time. The more important argument was that the price on the remainder

of the crop would be higher on account of the general plow-up. At this point the committee said nothing of course about the possibility of a temporary price rise in mid-season, with the gains to be absorbed by speculators, to be followed by a price reaction in the fall when the farmer disposed of his crops. As a matter of fact, the Agricultural Adjustment Administration in Washington was visibly alarmed at the rising price of cotton at the moment the campaign was in progress. The officials were afraid, first, that the farmers would be unwilling to plow up good cotton on a rising market and, second, that farmers' illusions concerning an indefinite price rise would be too rudely shattered later on. The first fear was answered by extending the time limit of the campaign and by putting more steam into it. The second fear proved only too well grounded as later events disclosed.

In addition to pocket-book arguments the campaign was conducted by appeals to patriotism and the pressure of community leaders exercised in a hundred and one ways. There were some elements of definite intimidation, such as the threat announced in South Carolina papers that the Ku Klux Klan would deal with any farmer who refused to sign by pulling up his cotton plants at night. In a few cases this pulling-up was actually done. County agents and other local people laughed and said that it was probably not the "real" KKK but just local patriots who did this.

All sorts of hoaxes and misrepresentations accompanied the campaign. Landlords would say to Negro share-croppers, "The government is going to plow up your cotton. Better sell it to me." So the cropper would "sell" his share of the crop at a fraction of its value, thinking that otherwise he would not get a cent for it. Many of the farmers had heard the story that

if they didn't sign up they would be taxed four cents for every pound of cotton sold at the gin. No wonder they signed up! While the campaign committees are not open to the charge of directly initiating these types of misrepresentation, they certainly showed a considerable toleration of them. Finally the federal government was able to announce that its campaign was a success, that cotton farmers had agreed to plow up ten million acres of growing cotton.

When the smoke and dust of the campaign had subsided it was found that the small farmers had almost all taken the "straight cash" plan while the big farmers and plantation owners had chosen the option plan. This was because the small farmers felt that they needed the cash immediately, that they could not afford to wait for the probably greater benefits under the option plan. They also distrusted the option plan as savoring of stock exchanges. They failed to realize then that their government checks would in any event be swallowed up by their creditors. It was also found that very few sharecroppers had signed up with the government. Their landlords usually just signed up for them.

By the time the cotton farmer was notified by his county agent that his contract was accepted by the government and that it was permissible to go ahead with the plowing-up it was well along in July. This meant that in most cases it was too late to plant a feed crop on the plowed-up acreage. (The government would not allow the farmer to plant a cash crop on it.) It also meant that in many sections the cotton was mature. So when the farmer did his thorough job of turning under the cotton plants, the bolls opened and lay white on the ground. This caused a good deal of discussion among farmers. Signing up in the midst of a patriotic campaign was one

thing, but actually plowing up the cotton they had sweated to grow was another. Most of them said it was too bad to plow it up when people were going ragged. They frequently mentioned that people were going ragged in their own community. Why didn't the government buy the cotton and give it to the needy? they asked. Many of them said that it looked as if there was something pretty crazy somewhere. They were puzzled to know what had brought about the craziness, and eagerly inquired for diagnoses, even from Yankee travelers passing through.

There was also widespread dissatisfaction with the delay, because by the time they were told to plow up, the farmers found the plants grown so high that it was difficult to destroy them effectively. There was no farm lore about the technic of plowing-up. Some of the plants would start growing again after they had been once plowed under. The government was very strict about a thorough destruction of the plants. "Render the cotton unfit for picking," was the order.

During August newspapers carried a number of stories about how the Agricultural Adjustment Administration was undecided whether to deduct in advance from the plow-up checks the amount already owed by the farmers to the government, for instance for a debt incurred under the seed loan. There was considerable concern about an old federal statute which stated that the government could not pay anything to any person who already owed it money. The AAA said that it was trying to "get around" this because it really wanted to pay the farmer the full sum owed to him for the plow-up. Finally a somewhat confused "compromise" was announced, based on a decision of the Attorney General.

The compromise plan, as we saw it in operation in September, amounted



to this—no deduction was made from the checks in Washington. The full amounts were made payable to the farmers. But where the farmer was in debt to the government the name of the appropriate government officer was written on the check as joint payee. That is, the check would be made out jointly to John Doe and Governor, Farm Credit Administration, or Treasurer, Federal Land Bank of New Orleans. The check was then mailed, not to John Doe, but to the local county agent. The county agent was instructed to get John to endorse the check, whereupon it was sent to the other payee. At this point we found some confusion. The instructions stated that the government credit agent, upon receiving John's endorsed check was to co-endorse the check and send it back to John with a note, "Please remit what you owe us." However one government credit agent, the manager of a Regional Agricultural Credit Corporation, told us that in many cases the latter formality was being dispensed with. That is, the government credit agent simply cashed the check which John had endorsed and sent him a receipt for payment of debt together with the remainder, if any.

The protection of the farmer's private creditor had been planned from the very beginning. At the time when John Doe signed the plow-up contract with the government he was required to list any creditors who held a first mortgage on his crop. When the checks finally arrived from Washington they included the creditor as joint payee. A holder of a second mortgage on John's crop was not automatically protected in this way. He was made joint payee only if he had attended to his own interests by means of getting John to insert a clause in the contract entitling him to appear as payee on the check. Many of the second mortgage

holders did this. Others who were lax in this respect at the time the contracts were being signed pestered the county agents to look out for their interests. As a result of all this, many farmers never saw a penny in cash for the good cotton they had plowed up.

Whether the share-cropper received any payment or any credit allowance for the cotton plowed up on his patch depended upon the tender mercies of his landlord. The situation can best be described by quoting from a county agent in a big cotton county in the Mississippi delta. This agent said that he made all arrangements for the government with the landlords, and the landlords simply agreed with him to treat the croppers "right." His attitude toward the croppers as well as that of the landlords is shown by the following statement: "You know, the government in Washington caused us quite a little trouble here. By mistake they mailed some of the checks made out to nigger croppers. They probably didn't know what they were doing when they did it. Imagine giving a check to a nigger cropper! Of course, I turned these checks over to the landlords anyhow. They'll have to get the croppers to endorse them before they take them to the bank. But that won't be hard."

The upshot of the above is that the government seemed more anxious to help creditors collect their debts than to give farmers a little purchasing power. Otherwise the government would have refused to give creditors any lien on these checks on the ground that this was an emergency relief program.

If the success of the Administration's cotton program were to be gauged exclusively by price changes, without regard to the division of the proceeds, very little, if any, positive achievement can be credited to the plan. The price

of cotton was lifted during the plow-up campaign to a high point of about 12 cents per pound. The reaction, however, carried it down to a low point of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  cents per pound at the opening of the market season, when some cotton farmers started disposing of their new crop. The price was about  $9\frac{1}{2}$  cents in late September when the first rumblings of renewed farm discontent reached government ears. The President's announcement that the new crop could be used as security for government loans at 10 cents per pound wherever promises of future acreage reduction were given kept the price from going below the 10 cent level.

In the meantime, however, the combination of NRA, processing taxes, and currency depreciation was boosting the price of the commodities which farmers buy. The common complaint which we heard from farmers in all sections of the cotton South during the summer was that the price of flour had literally doubled within the span of three months and overalls had jumped from 49 cents to \$1.00. These two items appeared to symbolize all the concentrated feelings of outrage over the rising cost of living. The degree of success of the general efforts of the Administration to restore agricultural prices to pre-war "parity" may be judged by the official indexes of farm prices corrected for prices paid by farmers. The resultant index, called "farm purchasing power," stood at 61 (with 1910 to 1914 as 100) on May 15th when the Farm Act was passed. On July 15th it had risen to 71; but by September 15th it had fallen back to 60. The situation was frankly admitted by Secretary Wallace when he declared, according to the *New York Times* of September 9th, that "increased retail costs have taken up the farmer's additional income and left him no better off for meeting his interest, taxes and fixed charges."

### III

Whatever small groups may have benefited from the Administration's cotton program, it is quite clear that millions of people have paid the cost of it. The processing tax is paid by all consumers of cotton goods, including unemployed as well as employed city workers and including farmers themselves, who also wear cotton shirts and overalls.

There is, however, serious reason to believe that the real cost of the cotton-reduction program does not end with the processing tax. Does not the shrinkage in the agricultural "plant" involve a shrinkage in agricultural personnel, thus adding to the problem of unemployment? Assistant Secretary Tugwell's remark, quoted at the beginning of this article, certainly suggests that in the long view it is not only a definite possibility, but actually part of the general plan for agriculture. On the other hand it must be recognized that the Administration hoped, at least, that the 1933 plow-up would not cause the separation of share-croppers from their meager livelihood. The printed instructions issued to the field agents managing the plow-up campaign included the following item: "Local committees should make every effort to influence plantation operators to make an equitable arrangement with their tenants so as not to discharge some of their tenants for the remainder of the year as a result of the reduction in acreage."

The absence of large-scale dismissal of share-croppers as a result of the cotton plow-up of 1933 cannot be attributed to the efforts of the local committees as much as to another and more accidental factor. Acreage reduction, coming late in the season and taking the form of plowing up nearly mature cotton, provided much less inducement to landlords to dismiss their croppers



than would have been the case if the program had been applied at the beginning of the growing season. Since a large part of the expense of raising the crop, including advances of rations to croppers, had already been incurred, the landlord was disposed to keep all his croppers. If some of the cotton patches would yield no harvest to pick, the landlord, nevertheless, wanted the croppers to "work out" in some other way the money already spent on them.

We have stated the rule. There were numerous exceptions. We encountered a number of cases where the landlord arranged with the government to plow up all of the patch operated by an individual cropper and followed this up by closing the books with the cropper and sending him "down the road." This happened most often in the Mississippi delta, which is characterized by large plantations worked by as many as fifty cropper families. The story, as told by the ex-croppers themselves, is that the boss plowed up their cotton and stopped furnishing them, *i.e.* stopped the weekly advances which in fact amount to a wage envelope for a cropper, although a small one. The boss would generously allow the cropper to stay in his cabin while searching for a job at picking cotton.

In Texas, where cotton is grown chiefly by tenants of a higher economic standing than share-croppers and where cotton is picked by wage earners, the government plan had the definite effect of reducing the employment of cotton pickers. This created a serious problem. Local authorities and relief agencies did not know what to do with the transient labor. Whole families, hitch-hiking, driving in rattletrap cars, or even in covered wagons, were shunted from one community to another. They had heard about the prospects of a fine crop this year and had come early, from the towns in south Texas and the East, only to find

that as much as half the crop had been plowed up on some of the farms. Negroes and Mexicans, who had obtained picking jobs in past years, found that picking jobs were being reserved for "local white farmers." Transients were not entitled to local relief. At the beginning of the picking season the order went out from the State relief committee to stop all work relief during picking time in order not to "demoralize" labor.

The signs of much larger displacement and unemployment for 1934 are truly ominous. In 1934 it will not be a question of sending croppers "down the road" in the middle of the season. It will be a question of the landlord's failing to renew his verbal contracts with the tenants. That the landlords have been thinking along these lines is evidenced by the fact that they have been delaying the renewal of their tenant contracts until the 1934 reduction plan is made clear. In all parts of the South where the cropper system predominates it is regarded as certain that the problem of cropper displacement will be much more serious in 1934. Landlords, croppers, county agents, and agricultural experts all spoke to us freely and emphatically on this point when the question was raised. Why should the landlord go to the expense of keeping a share-cropper working land which is no longer devoted to the raising of cotton? The government will not allow other cash crops to be raised on reduced cotton acreage for fear of spoiling the market for these crops. It is not, perhaps, unfair to recall at this point the insistence of many Southern white people that the Negro share-cropper is fitted for nothing but the raising of cotton.

Of course, no one can predict how many cropper families will be told to move out. That will depend upon soil conditions, the income of individual landlords and their feeling toward the

cropper families, and the guess of particular planters as to the price of cotton during the next few years. Some croppers will remain on the land, left to their own devices to wrest a meager living from the skimpy soil which the landlord considers worthless. Others will be evicted from the land in order to enable the landlords to use every inch of soil and to get rid of upkeep on leaky, dilapidated cabins—possibly in order to escape the unpleasant necessity of passing by starving families every day. In some cases croppers will be given fewer acres to work.

Although the actual unemployment caused by acreage reduction cannot be predicted, a rough total of the numbers facing acute danger of displacement may be estimated. The government plan for 1934 calls for a 40 per cent reduction in cotton acreage from the preceding five year average, that is, a reduction from about 41 to 25 million acres. Applying the 40 per cent figure to the two million Southern cotton growers of all classifications, we find 800,000 families, involving about five million men, women, and children, who are in danger of losing their means of existence. It is probable that not all of these will be actually released. It is certain that a large number of them will be.

#### IV

It should be clearly understood that the government's credit policy toward agriculture fortifies the reduction program and accentuates the problem of human displacement. We refer here to the restriction of short-term credit which is indispensable to small owners and to some grades of tenants. In years past the small cotton farmer would borrow a few hundred dollars from his local bank or from a country "time" merchant at the planting season, to be repaid with ample interest at the time the crop was sold. But in

recent years the banks—those that are still open—have decided that they do not care for that type of "risk." The time merchants, who once fattened on interest charges amounting directly or indirectly to fifty or a hundred per cent annually, have turned to other fields after several successive years of low cotton prices. Everywhere in the South the story is the same: "Banks and merchants are no longer lending to cotton farmers. Government credit is the only credit." Farmers are now at the tender mercy of the government for credit. And Uncle Sam has decided to be first and foremost a hard-headed business man.

The Farm Credit Act, passed by Congress last spring, consolidated all the different government agencies which lend to farmers into one new "Farm Credit Administration." The announced purpose of this was to put credit to farmers on a "sound business basis." This means asking the farmer to put up more collateral before he gets a loan. But the farmers who need credit most do not have enough collateral as it is. Small cotton farmers in the South say: "They already have a mortgage on my land, my crop, my mules, and my plow. The only thing they haven't got a mortgage on is my wife and kids. They'll be next."

The Farm Credit Administration is now busy organizing Production Credit Corporations in each of the Federal Land Bank districts. These corporations will set up local credit associations which will borrow from the Federal Intermediate Credit Banks, and in turn lend money only to those farmers who can put up "adequate" collateral. All this new machinery is to take the place of the "emergency" types of farm credit which actually have provided some little relief for poor farmers during the past two years.

The emergency farm credit, which the government is so anxious to scrap



and to replace by something sounder, is the credit provided by the Regional Agricultural Credit Corporation and the federal feed and seed loan. The first of these, the R.A.C.C., will be no loss to the small farmer. It never did give him any relief. Set up for the special purpose of extending credit to the largest cotton plantation owners and the big livestock operators, its average loan was \$1,000, and its collateral requirements were so heavy that they could not possibly be met by the small farmer. One small farmer who had read about its promises in the newspapers was innocent enough to apply in good faith for a loan. He was promptly scared off by a barrage of questions, such as: "What are the names and colors of your cows? Write them on this application in quadruplicate."

The other type of emergency loan is different. Thousands of small farmers have come to depend on the federal feed and seed loan. The average loan is about \$100. The abandonment of this type of loan will mean that thousands of small owners and tenants will no longer be able to raise a crop. And this will be quite in line with the Administration's program. As one government official put it, "The long-time program is to dove-tail the credit program with the acreage reduction program so that the output will be reduced. It still remains to get the Farm Credit Administration and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration working in closer harmony on this point." Smaller crops and fewer farmers is the government program in all its ramifications. This will certainly relieve the small farmer—of his livelihood.

To the large plantation owner this program is more than welcome. He has everything to gain and nothing to lose from a program which protects the price of *his* cotton by removing the

small farmer from production. One of the Mississippi planters expressed himself to us as follows: "The seed loan has made it possible for small owners and tenants to produce two million bales of cotton during the last year. This competition hurts me. Of course, you know I have nothing against the small fellow, but I think many of them ought to be sharecroppers instead of owners anyway."

The Administration, in searching for moral support for its program of credit restriction, sent two Southern professors of agricultural economics to make a survey of the "reactions of all types of cotton farmers to government credit." They discovered without any great difficulty, and reported to the government, that the large owner would be pleased to see the abandonment of the federal feed and seed loan. They also reported that the tenants and small owners would be opposed to its withdrawal. To a question which amounts to "How would you like to starve?" the answer is likely to be a negative.

## V

We have seen the amazing spectacle of a feudal South directing its modern serfs to plow down cotton ready for the gin. We have seen a federal administration that had issued feed and seed loans to grow that cotton ripping it out in the name of "Relief"!

The cabin walls of the Southern serfs are sound-proof against professorial brainstorming, and against executive radio reasoning which attempts to explain its economic ambidexterity. Beneath the sullen acquiescence of the Poor Whites, and deep in the hidden minds of the Negro croppers there festers a growing resentment. Their every instinct rises against destruction and waste. They have not forgotten the unfulfilled promises of "the human boll weevils" in Washington who

diverted their money for plowing down cotton to the "boss man." For generations they have given six billion hours of labor annually to produce half the world's cotton crop. Yet they walk in rags and their cabins house a cultural darkness worse than in city slums.

Like the landlord quoted above, the Administration has "nothing against the small fellow." Yet its New Deal decrees reduction of fifteen million cotton acres and no more credit without collateral. It is dawning on millions that reduction of acres and credits threatens thousands of them with extinction. They have learned to grow one crop, they have always depended upon annual credits to keep them alive. When both of these are withdrawn they become rural refugees. Will they peacefully accept starvation in the patriotic attempt to eliminate surplus cotton and surplus cotton farmers?

Their answer is an emphatic "No!"

For generations a carefully nurtured race prejudice has kept White and Negro apart, but now starvation is beginning to bring them together. Not long ago thousands of both races marched on the city hall in Birmingham to demand relief. And more recently this new solidarity broke the sham of "white superiority" when White and Negro farmers joined in a demonstration at an Alabama county courthouse and frightened the officials into hasty action.

Because of the greater oppression which they face, the Negroes are taking the lead in devising organizational forms to protect themselves in the ultimate struggle for life itself. For them a semi-secret organization is necessary. The Share Croppers Union meets in units of ten, while the activities of the units are co-ordinated through their captains. In the face of beatings, and

bullets, ropes and jailings, the Union has sunk its roots deeper among the Negroes. Its membership has been doubled in less than a year, its strategy has improved, the structure of its organization has been tightened. Landlords and local officials do not conceal their fear of this development.

Although the Share Croppers Union would welcome units of White croppers, its membership now is composed almost entirely of Negroes. Organizations of the poorest White farmers are springing up in the South and their representatives are meeting with the Negro share-croppers. This narrow bridge across the aged chasm of race prejudice has already synchronized their demonstrations for relief. In the future it may weld them organizationally into single militant units.

The stirrings of revolt are not confined to the Southeast and the "deep" South. In Texas and Oklahoma there are rumblings of an old tenant volcano which many landlords remember. Rental contracts are not being renewed and even Washington has expressed concern as to what may happen there through the *success* of its acreage reduction plan.

The authoritative voice of the New Deal tells us that "no government can continue to subsidize excess farmers in a period of shrinking market demand." In spite of this we would presume to help make articulate the voices of the forgotten farmers of the South. They ask the Powers That Be to put their ears to the ground and listen to the voice of rising desperation which demands "Land, Homes, and Cash." We think the government will be compelled to listen. Are there not many chapters in history which show that no government can withstand the impact from below of millions of its population who always, in the end, refuse to starve to death?





## A SPECIAL OCCASION

A STORY

BY FREDERICK FAUST

CAMPBELL sat in the locker room after squash and watched the loose flesh over his heart quivering like a jelly. Richards had beaten him. Richards always beat him now, and Cullen would no longer play with him because he was fifty-five and his backhand was no damned good. It never was more than a sort of poke, but it used to connect. He crossed his feet to take the shudder out of his knees and looked down at the folds in his stomach and the delicate rills of sweat in the wrinkles. His wind-pipe burned down the middle of him. One of these days he would cut out the cigarettes.

Richards, already back from the showers, was at his locker, putting on a pair of glasses with a thin black ribbon hanging down from them. The spectacles dressed up Richards almost more than a suit of clothes and kept one's attention on his tight-lipped mouth. Richards was sixty, but he still played squash because he had a pair of legs under him. He had been a footballer back there in the nineties, and a big fold of muscle hung above each knee.

"I'm giving you a drink to-night," said Richards.

"Thanks," said Campbell. "I'm not drinking. It's a special occasion. My girl comes home. The wife has been up watching her graduate from school."

Richards took out a bottle.

"I'm giving you a drink," he said. "This is a special occasion. It's always a special occasion when you get a chance at Bushmill's Black Label."

"I've heard of the stuff," said Campbell, "but I'm not taking it. Nothing to-night. In a house full of women, you know how it is. They hate to see the father with an edge. That's the trouble with women. They don't understand."

He made a back-handed gesture and looked round the room at the lounging naked men. He breathed the thick smell of sweat and told himself he liked it. How many tons of flesh, in the course of a year, dissolved here in fumes and sweating? Sensible men kept their bodies in a state of flux, building, dissolving. That was nature's plan. Look at the universe of stars, melting into radiation; and somewhere the radiation was regathered to form matter. The astronomers would find that out one day.

Richards uncorked the bottle and gave it to him.

"Give your nose a chance anyway," said Richards.

Campbell inhaled the fragrance. The alcohol thirst took him hard, just beneath the Adam's-apple. He thought of a big trundling automobile like his own, of night, and lights, and a woman. He could always turn off other thoughts and conceive the sort

of a woman he wanted, smiling at him.

"It smells weak and too sweet," he said.

"There's no sick of bath-tub gin in it, and it's not your Jamaica rum," said Richards.

"Rum is all right," declared Campbell. He frowned, expounding his doctrine: "There's something honest about rum. Made out of good molasses. It puts it on you gradually. Like putting varnish on a car, all over, coat by coat."

"Oh, all right," said Richards. "I know why you drink rum. We all know why." He laughed and poured two fingers and a half into two tall glasses. "You melt some of this in your mouth and try to form good habits. Virtue can be learned."

When a man is sixty you have to be polite to him. Campbell was at least silent, but he sneered as he breathed of the whiskey. He tasted it. "It's too sweet," he said. He tasted it again and his anger and his words loosened in his throat. "It's like a good cognac," he said. "It's like a hundred-year-old brandy, by God! It's like Napoleon. Where did you get it?"

"I told you about that case of the Cuban up for murder? You ought to read the papers, Campbell, and you'd find out a lot of good things about me. I took that case to the jury, let in all their damned evidence, and then made a speech about justifiable homicide."

"You justified murder?" said Campbell dreamily.

"It went over," said Richards. "The Cuban paid my fee and felt he owed me something more, so he dug up a case of this Bushmill's. There's a white label too, but this black label spends twenty years in the wood getting older and wiser. You can't buy it unless you know where. It's the finest thing that comes out of Ireland."

"Barring Irish hunters," said Campbell. "I ran into a streak of bad luck

three or four years ago and started falling all the time. So I gave it up."

Richards put back his head and looked at him through half-closed eyes. "So you gave up—the horses, eh?" said he. "Have some ice and soda in that."

"Don't bother me," said Campbell.

He began to drink slowly, steadily, in small swallows. He kept on drinking until the last of the whiskey was down. Then he lighted a cigarette and considered. The whiskey was somewhere in the top of his brain, in his heart, pumping out inexhaustible joy through his arteries. "You don't understand," said Campbell.

He went over to the bottle and poured a stiff slug into his glass again. Richards lifted a hand and turned a little, hastily, but then he settled back in his chair. Campbell pretended not to notice. "What don't I understand? About whiskey straight?" asked Richards.

"I'm going to tell you something," said Campbell. "It's a kind of religion with me. You go back to Rabelais to get the start of the idea. About hearty people. That's the first thing. A man ought to be hearty. A woman too—"

Afterward he knew that he had been talking a good deal. His lips were a little stiff, his eyes felt larger. Richards had the tight face of a judge, and there was not much whiskey left in the bottle. Richards had been dressing; he was ready for the street and now he rose.

"Wait a minute," said Campbell. "What's the matter? I finished most of that stuff. Look here. I want to pay you for the bottle. What I mean is, it's damn good stuff."

Richards jerked round quickly. He checked the first words that parted his lips. "Well, good-night," he said, and went out suddenly.

Campbell brooded while he was taking his shower and dressing, but the



familiar happiness began to grow up and brighten that world which a man sees best when his eyes are fixed on nothingness. Going down in the elevator, a number of younger members of the club were pressed about him, and he heard a low voice say, "The old boy's already on his way." A soft chuckle answered that remark. Campbell turned with a smile. "You've had a drink yourself, my lad," he said. "Whiskey is the staff of the truth-teller!"

He saw the eyes of the boy widen a little. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Campbell," said the lad. And Campbell said, "My dear fellow, not at all!"

He looked at his watch when he got into his car, and was shocked. His wife had said that it was a special occasion. Two days before, when she left, she had taken him by the lapels of his coat. Her hands were tight and strong. "It's going to be a special occasion, Jerry," she had said. "You will remember, dear, won't you?"

"Drive like hell," he said to his chauffeur.

They drove like hell, as soon as the slow, regular pulsation of the downtown traffic let them go. The steady flicker of cars going past him wearied his eyes, so he closed them. Later he discovered with a start that he had been asleep. As he opened his eyes he had a feeling that they were shooting down hill, through flame, but he found that they were merely wheeling softly past the intersection of highways at White Forest. They would soon be home. It was sunset.

This uptilt of the world to the flat once more irritated him as though he had wakened from a happy dream. Fingertips pressed steadily against his head above the ears, it seemed; the unfamiliar taste on the back of his tongue he presently located as Bushmill's Black Label. That made him remember the way Richards had left him at

the club, and he reached under the flap of the side pocket of the car to the flask of Jamaica. People hate the truth, he decided. That was why Richards had been hating him with all the color pressed out of his tight lips. But the truth is that men ought to be heartier; women ought to be heartier too. You find the truth back in old Rabelais. "Drink." That was what the voice of the oracle of the holy bottle had meant. Be yourself, even the nakedness that alcohol exposes; and if the world doesn't approve, that's because the world doesn't understand—Rabelais, and a lot of other important things.

He took a short pull at the flask, then he took a long one. He took another drink in the way he had learned only a short three years ago, little swallows, rapidly taken, holding the breath. He kept the flask in his hand for comfort and felt the rum work as rum always will, honestly, steadily—no casual flicker but a good strong blaze that warms the farthest corners of the heart.

Then he saw the triangle of lights that announced the house of Cerise Mayberry, over there on the edge of the hills. He tapped automatically on the glass. "The Mayberry house," he said, and Jordan turned and looked at him a tenth of a second longer than he should have dared. Jordan knew too much; but all chauffeurs know too much. That's the way they are.

They left the sticky black of the highway and the big, soft tires went crunching over the gravel of the drive. The dark trees were kindly forms on either side, sweeping him on. A man's home is where his heart is, he felt. Cerise Mayberry. He called her "Cherry." Cerise is a silly name. "Cherry" Mayberry was a nice name; there was really something nice about it because it fitted her. It had a sort of rhyme to it. More than a rhyme.

Some men have poetry in them. Some haven't. That's all there is to it.

The car stopped in front of the wooden low veranda, with its three steps up. He got out. He remembered that the flask was in his hand and put it back into the side pocket.

Jordan was being chauffeurish. Considering all that Jordan knew, it was foolish for Jordan to step so far back into his manners and look at vacancy as he said, "We're not being late for home—and Miss Louise?"

"I'm only staying a minute," said Campbell. Jordan was crazy about Louise. The cook was crazy about Louise. The wife was crazy about Louise. She was all right. She might even turn out to be hearty if the wife would keep her hands off now and then. What a girl needs is the molding influence of a man, the impress of the wider, the bigger life.

Campbell went up the steps and rang the bell. He got out a cigarette and lighted it. Cerise opened the door and backed up before him into the safe obscurity of the hall before she kissed him. She came right into his arms, bending back her head while she lay there for a moment, with her lips still half-formed after the kiss. Her eyes were loving him.

"Papa, are you blotto?" said Cerise.

He shook himself free. A man ought never to permit flapperisms. The trouble with Cerise was not that she had been married a couple of times but that she had grown up to womanhood in the post-war period, and one could still find in her vocabulary tokens of the days when nothing mattered.

"Don't be cross," said Cerise, and went hastily before him through the door into the living room, slinking a little, looking back over her shoulder, pretending fright.

He followed her with a firm step. "I want to talk to you, Cherry," he said.

"About Rabelais?" she asked.

He realized that she had only been pretending fear. But one of these days she would know him better.

"One of these days you're gunna know me better, Cherry," he said.

"Better Cherry?" said the girl.

"There aren't any better cherries.

You know that, papa."

"I don't like it," said Campbell.

"Of course you don't like it straight," said Cerise. "You ought to have lemon juice and things with it. Shall I make you a cocktail?"

"Aw, well. Shake one up," said Campbell.

He sank into a soft chair and tapped his cigarette ashes on the floor. The great thing about Cherry was that she understood. The worst thing about her was that she didn't understand enough. But you can't ask for the world with a fence round it. Everything has to have a beginning. After a while he would be able to teach her. For one thing, a woman ought not to be so damned expensive. A lot of the clothes they buy are name and nothing else.

Cerise came in again with the cocktail shaker. She went at her work heartily; her whole body shook with the vibration; there was even a tremor in her cheeks, and her fluffy sleeves spread into a pink cloud. Pink was her color. She could not use rouge because of the baby tint of her skin; therefore, except for the eyes and the smiling, her face was rather dim, and one had to look into it closely to see faults. Campbell preferred not to see the faults.

She brought two little vase-shaped cups of silver, filled with cracked ice so that the cups would frost like the shaker. Then she emptied the ice and poured the drink. It was pink—her color. That was the stain of orange juice in the rum cocktail. He tasted the first one and then he drank



three, quickly. If cocktails are to be taken they ought to be drunk before the melting ice has qualified the liquor too much. Cerise had only one; he had taught her never to take more than one because liquor makes the eyes of a woman more unclean than sleep. She sat on the arm of a chair at a little distance because she knew just how to lend herself enchantment. The platinum chain about her throat was merely a line of light; the big emerald of the pendant gleamed like an eye looking this way and that. Her head was tilted back to just the right angle. He liked the consciousness of an art that so perfectly expressed Cerise.

He had been enjoying her silently, like thought, when a football pounced on the little side porch, a door jerked open with force that sent a vibration through the old house and made the two silver cups chime softly together.

"Cerise!" called the voice of young Bob Wilson. "Oh, Cerise, darling!"

She had got to the door almost in time to stop the last words, but not quite. She opened the door a bit and called over her shoulder: "Wait a minute, Bob." Then she faced Campbell.

All he could see was the quick, high lifting of her breast and the green of the emerald, with a price mark tagged on it in his mind. He wanted to kill her, but a man has to take things in his stride, and a good actor improvises to fill a blank.

"I'm sorry I came in so late and stayed so long," he said. "Good-night, Cherry. And good-by."

He could see the malice cheapen and tighten her face. What she had to say stiffened her lips. "Maybe I ought to tell you that a *lady* rang up a while ago and asked if you were here. I think it was your wife."

He turned slowly from a room he would never see again though he

would keep its corners of laughter and breathless silence always in his mind. He knew bitterly that he could never wash himself clean of this yesterday. There was a shadowy half of his thought that told him the uncleanness had spread over others, and if Margaret really had telephoned to inquire for him it meant that she had known about this affair long enough to lose her most vital strength, which was her pride.

He was at the door of the hall before the girl said, "Ah, to hell with you!"

Campbell got out into his car as quickly as possible and sat back into the cushions with his nostrils widening to take bigger breaths of the cool evening air. As the car turned out cautiously into the highway he had a feeling that thousands of doors were shutting behind him; but in spite of that he knew that he would have to find another road to town so that he might never again see the white, pointed forehead of that house by day or its triangle of lights at night.

The automobile, gathering speed, lurched long and high over a swell in the road; a wave of nausea came up through Campbell and left a cold tingling in his lips. He settled his troubled stomach with another pull at the rum flask. The familiar burn of it put his body at ease before the car turned into his driveway; the trouble in his mind would have to be put at rest in another way.

As for Cerise, he thought, a man can't get something for nothing, and he had been a fool to think that he could go to Cerise and relax like a tired body in a hot bath. She had made a fool of him because he had chosen to be off guard. Merely to be known, merely to be understood is what most of us desire, as though a divine ray will surely dazzle every true observer, as though, in fact, clear understanding would not bring a harvest

of sneers and laughter. But the end of all is that one must work and never let the mind be still. He had dodged that truth and lost his happiness with his wife by the evasion. He had wished for gaiety and forgotten that the serious souls are apt to be the gentle ones also, and though he had known that there was gold to be found in her, he had shrunk from the labor. Now he had come home to her "special occasion" drunk or half drunk. He spoke the words softly and then tried to rub the thick numbness out of his upper lip. What he would say to Margaret began to enter his throat and his hands.

The car stopped. He got out and looked at the face of his house, all obscured with vines in which the wind kept up a gently rushing sound, like that of water. He looked higher still to where the brow of the building should have risen according to those old plans which he and Margaret had dreamed out together; but through the ghost of the lost idea he saw now the dark tips of trees and the stars.

In the old days, before he had learned how much money can be made out of large contracts and two-family houses, as a young fool of an architect his thoughts had dealt with marble and with noble space. Perhaps he had been young, but not such a fool. Something in the past was worth taking up where he had left it if only he could find the lost way.

When he entered the house he bumped his shoulders on each side of the doorway. That was a bad sign. In the still air his face began to burn. Well, Margaret would give him one of her long, quiet looks.

On a chair he saw the shapeless round of a hat and a blue coat with a collar of soft gray fur. He could remember when Louise had first appeared in it and how it had covered the tall stalk of her body and made

him see only her face, like a flower.

He went on down the hall until he saw his wife in the dining room doing something with the flowers on the table. The sight of the glasses, each with its thin highlight, and the frosty white of the silver made him feel that his hands were huge, witless things. He would sit silently through dinner, breathing hard; the food would have no taste; it would be something difficult, like pigeons; the women would never look at him; they would keep talking lightly.

He frowned and walked boldly into the room. "I'm sorry I'm late, Margaret," he said. He walked up to the table and dropped the knuckles of one hand on the cold, sleek wood. "Were you telephoning for me?" He had made up his mind to unmask the guns and face them.

She straightened from the flowers, without haste. It was always as if one sound or a glance had told her everything. Now she stood through a long moment considering him. She was in the rosy shadow of the center lamp, and it made her so young and so lovely that he was moved. He had to start peering before he could reassure himself about the wrinkles round her eyes.

"Yes, I telephoned," she said. "Was my voice recognized? I'm sorry for that but I thought that I had to risk something. It's a special occasion in a way, and Louise is still quite fond of you."

"All right," said Campbell, nodding as he took it. "All right. But leaving the girl out of it for a minute"—he moved the thought of her away with a slow sweep of his hand—"leaving her out, what about you? You've known a good many things for a long time, I suppose?"

She made one of those indirect answers of which she was a master, and he felt that she was troubled not by what had been happening in the past but



about the way he would accept her knowledge. "You know that I'm not a radical, my dear," she said. "I'm a conservative and I believe that we should carry on with the old things—like households, I mean," she added quickly.

"All right," he said. "I know what you mean, and that the rest is a bust." But when he had finished saying this she merely continued watching him in an anxious way, and he knew that she was hoping that he also would want to be a "conservative." Something was going out of him—the old years—like the swift, dear breath from his body. "Well, where's Louise?" he asked. He would carry on for the moment and afterward he would confront that blank night, the future.

"Louise took a lantern out to the pasture," she said. "She wanted to see Bachelor and Steadfast."

"I'll go out and find her," said Campbell, turning gladly.

"Wait a moment. Don't you want a cup of strong coffee?" she asked.

He saw the sense of that. "Yes," he said, facing about. "Some strong coffee. And put something in it, will you?"

That meant morphine. At least he could thank God that Margaret had enough brains not to be horrified by the thought of the drug. She had known, during these last years, that he used morphine after he had been drinking; it helped to take the jitters out of the nerves. But now she kept on in one of her silences for quite a time. He had not been very sure of his "S's" in that last sentence, and perhaps she was going to be disgusted. He could not be sure, because he could not see her face very clearly. Nothing was very clear. He wanted another drink. The silence went on for two or three great seconds.

"Now, look here," he said, "I'm not going to have you up-stage with me."

He gripped his hands. The tips of his fingers slipped on the wet of the palms. Anger rushed and thundered in him. "None of this damn' pale martyr stuff. I won't have it. A man takes a drink—why, hell, I won't have you being the offended saint and all that damn' business. Get—get me that coffee!"

She actually waited for another moment.

"All right," she said. "I'll bring it to you."

She went through the swing-door to the pantry, opening it slowly, letting it close so slowly behind her that it made no swishing back and forth. This deliberation made him catch in a deep breath of anger and stir a little so that he saw himself suddenly in the wide mirror above the sideboard, his face deeply set behind the big bright images of the silver. His hand went up quickly to the bald spot to cover the sheen of it. He pulled his fingers down over the soft puffing of his cheeks. He turned his head until he saw the hanging fold of flesh beneath the chin. Even if he got rid of his belly, there was nothing to be done about the face; if he thinned it, there would be more repulsive flabbiness of skin to hang about the eyes and the smile.

Margaret came in with her eyes down on the coffee cup. She had a way of giving a religious solemnity, a processional beauty to her smallest movements.

He took the cup. The phial lay on the saucer beside it.

The little bottle was still sealed, and that meant there was a lot of power within the pinch of a thumb and forefinger, a lot of sleep. He kept on looking at Margaret and stealing toward the truth through darkness until he came into the light of full comprehension. She was watching him as a doctor might watch a patient whose

chances are doubtful. Of course she had no real hope, but she would fight to the end to keep the home intact to all appearance. That would be for the sake of the girl. He also had once been very near Louise but that was back in the old days, at the time when he had won the point-to-point on gray Crucible and little Louise had wept with happiness and pride.

"What's the matter?" asked Margaret, with a gasp in her breathing. "What are you thinking of?" And she came quickly up to him.

He put out his hand to keep her away, but his hand patted her shoulder. The drink was beginning to go out of him in clouds. It left the familiar weakness in his knees. The chill that came up through the center of him might be fear or exhaustion. An idea began to flicker into his consciousness, dimly and from far away. When he was alone it would be clear. His wife was coming across years of distance to him. Her eyes begged as though she feared a judgment.

"Smile for me, Meg," he said. "Then go out and keep Louise occupied for fifteen minutes. I'll be in the library, pulling myself together."

She left him hesitantly, forcing herself away. As she reached the door, she tried to smile. "It's going to be all right," said Campbell. Then she passed into the dimness of the hall. Now that she was turned, seeing her slenderness like that of a girl, the sweetness of the past came over him and the vain desire to return to it. It was a sort of homesickness for which the Germans have a better word—home-woe.

He felt sick; he was weak, and yet his mind worked so clearly that he knew this was an end, not a beginning.

As he had promised, he went into the library, carrying with him the cup of coffee, like the bitter conscience that would have to temper his thinking. As soon as he entered it he re-

gretted having chosen the library because it could never be a place of peace; in those days to which he could make no return he had spent too many hours of struggle and high hope in this room. The big drawing board was still in the corner; he knew every stroke of the unfinished design on it.

He sat down in a deep, soft chair, putting the cup on the little side-table. There was no other light than that from the floor lamp beside him. He would have to make up his mind; he would have to finish grappling with that idea which was approaching him from the distance before the coffee was cold.

He was alone. When he looked about he could recognize only a few of his books which were in light-colored bindings. The Rabelais, for instance, was distinguishable because it was done in unstained levant morocco, and the polished vellum of a photographic reprint of Caxton's *Chaucer* shone like a lighted candle; but he could not find *Thucydides*, the clear-thinker. The dark red of that leather was lost among sober shadows. But even *Thucydides*, calm and great, would be little help to him. He had forgotten almost everything except the seventh book, and that was an empire's ruin. He had forgotten too much. In his youth he had done his reading; afterward he had bound the volumes and put them away on shelves.

However, a man should not shrink from being alone. As the panic grew he wanted to throw open a window and call for Meg, but she could not help; she could not follow where he had to go with his thoughts. It was easier to send the mind back into the past, discovering half-remembered moments of delight until he arrived, finally, at that picture of the clean-jawed young fighter which stood on the table in Margaret's room. That



was the fellow, also, who rode Crucible in the point-to-point. He shrank from that and found himself launched into the future, while his heart sickened. He was not even making money; there, too, he was only a parasite that lived on the past. As for the time to come—well, already he wanted another drink.

So he opened the little bottle and poured it in, to the last drop.

Then he raised the cup with a strong temptation to pour it all down his throat at a single gulp, covering the irrevocable distance at a stride; but then it came to him that he, who had posed as a connoisseur, ought to proceed with a more civilized deliberation now that he was tasting death. So he only took a good swallow and then lowered the cup gently into its saucer.

The taste was very strong, the bitterness working into the roots of his tongue. The beauty of the thing was that only Meg would know the truth. As for the family doctor, he had understood for a long time that Campbell took morphine and had warned him repeatedly about an overdose.

A soft, warm rushing began in his head, which was proof that even in the single swallow he had taken as much of the drug as made up his ordinary dose. When he took the rest the end would come quickly. He had expected a last-moment panic which might make him break off with the act unaccomplished, but there was no fear at all. He wanted to run to the window and call in Margaret and Louise. He wanted to tell them that he was about to die but that he was unafraid. This, however, would spoil everything; the best was that Louise should find him smiling. As for Margaret, he ought to leave her a note to tell her what a happiness this was; but still the nature of a woman can be sweetened by some regret.

The telephone rang across the hall, not loudly. Coming at this moment,

the call made him smile, for in a little time he would have outstepped even the reach of electricity, and even light leaping forward through millions of years could never overtake him.

The bell was ringing, fading, pausing, ringing, fading, pausing, ringing. In this modern world we supply ourselves with mechanical bodies, with electric nerves that reach round the earth, and it is for that reason that we never can be alone. Someone was calling up to ask them for bridge or a cocktail party, someone inert, unexpected of anything beyond roast chicken and ice cream and highballs through the evening, someone who could not dream that his telephone call was tapping insistently at the door of death. This fancy charmed Campbell; suppose that he could open the door wide enough, suddenly, to draw that unknown with him into the empty darkness!

Then it occurred to him that the noise of the bell might bring Margaret or Louise suddenly back to the house before the coffee was finished, or at least before the morphine had done its work. So he put the cup aside and went out to the telephone.

When he spoke into the receiver, the voice of Cherry Mayberry sprang out to answer him, like music and a light pouring into his brain.

"I prayed that you'd be the one to answer. Otherwise I couldn't have talked. I would have had to ring off."

He said, "I'm busy, Cherry." Yet he wanted to stand there and listen.

"I know you're busy, but I'll only take thirty seconds. Will you listen, darling? Will you please listen?"

Does one say of a Stradivarius, This is a good or an evil instrument? Well, concerning women also many a wise man has cast away the standards of moral judgment and let the beauty, good or evil, flow into the soul. She was lying; she was panting from the

fullness of her lie, never to understand how all-knowing death was now helping him to smile. The sweetness and the breaking of her voice plucked at strings near his heart and made them answer.

"Why, I'm listening," he had said.

"I sent him away," cried Cherry. "I couldn't stand his silly young face. It just made the house more empty. I sent him away. I'm not trying to tell you anything. I'm only saying something. Darling, darling, I'm bad. I've always been bad. Maybe I always *will* be bad. Just tell me that you'll see me once more. I don't care why—just come and damn me—just—"

"Steady!" said Campbell. "I'm an old man, Cherry. I'm a soft, flabby pulp of an old man, and you know it."

"I *do* know it," said Cherry. "I know you're soggy with booze a lot of the time too. I don't know why I love you. I don't want to love you. But, oh God, the house is so empty, and I'm so empty and lonely."

"Hush," said Campbell. "Don't be excited."

"Do you mean it?" she pleaded.

"Do you mean I'm not to be excited?"

"Come, come," said Campbell. "This is all nonsense. We'll see about things later on. I have to ring off."

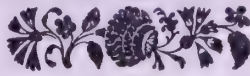
"Don't ring off. Give me ten seconds more to tell you that—"

Firmly, like one delivering a blow with an edged weapon, he struck the

receiver back on the hook and stood a moment half smiling and half frowning. Of course she had been lying and yet not altogether lying either. For if you think of a girl like Cherry Mayberry for a moment, you understand that you are considering a tiger that easily will be urged to strike, as she had struck at him this evening. As for young Bob, well it was true that there was a certain emptiness about his face, and a girl of experience might prefer more maturity. She cost a lot of money, but then there was a lot of Cherry. She had said she knew he was old and soft; she had said that he was soggy with drink a lot of the time too. That was honesty. Between thieves also there is honesty. And perhaps he had become a habit, insidious and surprising to her, an obsession whose force she could not realize until he had walked out of her house quietly without reviling her, in the calmness of strength. Well, he had her back, and after a break the knot is the strongest place in the cord.

The door of the library, dimly lighted, opened before him the straight road to the end of things. Suddenly he clicked his teeth and turned his shoulder to it. The voice of Louise was coming in laughter toward the front door. It was a young voice as thin and clean as rays of starlight and there was an upward springing in it, as life should be at the beginning.





# THE GREAT MUSIC OF THE BAGPIPES

AN APPROACH TO THE PIBROCH

BY LELAND HALL

**I**F WE are asked the meaning of a word we can answer in other words. We can translate one language into another. Much may be lost in the process, but a great part can be carried over which we call the meaning. If you look up the word "pibroch" in your dictionary, you find it is derived from a Gaelic word meaning piper; and that it means, itself, "wild warlike music performed on the Scotch bagpipes," or the bagpipes themselves.

In another book, however, you may find the word pibroch paraphrased as "the classical music of the bagpipes"; and in still another you will read of a collection of pibrochs in a volume called *Ceol Mor*, a Gaelic term which means Great Music. The word, then, has several meanings. If you want to know what the music is, the most direct way is to hear it.

Your first pibroch sounds utterly strange. As music it is unintelligible to you, and no one can translate it for you into the intelligible tones and patterns of German or Italian music. It is absurd to call music a universal language. There are as many musics as there are languages; but no one can be translated into the terms of another. May we say, on this account, that music has no "meaning"? If we say that how shall we explain the fact that what in the pibroch is unintelligible sound, even noise, to you means music to the Scotsman? You are listening to the same sounds. Obviously the musical meaning is not in the sounds them-

selves, but in the habit of hearing them.

It would be almost impossible to analyze our own habit of hearing which attributes profound significance to the music of the masters we revere. We are too wholly involved in it to extricate ourselves and attain a detached point of view. But the approach to a strange music sometimes affords a view, in cross-section as it were, of a musical habit in which we can see how several elements are combined to the same end as in our own. Looking back upon a musical experience in Scotland last summer, I realize that it was significant in such a revelation; and it is the purpose of my paper to reproduce so far as I can that particular revelation by describing the stages through which I approached my first hearing of the Great Music of the Scotch bagpipes.

There is a saying in Scotland that it takes seven years to learn to play the pipes and seven generations to make a piper. The high ideal of performance thus attested will come as a surprise to those who know no more about the bagpipes than I knew to start with. Had I gone to the Wagner cycle at Bayreuth instead of to the Highland Games at Bridge of Allan, I should not have expected, and doubtless should not have found, an art of such high lineage. And it is no less surprising at the outset to hear the term "great" applied to music for the bagpipes; yet in the end I discovered that the people to whom the pibrochs belong put them on as high a level as we put our mas-

terpieces, and for virtually the same reasons.

However, let me begin at the beginning. The beginning of any music must be the sound about which the habit forms itself; and I took my first step toward the pibroch when as a boy I ran out to hear bagpipes passing through the streets at home. They had no relation with the music I was set to study; and to me, as to most of us, they seemed a separate, foreign thing. They sounded wild. Later on I used to hear and see the band of pipers that swung along the streets of London to the relief of the guard, kilts swaying, plaids flowing. The pipes were warlike then. Callow pianist as I was, on my way to study the fugues of Bach and the sonatas of Beethoven, I could not know that those swirling sounds and those marching feet swept me on toward the pibroch, or that one day the pibroch would make me feel how local the fugues and sonatas of our system are.

A wild and warlike music the bagpipes made, to be sure; but there is another side. On a low promontory that juts into misty Loch Sunart, between Morven and Prince Charlie's country of the west, stands a granite cross. A bronze tablet affixed to the pedestal bears thirty-five names, young MacLeans and Camerons, young Menzies and MacDonalds. The pipes had played them off to war, to the Great War where they had been killed. Underneath I read:

These were ours in the days of their boyhood  
Their names have become our heritage.

That was a pibroch carved in the silent stone; for, as I was later to learn, the pibroch is oftenest a lament.

## II

In the 17th and 18th centuries there was a convention in our own musical

devices which attached to intervals and rhythms, originally imitative of the wailing of the voice or of its utterance broken with sobs or sighs, a definite meaning. It attached an almost equally definite meaning to various instruments, and these meanings still cling to the sounds. Now, most of us not of Caledonia attach to the bagpipes a meaning far different from that which the Scot attaches to them; and few of us would look to find an expression of grief in the skirling harshness with which they strike our unaccustomed ear. This is partly for lack of intimate and varied association with them; and even more because our ears, habituated to other sonorities, are, if not deaf to, quite incognizant of the finer peculiarities of their sound. We do not recognize in what we hear, intrinsically not so unlike the familiar oboe or bassoon, what makes it sound different in music, how it sounds different. Yet about those very peculiarities which we fail to grasp, the Scot perhaps gathers a wealth of meaning.

Not long over the border, I had an encounter with the pipes which roused my ear to take notice of what it heard. We had lunched in the Vale of Balquhiddy. It was a sunny day; the mountain tops were free of mist. As we went on our way by Loch Lubnaig, the road passed into the shade of an oak forest, and there we met a young man walking, not as if to or from home, but free, with his pretty wife and their baby in her arms.

By their dress it was plain they were poor; and having some of an excellent lunch left in our basket, we stopped the car and offered it them. As the man stepped forward to take it, I saw that under his arm he carried a set of pipes. The plaid covering of the bag was threadbare and faded; the cord, dangling between the drone pipes, was frayed; and the drones themselves were



mounted, not with ivory and silver, but with cracked and blackened bone and tarnished metal.

Not wishing to exact a tune in return for the lunch, we only hinted at one. This confused him; but when he understood what we wished his face brightened.

"Aye, gladly," he said. "I'm used to that."

With the slow stride of the Highlander and followed by his wife, swaying the baby a little lest he cry, the man went from the road into a glade of the forest at hand. He set the drones upright against his shoulder and inflated the bag. At once the shadowy stillness of the forest and the sunny silence lying over the loch were harshly broken.

The piercing scream of the drones, splintered in its own discord, shattered the air in every direction; while, stiff as sticks and jointed only at the palm, the piper's fingers, beating swiftly on the holes of the chanter, let loose flight after flight of shrill fragments of tune, only to jerk them twisting back again to the raucous unison of the drones whereto they were pegged. But meanwhile, flinging an arm to the tops of the drone pipes higher than his head above his shoulder, the piper screwed them this way and that to bring them into perfect accord with each other; and as he did this, the splinters of sound, as it were, drew more and more closely together into a smooth shaft, into an unwavering beam of sound that settled into direction and aim. The chanter's fragments took a smoother though no less rapid flight, slipping out of the unison without rasping and gliding back into it again.

Thus were the pipes tuned and the bass drone brought in with them, profoundly humming like the spheres. Under the piper's elbow the air he blew into the bag was kept at an even pressure. The sound of the drones

was so steady, so without the slightest quavering in pitch or in volume, that it seemed to stretch unbroken beyond the limits of time and to be the evenness of eternity in the ear. One felt it had never begun, but appeared; that it might disappear, but never end.

Now the piper walked up and down the glade. My eyes watched his feet in their nailed boots, widely turned out from the ankle, printing with the heel his slow stride across the grass; and watching thus, my eyes told me the measure of a true tune started on its way from the chanter. Even the tune had not begun, but had grown out from the eternal drone to take shape in the patterns and the lilt my ear had failed to hear till my eye saw them marked by the piper's feet. Our ears are not accustomed to this escape of music, this jet out of the primal flow of sound. Our music begins out of silence.

The piper's wife was leaning against a mossy trunk, her baby still asleep in the shawl slung from her shoulder. She was smiling.

Presently I noticed that the piper's feet had changed their measure, and listening, I felt the pull of another tune on my ear. Again music had slipped out of the drone and started on its way before my ear could fall in with it. Even at the finish the pipes played my ear false. With a last dip of his baton the conductor neatly snips off the completed piece of music. But the piper's final tune sinks into the elemental drone without ceasing to be; and as air slackens in the bag, silence falls down with a clatter and music is blotted out.

The piper stopped his walk. His cheeks still red from blowing, his blue eyes still shining with the music he had made, he shook hands with us and bade us good-by; and after a word of goodwill to him and his wife, we got in the car and went on. He doubtless belonged, we heard later, to the vagrant company locally known as tinkers; and

though he told me he had learned the pipes from his father, he was probably no great musician. Be that as it may, it was in his playing that my mind first took note of certain peculiarities in the sound of bagpipe music: the eternal steadiness of the drones, the unvarying volume of sound, the emergence of music, the clatter of its disappearance.

But that the mind can teach the ear is a very little lesson indeed for one who would understand music. Think of the piper's baby sleeping in the music while my mind was busy analyzing its strange effect. The sound of the pipes will grow in him and be an unconscious part of him he cannot dissect: like the warmth of his mother's breast, the feel of sun and wind on his face, the smell of clover or of damp snow, the purple heather or the mist on the Highlands. Their sound will be dancing and merry-making and perhaps a good supper to him; it will put to rout the loneliness of a night on the moors; it will be grief or love or strong purpose. Later it will be music for him, the *sine qua non* of music; and in that sound, to us harsh and wild, he will hear meanings as varied and as intricate as the play of emotion in his own life.

### III

At dinner in Inverness we saw from the window men in plaid and kilt gathering across the river. They were small in the distance, but the level rays of the setting sun lighted up the colors of their bright costume and the minute animation of their movements. Presently they fell into formation, and as they marched away the sound of their pipes came to us through the open window. They were the local band of pipers on their way to give a public concert in Queen's Gate. We left our dinner and ran out to find them.

Queen's Gate is a short broad street

between solemn buildings of graystone. The sidewalks are thronged and at each end a crowd blocks the thoroughfare. The pipers, already arrived, stand at attention. To the last detail, from cock of bonnet and plume and hang of tartan to roll of stocking below stalwart bare knee, to white gaiters and sparkling shoe buckle, they are perfectly and gorgeously arrayed. With them, no less perfect, stand the drummers, and the chief drummer in his leopardskin. The drum major sweeps his staff. The scream of the swelling bags smashes against stone walls; but the pipes have been tuned beforehand, the air of the march leaps forward through the re-echoing scream and precedes the advancing pipers. Almost we recoil before the impact of that music, the torrential mass of music bursting from the street. Kilts swing as one, plaids stream as one, out-turned feet as one mark the measure. The pipers come on nearer and nearer; but just when it seems we must scatter before them, they turn and hurl and follow and cleave their music to the top end of the street. There they turn back. The drums change their beat; the men come down in quickstep to a new tune spouting from the drones.

So they marched up and down in their incomparably majestic strophes. Buffeted by their music, we none the less breathed it in, a rejuvenating air hitherto unbreathed that filled the breast and set the blood racing.

When with a clatter silence had fallen on their first group of tunes and they stood at ease in the street from which their music had suddenly withdrawn, a man of middle height with fine white hair above a ruddy face crossed the way, and a Scot in the crowd touched my arm.

"There goes John MacDonald," he said, "perhaps the greatest living piper."

"He is evidently pleased with the



band," I replied. "Does he never play with them?"

"No," said the Scot. "He was for years pipe-major in the regiments, but now he's done with marches and reels. He plays only the great music. There's none can play a pibroch like him."

Pibroch! Scott's stanza stirred in my memory.

Pibroch of Donnuil Dhu  
Pibroch of Donnuil  
Wake thy wild voice anew  
Summon Clan Connuil.

With only the vaguest idea of what the word might mean, I felt in the stanza the thrill of the tumultuous music of the band. But here, in a well-worn suit of tweed, with the pace of cheerful men who go about their business, a great piper, master of the pibroch, cut athwart the splendor of the band and went off alone through a neighboring street. I wondered of what sort of music he possessed the secret. The corner round which he disappeared hid a mystery from me, which haunted me even weeks later in London. It drew me back to Scotland.

In a compartment of the Glasgow express I found myself with a Scottish business man and his wife. I asked them about the pibroch. It was, they said, an extremely difficult music both to play and to follow; and one who was not initiated into the fine details of piping stood little chance of making head or tail of it. Only the most skillful pipers attempted the pibrochs and only the greatest could really play them. We had in large measure a common vocabulary. I should have explained the Bach Chaconne, let us say, to him in the terms he used of the pibroch to me. The analogy is not far-fetched; for I began to suspect and he now told me that the pibroch is a series of variations.

Arrived in Glasgow, they went out into the driving rain to put me on a tram; and as we parted they wished me

luck in my search for the pibroch. It was striking to find as time went on that every Scot to whom I spoke of music, man or woman, laborer in the docks or shepherd guide across the moorlands, attached a deep meaning to the pibroch, and indefinitely more importance to a stranger's desire to hear one than to any other wish in regard to the country he chanced to express.

At the hotel I consulted the head porter about trains and traveling. He was a powerfully built man of precise but flowing speech in which there was little trace of the Scottish brogue. I knew thus he was a Highlander. Across the breast of his porter's uniform, to which his broad shoulders and his upright carriage gave dignity, were pinned the ribbons of medals won in the War. He had very blue eyes and a small rimless pair of glasses which he pinched with some trouble on his nose in order to read.

When we had settled about trains and luggage, I asked if he happened to know where I could hear some good piping.

"Are you a piper yourself?" he asked.

"No. But I want more than anything else in Scotland to hear a pibroch."

"A pibroch! Ah, you must be a musician."

Yes; I taught music in my own country.

I stood aside while a number of people came to him with questions. At last he leaned to me over his desk.

"There's the Highland Games at Bridge of Allan next week," he said. "The cream of Scotch pipers will be there."

"At the games?" I cried. "Will there be pibrochs at the athletic games?"

"Aye, hours of them—in the competition."

A gleam came in his eye.

"Are you a piper?" I asked.

"Aye. I am a piper. I come from a family of pipers. I was for years pipemajor in the Seaforth Highlanders. And I am to be one of the judges at the Strathallan competition."

This caused me, I confess, a momentary misgiving. We have set our art of music, and I do not know but all our arts, as an idol behind social, academic, æsthetic, and commercial barriers. I was not used to great music run off at athletic games; and mystery dropped out of a musical art which fell under the competence of a hotel porter to judge. But I was green in Scotland.

#### IV

The next day I set off to tramp in the Western Highlands till it was time to return to Bridge of Allan for the games. One evening I came down from the hills to a little place called Salen, which consisted of an inn, a post office, a shop, and a few outlying crofts. Fog clung to the loch. It lay about the door of the pub, and inside not even a candle brightened the gloom. The few other customers spoke Gaelic in low voices with the barman. I soon went to bed and after a long sleep awoke to a rainy day.

Before breakfast I walked with two bedraggled cows to the post office. The postmistress, cheerfully at work sealing the mail sacks, would promise no clearing of the weather; the day looked drearily long ahead in that remote place.

"Are there any pipers roundabout?" I asked.

"Aye," she replied after a moment, "there's Mr. Menzies' vanman, Colin Smart. Colin's a fine piper for a young man. He's had some lessons and he's always practicing. Drop in at the shop on your return. He may be there now."

So I dropped in at the shop, and asked a young man on duty behind the

counter if he knew the whereabouts of Colin Smart who was said to be a fine piper.

"Aye, Colin will be a fine piper some day. He was here a minute ago. I'll fetch him."

Good as his word, he returned with the news that Colin would come in a minute or two and busied himself rearranging stock on the shelves. But he soon gave this up, and leaning over the counter, asked me with unmistakably genuine interest if I were a piper. I said I was not a piper but that I had come back to Scotland specially to hear a pibroch.

"Then you're a musician, sir?"

Yes; I was a musician after a fashion, but I did not know precisely what a pibroch was.

"A pibroch," he said, "is a lament. You understand? Long ago if there was sorrow, if there was great grief and tragedy in the clan, the piper put the sorrow in a piece of music. That was the pibroch, sir. It is ancient music. It is noble and lonely music, and you should hear it in the glens at twilight. That is how the pipes sound best. Yet, if I may say so, sir, unless you have some knowledge of the pipes, you'll make little of the pibroch. You'll say there's no piece of music there, but only the piper idling on the chanter."

A broad figure darkened the doorway. It was Colin Smart. He was tall and his clothes were tight upon his heavy muscles. His young face was stolid and expressionless; his eyes, of a steely gray, were distant rather than keen. My hand felt engulfed in his great tough paw. I hesitated how to address him.

"They tell me you play the pipes," I began.

"Aye."

"They tell me you are going to make a fine piper, that you practice."

"Aye."



"They said you might be willing to play for me."

"Aye."

Not a muscle moved in his face; his look was more distant than ever. So, after a pause, I began again:

"Will you play a pibroch for me?"

He suddenly fixed me with a bright, direct gaze, and color rose in his face.

"I cannot do that," he said. "I'm not skillful enough, not yet."

"Could you not give me an idea of one?"

"Not of the pibroch, not of the real music with the doubling and thegraces. Perhaps I could play you the"—his eyebrows lifted in perplexity and he glanced at the clerk—"the floor of one," he completed.

The word "floor" suggested something strange in music; but as a matter of fact, Colin was translating from the Gaelic vocabulary in which alone, almost without exception, pipers still refer to the several parts of the pibroch and their execution. Had he known English better, he would have used the word "ground," familiar among us for centuries in a musical sense.

It was agreed that after dinner that night Colin would play for me in the loft of an old barn, where in his free moments he was accustomed to practice.

A young English forester arrived that evening, and after dinner we went together through the foggy twilight to meet Colin, with a few of his friends, waiting by the door of the shop. They led us up an outer stairway to the loft over the barn. It was harshly lighted by an electric light attached to a rafter. A lot of lumber had been pushed to the side and the floor was neatly swept. There was a rickety table with a gramophone and a pile of records.

Before playing, Colin showed me a practice chanter, a fife with a bone mouthpiece, on which all young pipers must spend hours exercising their fin-

gers. He unscrewed the drone pipes and showed me how the reeds are fixed in sockets, explained how weather conditions affect their tone. Attentive to what he said, I began to understand how, for the piper with his trained ear, bagpipes are as variable and as sensitive as violins for the violinist. But when he withdrew to an end of the loft and began tuning, I thought the scream of the drones, enclosed within four walls, would deafen me.

Nevertheless, the dissonance was smoothed out, and when we all sat down on the lumber to hear Colin play, the music pressed evenly and solidly about us. He had not space to walk the measures; but I could follow the changing patterns in that vibrant density by watching the tap of his foot and the rhythmical slight spring of his knee.

A young constable had come in with bright buttons on his uniform, and in the silence which fell with a clatter on Colin's playing, he laughed cheerfully and cried:

"Come, Rob, give us a dance."

Rob took off his heavy boots and tied slippers on his feet. Colin blew up his pipes to a reel, and Rob danced in the midst of us, with upflung arm and feet so nimble they seemed to spin a lace on the board. Then, in lieu of two swords, he crossed two lathes on the floor, and to the new tune Colin played, he danced in the angles like a beam of light on a crystal.

This being done, I recalled the piper's promise to play the ground of a pibroch. Colin made no ado. In the quiet which seized us all, he took special care with tuning.

My ear was still too unaccustomed. The melody of the pibroch spread from the drones without my being aware of it. But now no rhythmical advance pulled my ear into the music; here was no leap into tow like that of the dinghy behind the ship which takes her course. There was a lifting from the earth on

which we stamp our measures, from the sea and the physical heave of its waves. This was another sort of music; this was melody. It spread its intervals like wings upon the buoyant currents of feeling, and soared and dipped without fluttering.

Whatever the pibroch was to be, it must be music of the air, not of the earth; of melody, not of the dance. In our own music the distinction is seldom so outstanding as it was to me when I heard the great and isolated melody of my first pibroch there in the barn. On the one hand our dances have gone on into an art that has forgotten dancing; on the other our song has been dismembered and laid in bits upon a plan.

When Colin had finished the melody he choked the pipes suddenly and put them aside, baulked and self-conscious. He knew, as I did not know, the changing curve and line in which the musician's art could control this noble flight; and aware, as I could not be, of his own incompetence, he would not play again. But when I had gone back up the hill to my room, the sound of his pipes once more came stealing through the foggy night and I lay awake a long while to listen.

## V

Early the next Saturday morning I arrived at the field by Bridge of Allan, not far from Stirling. From the highway a road led straight across the turf to the arena where the athletic games were to be held, which, except for the grandstand, was enclosed only by a wide circle of benches. From my seat on one of these I could look across the surrounding plain to the hills, and even to the Highlands blue in the distance. I was among the first-comers. The shadow of the grandstand still lay long across the field and dew sparkled on the grass. But the sun, though not high, was already hot, the wide sky was

open everywhere above the benches, and the breathless air promised a very hot day.

Out in the oval directly before the grandstand stood a wooden platform perhaps twenty feet square and raised three or four feet above the turf. A wide strip of red bunting boxed in the supports on which it rested. On the northern side was a short flight of steps for the pipers to mount, and on the turf a few feet away stood three ordinary deal chairs for the judges of the bagpipe contests.

Though no piper was on the field, the sound of pipes continually threaded the still air, floating and streaming everywhere, now soft as gossamer that drifts on the wind, now like a flight of bright arrows that leave no track. Somewhere behind the grandstand the nine pipers who were to compete in the pibroch were testing their instruments. As all pipes are tuned to the same pitch, there was no clash among the drones; the little swirls from the nine chanter twined in an extraordinarily sweet tangle, out of which now and then soared a long phrase of melody that lifted the heart a moment from the earth.

Meanwhile groups of men were at work making the field ready for the long day of festival and contest, setting up score boards, erecting standards for high jump and pole vault, measuring, pacing, and so forth. With the program of events was a list of cash prizes for the victors. Here, together with bicycle and foot races, putting the shot, throwing the hammer, with the dancing of reels and hornpipes, even with a pillow fight, were listed the bagpipe competitions. The first prize for pibroch playing was among the very highest offered. Only those for wrestling in Cumberland style and for the five-mile handicap bicycle race exceeded it; that for the one-mile handicap foot race equaled it; all the others fell below.



Now the first racers and jumpers, clad in sleeveless shirts and satin shorts, came through the passage beside me to the field. At the same time three men strolled out from the shadow of the grandstand to the piper's platform, and thence sauntered chatting to the three chairs, now in the hot sun, where they sat down. I recognized Pipe-Major Frazier of the hotel. He wore kilt and hose and bonnet, but an ordinary jacket too; and I could see the trouble he had to pinch his glasses on his nose. He sat between the other two and opened a volume of music on his knee.

Suddenly the medley of piping behind the scenes stopped. Under the broad sky one heard the low chattering of the crowd, the crack of a starter's pistol, as through a hush that had fallen upon the land. With rapid and nervous stride, the first piper went forth to play. He was superbly dressed in kilt and tartan and dark-green jacket. The sun glinted on the great silver buckle at his shoulder with its jewel, on the silver mountings of the drones, on the silver broach in his bonnet. As he strode toward the platform, the folds of his blue and red tartan spread long and fanwise behind him and filled and curled in the breeze of his progress. Before the three judges in their commonplace chairs on the turf he stopped, brought his heels together, saluted; then went a little farther to perfect the tuning of his pipes. Meanwhile on a blackboard to one side a lad chalked the name of the piper and the pibroch he was to play.

Once the splendid piper had blown into the bag, the sound of his pipes continued without interruption; so that when he mounted the steps to the platform he bore with him, not a dumb instrument out of which music might be evoked, but the sounding stuff of music itself. As usual my ear failed to catch the moment when this living sound came under the musician's will

to play; but presently, spreading and folding its intervals, the broad melody of the pibroch lifted above the earth, above the first racers and jumpers, above all the crowd, and buoyantly rose and fell.

Being on the platform, the piper had no other background than the clear blue of the sky above the distant blue Highlands. And now he walked the square of the platform, his kilt swinging gently from side to side, his tartan flowing and spreading from his shoulder. His shining walk was slow and flexible, his step settled with weightless softness on the boards. When his walk took him away, the sun was on his back and the cool blue of the sky was clear between the drone pipes standing stiffly above his shoulder; when he came toward us, the sun glinted from the silver buttons and clasps of his uniform and his sporran and from the beads of sweat gathering on his forehead above cheeks greatly distended with blowing. When he turned and went away again, you could almost see the sweet clear tone of his pipes trace the melody against the blue of the sky above the blue of the Highlands whither it soared; and again when he came towards you, his glittering blinded you and the sound came stinging against you in immaterial arrows.

I listened with all my ears to this music let loose in the air above the tumult of the games. At the beginning, through the spacious intervals of the melody, it was as if I heard through and beyond the music. In the many successive repetitions, the art of the musician filled in these intervals with an ever more detailed weaving of grace-notes. They spun the finest mesh of sound that absorbed the hearing as veil upon veil of gauze might absorb the sight. They became a warbling and a twittering, an iridescent mist of sound such as I had never met before.

I did not time this first pibroch. It

was long. They are all long; ten or fifteen minutes it takes thus to transform the melody that seems almost traceable in its soaring against the sky into the bright mist that drifts.

Nine pibrochs I heard one after the other. The bench grew hard, my neighbors pressed me close. I was cramped and tired and roasted in the sun. But little by little I came to hear the sequences of minute notes that made the sound fluid. I began to appreciate the prodigious skill of the piper's fingers. Now and again I heard a slip. I began to appreciate the evenness of the piper's tone. We are used to an infinite series of gradations between loud and soft in our music, to the expressive color that lies therein. The piper can make none of these. The pressure of air in the bag must be constant and unwavering; an unevenness of tone, the faintest inequality, is a blemish in the serenity of his music. But from this prescribed uniformity of sound there results, not a monotony, but an intensity, an exaltation of musical expression.

Nine pibrochs, one after the other. Ten or fifteen minutes of intense, unwavering music, each one; and at the end, no end but the skillful strangling of air in the bag and the short-spanned noises of the games clinging to the earth. From his platform the piper salutes the judges now tilting back in their chairs on the turf. No sooner has he come down from the platform than those awaiting their turn behind the scenes take up the testing of their pipes again. Their several drones take up the very note you have but now heard strangled; their chanters enliven the air.

Off from the field the piper strides. He is excited; his nerves are still thrilling. He wipes his brow with his handkerchief and, as he comes near in the sun, you see how red and moist his face is. Someone sitting in the bleachers

calls him by name, and he steps out of his way to grasp a friendly hand extended in congratulation. While he is yet talking with his friend, the pipes behind drop silent; you hear the chattering of the crowd. Another piper comes forth and crosses the field to the platform.

So it went on from ten in the morning till one in the afternoon. Almost the pipes were never still; that A to which they are all pitched hardly ceased sounding in the ear. Piper after piper walking to and fro on his platform, while round about the oval beneath the runners sprinted with tortured faces and the line of bicycles flashed by lap after lap; pibroch after pibroch, with its ancient, spacious melody, its warbling so liquid and impetuous, floating above the thud of feet and the shouts of the crowd.

It was too much for me, too intricate and too sustained. I could not doubt that somehow it was great music. The reels and marches of the later competitions sounded much alike to me, and in them I could not distinguish between one piper's playing and another. But each pibroch left a distinct impression, both of the music itself and of the musical art of the piper who played it. In fact I made my own choice of prize winners and discovered that I had hit upon three out of the four picked by the judges.

Before taking the express back to London the next morning I had another talk with Pipe-Major Frazier, now returned in livery to his duties behind the porter's desk. He wondered why I had awarded no prize to Bobby Reid, certainly the best of the pipers who had competed at Strathallan. I had to reply that although the strain or two of his music that had come to me was the most memorable of all, yet while he played my neighbors talked to me so incessantly about what a grand art piping is, that I hardly had a chance to



hear one of the grandest of all pipers.

"That was a pity," said Frazier. "I have rarely heard anything more beautiful than his playing of the 'Lament for the Children.' There was no flaw in it. You should have heard the wonderful line of his music. [Here Pipe-Major Frazier waved his hand in the infinitely graceful curve by which the great Benedictine, Dom Mocquereau, used to indicate the curve of Gregorian song to his choir in the monastery of Solesmes.] And," he concluded, "Reid has the fire and poetry of music in him."

As to what the fire and poetry of music are, as to how they can glow through an instrument so mechanically restricted in expressive means as the bagpipes, I cannot myself explain. Nor could Frazier. He opened a book of pibrochs to one called, if I remember rightly, "The Mother Croons to Her Children."

"There," he said, "is the simplest of our pibrochs. I think it is the most beautiful. I'll tell you, sir, a man may be able to pipe with his fingers as no man on earth piped before him, but if he has not this music in his heart he'll never be able to play it. And to have it in his heart his mother must have sung the tune to him in his cradle."

I have not written to persuade anyone to the pibroch, or to account for the pibroch as a piece of music. Later, in the musty silence of the British Museum, I looked over some of the pibrochs in the scholarly edition of the

*Inverness Piobeachd Society*. But though as they were fixed soundless on the page it was easy to see what they were, it was vain to seek their meaning there. That lies in the emotion of the great people who created them, in the hearts of the pipers and of the men and women who respond.

On my way home to America I ran into a student of music and the arts.

"I find the bagpipes detestable," he said. "I shall never believe there is any music in them."

But in a copy of the *Oban Times* reporting the address given by the Very Reverend Norman MacLean at the unveiling of a memorial tablet to the MacCrimmons, for generations hereditary pipers to the MacLeods and the most eminent of Scottish musicians, I read:

When in 1928 Scotland brought home the greatest of all her warriors, dead, and three thousand people thronged St. Giles, and that Sunday morning when his body lay there, it was not the organ surging through the arches dim that expressed for them their sorrow, their gratitude, and their pride. It was only when the piper came down the nave—pouring forth the strains of that lament which enshrines the woes of Flodden and all the dead on all the Floddens of history, only then did the eyes grow dim with tears and the sob rise in the throat. . . . To-day is the product of all our yesterdays. If to-day the bagpipes commit to the winds of heaven the deepest emotion of the Scotsman's heart in joy and sorrow, in war and peace, so it was yesterday and so will it continue to be so long as the waves wash the feet of MacLeod's Maidens standing sentinel in the Minch.



# DISCOVERIES WITHIN THE ATOM

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

**I**T MAY be, as Sir James Jeans has said, that only a mathematician can answer questions as to the nature of the physical world, and that when he answers, only another mathematician can understand; but anybody can thrill to the news of discovery. It requires no familiarity with the square root of minus one to appreciate the drama of this situation:

In 1931 a theorist, P. A. M. Dirac, working with his mathematical pencil at Cambridge University, predicts the existence of an unknown particle. In 1932 an experimentalist, Carl D. Anderson of the California Institute of Technology, watching to see what cosmic rays do to the atoms they collide with, comes upon something that behaves like Dirac's predicted particle.

It was only a few months before this chance discovery of the "positron" by Anderson at Pasadena that another unknown particle of matter, the "neutron," was identified by James Chadwick at Cambridge. Both finds were announced in the midst of a worldwide flurry of controversy over the nature of cosmic rays and other strange vagaries of this apparently expanding universe. "There is an over-population of hypotheses," remarks Harlow Shapley. And H. G. Wells likens modern science to a rich uncle who has brought to the nursery more toys than the children know what to do with.

But *are* they toys? They may seem queer incomprehensible playthings

now, but so did electromagnetism a hundred years ago. And it is just sixty years since Clerk Maxwell, with his adventurous mathematics, predicted the then unknown radio waves.

We shall meet stranger concepts than the whirling dynamo, and enter a weirder world than that of the space-spanning and time-annihilating radio as we follow the modern Faradays and Maxwells out to the shadowy borderland of knowledge into the world of the infinitely small, where neutrons course along at 33,000 miles a second, where positrons suddenly pop out of space, only to disappear as suddenly. Here the laws of ordinary physics lapse. The rules change with the dimensions, and the dimensions of the atomic world shrink not merely to infinitesimal size but to something unimaginably different.

The outermost frontier to-day is not the atom, but a world buried deep in the void within the atom—a mystery, an anomaly: the massive, hidden, all-powerful nucleus.

## II

The first hint of the anomaly came with the discovery of radioactivity. When radium and certain other elements revealed themselves in process of explosion, it was natural to question whether any atom could be the indivisible, indestructible, unchangeable "billiard ball" of current theory. Henry Adams, haunting the halls of



the Paris Exposition of 1900, was awed by the spectacle of radioactivity. "Radium had denied its God." But the layman was not more bewildered than was Langley, the classical physicist, in trying to grasp this strange new picture of the atom in eruption.

What came hurtling out of the radium atom was of three kinds: (1) massive particles bearing a positive electric charge, which were called "alpha particles"; (2) thousands-of-times-lighter particles bearing a negative charge, "beta particles"; (3) a penetrating radiation which carried no electric charge—it was called "gamma rays," and was found to be of the same nature as light, only of higher frequency and shorter wave length.

It occurred to a young professor of physics, at McGill University, Montreal, that these radiations might serve as artillery against other atoms. They provided projectiles with which to pound the tight secretive little "billiard ball" into communicativeness, perhaps to blast it to bits. And later, after his return to England, Ernest Rutherford did blast the old conception of the atom, demolishing forever the idea that it was solid stuff. Most of his particles—he was bombarding atoms of gold with alpha particles—passed through without interference, but occasionally one rebounded sharply as though it had hit something massive and impregnable within.

And now Rutherford began to go after that something massive and impregnable. For months he played a game of bounce in the dark. He plotted the trajectories of the recoiling alpha particles. He measured the force with which they rebounded. Out of this complex of lines and forces he drew a map—tentative, of course, perhaps the strangest map ever drawn—a blue-print of the atom. It showed an infinitesimal something in the cen-

ter which he called the "nucleus"; and surrounding this center, at distances tens of thousands of times the diameter of the nucleus, were other some-things, lighter and electrically opposite, electrons, which eternally move around the nucleus as planets revolve around the sun.

Thus the heart of the atom was felt out in the dark.

But was the nucleus a single particle or a system of particles? One of Rutherford's associates, Marsden, put that question to hydrogen by means of the familiar bombardment. Alpha particles are about four times the weight of hydrogen, and when an alpha particle traveling at about 12,000 miles a second hit a hydrogen nucleus, it knocked the nucleus kiting. The nucleus, torn away from its encircling electron, caromed off into space at about 19,000 miles a second. But never was Marsden able to get part of a hydrogen nucleus. Either the whole came out of the atom or nothing came. The hydrogen nucleus acted as an indivisible particle.

Rutherford next directed his alpha particles against nitrogen, which is about fourteen times heavier than hydrogen. Although direct hits on the nitrogen nucleus were rare—only about one in every one hundred thousand shots—when they occurred something did come darting out of each battered nitrogen nucleus. It proved to be a *hydrogen nucleus*. He turned his battery on the metal sodium; and out of the sodium nucleus came a *hydrogen*. He bombarded aluminum, phosphorus, other elements; and each yielded *hydrogen*.

Was hydrogen, then, the stuff of which all nuclei are built? A century ago an Edinburgh physician, William Prout, had advanced the hypothesis that all the other chemical elements are but condensations of hydrogen. It was a bold leap of the imagination,

for Prout could reason this only from a few atomic weights and from the thought that in a unified cosmos the lightest element might prove to be the protyle of which the ancients dreamed. Chemists of his day dismissed the idea as illusory; but history has a way of reversing the authorities and enthroning every now and then a wild and inspired guesser. A hundred years later, as the climax to a long series of experiments with radium, comes this dramatic confirmation of Prout's supposition. Rutherford recognized the hydrogen nucleus as a unit particle, a fundamental building block. He named it the "proton."

Smaller than the electron, the proton has a mass 1850 times as great; thus almost the whole weight of an atom is in its nucleus.

One electron whirling around one proton constituted the hydrogen atom. The next simplest was helium. Its weight was about four times that of hydrogen, therefore, it must contain four protons; but the evidence showed only two orbital electrons, and hence there arose a difficulty. For since the positive charge on each proton exactly equals the negative charge on each electron, a question presented itself: How could four protons be in electrical balance with only two electrons? To meet this difficulty the atom builders assumed that inside the helium nucleus there must be two imprisoned electrons to neutralize two of the protons, thus leaving two protons paired with the two spinning electrons outside. This idea was extended to describe the nuclear structure of the other elements, since in every case (except hydrogen) there are more protons in the nucleus than there are electrons encircling it.

The atomic nucleus thus becomes a highly concentrated region populated by both protons and electrons. It contains, according to this view, all the

protons in the world and a majority of the known electrons: all of the positive electricity, most of the negative electricity, most of the mass, most of the energy. One can almost say that the nucleus is the atom.

### III

A striking analogy illustrating this conception comes from Karl T. Compton. In a recent paper in *Technology Review* he likens the nucleus to a building and the outer electrons to pebbles on the steps of the fire escape outside the building. In the phenomenon of radiation the electrons encircling the nucleus suddenly drop from one orbit to a smaller one. This Compton likens to the pebbles falling from one step of the fire-escape to a lower one. By limiting themselves to the observable quantities—the pebbles, their falling, and the steps—mathematicians have worked out formulæ which accurately correlate the properties of the steps (energy levels) with the probability that a pebble (electron) will fall from one step to another (radiate a ray of light).

"The physicist, however, is not satisfied," declares Dr. Compton. "Down in his heart he feels that there is something more than a law of probability which makes the pebbles drop. He goes to investigate. He finds the door of the building locked. He pushes, he knocks, he gets help; he rigs up a machine to batter down the door; he makes a small hole through which he sees signs of activity within the building; he builds a bigger and better battering ram; he finally breaks down the door and goes in. Within the building he finds a huge factory; giant cranes carry around great masses of material; enormous machines press, hammer, and draw this material into various shapes. Stupendous forces are at work. The building shakes, and from



time to time a little pebble on the fire escape is shaken down from one step to another."

This is a purely figurative and imaginary picture, of course; but it may be used to suggest the strange complexity and enormous importance of the nucleus in the atomic scheme of things. Conditions exist there which are beyond the power of any present knowledge to explain. Common sense balks at the idea of so much being contained in so little, to mention one of the more obvious paradoxes. An atom of copper, for example, has a nucleus containing 63 protons and 34 electrons. But, according to all known indications, the whole copper nucleus is not much larger than the estimated size of a single electron!

There is a law of electricity which holds that particles carrying like charges repel one another. Frederick Soddy has calculated that if a gram of protons could be gathered together and placed at the opposite pole of the Earth from another gram of protons, the repulsive force between the two groups, though it falls off as the square of the distance apart, would still at this great distance equal 26 tons. And yet—in the atomic nucleus are protons indescribably close together.

We can never resolve these mysteries until the door is forced wide open. Already the battering rams are at the threshold.

The battering rams are mostly high-voltage apparatus designed to improve on nature's bombardment, for even the most powerful radioactive element fires only some millions of projectiles per milligram per second. More intense barrages are wanted. The atom smashers want more projectiles, they want the projectiles focussed in a beam, and they want to be able to speed them up to any required velocity.

One ingenious means for doing this is a machine recently installed at the

University of California under the direction of E. O. Lawrence. A feature is an eighty-five-ton magnet. Protons and other particles are set to spiraling in a cylindrical tube in the field of the magnet, and at synchronized intervals a pulse of low voltage is applied. A small push, many times repeated, builds up a high velocity. Particles accelerated in this electrical whirlpool have attained speeds equivalent to the energy of 4,800,000 volts.

Even more spectacular is the machine installed in 1933 at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology under the direction of its inventor, R. J. Van de Graaff. This apparatus stands 45 feet high, weighs 16 tons, and its more obvious features are two huge aluminum spheres mounted on insulated columns. Electricity is fed to the spheres by traveling belts, positive charges to one sphere, negative charges to the other; when capacity is reached and the surface can hold no more, blinding sparks leap from one sphere to the opposite in a fall measured by 10,000,000 volts—an abysmal electrical precipice! By interposing a long vacuum tube between the spheres, a natural path is provided for the discharge; and by releasing billions of protons into the tube, projectiles are provided which hit with a velocity exceeding 26,000 miles per second.

Generators of the Van de Graaff type, but of somewhat different design, have been used for the past year in Washington at the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism of Carnegie Institution. Here a special building has been erected to house the big rams. And here a broad program of attack is being worked out by three young physicists, M. A. Tuve, L. R. Hafstad, and O. Dahl, who are seeking the elusive secret of magnetism through nuclear disintegration. It was in this Washington laboratory in 1930 that particles and radiations of energies

above a million volts—hence equivalent to those emitted by radium—were artificially produced and measured for the first time. This achievement was rated so fundamental that the American Association for the Advancement of Science awarded its \$1000 prize for the year to Tuve, Hafstad, and Dahl.

But battering rams are not enough. There must be some means of identifying the results of the battering. If the copper atom, whose strangely crowded nucleus has already been suggested, were magnified 10,000 million times, its diameter would be about six feet; but even at that impossible magnification, the encircling electrons and the nucleus would be hardly visible, so small are they.

Though invisible, these realities may be seen indirectly by pelting them with projectiles and noting how the projectiles bounce back. One way to observe this is by the fluorescent screen—for when a high-speed particle strikes a film coated with certain salts it causes a miniature splash of light at the place of impact. It was by plotting these scintillations that Rutherford discovered the nucleus.

Another way to trick the atom into self-betrayal is by means of the ionization chamber. This makes use of the fact that when a particle plows through space it mutilates or ionizes the air molecules it collides with, and these ions then flow as an electric current. In a properly equipped and sealed chamber this current can be measured, and is a direct index to the characteristics of the particle which caused the disturbance.

Still a third way to spy upon the antics of disrupted atoms is through the cloud chamber—and here one can almost swear that the invisible becomes visible. The particle darting through the moisture-laden air provides something for the suddenly cooled water molecules to condense

on; so they cluster in droplets around the ions left along the path of the speeding particle, and its course thenceforth is marked by a visible streak of cloud. This device, the invention of C. T. R. Wilson of Cambridge, has played a leading part in the new discoveries.

But the atom smasher needs fingers too. These are provided in a fourth device, the mass spectrograph, an apparatus which has an uncanny way of feeling among the unseen, hefting them, and then sorting out the particles according to their varying weights. Here again, a harnessed magnet is the distinctive feature. The atoms that are to be weighed are first ionized or stripped of one or two outer electrons; then they are shot in a stream through the space between the magnetic poles; the magnetic force deflects them, and the degree of deflection of each atom is exactly proportionate to its weight. Thus, an atom weighing 1 unit, being lighter, will be deflected more than an atom weighing 4 units, and will strike the opposite wall of the deflection chamber at a different level. And so with each weight of atom. By placing a sensitive photographic plate across this opposite wall where the deflected atoms strike, they are made to write their own images of impacts, and so to record their own weights photographically.

When J. J. Thomson first hit on this idea he used it as a method of chemical analysis, to separate one element from another. But soon the thing developed such infallibility that it confounded the chemists. They thought that each of the chemical elements was an unvarying combination of protons and electrons. Thus, oxygen consisted of 16 protons and 16 electrons; the chemists fixed its mass as 16, and agreed that this should be the standard of atomic weight. So they reckoned the mass of each of the other elements



in terms of a unit one-sixteenth that of oxygen. But when this idea of standardized atoms was tested by the mass spectrograph, and by other and auxiliary weighing methods, a whole new chapter of atomic outlawry was shown up. Most of the oxygen atoms do weigh 16, but it has been found by these methods that about one in every five hundred weighs either 17 or 18. Other elements reveal even greater departures. Thus there are eight different weights of lead, nine of mercury, eleven of tin.

These atomic variations of the same element were called "isotopes" by Soddy. Of the 92 chemical elements, 78 have been shown to have two or more isotopes. Altogether nearly 250 different masses have been identified—nearly 250 different kinds of nuclei! It is believed that other isotopes remain to be discovered. Most of the finds in this field have been made by F. W. Aston in England, but recently an ultra-sensitive mass spectrograph was installed at the laboratory of the Bartol Research Foundation in Swarthmore, Pa., and with this powerful instrument K. T. Bainbridge has attained a new deftness and an unparalleled accuracy in feeling among these infinitesimals. In certain recent weighings the probable error was reduced to only one part in 100,000.

The interpretation of isotopes is fundamental to the whole campaign of attack on the atomic kernel: first, because it gives the attackers some hint of what the nucleus contains; second, because it tells the magnitude of the tie binding the parts of the nucleus together, therefore indicates the energy necessary to disrupt it.

This second point rests on the observation that a nucleus weighs *less* than the sum of its parts. Thus an alpha particle, *which is really the nucleus of a helium atom*, has a mass 4.002. But it is a combination of four

protons and two electrons, and the individual masses of these particles total 4.032. The helium nucleus, therefore, weighs .030 less than its separate parts. This mass defect is an index to what Aston calls the "packing fraction," and represents the amount of matter that was converted into energy in binding the protons and electrons into the compact little bundle known as a nucleus. From this mass defect the equivalent energy can be computed, and it turns out to be 27,000,000 electron-volts. No wonder the helium kernel is a hard nut to crack, and that the alpha particle bounces but never breaks—for if 27,000,000 volts were consumed in welding its parts together, an equal energy would be required to sunder them. Even more tightly packed is the oxygen nucleus; its mass defect is .1238; translated into energy this gives the tremendous binding value of 115,000,000 electron-volts.

When the isotopes of oxygen were discovered, certain precisionists got out their pencils and began to figure. The hydrogen nucleus had a mass which, after allowing for the mass defect, was one-sixteenth that of the oxygen nucleus; and this was accounted for beautifully on the understanding that oxygen contained 16 protons and hydrogen 1 proton. But now, with some of the oxygen atoms containing 17 protons and others 18, the ratio was not right mathematically. Yet the ratio existed. Could it be that ordinary hydrogen was not standard but had mixed with it some heavier isotope?

This was the cue to explorers. F. Allison, of Alabama Polytechnic Institute, obtained evidence of a second kind of hydrogen atom in water solutions. Then H. D. Urey and G. M. Murphy, of Columbia University, and F. G. Brickwedde, of the Bureau of Standards, collaborated in an interesting experiment: by distilling liquid

hydrogen at 466° below zero F. they succeeded in isolating hydrogen atoms which had twice the weight of ordinary hydrogen. This new kind of hydrogen atom was named "deuterium," and its double-weight nucleus (having one positive charge, like the proton) was called the "deuton." No other isotope has attracted so much scientific interest; not only is the deuton a new kind of nucleus awaiting exploration, but also it provides a new kind of projectile for the atom smashers' batteries.

At this time, as the year 1931 was drawing to a close, half a dozen laboratories in America and Europe were concentrating their strategy and their efforts on the riddle of the atomic nucleus. Some researchers were pushing to completion machines of the types described in the foregoing pages; others were still working with radium and related radioactive elements to see what perchance might be got with the old artillery. There was a ferment of preparation; for science too has its rivalries, its ambitions. Who would be the first to break through a locked door? The answer came early in 1932 in a vibrant cablegram from England. James Chadwick, at the Cavendish Laboratory, had discovered the neutron.

#### IV

The discovery of the neutron exemplifies not only the method of science, but also its communism—the free collaboration, the sharing of methods and results, the final stride to success on the stepping-stones laid by many hands. Bothe and Becker of the German University of Giessen, and M. Joliot and his wife Irene Curie (daughter of the illustrious Pierre and Marie) of the French Institut du Radium, contributed the preliminary studies; but it was the genius of Chadwick that fitted together the complicated jigsaw puzzle

of phenomena and completed the picture.

Bothe and Becker sighted the thing in 1930. They were bombarding the metal beryllium with alpha particles, and the battered beryllium nuclei gave off radiation of high penetrating power. Bothe and Becker concluded that this must be a radiation like the gamma rays from radium, though more energetic.

The Curie-Joliot's began their experiments in 1931. They found that a lead shield would absorb some of the rays. Then they inserted a slab of paraffine wax as the absorption screen, and were amazed to find the effect increase. Later the increase was explained by the fact that paraffine is rich in hydrogen, and the rays were knocking protons out of the hydrogen atoms into the ionization chamber. The protons came out with speeds of 18,000 miles a second and more. Assuming that the beryllium rays were a wave radiation, the Curie-Joliot's figured that to propel protons at these velocities the rays must have energies of 50,000,000 electron-volts.

Chadwick had some old tubes of radium emanation given him by the Howard Kelly Hospital of Baltimore. The stuff had lost its usefulness for therapeutics, but it might do to explore a universe. From the contents he extracted another radioactive element, polonium, a disintegration product of radium which differs from its parent in that it emits only alpha particles. Alpha particles were all that Chadwick wanted. He knew that the energy of the alpha particle was about 6,000,000 electron-volts. If it could hammer beryllium into generating a ray of 50,000,000 voltage, the feat was marvelous and needed explaining.

Chadwick put a screen of nitrogen in the way of the mysterious beryllium rays. The nitrogen atom was pro-



pelled with such vehemence that it released 30,000 ions from the air molecules it collided with in the ionization chamber. And then Chadwick did some figuring. If the ray which hit the nitrogen were of the supposed 50,000,000 electron-volts energy, it could not impart such ionizing power; it could produce only about 10,000 ions. But if it were assumed that the ray was a material particle of mass about equal the proton's, and that it was moving with one-tenth the velocity of light, the 30,000 ions were entirely reasonable. If it were assumed, further, that this particle was *without* electric charge, therefore indifferent to the influence of magnetism, its enormously great penetrating power was explained. Proof of both assumptions was abundantly developed. The beryllium rays were not a wave radiation at all—they were particles, uncharged particles, therefore neutral, and hence "neutrons."

Experiment shows that neutrons may be forced out of the nuclei of several elements in addition to beryllium, and the idea is generally held that they are among the nuclear constituents of all elements. But the constitution of the neutron itself is a question. Some accept it as a fundamental indivisible unit. Others interpret the neutron as a closely welded complex of two parts, a proton and an electron; this accounts for its mass, which appears to be practically the same as the proton's; also it accounts for the lack of charge, since the positive charge of the proton cancels the negative charge of the electron and leaves the neutron neutral.

The idea is not new. For years physicists have discussed the possible existence of a neutral particle of matter. As early as 1920 both W. D. Harkins, of the University of Chicago, and Rutherford pointed out the reasonableness of such a particle, and even

predicted its mass and properties. Both assumed it to be a combination of a proton and an electron, a sort of condensed or collapsed hydrogen atom, in which the encircling electron had approached closer and come into some intimate association with the central proton—a merged electron-proton. Just how the two oppositely charged entities can exist in such close juxtaposition without annihilating each other is an interesting question for the legalists; but there could be no modern physics if we halted at every paradox.

On this theory of the neutron, our picture of the atomic nucleus changes. It is no longer necessary to assume the presence of free electrons in the nucleus; electrons exist there only within neutrons. And the nucleus is made up of protons and neutrons. Thus the deuteron, or nucleus of the double-weight hydrogen, is explained as the union of a proton and a neutron. The helium nucleus (that tough little alpha particle) suggests the close union of two protons and two neutrons. Heavier nuclei may be accounted for as combinations of heliums, neutrons, protons, and possibly deuterons. The oxygen nucleus behaves as though it were the thoroughly self-satisfied merger of four heliums. Beryllium is less stable; its mass is 9, and this suggests that it consists of two heliums and one free neutron; and it is this free neutron that comes out under bombardment.

At Columbia University last summer, Pegram and Dunning were getting from beryllium a million neutrons per second with a certain intensity of alpha-particle bombardment. More recently both at Cambridge, England, and at Pasadena, bombardment with particles accelerated through high-voltage machines has produced greater yields. Thus at the California Institute of Technology, by using deu-

tons as the bombarding agent against beryllium, Crane, Lauritsen, and Soltan obtained five hundred times as many neutrons as had ever before been knocked out of beryllium. And a late bulletin reports that under deutron bombardment the element lithium is an even more prolific source of neutrons than is beryllium.

Atom smashers are interested in the neutron also as a new weapon. The other projectiles—alpha particles, protons, deutons—are charged bodies, repulsed by the nuclei they approach. But nothing repulses the uncharged neutron. It passes through atoms without deflection, and when it strikes a target hits with the full force of its unretarded velocity. Harkins and Wilson at the University of Chicago, following a trail blazed by Feather at Cambridge, England, bombarded nitrogen with neutrons. The nitrogen was transmuted into boron and helium, and from these tracks in the cloud chamber they derived speeds as high as 33,000 miles per second for neutrons. The neutrons themselves make no visible tracks.

Physicists rather welcomed the new particle. It meant scrapping some of the old concepts and brought inconsistencies of its own, but it was a convenient and helpful building block. Both here and abroad the atom builders began to use the neutron to explain nuclear idiosyncrasies, to try to account for radioactivity, to approach some of the more recondite problems of matter. And then—news from California! An unfamiliar streak of vapor had plowed an amazing path through a cloud chamber in Pasadena. It was the trail of something different, never before glimpsed by man. Another kind of particle?

## V

This California discovery came as a byproduct of research into cosmic rays

—the strange penetrating radiation which perpetually bombards the Earth from every direction. Though cosmic rays are so energetic that they pass through many feet of lead, they are so elusive that it is possible to study them only through the behavior of the air particles they collide with—and even these “secondaries” could be detected only indirectly in the ionization chamber. But in 1929 the Russian physicist Skobelzyn succeeded in photographing their paths in a cloud chamber. Though the chamber was in a magnetic field, the tracks were straight, indicating velocities so great that the magnet was unable to deflect the particles. At once it was recognized that here was a way of approach to the mysterious rays. Bigger and better apparatus should give quantitative results. And at the California Institute of Technology, where for years cosmic rays have been a major research, Robert A. Millikan and his associate, Carl D. Anderson, began to plan an exceptional equipment. They procured an electromagnet of great power; they set up in its field a cloud chamber spacious enough to show tracks many inches long, and they provided an extremely sensitive camera.

Soon after this equipment was installed, Dr. Millikan went abroad on an exchange professorship, and it was not long before Anderson in Pasadena was mailing to Millikan in Europe the most exciting photographs. To the eye of the layman, as one unimpressed newspaper reporter phrased it, “the photographs appeared as poorly developed pictures, with all the details smudged by poor photography”; but to the eye of the expert those smudged prints were a triumph. They were photographs of cosmic-ray encounters with matter, the first ever made which showed cloud tracks curved under the measured pull of magnetism. From



the degree of curvature the experts were able to read the tremendous energies of the actuating rays.

And Anderson began to read something else in the cloud chamber. He found tracks occurring in pairs, one swerving to the right, the other to the left in exactly the same curvature. This meant two particles starting their courses at the point of encounter; and it meant that one particle was negatively charged and, therefore, deflected one way by the magnet, while the other particle was oppositely charged and oppositely deflected. The negative was recognized as the electron, the familiar unit which always carries a negative charge. But it was difficult to account for the positive. For the smallest unit ever known to be attached to a positive charge was the proton, which is 1850 times more massive than the electron and, by all the laws of mechanics, the more massive body, must resist the deflecting force more and so plow a path of different curvature. And yet—the paths differed only in direction.

The way out of this dilemma was to assume that the electron is matched by another entity of equal mass but opposite charge. Anderson called the new particle the "positron."

Others confirmed the discovery. At the Cavendish Laboratory the experiments were repeated by Blackett and Occhialini; by February, 1933, they had more than 500 photographs; and in addition to single pairs of diverging tracks, they had recorded several showers of tracks. Anderson too began to get showers. And later Anderson tried a new experiment. He used the ultrapowerful Thorium C', which emits the most penetrating gamma rays known to radioactivity, and undertook to see if he could smash out of matter the positively curved tracks which he got from the cosmic-ray bursts. By April, 1933, he had 1500

additional photographs, of which three plainly showed cloud tracks of the light-weight positives.

The name positron is under fire. Some object on the ground that it is not sufficiently descriptive, unless the electron is renamed negatron. Frequently in scientific discussion the positron is referred to as the "free positive electron," but this is unwieldy. A poetically-minded physicist proposes that it be called "oreston," after Orestes, the brother of Electra. During the discussion of nomenclature at the meeting of the American Physical Society last June, Niels Bohr arose. He said he would like to point out that the new entity already had a name. It was named back in 1931 by Dirac who, in predicting its existence, called it the "anti-electron."

## VI

Dirac at Cambridge wrote in 1931: "There are at present fundamental problems in theoretical physics awaiting solution, *e.g.* the relativistic formulation of the quantum mechanics and the nature of atomic nuclei (to be followed by more difficult ones, such as the problem of life), the solution of which problems will presently require a more drastic revision of our fundamental concepts than any that have gone before. Quite likely these changes will be so great that it will be beyond the power of human intelligence to get the necessary new ideas by direct attempts to formulate the experimental data in mathematical terms. The theoretical worker in the future will, therefore, have to proceed in a more indirect way. The most powerful method of advance that can be suggested at present is to employ all the resources of pure mathematics in attempts to perfect and generalize the mathematical formalism that forms the existing basis of theoretical phys-

ics, and *after* each success in this direction to try to interpret the new mathematical features in terms of physical entities."

In other words, don't experiment; reason. The real world is so unimaginable in terms of what we know that perhaps we cannot even think up the necessary experiments to get at its inscrutable hiddenness. So, instead of using mathematics to formulate and explain the results of the laboratory, use it first. Make mathematics the primary tool of exploration; follow its inexorable logic to the last outpost, and then, when you have built a world of pure reason, go to nature itself and try to interpret the new mathematical features in terms of physical entities. This is the method Dirac pursued. While others have been inventing battering rams, cloud chambers, and other experimental apparatus, Dirac has been inventing a new mathematics and devising a new fundamental equation, and with this powerful tool he has directed "the most penetrating attack man has yet made into the delicate and minute secrets of nature."

The universe is a world of motion; there is no rest for the electron; forever it spins, but its tendency is to occupy a state of lowest energy. The possible energy states which it might occupy are innumerable. Charted on a graph they stretch away from zero to infinity, but the chart just as surely points to an equal number of energy levels below the zero line. To speak of the energy of motion of a particle as less than zero is to propose a situation rather difficult to visualize—but mathematically such quantities are quite reasonable, and indeed inevitable, and must be included.

Now, the natural tendency of electrons is to occupy states of lowest energy. The states of lowest energy are those of minus energy. Therefore, all the electrons in the world

will tend to fall into these minus states. There is, however, a rule of quantum mechanics (the Pauli exclusion principle) which shows that it is impossible for more than one electron to occupy any one energy state. Therefore, all the electrons in the world will tend to distribute themselves among the vast range of minus-energy states, and only those unable to find berths in this lazy region of less than zero will occupy the states of plus energy. The latter are the left-overs, the losers in this cosmic struggle for the stable-energy levels—and yet these are the only electrons manifest to man.

For it is these left-over electrons—those forced by the exclusion principle to occupy the plus states—that make themselves known in our electrical circuits. They are the electrons that jump in the incandescent filament or in the burning candlewax to give light, that gyrate in the orbits round atomic nuclei, that make up the total of negatively-charged particles of this complex fabric that we call the apparent world.

They are apparent and in evidence because they are the only *distinctive* electrons. The others, the vast majority, are distributed in exactly uniform measure throughout the universe. They surround us on all sides, they pack space with their unrelieved uniformity; presumably they are completely unobservable.

And yet, predicted Dirac, occasionally we might see something of this substratum. If one of the states of minus energy should chance to become unoccupied, the vacancy would be a departure from the exact uniformity; it would, therefore, be distinctive, and observable. It would be a hole in the universal sameness, an absence of minus and, therefore, by mathematical law, a plus entity. The "hole" would appear as a particle—a new kind of particle, unknown to experimental physics, having the same mass as an



electron but carrying the opposite charge, *i.e.* a positively charged electron. "We may call such a particle an anti-electron," suggested Dirac in October, 1931, nearly a year before Anderson announced his cosmic-ray discovery of the positron.

On Dirac's theory, a cosmic ray or a gamma ray comes vibrating through space and chances to hit one of the submerged electrons comfortably at home in its minus-energy state. If the ray is of exactly the right frequency it will knock the electron out of its state, thus raising it to a state of plus energy where it becomes visible to our instruments as a speeding negatively-charged particle. At the same time the "hole" which is created by this encounter goes off at exactly the same velocity, traveling as a positively-charged particle, and as such becoming visible to our instruments. The theory thus explains the occurrence of paired particles; and by assuming that many dislodgments occur simultaneously, the showers are accounted for.

The anti-electron's life is brief. It can travel only a limited distance before some electron in a plus-energy state is encountered, whereupon the electron promptly drops into the "hole." Energy in the form of radiation is released in this coalescence, and the two particles disappear into the vast substratum of the cosmos. Dirac computed the mean life of the anti-electron as something around .000,000,000,36 second, which Blackett and Occhialini say is "long enough for it to be observed in a cloud chamber, but short enough to explain why it had not been discovered by other methods."

This glimpse at Dirac's world is necessarily meager and figurative, but perhaps it is near enough to the mathematical picture to suggest why many physicists regard the discovery of the

positron as a confirmation of his theory. This does not mean that the character of the positron has been proven. It may possibly turn out to be a peculiarly elusive but permanent particle; it may be one of those mysterious hidden mechanisms which Compton imagines to exist within the nucleus; or it may be something smashed out of the incident particle. In both the Pasadena and the Cambridge experiments the positron seemed to come out of the atom itself—from a lead shield in one case, from copper and even lighter materials in another; according to one theory it can be dislodged from intra-atomic space only in proximity to an atomic nucleus, the function of the nucleus being to take up the excess momentum of the encounter and allow the submerged electron to absorb the colliding ray. But these speculations remain to be tested. All that one can say precisely is that in 1931 Dirac predicted the existence of a new kind of particle, and that in 1932 Anderson discovered a particle which in many particulars conforms to Dirac's prediction.

And so science arrives at the beginning of 1934 with a perception of four building blocks which appear to be fundamental units in the structure of things. Electron, proton, neutron, positron—not a one of them really understood, each an enigma bristling with questions, the four of them a maze of naïveté and mystery so irrational that, in many of their interactions, as Andrade said of the quantum theory, they "recall irresistibly the teachings of the alchemists and the witches' kitchen in *Faust*."

It is rather disconcerting, for example, after planning these high-powered battering rams, to see two young atom hunters, Cockcroft and Walton of the Cavendish Laboratory,

smash the nuclei of half a dozen elements with a mere 400,000 volts, and transmute light elements into heavier ones in the process. The nuclear barrier which fends the inner citadel from attack seems to have a sort of resonance for certain frequencies of energy, so that projectiles in tune with the heart of the atom pass right through the wall instead of having to go over the top.

Nature must be understandable. "In a world of æther and electrons we might perhaps encounter nonsense," says Eddington, "but we could not encounter *damned* nonsense." The irrationality is not some trick or absurdity cunningly devised to beguile or bewilder the searcher, but a complexity that just is—and that is susceptible to analysis. This is the faith, the creed of science.

## VALENTINE

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

**O***H, WHAT a shining town were Death,  
Woke you therein, and drew your breath,  
My buried love; and all you were,  
Caught up and cherished, even there!  
Those evil windows loved of none  
Would blaze as if they caught the sun.*

*Woke you in Heaven, Death's other name,  
And downward in sweet gesture came  
From your cold breast your rigid hand,  
Then Heaven would be my native land.*

*But you are nowhere; you are gone  
All roads into Oblivion;  
Whither I would disperse, till then  
From home a banished citizen.*





## ON BEING FIFTY-FIVE

BY DON MARQUIS

THERE'S one comfort—no matter how many years I may live, I can never be as old again as when I was thirty-five.

It took me three years to get through with being thirty-five: all the year before, all the year I actually *was* thirty-five, and the entire year afterward. There was something *about* thirty-five! Perhaps the reflection that half the traditional span of man's allotted life was gone, and I could no longer consider myself just a Mere Boy, with a possibly successful future before me. An appreciable slice of that Future was *behind* me, and I hadn't quite known how it happened. So, mentally, I wore crepe for three whole years.

Forty didn't jolt me particularly. I slid past forty easily enough, still thinking I was thirty-five—although now I thought of it as *only* thirty-five. Forty-five gave me some qualms. I wasn't getting *old*, but I felt that I could no longer conceal from myself that I was approaching Middle Age.

Fifty hauled off and kicked me in the ribs. I felt almost as old at fifty as I had at thirty-five, more especially as I couldn't for the life of me tell what I had done with the fifteen years between thirty-five and fifty. It seemed to me about like this—one day I was thirty-five, and I sat at my desk pecking at my typewriting machine, and I wanted a cigarette, and couldn't find one. So I went out of the house, and round the corner to the drugstore and bought a package of cigarettes, and

came back and sat down at my typewriter again, and lighted one of them, and looked at the calendar above my desk . . . and discovered I was fifty, instead of only thirty-five. I have no clue as to how these temporal miracles accomplish themselves.

Fifty! It was a jolt. When you have lived fifty years, the chances are all against your doing it again.

You may chalk up thirty-five or forty years more, or even forty-five—but *fifty* more? No, it isn't often done. If you don't believe my statement, call up your insurance agent. All the insurance companies keep tab on this sort of thing; they have whole bales of statistics about this particular matter, and all these figures point in one direction: namely, to the lamentable fact that few persons live twice fifty years.

You can still call yourself "middle-aged" when you are fifty, but if you sit down with a pencil and paper and make a few simple calculations, based on figures coldly gathered for many decades by these unsentimental insurance people in the interests of their business, you must arrive at the conclusion, that when you are fifty you have *passed* the middle point in your sequential years of mundane existence.

I felt very nearly as old when I was fifty as when I was thirty-five. And the worst of it was, I didn't see that there was anything I could do about it.

Well, a couple of months ago I was *fifty-five*.

I don't know how to account for it, or explain it, but I have suddenly got to feeling young again. From somewhere or other, and I don't care where or how, there has curiously drifted into my consciousness the conviction that I am getting a second start in life, a kind of second wind, that I am beginning all over again, and that, damn it all! fifty-five *isn't* so very old.

I know very well all the reasonable and logical arguments against this feeling. I know as well as you do that when a man is fifty-five he might as well be sixty . . . and that when a man is sixty he is practically seventy-five . . . and that when he is seventy-five he has only a moment to go until he is ninety . . . and that when he is ninety he is a hundred . . . and when he is a hundred he has been dead at least fifteen years. But somehow all that doesn't impress me.

I am experiencing a kick of hope, an illusion of youth and a flush of self-confidence that is based upon nothing I could justify by any rational process. I even believe I may yet write something worth while. Oh, yes, I know—and thank you for the pretty speech and the nice thought behind it—but I know better than you do what I intended to write when I was thirty, and that I haven't written it.

## II

I suspect that my equanimity in the face of being fifty-five now, and seventy in about twenty minutes or so, is partially due to the fact that Life (it is still quite the thing to spell it with a capital letter) has lost the power to jolt me to any considerable extent, although not the power to interest me. I can't think of anything that may happen to me that has not happened before, to a greater or less degree. I have had an awful lot of Good Luck, and quite a bit of Bad Luck. If I am to have more

Good Luck, that's swell; if I am to have more Bad Luck, that's rotten; but I'm used to both; and neither Good Luck nor Bad Luck is anything to Write Home About. Neither one can do anything to me that hasn't already been done.

It isn't that I've lost interest in *myself*. I am, in fact, more interested in myself than I am in anyone else. But at the same time I am more interested in other people than I ever was before. In people as individuals, and in people in the general mass. I like to see personal stories working themselves out; and I like to get glimpses and hints of the manner in which racial stories, national stories, work themselves out. I am less confident that I can have any influence in shaping these stories even in an infinitesimal degree, and I have less desire to exert whatever small influence I might have. I think I have learned to mind my own business a little better; but the spectacle, the game, the drama of human existence fascinates me more and more as the moment swiftly approaches when I shall have to give up my seat in the theater. *Swiftly* approaches—for there is no use trying to blink the fact that when you get into your fifties the speed with which time seems to pass is simply appalling. January and a new year are upon you, menacing, before you are well aware that the autumn is over, and time with its attendant incidents goes whirling by with the tempo of a rapid moving picture show.

This unceasing flux and swift pulsation of life are more present to my imagination than ever before, and things happen so rapidly, come tumbling along upon the heels of one another with such instancy that it seems scarcely worth while to try to rush personally into the midst of these events and shout and elbow for a place among them. I have lost the personal ambition to form a part of this speed and



daunting mobility, but at the same time there is a part of me which rejoices to see the quick parade go by; rejoices in its mere quickness, irrespective of where it may be going, rejoices in the rapid series of changes which shimmer over the surface of the world as little winds dart ruffling across a bay.

I feel myself strangely unconcerned at what these changes may mean to me, for, as I have said, I am used to both Good Luck and Bad Luck; less concerned than I should have thought possible fifteen years ago. It is not that I am tired; but I am tired of trying to go in a different way from the way in which Fate has seemed to delight in kicking and hauling me. Perhaps this is the ignoble surrender of indolence. At least I do not want so many things as I used to, nor want those few things with such intensity, nor care so greatly when I get them or when I don't get them. But on the other hand I am capable of having a good time in a much quieter way than was the case twenty or even ten years ago; and whereas thinking, or trying to think, used to be a kind of coiled and knotted agony to me, now I actually take pleasure out of doing nothing at all but sitting down and thinking. The fact that the thoughts I think never get anywhere in particular doesn't bother me at all nowadays.

### III

There is a terrific lot of nonsense written about human existence—I have written more than my share of it—some persons taking the point of view that it is so brief that it amounts to nothing whatever and there is no use trying to do anything with it, and others affecting to believe that it is a long, interminable dragging out of linked futilities scarcely to be endured. To both of which extremes I remark, in the elegant idiom of the current mo-

ment: *Nerts!* It is neither the one thing nor the other; it has room in it for everything which the human psyche is able to handle. Anyone who doesn't like it, on one theory or the other, may go off the deep end to-morrow—Go Back Where He Came From—and I'll make no effort to restrain him, presuming that he knows what he wants. But for myself, I want to stick round here as long as I can. Yet, when I have to go, I hope I shall have the good manners to go without making too much fuss about the matter, realizing that the party is over and that it is time to get a little sleep.

Walter Savage Landor wrote a quatrain which I wish that I had written. It goes like this—please forgive a possible misquotation, as my books are in the cellar, and the cellar is three inches deep in water because of the latest disintegration of the water heater, which opened itself up a few hours ago like a cock-eyed Chinese lotus flower, and I should be down there now doing something about it if I were any kind of man at all, or even a Mickey Mouse—Landor's quatrain goes something like this:

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;  
Nature I loved, and after Nature, Art.  
I warmed both hands before the fire of life:  
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

There is a large, wholesome acceptance of all ages and all circumstances of existence in those four lines; neither haste, nor peevishness, nor boredom, neither an unbalanced egotism nor an unbalanced self-derogation.

Well, there is no use getting too elegiac over the matter; that is unseasonable, too. Fifty-five is not, after all, quite the jumping-off place—if I remember to Wear my Rubbers, and don't over-estimate my capacity for distilled and fermented beverages of a high alcoholic content.

And what I started out to say, before

you and Landor interrupted me, was that, illogically enough, at fifty-five I have suddenly had showered upon me the goofy conviction that I'm a young-fellow just starting out in life again. It's all boloney, of course. But I suppose the explanation of this kick of uplift I am experiencing lies in the fact that nothing much can happen to me that I haven't already been through. I have stuck round long enough to have acquired an immunity to violences; to the violences of sudden good luck and the violences of sudden bad luck. I've been vaccinated.

And I am still a Promising Young Man. I can prove it. About thirty years ago, somebody called me a Promising Young Man. A few years later, I published my first book; and a dozen reviewers exclaimed in concert, with agreeable tenor voices: "Why, here is a Promising Young Man!" I have published more than twenty books since then, and upon the advent of each one of them through the years, anywhere from five to fifteen critics have chanted, "Here is a Promising Young Man!" A reviewer of twenty-two said it about my latest book. Thanks, Gray-beard!

Three generations of young news-

paper critics have cut their teeth on me; and it has sometimes made me feel as if my books were a box of puppy biscuits. Years ago, when I wrote a newspaper column, in which I could Talk Back, I used now and then to wipe their noses for them, spank them, and send them upstairs to bed in the dark. But the wisest plan is just to let nature take its course and say nothing. For they grow up and write books themselves, and thus learn at first hand that book reviews are no great matter. After you've written a book you *have* to think that about reviews usually or else you wouldn't write the next book.

There was a period during which the phrase, "Promising young man," used to get my goat, as the saying is. But now it pleases me. I'm grateful for it. After all, it is something to be a Promising Young Man for thirty years. And, at Fifty-five to feel, suddenly, that it is true once more . . . that one is still (or again) a Promising Young Man!

In fact, now that I think of it, *there* is an ambition for me to cultivate: To be a Promising Young Man at seventy-five.





# A NEW INTERNATIONALISM

BY GEORGE SOULE

IN THE early months of 1932 a group of leading American economists were discussing what should be done to restore prosperity. One of them stated a thesis which received the whole-hearted approval of a majority of his fellows. The nations of the world, he believed, had learned a lesson from the results of their innumerable measures to hamper trade. At the coming London Economic Conference agreements would be made to lower tariffs, remove import quotas, and lift exchange restrictions. There would follow a writing-down of War debts. Beneficial results would be felt almost immediately in this country. Our foreign markets for wheat and cotton would be revived. The farmers would have more money to pay their debts and would start buying industrial products. Manufactures too, such as automobiles, would begin flowing abroad in larger quantities. American banks would immediately grant foreign borrowers the credit with which to buy. Our tariffs being lower, we should purchase abroad the goods which foreign nations could produce more advantageously than we, and with the proceeds of these sales the new foreign debts would be liquidated. In comparison with these changes, possible domestic reforms were of decidedly secondary importance. Freedom of international trade would bring recovery, and only that would bring it.

This scholar was speaking a language understood and approved by

almost every recognized economic theorist from Adam Smith down. It is a doctrine logical in its essence, carefully elaborated in its details. Yet in each of his predictions he was one hundred per cent mistaken. The nations had not learned his lesson. Far from it; the London Conference removed not a single trade barrier. Before it met, President Roosevelt, instead of preparing to reduce American tariffs, increased them in effect by abandoning the gold standard in dollar exchange. This set the Conference by the ears. Our sage counselor would doubtless lay the whole blame for failure on the economic depravity of the American President. But it is certain that no progress would have been made in any case. Germany, France, and Italy are now virtually self-sustaining in wheat output; the German peasants are, indeed, clamoring against low prices caused by "overproduction." The manufacturers of each nation do want to export more, but not to encourage imports from other nations. Exchange restrictions cannot be relaxed until trade revives so long as any nation believes in the virtue of retaining its gold hoards. The logic of capitalism in crisis leads straight toward more barriers to trade, not less. And, in spite of the fact that not one of the approved actions was taken, industrial recovery began. It has been visible all over the world, and its progress was most rapid, for a while at any rate, in the United States, which postponed re-

forms in foreign trade and concentrated upon domestic measures, most of which our economist friend heartily disliked.

## II

This instance could be duplicated many times in history. Indeed, it is typical of the old conflict between the theory and the practice of international trade. The controversy has recently become more acute than ever. The orthodox economists are commonly called "internationalists," the business men and politicians "nationalists." After over a hundred years of internationalist teaching, the world is drifting closer than ever to a congeries of closed economic systems. We have approximations to them now in Germany, Russia, Japan, and Italy; the British Empire is groping toward economic unity; France and the United States are both turning their eyes inward. If the internationalists are right, this portends nothing short of disaster. But are we to think of this sharp division between theory and practice as nothing more than the incapacity of intelligence to impose its wisdom on a stupid world? May there not be something the matter with a theory which, after so long a development, has so little relevance to events? Are not the very words "internationalism" and "nationalism" vague abstractions which will have to be filled with more definite meaning if we are to find out where we really stand, and why?

The economic doctrine now called internationalism is nothing less than laissez-faire, applied on a world-wide scale. If competition is free, it holds, the producers having the lowest cost will get the bulk of the business. This will benefit people as consumers, for they will pay the lowest possible prices. It will benefit them as producers also, for if the price of everything is as low as the most efficient practices make possi-

ble, more goods will be made and sold. The world's division of labor will be allotted naturally, according to the fitness of each region to produce, according to its raw material and its skill, according to its geographical location as a center of trade. If prices are uncontrolled, they will act promptly to adjust unbalanced demand and supply. Falling prices will restrict output and enlarge demand; rising prices will act contrariwise. The wider the markets, the broader will be the choice, the more numerous the compensating price forces, and the greater the stability. Capital, by seeking investment in the places offering the highest return, will tend to develop and so to enrich the more backward regions, to make more abundant the goods which formerly have been scarce. A linking of interests by trade and investment across national boundaries will prevent war. This happy development depends, of course, upon certain conditions. There must not be monopoly. There must not be interferences with price movements on the part of the state, by such means as tariffs or aid to cartels or price-fixing. Capital and labor must move about freely. Wage rates and interest rates must both be readily flexible, according to demand and supply. There must be stable currencies, and their relative values must be so nearly unvarying as to facilitate trade.

It is unnecessary to elaborate further these conceptions; they are well enough known. What is not so well known, however, is that laissez-faire is not a "natural" economic order, which inevitably prevails except when some "artificial" action is taken to interfere with it. It did not exist when Adam Smith wrote. He was, as Leverett S. Lyon has written, a propagandist for an "economic plan"—a plan which he thought would render the largest possible benefit to everyone. This plan has never truly failed, because it



has never fully been tried. England, educated by the Manchester School and governed over long periods by the Liberals, probably has come closer to applying it than any other nation. But all her ingenuity and all her skill in government have failed to enforce many of the prerequisites of true laissez-faire. We may perhaps say that she at one time came almost as close to it as Soviet Russia has come to a successfully planned socialism, but certainly no closer. Conservatives habitually say that socialism, though logical, cannot work because it is contrary to human nature. The same criticism can be applied with greater force to laissez-faire. The experience of over a century has abundantly proved that laissez-faire is contrary to human nature. It is an economic plan which is so far from realizable as to be utopian.

The very title of Adam Smith's famous book shows that it was, in part, propaganda against the preëxisting system of exclusive nationalism. *The Wealth of Nations*, he called it. The old conception, commonly known as mercantilism, was that nations profited by selling without buying, by accumulating foreigners' money, just as private merchants try to expand their sales as much as possible while limiting their purchases to the utmost, and so to pile up more money than their neighbors. But of course the only use of money is to buy, and Adam Smith correctly showed that if nations do not spend abroad they cannot really grow wealthy from trade. You cannot eat money, or wear it, or build a house out of it.

The system of mercantilism, against which the Manchester School directed its propaganda, was in full course before the American Revolution, and played a large part in causing it. The navigation acts, the first of which was passed in 1651, limited English commerce to English ships. Since the vessels of the colonists flew the English

flag, it helped to build up their fleets. But other laws of the same nature proved more irksome. People in the colonies were forbidden to buy or sell abroad except with the mother country. As manufacture grew in the new continent, and so furnished competition for the English factories, restrictions were placed on the weaving of woolen goods in the colonies (woolen manufactures formed one-third of England's exports in 1699), on iron and steel products, on hats. Duties were placed on foreign sugar and molasses. When colonial legislatures tried to relieve American debtors of their obligations to English lenders by inflating the currency, acts of Parliament put a stop to it. A Board of Trade and Economy was formed in 1690 to handle colonial affairs, and it was very active in ruling on disputes arising from complaints of British creditors, exporters, and importers. This struggle went on for years—the struggle to place and enforce restrictions upon trade, in behalf of vested interests of England which were being endangered by the growing economic activity across the sea. The colonists had succeeded in evading or nullifying much of this regulation before the Revolutionary War, and it was the effort of Parliament and Grenville to win back lost ground which precipitated the struggle.

The phrases about freedom and natural rights embodied in the Revolutionary literature, and eventually enshrined in the Declaration of Independence, thus had, as Charles A. Beard and other historians have proved, a solidly material content. One might have inferred that the revolutionists were fighting Adam Smith's battle (*The Wealth of Nations* was published in 1776); that they were dedicating the new continent to economic "freedom" and laissez-faire. It is true that they wanted freedom of trade for themselves. But not for others.

Hardly had the infant nation begun to draw breath when Alexander Hamilton persuaded it to build up manufactures by a protective tariff. Freedom from English restrictions was not enough. We had to restrict England in turn. Never since then has the United States moved very far toward freedom of trade. Its drift has been in the opposite direction. A society in which production is controlled by profit-seeking capital is bound to seek freedom for specific groups of capital or specific national aggregates by hampering the freedom of other groups or other nations to compete. There is no sufficiently powerful agency to enforce the interest of all against the interests of the parts.

The welter of trade restrictions which have grown up since the late War are often attributed to the War itself. That is in part true, but far from the whole truth. The more serious part of them have been imposed during the depression beginning in 1929. They were natural, one might even say inevitable reactions to that depression. When there is not enough trade to go round, the economically powerful producers in each nation believe that by tariffs and import quotas they can assure themselves at least the "home market," and they act on that belief. Prices of wheat have been held far above the world price in France, Germany, and Italy by these means. Under governmental stimulation, wheat growing has expanded so much in each country that the peasants would be ruined if wheat were let in freely from the United States, Canada, and the Argentine. As a result, wheat growers in the exporting countries have been ruined. Is it not utopian to expect that the government of any nation will sacrifice its own farmers for the benefit of those elsewhere so long as it has power to protect them? The same logic applies to manufacturers.

Even more nearly inevitable have been the restrictions on movements of gold, of capital, and of foreign exchange. When prices fell, it was harder to pay debts incurred at higher price levels. Nations whose exports were shrinking could not meet their debt charges. The inflow of credits ceased; capital began to rush out as internal finances cracked. That took gold away. Banking and monetary systems simply had to be propped up by forbidding the shipment of gold, by controlling the export of capital and the exchange markets. It is no good to know that these acts in turn helped prevent trade from reviving. The only route to trade revival by means of free movement of money seemed to be through universal bankruptcy, and no nation was willing to permit that amount of deflation if it could be avoided. *Laissez-faire* asked too much of human nature under the circumstances.

But the depression in turn, it is sometimes said, was caused by the War, which was an interference with the "natural" economic order by the "artificial" measures of wicked diplomatists, military men, ambitious rulers. Both parts of this statement are too simple. The world has suffered many depressions without war. There was no war preceding the gloomy nineties, which in many respects are comparable with the past few years. Connection between the War and the speculative overexpansion of 1928 and 1929 in this country is pretty remote. The War did not cause the immense inequality in the distribution of income, which, in the opinion of many, led to overinvestment and the inability of the masses to buy enough to keep the factories and the farms busy.

The War of course super-added many elements of unbalance to an already topheavy economic structure. But the Kaiser and the Tzar, Poincaré



and Sir Edward Grey, the Hapsburgs and the rest did not act in a vacuum. They were not living in the fourteenth century. Competition for markets was back of the rivalry for colonies and the struggle for sea power. We must not forget the push of Germany to the oil of the Near East, the desire of Russia for a warm-water port, the Berlin-Bagdad Railway, the struggle for the coal and iron of the Ruhr and Lorraine. Promoters of peace have been busy arguing that nations which expect to profit by conquest in the modern world are simply deceiving themselves; they cannot win. But the argument is irrelevant to the actual motives and behavior of nations subject to the influence of special interests. Oil companies can win; steel makers can win; armament purveyors can win. The "artificial," political interferences with economic health arose in large part from economic forces themselves. Economic nationalism, in spite of the theories of *laissez-faire*, flourished mightily before the War. Those who attempt merely to restore pre-war economic conditions are attempting also to restore the War.

Internationalism, then, is not a good word with which to describe the program of the orthodox economists. Their purposes are excellent; if they could be achieved the result might be called internationalism. But these purposes cannot be achieved by the means which they approve. The attempt to bestow freedom upon business by an absence of governmental interference merely results in the growth of powerful business groups which seek to restrict the freedom of other groups, of consumers, of government itself. Government may try to let alone, but profit-seekers will not. They will in the end use government to execute that multitude of interferences which they favor. Government may, to be sure, under the pressure of small and help-

less competitors, try to prevent the restraints imposed by big ones. A generation of such attempts in the United States does not encourage us to hope much from regulation to enforce competition, so far as internal policies are concerned. And internationally, it has completely lost the battle against protective tariffs. Adam Smith's plan, while preaching internationalism, favors the conditions under which the worst features of nationalism arise. A doctor would be no more foolish if when treating a drug addict he should content himself with shaking his finger at the patient for using narcotics, while leaving about large quantities of morphia and a hypodermic needle.

### III

Economic internationalism of the traditional sort is, then, a phantom, because the conditions essential to complete and workable *laissez-faire* cannot be brought into existence, either within the several nations or among them. What is the nationalism to which it is commonly opposed in argument? This also needs definition. Those who denounce nationalism usually lump together three separate things: first, the sort of situation in which the United States, France, Germany, and Japan have recently found themselves; second, the ideal of a totally self-sufficient national economy which neither imports nor exports anything, or "autarchy" (an ideal which no nation has ever achieved); and third, the project of a nationally planned economy, of which the Soviet Union is now the archetype. But surely these things are distinct, and have widely different faults and virtues.

The United States has long utilized nationalistic policies like protection, but it has been far from self-sufficient, and has made no energetic attempt to achieve autarchy. Its foreign trade

has amounted in normal times to ten per cent of its total business, and, as the economists have taken great pains to point out, has risen to a much larger percentage in important industries. The wheat farmers, the cotton farmers, the automobile makers, the agricultural-machinery makers, and many others have found a large part of their market abroad. On the other hand we have imported great quantities of rubber, coffee, sugar, tin, light manufactures, and thousands of other things. Surely, then, our difficulties have not arisen from complete economic self-sufficiency, and we are not bad examples of nationalism in that sense.

Nor can it be alleged that we have—with the possible exception of this year—ever made the slightest attempt at intelligent national planning. There has been plenty of planning and control by separate businesses in behalf of their separate gains. The nation has interposed all kinds of restrictions for the supposed benefit of special groups. But, as the economists also never weary of pointing out, these restrictions often tend to counteract one another. Through blindness and inadvertence we have attempted mathematical impossibilities like trying to enlarge our exports while putting barriers in the way of imports, insisting on the collection of foreign debts and ceasing to lend new money abroad. No national planner whom I ever heard of would be so silly as to try a thing like that. Similar dilemmas have been encountered without number and in greater urgency by other nations which are even less self-sufficient than we. Call this sort of thing nationalism, if you like, but do not call it autarchy and do not call it national planning. It is a crazy mixture which no good theorist of any school would approve.

At least on one point the old-school economists and the new economists can

agree—you cannot successfully exert planning and control in behalf of separate interests when these interests are opposed to one another. You must either have a much more complete laissez-faire than we have had or a much more integrated control. The horses must either run wild or, if they are driven, be driven as a team. Let us remember that laissez-faire is not the only program which can be urged as an alternative to the kind of hybrid "nationalism" the world has blundered into.

How about the nationalism of autarchy? If it could be achieved it would have certain advantages. Since the economic system of each nation would be completely closed, there would be no need any more of worrying about exports and imports, foreign debts and foreign exchange. Bismarck, North Dakota, would no longer be in want because East Prussia won power in the German government or Mussolini decided to drain the marshes and grow more wheat. We should doubtless pay more for what we had, we should have less in the long run, and we should work harder for it. We should be more secure from influences under the political control of foreigners. We should not, however, be secure from any misuse or lack of use of our own political control. Bismarck might be in want just the same. We might be as happy as Eskimos in Greenland or as miserable as peasants in China. If it were any satisfaction to know that foreigners did not cause our troubles, this satisfaction could be had. But autarchy is essentially a negative conception, and has the faults of all such conceptions. Without a sufficient geographical and economic base, and without sufficiently good management of the resources at hand, it would merely reproduce in miniature and in separate units the miseries of a whole world.



The chief fault of autarchy as a program, however, is the difficulty of achieving it. No nation is anywhere near self-sufficient. Russia and the United States perhaps come closest to possessing the requisite abundance and variety of natural resources and the necessary balance between resources and population. But if Russia could not import at least large quantities of machinery, her struggle for the means of a good life would be much longer and more painful. And if we had to find some other occupation for perhaps half the cotton growers of the South, not to speak of being forced to drink cereal coffee, we should be hard put to it.

Even such tasks would be easy compared with those of a nation like Germany. She now raises nearly all the food she needs, with the exception of some fats. Indeed, many of the peasants are complaining of the low prices they get. But more food cannot be sold unless the unemployed have work and the employed receive higher wages. Their welfare in turn depends on the activity of industry. German industry needs foreign markets. One might argue that if sufficiently high wages were paid, it could sell all its products at home. Even so, it needs many kinds of raw materials which do not exist within German borders. These must be bought with the proceeds of exports. The plain fact is that Germany cannot solve her economic problem so long as the urge toward autarchy prevails without a war of conquest. We have seen the same logic at work in Japan's advance into Manchuria and China.

If Germany and Japan confront difficulty of this sort, what about Belgium and Holland, Denmark and Czechoslovakia, Austria and Bulgaria? They cannot even think of aggression. For the small nations autarchy means not conquest but being conquered. A thoroughly logical, exclusive national-

ism means inevitable war. It does, that is, so long as natural resources in their present form are the base of economy. If chemistry should some day make it possible, by transmutation of elements and the release of atomic energy, for any man to find all the materials of a good life in his backyard, international problems would be solved at once. Until then autarchy is a program of disaster.

The third possible course is national planning. This is the precise opposite of the sort of confusion we have been having and is, in aim at least, quite distinct from autarchy. It does not emphasize a negative desirability of importing nothing from abroad and exporting nothing. Rather it emphasizes submitting the national economic establishment to rational control for a positive purpose like raising the standard of living. In such an endeavor exports and imports are almost certain to have an essential place. It is, if you like, one kind of nationalism, but it is a kind upon which internationalism may be built.

The Soviet Union has been seeking to export so eagerly that not long ago accusations of dumping were leveled at her by competing exporters. But her efforts to sell arose solely because she was striving with might and main to buy from abroad much larger quantities than she was able to import. In pursuit of this aim Maxim Litvinoff dangled before the astonished eyes of the delegates to the London Conference an offer to buy one billion dollars' worth of goods, with specifications, provided the necessary credits were forthcoming. No other nation came to that conference as an eager buyer. The common problem of all the others appeared to be to find a way to sell without buying. Litvinoff's gesture was largely responsible for the first steps by Great Britain to renew trade relations after the break caused

by the trial of the engineers. It probably helped to hasten recognition by the United States. All observers agreed that the one important result of the conference was the drawing of closer ties between Russia and the nations of the West.

The reason for this is simple enough. The Soviet Union, having planned her internal economy, knows that she needs certain things from other countries. She knows when she needs them, and how much of each. Having abolished freedom of international trade, and having set up in its place a government-owned concern both to buy and sell abroad, she is able to buy what she wants most and to sell what she thinks she can best spare in exchange. To such an institution it is immediately obvious that the true national object of foreign selling is not to pile up unused money but to get the foreign currencies required in order to buy abroad what the Russian people need. Trade assumes its basic aspect of barter. And it is also obvious that if the value of the goods sold is not great enough to cover the value of the goods which the nation wants to buy, and cannot be made so by selling more or charging higher prices, then the only way to obtain the extra goods is to borrow abroad enough money to pay for them. This is already clear in theory to all economists in all countries, communist and non-communist alike, but in most countries except Russia it is not applied in practice, and fearful tangles result because there is no single agency to apply it.

A peasant comes to the marketplace needing new tools, a horse and cow, cloth for winter clothing. He knows that in order to get these things he must take with him the pigs and grain he can spare. He dickers with others who need his pigs and grain but have extra tools, cattle, and cloth. The basic purpose of his trading is to supply

his own needs. The emphasis is on what one receives, not on selling as much as possible. If a nation's trading were governed as sensibly as that of a peasant and his family, there would not be a general surplus of goods for sale accompanied by a shortage of goods bought. We should not see nations engaged in the silly process of trying to dispose of their real wealth abroad without taking anything in exchange. By means of planning and trading as nations, and of doing these things in the interest not of special groups but of all the people of the nation, we can get back to the simple objectives taught by Adam Smith. The way to achieve the perfectly sensible aims of *laissez-faire* is to stop trying the methods it advocated.

One may, of course, question the specific decisions made by the Russian planners. It is often said that the Soviet Union inaugurated too ambitious a program of factories, machinery, railroads, and power plants, and in order to achieve it deprived the people of too much food and clothing. But this does not alter the principles of nationally controlled foreign trade. If the Soviet Union had bought less machinery abroad it would presumably have wanted to buy more consumers' goods. The possibility that wrong decisions can be made as to what a nation needs most and what it can best spare leaves intact the principle that under a socially planned economy a nation will sell not for the sake of selling but in order to buy. An international market composed of nations whose trade is so adjusted will be a market, not exclusively of sellers, but of buyers and sellers. In such a market there must be a strong drive toward adjustment of interests and toward expansion rather than contraction of trade.

It may also be objected that the Soviet Union, however much it may



desire to buy at present, is in fact looking forward to a self-contained economy, that, indeed, it is buying the sort of things it needs in order to achieve that very aim. But this is also incidental to the main argument. The policy of working toward self-containment was adopted, not because it is inherent in planned economy, but because the Soviet Union has been the only socialist state and has not felt safe in relying upon other nations, not socially planned, to supply it with necessities. It lived, too, in constant fear of military attack—and with good reason. Originally the Bolsheviks were convinced that socialism in Russia was doomed unless there should be a world revolution. When world revolution did not come, it was believed necessary to make Russia as economically self-contained as possible in order to save the Russian revolution. Autarchy, then, was conceived not as a desirable goal in itself, but as a difficult and dangerous necessity. It is worth noting, too, that in spite of Russia's tendency toward autarchy, and in spite of her immense military preparations, she is everywhere recognized as a power from which there is no danger of aggression. Those who plan in behalf of the economic welfare of the masses know well that war spells disaster to their plans. They will fight if they are compelled to do so in defense, but the defense would be not of oil or steel or trading or banking profits, but of the national economy.

No sooner had the United States begun tentatively to plan nationally than it began to plan international trade at the point where it was most seriously disrupted. What could be done about the foreign markets for American wheat? The Agricultural Administration could not rely on vague hopes that this market would be restored by a conversion of foreign nations to free trade. It had to decide what was to be

done with the existing surplus, and how much American acreage was to be devoted to wheat this year. The wheat-exporting nations were gathered in conference. They had first to find out how much wheat the importing nations could be persuaded to take. With this information in hand, they could allot among themselves the required exports. They could work out price arrangements. And knowing something about the probable exports of each country which was in the habit of producing a surplus for that purpose, we could take measures to control domestic production. The resulting agreement—still a very imperfect one—was the only specific agreement which came directly out of the London conference. It was an approach to a rational solution of a definite problem, and it was made possible only because, in this realm, *laissez-faire* was abandoned in favor of national planning.

In the process of international trade among nationally planned economies there would be bickerings, the disputes about prices and quantities, which occur in any market. But there would be a continual pressure to agree, caused by the requirements of obtaining larger supplies. The disputes would be formulated in definite and rational terms. Each nation, having its own economy under control, would know what it wanted. It would have a schedule of imports and exports which were required. It would know its needs for lending or borrowing, its currency policy. These things could be fitted together. At present, most single nations have foreign trade practices which are internally inconsistent. It is impossible to come to a trade understanding with such a nation because it does not agree with itself. The first requisite for threading through the tangle of obstacles to for-

eign trade is to know what we want. When disputes are formulated, there is some chance of settling them. Begin with national planning, and you are sure to end with international planning. The absence of national planning does not rid us of international complications; it simply insures international confusion.

The aims of the planned economy which Adam Smith set down are, for the most part, sound aims for any planned economy. Goods should be produced where they can be produced most efficiently—so long as we mean by efficiency not exploitation of labor but skillful use of natural and human resources. It is better to produce a great deal at a low price than a little at a high price. Wide markets are an advantage. There should be flexible and prompt adjustments among demand, supply, and price. What we are in the process of learning is that these aims cannot be achieved in the modern world by the free interplay of profit-seeking businesses. The search

of business for profit soon negates the freedom. It fixes certain prices while allowing others to be flexible. It controls output principally by restriction rather than by increase. It sets up barriers in the middle of world-wide markets. It uses governmental powers, not for the interest of the whole people of a nation, but for the divergent interests of minorities. This is what prevents that very internationalism which the doctors of laissez-faire prescribe.

If we are to achieve internationalism not in theory but in fact we must achieve it on the basis of a true nationalism. National governments based on the economic interest of the majority of their several peoples, and controlling internal economic life in pursuit of that interest, would find it relatively easy to agree and trade with one another. National governments not so based, and not exercising such control, are certain to hamper trade and are likely to destroy themselves by war.





## The Lion's Mouth



### CLEVER GIRL

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

THE career of Bunny Thorne shows what a girl can do in these times with her wits, a well-made body, and a face that has good points. She is not a great beauty, she is not possessed of profound talent, she is not even very brilliant. But she is clever. In moments of wry candor that is the way Bunny herself expresses it. One must add the fact, the important fact, that she has known with a shrewd, tenacious knowledge pretty much what she has wanted.

While there are not many like her, there are a few whose conspicuous success in a harsh world in which they are armed only with the elemental endowments of nature deserves a latter-day DeFoe, a contemporary Hogarth. What a brilliant series of cartoons her career to the age of twenty-five would make: a harlot's progress with a perverse, twentieth-century ending, a happy, cinematic ending. But harlot is an archaic word unknown to the amoral sphere in which Bunny Thorne has won the glittering, desirable prizes that she started out to get.

You begin with nothing or next to nothing—a father and mother in Oak Park, which is the great middle-class suburb of Chicago. He sells paper,

a quiet, shy sort of man who has never made enough money for the Thorne family. Mrs. Thorne belongs to clubs; she is intelligent, ambitious, never quite satisfied with her lot. Early in life she planted in Bunny's mind a number of ideas: feminism, freedom between the sexes (this always properly vague), the necessity of achievement in order that a woman may attain independence.

At fourteen the child was highly obnoxious. She was sturdy and out-doorish. Her mother had pushed her ahead in school, and with some justification, for Bunny was precocious. She was about to graduate from high school, filled with a brazen and pretty obvious contempt for most of the adults she had thus far encountered. During the next five years she studied archæology at the University of Chicago, and in between times she rode and strode and bounded over open spaces—any open spaces—wearing high laced boots, breeches, and an expression of lofty disdain for all males. There was scarcely any promise of what was to come.

By the time she had completed a year of graduate work she knew so much about archæology that it was impossible to ignore her. The department had to find her a job. She was set to classifying sherds and fragments of clay pottery found in deposits discovered in southern Illinois, a labor requiring patience and perseverance and not much else. These are qualities which Bunny has never admired. She had been lured into archæology by wild dreams of discovery, lost cities, daunt-

less expeditions, buried civilizations—Sunday-supplement archæology. Classifying sherds was too dull and too slow. Bunny quit.

With the assurance of a job as courier with a tourist agency, she went to Santa Fe. There was a boy in the archæological laboratory there whom Bunny liked in a vague way. He may have been the real reason for Santa Fe. Some of the angles had become curves; she had a virginal freshness that was charming. But what was more important, she had begun to develop an attitude toward life.

It was a kind of lighthearted, indifferent, nonchalant despair that suited her very well. She had a way of letting you know that the world had tricked her pretty badly; that business about letting her believe a woman could advance in archæology and do big exciting things—that was rather shabby. But . . . oh well . . . she had a grand way of shrugging her shoulders and looking at you out of clear, candid, despairing blue eyes. At the end of a month in Santa Fe she went up to Taos for a week-end with the boy in the archæological laboratory. It wasn't love. It may have been curiosity, as she insists, or it may have been a practical realization that this was something one had better begin to learn about right away.

The boy in the archæological laboratory returned shortly to the university, but Bunny didn't mind much. She had acquired a fine tan and, unlike most of the other girls who were couriers, she looked handsome in a big felt hat and Pueblo silver chains. Other men came along and sometimes, if they were attractive and pleasant, Bunny slept with them, always with a brave kind of indifference that left them pretty grateful and pretty humble about it all. One of these men was in charge of children's books for a New York publisher. Bunny's beautiful

tan and her beautiful, brave, proud indifference to life got this J. Harmon Beckworth. She had an idea for a book that would knock the living hell out of archæology, she told him, leave it all raw and bleeding and exposed. It was a brilliant idea, he told her, and the thing for her to do was to come to New York with him and tell his publisher about it.

She went. They had a compartment on a train de luxe and J. Harmon Beckworth bought orchids for her at Kansas City because they were so incongruous: orchids and this brave, proud, indifferent, primitive person. He called her a savage, a magnificent savage. And she told him not to be an ass; she said she didn't want him to buy orchids or pay for her train fare or anything else, and that as soon as her book was published she would make him take back the cost of her train fare.

This journey must be put down as one of her few errors. It was premature, a false dawn. She looked a little awkward in New York. The publisher was very cold to the idea of the book that was to tear the veils off of archæology. It wasn't enough to be brave and proud and indifferent. J. Harmon Beckworth took her to several parties at which she sat silent in corners. New York was silly, she said. It was all trivial and ridiculous and she hated it and she hated J. Harmon Beckworth pretty much too. She was going to have a baby, she thought, and that frightened her, although she would never let him see that she was frightened. A friend from school, a good conscientious girl who was doing well as a humble assistant in the Museum of Natural History, lent Bunny twenty-five dollars. She took the money and with all the brave, proud indifference that she could muster, she sought a doctor.

Chastened by New York, she wired her family for bus fare to Chicago.



They all said, the family and her friends, how fine it was she had come home, and how much more serious she seemed, and how it was better to take a modest sensible job. At the end of a month and a half she left for Santa Fe again, having earned the railroad fare by selling gloves in Mandel's.

Bunny has always demonstrated a shrewd ability to learn from experience. She had been back on the courier job scarcely a month when she met Grant Wills. He was only a little older than Bunny, wicked looking in a tired way, and rich in his own right. The first night they met Bunny told him, in her proud, indifferent way, how funny J. Harmon Beckworth and her New York adventure had been. He said it was marvelous and hadn't she ever thought about writing it. His uncle owned some magazines and he would get it published for her.

The second day he asked her to go and live on his ranch with him. They would be alone there, with only the Mexican servants. No, she said, she couldn't do that because she didn't believe in living on people; it was foolish, it was probably absurd, it was probably asinine, but it was a principle with her. And then he said, well, what if she sold some things to his uncle's magazine, couldn't she pay her own way then? And she said she thought that might be all right. She sold the first two articles she wrote to Grant Wills' uncle's magazine and got rather large checks for them. They were about a girl who was brave and proud and indifferent.

After that she sold two more things to Grant Wills' uncle's magazine. And Grant was always cheating her, he was always forgetting about what he'd spent, so she couldn't really pay for half of their expenses. They quarreled about that sometimes. One day Grant asked her if she wouldn't go abroad. No, she said grimly, she wouldn't go to

Europe. Why not, he asked her. Go to hell, she told him, and got on a horse and rode out across the desert. Grant found her lying under a cottonwood tree in the nearest arroyo, looking up at the sky. Why won't you go to Europe with me, he demanded. Because I haven't any money, you ass, she said.

That was all arranged. She wrote some more little sketches and they were sold through Grant Wills' uncle and then they were to be collected and put into a book and Bunny got, in advance, a check for seven hundred dollars which pleased her very much. The sketches were all about a girl who was brave and desperate and rather grim. Bunny said they would make a lousy book and she couldn't see why anybody would pay for it. In New York with Grant and Grant's uncle she met the right people, the right critics, the right *flâneurs*, the right poets, and the right wisecrackers and she met them in the right way, in Grant's uncle's big studio living room. They all said they thought she was very charming and naïve.

Bunny crossed in tourist third. She said she couldn't afford anything else and besides she knew she wouldn't like the overstuffed people in first. But she spent all her time in first, with Grant, nevertheless. You could do more things in first and the drinks were better there. In England Grant took her down to his cousin's place for the week-end. His cousin was Lady Chenstone. The English said they thought Bunny was very charming and naïve and very American. Bunny said she thought the English were awfully stupid and she wanted to get on to Paris.

In Paris she was for going to a cheap hotel on the Left Bank. Grant insisted that the Crillon was convenient to everything and cheaper, really, if you figured in the taxi fare you saved.

They almost had a quarrel over it, and Bunny only yielded when Grant pointed out that the Comte de Courvoisier was staying at the Crillon. The Comte de Courvoisier was one of the reasons Bunny had come to Europe; he was an archæologist, a celebrated archæologist, a Sunday-supplement archæologist. The second day they were at the Crillon Bunny went up to his suite and told him, without very much preliminary, that she was going on his next expedition. The Comte de Courvoisier, who was young and distinguished looking, said that of course she would go on his next expedition and how delightful and would she mind telling him who she was.

It was like calling to like, deep to deep, with Bunny Thorne and the Comte de Courvoisier. He is one of the great international phonies who by virtue of his name, which is an old name in France, has made archæology pay in a large way. His patrons have been for the most part rich American women who have been susceptible to the de Courvoisier name and the de Courvoisier charms. He told Bunny that his next expedition was to Siberia, by special permission of the Soviet government, and it would be grand to have her along, but there was the trifling matter of ten thousand dollars which was necessary to outfit the party. They were going to dig up the first Mongolian man and pry a bit into the treasures of Genghis Khan, de Courvoisier said. But there was that annoying matter of ten thousand dollars.

Bunny told Grant about it. She said she thought this de Courvoisier expected her to crash through with ten thousand dollars, which was very funny. Grant asked her if she would like to go. Why naturally, she said, looking down and twisting her handkerchief into small knots. Grant said he thought that perhaps he could do something about the ten thousand dol-

lars and perhaps he could go to Siberia too. "You're just doing it because you rather like me, aren't you?" Bunny said to him, and she made it clear she didn't want that. But Grant insisted in a pretty firm way that it was all for science and the first Mongolian man. He sent a long cable to his father, who was a director on several Foundations, and in an amazingly short time the Comte de Courvoisier had his ten thousand dollars.

Things were a bit awkward when, a week or two later, the Comte said that it would hardly be practical for Grant to accompany the expedition since he was not a trained archæologist; the reason was that when they came to the end of railways and ordinary transportation every inch of space would count. Grant said that was all right, he would pay for more space, more camels, more pack-mules, more tractors, or whatever was needed. But the Comte was firm and there was unpleasantness. Grant came out and told Bunny flatly that he thought she had pulled the whole business so that she could go off alone with the Comte. Cut to the quick, she said that he was stupid and that he thought of nothing but money and that he'd better go back to America and that she'd paid her own way and didn't feel in the least indebted to him.

On the day before the expedition was to leave Paris there was a grand party for the Comte de Courvoisier and for Bunny Thorne, who was quite clearly identified with the business by now. There were even cables to the American newspapers about this charming young girl who was going to brave the perils of Siberia for science. The *New York Times* carried a lot about it, for the *Times* was paying the Comte de Courvoisier a considerable sum for daily cablegrams from the site describing his discoveries, which were sure to be thrilling. They left in a special



car. Bunny was wearing a sable coat which she had annexed by being brave and proud and indifferent about the bitter cold of the Russian steppe.

She had met an old and decaying dancer who had been the mistress of a Grand Duke. "You're taking furs to Russia, of course, you foolish child," said the dancer. "Oh, no," said Bunny, "I don't think I shall mind the cold, really. I never have, and besides, I'll be so excited." "But you know this is cold, another kind of cold, you must take furs," said the dancer, "I have sables that are fearfully warm; I'll let you take those." "But I'll probably get them all muck," said Bunny, "and then I'll be ashamed to bring them back to you." Bunny looked a little like a Grand Duchess in the sables, very foreign looking, with a Schiaparelli hat that came down over one eye.

Just what happened on the expedition to find the first Mongolian man no one will ever know. The de Courvoisier cablegrams were fully as thrilling as those which he had sent from the site of Sodom when he had been digging among the ruins there two years before. His public learned a great deal about the sex life of the Mongolian man. From the Comte's cablegrams you could gather that an American girl named Thorne was on the expedition and you learned that she was pretty plucky and courageous and determined but always her role was a minor one. When she came back, Bunny said that she had spent most of her time in a kind of igloo at the end of the railway line, and, to escape boredom, she wrote a novel which was about an awfully amusing girl who went on a mad archæological expedition with a scientist who was a frightful fake. While she was in Siberia her book of sketches came out, and the right critics said the right things about it and it sold twelve thousand copies, a

fact which surprised Bunny more than anyone else when she learned it.

For all that she was shrewd enough to see through him, it is possible that Bunny Thorne fell in love with the Comte de Courvoisier during their Siberian exile. And it is no wonder, for from the age of five he had been conditioned by a very cynical mother and later by an even more cynical step-mother to make himself attractive to women. As Bunny herself said, Henri's kiss on the hand was almost worth a diamond bangle. And he was brave and proud and headstrong too. It is even possible that they discussed between them the possibility of marriage, which is a little ironic.

For when they returned to Paris, the de Courvoisiers, mother and step-mother and father and uncles and cousins and aunts, took care to check this tender young love while it was still tender. Who, they demanded, was Bunny Thorne? Very charming, very clever, very amusing, but really . . . You know when you marry an American, you marry a rich American. Henri listened to reason and he gave Bunny the benefit of a very heart-broken and dramatic farewell, filled with phrases about facing reality, which didn't in the least deceive her.

It was a great blow and not only to her ego, her pride. Left alone, she got into a taxi and rode about Paris for two hours. Then she went to a small hotel on the Left Bank and took veronal. But of course, as Bunny herself says, one always takes too much veronal or too little. She slept for thirty-six hours and then woke up with nothing worse than a headache, amused that a whole day and a whole night should have dropped out of her life. She thought it was so amusing that she telephoned everyone she knew in Paris and asked them to come to a party at Joseph's to celebrate her recovery from her suicide. It was a very good party

and there were quite a few smart people there. It is one of Bunny's best stories, her suicide and the party to celebrate her recovery from her suicide. Several of the guests bathed in the rosy dawn in the waters of the fountain of the Place de la Concorde. The gossip papers had bits about it. A courtly American gentleman, very rich, had insisted upon paying the bill at Joseph's; and it was a very large bill.

Bunny had learned rather a lot from her encounter with the de Courvoisiers. They had been too much for her, and she knew it. The French were too much for her. America was such an innocent country. Besides, her publishers in America were very anxious to arrange about publication of the novel which, they had written, should follow closely upon the success of the first book. Bunnysailed for New York.

She found herself something of a celebrity. Reporters and photographers came on board at quarantine to interview her, and she knew just how to take that, with the proper kind of familiar, humorous boredom, as though it had happened for at least twenty crossings. She had been at the Brevoort scarcely long enough to unpack when she had three invitations for week-ends. And lo and behold, who should turn up but Grant Wills. "I'm afraid I behaved rather oddly in Paris," he said. And Bunny said, "Yes, you did, and I did, too, so that's over." Three days later at his uncle's place at Glen Cove he said he thought it would be awfully amusing if they were to be married. And Bunny said she thought so too, but there was just one thing. The courtly American gentleman who had paid her bill at Joseph's had, strangely enough, crossed on the same boat with her and he wanted to marry her, too. He was rather a nice old gentleman and he was fearfully, fearfully rich. He manufactured

soups, which made it even funnier, Bunny said. At first Grant was a little hurt, but she made him see how funny it all was and how she probably would marry Grant if she married anyone. It would be too absurd to be married to soup.

Bunny may marry Grant Wills or she may marry soup, or she may marry neither. But within the next year she will probably marry someone safe. She will be twenty-five, and at twenty-five it is not so easy to be brave and proud and indifferent; or at any rate it is easier to be all those things within a safe harbor. Within the next five years Bunny will probably marry two or three persons. Soup may be the last one on the list.

Bunny has enemies, people who are jealous of her success, who like to say that she is through, passé, that absurd gin and jazz business, you know. But they are making a serious mistake. Bunny has already adjusted very neatly to this sober era. She's something of a radical. Her next book may be called, *Living Under*, a grim little piece about a girl who lives in flop houses and sleeps with sailors in parks. She can talk theoretical economics with the best of them. And as for her practical economics, the girl could do a rousing good book on that theme. No one would ever recognize the sturdy Oak Park child. She looks spirituelle and a little world weary in a smart way, just haggard enough to wear Schiaparelli clothes as they should be worn. She has never lost her candor which is her most engaging quality. She will tell you, if she thinks your intelligence is up to it, that she's outrageous, that any age which would tolerate—my God, encourage—such a patent fraud must be a pretty poor thing. You don't for a moment believe her. No, it is a serious mistake to count Bunny Thorne out. The girl is clever.





## Editor's Easy Chair

# THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

**N**RA! That means National Recovery Act and it sounds good, for in various particulars we need recovery. That will be generally admitted, but, after all—how much? How much do we want back of what we had in 1929? Certainly not all! No, not nearly all! We made some good losses of things we do not want back.

It will be recalled by survivors of the period of the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment that it did rid us of some things we were desirous to lose. It was observed at the time by persons not at all favorable to National Prohibition that anyhow it broke the hold of the liquor interests on politics. That was good. The liquor interests as a group worked for their own pockets all the time. They were far from being satisfied to meet the demand; they labored constantly to increase it. The other day an oldtime brewer died and the estate that he left has recently been valued at something over thirty-eight million dollars. It seems unnecessary that brewers should be so rich as that, though there is no special objection unless it is a result of an over-stimulation of thirst in thousands of people. We don't want the liquor interests back in the saddle. We want it possible to buy beer, wine, spirits, anything else. We want the prices of these commodities to be low enough to beat the bootleggers; whether consumption of drinks

shall be perpendicular or not does not seem to be a vital concern, but that the more harmless drinks shall be easily had and cheap is important; and the elimination of private profit from the sale of stimulants seems desirable in so far as it will really work. We want drinks, but we do not want an irrigation of the national gullet for the profit of the sellers.

All that concerns drinks and the selling of them is on trial and under observation and will be worked out somehow; but about the NRA—how much recovery do we want? We get daily reading about the state of our affairs, both as they are and as, lately, they have been. As they are includes an over-supply of hold-ups, murders, lynchings, a vast and steady homicidal record by motor cars, prodigious unemployment, suicides, want, divorce, and all that. These incidents are partly an inheritance from the Great War and partly the results of life as it was lived from 1918 to 1929. An order of human life that produced the ills we now notice is good riddance for us. Surely there will be agreement about that.

In *The Atlantic Monthly* for December there was an article by Albert Jay Nock in which he described life as it is lived in a country that he called *Amenia* as being the home of amenity, but which plainly enough is really Portugal. He described it as a coun-

try without modern improvements, at least without many of them, in which there was no effort to break down sales resistance, good enough roads but not concrete ones, very simple pleasures much enjoyed, life in general moving at a much slower and easier pace and its blessings cultivated before they were past. How faithful a picture this was of Portugal does not matter, but at least it recalled the Victorian period when, despite the lack of an enormous apparatus for entertainment that has since been provided, a good many people thought they were having a good time. The point of it all is that the material things except the necessities of life do not count so much for human happiness as we are apt to suppose, and the spiritual and mental things count for more.

That idea is being widely propagated just now on all sides by ministers, even by bankers, by all sorts of thoughtful people, but not very much by the NRA whose immediate job is to cure unemployment, feed the hungry, house the roofless, and get millions of people somehow through the winter, and which naturally cannot see the solutions of its problems in any sharp dissatisfaction with material things. If it wants to bring back in a hurry production, distribution, the circulation of money, it must want those things. Its appeal to everyone who has any money is to be as extravagant as possible. It tries to cheapen our dollars so that it will be possible to get more of them into circulation. With these purposes, as things contrived to meet a vast emergency, one cannot find fault, but only wonder how much we can be lifted out of our morass of depression by pulling at our boot straps.

Our country will not go back to the condition of Portugal which Mr. Nock pictures to us as so happy. We have a different errand in the world from Portugal. Our job is to improve hu-

man life, and a large part of our apparatus which includes so many superfluities should contribute, when digested, to that improvement. The job is to digest it—a large and curious operation.

THE immense craze to make money which culminated in 1929 has abated somewhat for lack of feeding. Two classes of public leaders that have shrunk in current reputation are the Generals in the late War and the Bankers that succeeded them. Few of the writers who write up the War have anything very good to say about the Generals. Most of them think they were stupid and wasted life; were not equal to their job and could not do it. Pershing came out well, Haig pretty well, Foch pretty well, perhaps because they saw the War's end. The Great War when we got into it was flattered by observers as a war to end war, a suggestion that critics now deride, pointing to increased armaments all over Europe. Nevertheless, it may turn out, and is likely to, more deserving of the function attributed to it than yet appears. It did knock war pretty hard. It was so immeasurably rotten, so enormously homicidal, destructive, costly, almost everything bad. For ourselves if we needed a lesson about war, as we doubtless did, we were lucky to get into that one. Nations that did so do not want another.

The same thing applies more or less to the vast acrobatic achievements of the banks in the last years before the smash. Nobody wants banks to behave like that again. Evidently the doctors who can be trusted to cure war are not the Pacifists but the Generals, and the doctors who can be trusted to cure banking are not the Communists nor the Socialists but the Bankers. They have done a wonderful job on banking and those of them who are not "doing time" seem fully aware of



it. The towers they built still hit the stars but do not help their credit.

*The Times* has published Tolstoy's Plea for Peace written nearly twenty-five years ago for a Peace Conference at Stockholm but suppressed because of its violent language. It was written in the last year of Tolstoy's life. He did not mince matters about war. He died before the Great War but he did not need its teachings. He condemned war utterly, said it was contrary to Christianity and contrary to "Thou shalt not kill."

That is not only true, but twenty-five years have marked a great advance toward acceptance of the truth of it. Christ said "Love thy neighbor," but he did not expect the world to do it; he expected wars and said so, and war will continue until humanity is educated to the point of avoiding it. The fact that it is wrong may have less power to stop it than the fact that it does not pay, that no nation can get a profit nowadays out of a great war whether successful or not.

The main source of instruction in this life—not the only source but the main one—seems to be suffering. Pain is Nature's teacher. Christ himself, having taught the highest precepts and lived the most blameless and useful life, died on the cross because it was so willed by the people he strove to help. Was that failure? No, it was a species of success that has since been repeated over and over again. The Great War was in its way a crucifixion of Europe and not a little of these States. The pangs of it still sting. Much is said about the armaments that now continue and tend even to expand in the great countries. But after all they are armaments based on fear and their purpose is not conquest but avoidance of war. For lack of spiritual powers to that end, resort is had to such material powers as may be contrived. Few of us have yet got to the point

which Tolstoy very likely had reached of advising nations to go bare of arms because war was a great sin. We have got far enough to realize that in the rapid development of the means of destruction war has come to be more and more incompatible with social human life, and that is progress even though one cannot call it arrival.

Now what can religion do for us? There are two standard means of improving the deportment of mankind. One is to approach it from the outside by precept, by regulation, by compulsion; to make rules for living and use the police power to constrain people to live within them. That is the method of law. The other is to approach conduct through the will, to inspire or instruct the wills of men so that they will want to be good. Both of these methods are all the time at work. Law does what it can. Of course it is an imperfect instrument but when well developed out of experience of life and well administered it is very valuable and is indeed our main reliance for keeping public order. It does not really aim to make men good; it cannot do that; but with fair luck it can protect them from disturbance in living as they will, provided their conduct does not conflict with their neighbors' enjoyment of the same privilege. If law keeps order and promotes justice according to the standards of the time and place, it does its job. It does not aim to make men love one another. That is the function of religion and therein is the best hope of the world. Whoever said "'Tis love that makes the world go round" said true. When we try to think who made this world and why he made it and what are his ideas of human life, we approach a subject that is rather overlarge for our faculties. Nevertheless, there is no novelty in the idea that we have a Creator and that he has a plan for humanity and that

the more we know of it and the more nearly we conform to it the better off we shall be. Besides that there is a very obstinate and widespread conviction among men that there is more to life, our life, than here appears—that this life in this world is a school out of which we graduate into another with such standing as our conduct and our progress here may warrant. As to that the following words from an academic source are of interest as a statement of religion a little different from what ordinarily proceeds from a pulpit. They come from a man long and actively concerned in human affairs and thoughtful and important in their direction:

Either the aspirations and moral nature of men have evolved like the scales of a fish from cold physical laws or there is a conscious purpose behind it all and if such a purpose it has a moral significance. That significance and the moral completeness it implies involve Immortality. Of course I cannot demonstrate this to the satisfaction of others but it is the faith I live by and I have never heard any different philosophy that gives me a faith I can live by. Without it I can conform to traditional rules of conduct but I cannot see a true reason for what I try to do beside conventionality. Without it, therefore, there is to me no real meaning or vital force in life.

That seems to illustrate very well the difference between legality and religion; for religion, as we know it, implies the connection of terrestrial life with an invisible world peopled by spirits and out of which proceed influences of deep importance to terrestrial life. So one may conclude, if he is of that mind, that the best hope for human life and order, peace and satisfaction in our world lies in the development of religion. But what does that mean? Does it mean that the churches shall prosper? That they shall fill their pews and pay their bills? That may be a consequence and a useful one of religious development, but the main thing is that truth shall be recognized and taught and a very substantial part

of that truth will be increased recognition of our relation to the invisible world and fuller and better knowledge of what to do about it.

The main trouble with Christianity, as we know it, is in the imperfect interpretation and application of its Founder's teachings by his followers and interpreters. Organized Christianity is always reaching out for material power and the use of force in compelling obedience to its admonitions.

At this writing we are observing the collapse of Prohibition. That was a movement mainly contrived and copiously supported by the Protestant Churches. The Methodists, the Baptists, and the Presbyterians were strong for it. The remedy they devised and finally imposed upon the general public aimed at the total abolition of all alcoholic drinks. By lobbies, by a sort of terrorism, by concentration on a single aim they got their amendment passed and its enforcement began. But they had made a law which the conscience of the country would not support. We know the rest of the story. The law dealt with real evils but it created much greater evils than it dealt with. What is remarkable is that it lasted so long. Its fate is a warning to us not to trust the representatives of organized religion with lawmaking and the use of the police powers. As citizens they have, of course, the same political rights as other citizens—to argue, to advocate, to vote; but Torquemada had the police power in Spain and he made it a Hell. The job of the churches is spiritual; it is the cure of souls, the developing of relations with the invisible world which will help people on their spiritual side; to teach them that the aim of life is not riches, nor fame, nor power, but righteousness and to love one's neighbor. To whom it does that those other gains—such as they are—are likely to be added.





# Harpers *Magazine*

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## THIS AGE OF PLENTY

AND THE IMPERATIVES WHICH IT INVOLVES

BY STUART CHASE

**S**UPPOSE that the thirteen million people living in the United States in 1830 had awakened on the morning of January 1, 1831, with forty times the physical energy they had gone to bed with the night before. An active picture meets the mind's eye, a very active picture. A lumberman can fell forty times as many trees in a week, a housewife sweep forty times as many square feet of floor; porters can transport forty times their accustomed load; weavers ply their shuttles forty times as fast—if the shuttles can brook the strain; and children raise forty times their normal rumpus.

Assuming no increase in the invention of labor-saving devices—and where would be the point with such an exuberance of labor available—what might we logically expect in the way of economic changes in a culture essentially handicraft? From an Economy of

Scarcity, with barely enough to go round, the young republic would almost immediately enter an Economy of Abundance. The food supply could be increased—not forty-fold, due to the lack of tools and cleared land, but perhaps five-fold—in a remarkably short time; whereas to double it would probably provide a plethora for all. Every family could have a fine house, filled with fine handmade Colonial furniture; every man could have a fine coat, one for every day in the week; and every woman a chest of linen as big as a box stall.\*

The new energy would get through to everybody. It would flower at once into goods for the ultimate consumer. Hours of labor could be cut to two or

\* 1830 was not a pure handicraft society. Prime movers were just coming in, but their frailty is demonstrated by the historic thirteen-mile race on August 25, 1830, in Baltimore, between Tom Thumb, the first locomotive built in the country, and a horse and carriage. The horse won.

three a day, and still the citizens would have to take to climbing mountains or organizing expeditions to the unknown West, or playing the most strenuous games, or writing long epic poems, or painting miles of murals like Diego Rivera, or even dispensing with work animals, to spend their surplus vitality.

To-day, in the United States, we have precisely this equivalent of energy per capita.\* It is not in our muscles, but in our delivered power resources, in actual coal, oil, and natural gas burned, and water turbines turned. This energy is given, and has been used; every foot-pound of it. Yet the average standard of living, while including more commodities and services than that of 1830, is still below the margin of health and decency; millions are acutely undernourished, miserably housed, deplorably clothed, while economic insecurity clutches at almost every heart. The furnaces roar, the turbines whirl, the compression chambers stiffen to the shock of the explosion, but life is a more uncertain business than it was a century ago, and that happiness which Mr. Jefferson bade us pursue is as remote as when he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

Something is wrong here, something very wrong indeed. Even if we assume that the costs of long-distance hauling, the mining of coal and oil, the supplying of great cities, the construction of the industrial plant, and other necessary outlays for high-energy civilizations account for as much as seventy-five per cent of all new energy delivered, a forty-fold increase in energy should result in a ten-fold increase in living standards. But the actual in-

crease in material well-being of 1930 over 1830 was probably not more than two-fold. Riding through North Carolina not long ago, I saw a bright blue motor car, resplendent with chromium fittings, in the yard of a dilapidated shack constructed of rough logs and plastered with red mud. The car and the hut belonged to the same share cropper. It struck me as a not unreasonable summary of the net gain in living standards since 1830.

The immense new powers have not flowered in useful consumers' goods but have run to immense new wastes. Our very junk piles would have ransomed a king in the Middle Ages, with their stores of metal and findings. The State of New York undoubtedly contains more fabricated "wealth" than did all Europe in 1400 A.D.; but, for all its due capitalization, it is not wealth in terms of human use and enjoyment. It is largely misplaced energy crystallized in stone and steel. The United States was a poor country in 1830, and is a poor country to-day, in terms of the human calculus. The Economy of Abundance is here, right enough, but like a wastrel's legacy, it has done us little good.

## II

Why, with such a magnificent increase in the technological apparatus, have the tangible results been so meager? Primarily because the technological apparatus has not been built with human well-being in mind. It has been built not to make goods but to make money.

In the Economy of Scarcity goods were dear, money was dear, labor—in the United States—was dear; population pressed against the food supply. In the Economy of Abundance the food supply, for the first time in human history, presses against population. Surplus becomes a more acute problem

\* According to Professor A. B. Lamb of Harvard, the maximum potential energy of high-handicraft cultures, including manpower, work animals, windmills, water wheels, etc., is about 4,000 kilogram calories per capita per day. This is our 1830 base. In 1929, the energy in coal, oil, natural gas, and water power actually consumed was 156,000 kilogram calories per capita per day. Adding the original 4,000, we get a total of 160,000, which is forty times greater than in 1830.



than dearth. A financial system which worked well enough in scarcity conditions, when local communities were largely self-supporting, and which worked moderately well in the expanding markets of the nineteenth century, is unable to cope with Abundance in its maturer phases. The financial system is rooted in conditions of relative scarcity. How else shall price levels be maintained, and all the vested interests which have clustered upon those prices be validated? Abundance is a savage threat to the price levels of the manufacturer, to the worker's wage level, to the farmer's crop prices, to the banker's interest rates. As it advances it drives prices, wages, farm incomes, interest rates, toward an ultimate zero.

"Industry is carried on," says Veblen, "for the sake of business, and not conversely; and the progress and activity of industry are conditioned by the presumptive chance of business profits. . . . Serviceability, industrial advisability is not the decisive point. The decisive point is business expediency and business pressure. . . . The vital factor is the vendibility of the output, its convertibility into money values, not its serviceability for the needs of mankind." The present surplus, fostered by energy and technology, is relentlessly undermining vendibility. Athwart this threat have been thrown monopolies, the pyramiding of prices through waste, restrictions on abundant credit and purchasing power—barriers and dams of every conceivable variety. But the curve of invention is a geometric one, as William F. Ogburn has shown, and will not be gainsaid.

The great industrial and agricultural plant has been placed in one frame of reference: that of business, finance, and salability. What is it worth in dollars? It was "worth" perhaps four hundred billions in 1929 and two hundred billions to-day, which is obvious nonsense, you say; for the land

has not sunk into the sea, the shelves are still piled with goods, and the machines are more powerful than ever. Wait, my friend! You are changing the frame of reference from vendibility to serviceability. In terms of dollars—and dollars are the counters in the financial game the citizens play—the United States, after four years of depression, is a jewel in a pawn shop, worth fifty cents on the dollar.

An inventor comes to you with a new aluminum alloy, talking behind his hand. He produces samples, diagrams, cost figures. You ask to see the patent papers. They are in order. The thing looks good, remarkably good. Who else knows about it? Nobody knows about it. Not a word to a soul. Old Johnson would give his eye teeth to get in on this. Not a word to him. But there are Jackson and Josephson, good men both, and with money. Jackson has the ear of the First National, moreover. Good. Now for a lawyer. We must move quietly, quickly, and safely.

So you put up your money, and Jackson and Josephson put up theirs, and the First National puts up its money—on a first mortgage. Contracts are executed, ground is broken, a factory is built. It is built in your town because you live in the town; or it is built in the next town because "labor conditions are better," which means that laborers are willing to work longer hours for less pay. (The whole distinction I seek to make lies in this phrase. "Better" labor conditions from the point of view of vendibility mean poorer labor conditions from the point of view of serviceability.) You are not building that factory to give your neighbors higher standards of living. The idea never crosses your mind—until possibly your advertising agent suggests that a "service appeal" might increase sales. You and Jackson and Josephson and the First National are building that

factory to make money. But technicians design it and operate it. When it is built it is duly locked into the specialized network of a high-energy culture.

This little story illustrates how all the factories and all the railroads and all the power developments and all the commercial buildings in America have, in effect, been built. Only the government and a few charitable foundations have done some building with standards of human service predominant. To them we might add those who build their own homes and clear their own acres without benefit of contractors. The contractor's main business of course is to make not houses but money. He will contract to build a skyscraper on the top of Mount McKinley, or an opera house on the Dry Tortugas, if there is money in it. Witness what he did in Florida in the days of her front-foot glory. The energy and materials thrown away in a few years were probably sufficient to maintain the population of Florida in opulence for a generation. Living standards were not the idea; money was the idea, and waste was the result.

Considering the history of the American plant, and the motive of its construction, one is perhaps surprised that it is capable of reaching even the meager standard it does. Left entirely to enterprisers it could hardly have reached its present level. Fortunately, enterprisers have not had the entire direction. Engineers must be consulted when railroads are built and profitable inventions exploited. Engineers must deal in the terms of energy and the laws of physics. A century-long struggle has resulted between the money-making wishes of engineers and the orderly conceptions of engineers. Utter confusion has thus been held in check to a degree, and the plant constructed with at least a left-handed regard for orderly considera-

tions. It had to be, or it would fall down. The struggle has been present, but concealed behind a mounting expansion rate. Now expansion becomes more leisurely as the plant is built, and the struggle bursts stormily into the open. Technology with its mandate of abundance and finance with its vested interest in scarcity are locked in mortal combat. One or the other will not leave the arena alive.

### III

The Economy of Abundance is not a mystical force, not a genie from a bottle, despite the fact that its pressures catch us unaware. It is:

A group of buildings, mines, farms, vibrant with machines, and connected by lines of energy and transportation; founded upon

A series of scientific laws, proliferating into specific processes and inventions, and

A set of human habits.

The latter may be further divided into the habits of the scientists and technicians who control and develop the physical processes, and the habits of laymen, connoting everybody else living within the high-energy orbit.

The technicians, including many thousands of mechanics without formal engineering training, carry on by a concept of cause and effect which makes them intolerant of the rule of thumb, traditional craftsmanship, and common sense. Where the layman holds that a motor car can obviously go faster with a sharp snout to cleave the air, the technician takes an elfish delight in finding that a blunt nose and a sharp tail better fit the laws covering the passage of bodies through resisting mediums. No such perversity to common conceptions has ever been witnessed before, no such fidelity to mathematical equations, no such certainty as to what can happen and what cannot.



The "laws" of finance, which gave impetus to the erection of the Empire State Building, collapsed before the steel work was in place; the laws of physics will hold the structure itself foursquare and sturdy until the steel disintegrates. Banks fail but bank buildings do not. The technician has a duty, a discipline, an intellectual integrity, and a certainty which set him in a class apart.

Day by day the habits of the laity have shifted to conform to the technological pattern. These mass habits now form perhaps the strongest of all mandates imposed by the Economy of Abundance. The individual may protest that he abhors the machine, that the old days were happier, that science is a false messiah, that he is in the market for a patch of arable ground—but his acts belie the protestation. He must constantly watch clocks, consult timetables, ride on railroad trains and in subways, thrust a forefinger in telephone dials, send telegrams; dodge if not use motor cars and busses; be hoisted in elevators, turn the cocks of water and gas faucets, twiddle with radio knobs, switch on electric lights, trust implicitly to the complicated equations back of suspension bridges.

More important still are the habits of work to which he must submit. While he is theoretically free to choose any job which takes his fancy, all jobs everywhere are one small portion of a gigantic process which begins and ends beyond his purview. In a sense, we are all men on the belt, screwing one nut home. For most of us the important feature of our work is the figure on a piece of paper delivered Saturday night. We have perforce accepted specialization, resigned ourselves to work which is frustrating to a greater or less degree because we cannot see the end, and turned en masse to the payroll check and its promise of consumption, to right the balance. It is difficult to

overemphasize the importance of this pattern. An irresistible demand is banking up for dependable payroll checks and the chance to live with some ease of mind. As the mass realizes that the age of scarcity has passed, and there is no technological reason for insecurity, this demand may be expected to take a battering, smashing political form.

Another group of mass habits, allied to the above, is that which centers round wants. Quantity production has accustomed us to certain articles and services. Even the very poor have not remained untouched. Electric lights, water supply, motor cars, talking pictures, silk or rayon stockings, frequent baths, toothbrushes, oranges the year round, tinned goods, bottled goods, rubber-soled shoes—hundreds of things are now solidly rooted in use and wont. Most of us should be miserable amid the stagecoaches of 1830. The compulsion is strong and belligerent to hold the line.

High-energy habits have grown up, a forest, row on row, ever since the industrial revolution began. First came the great complex orienting itself about the factory, including wage work, time serving, union organization. Then the railroad habits moved in, to grip especially a nation of long distances like the United States. From the '60's on, normal little boys confused locomotive engineers with God; lonely pioneers listened for the whistle of Number Six as she went thundering down the canyon every night at eight o'clock; the railroad station became the town meeting place when the morning mail pulled in; a rich folk lore was laid down, and

I've been workin' on the railroad  
All the livelong day

became almost a national anthem. Soon morning and evening commuters' trains became a more cardinal part of the life of Suburbia than its churches.

On the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Ohio the flatbottomed, paddle-wheeled steamboat inaugurated a culture complex celebrated by Mark Twain: his very pseudonym a technical phrase in that culture.\*

Bicycle habits came and went in the lives of most of us now over forty; but the motor car provided a group which bids fair to be permanent, even if we must exchange gasoline for alcohol engines. *Recent Social Trends* notes 150 specific influences of the automobile on social life—from undermining railroad traffic to changing the habits of a courtship. Literally millions of families have so organized their lives round the motor car that, deprived of it, they would be at a loss to get to their jobs, to transport children to school, to take vacations, to shop, to procure essential supplies, to carry on social life at all. Without a car many would have to move their residence. When income fails, the automobile is not the first thing to go; it is almost the last. Americans will cut down on food before they will sacrifice gasoline.

Radio behavior is now a strong grove of branching habits. Here again, *Recent Social Trends* lists one hundred and fifty specific influences. Plumbing habits, electric power habits, telephone habits are also dominant and expanding. The airplane complex is already rooted and will presently proliferate. "If the selected inventions were analyzed as was done in the case of the radio, rayon, and the X-ray, the result would be a very impressive picture of the tremendous force of inventions in producing social changes. . . . The hundreds of thousands of smaller inventions all have their effects on social change, many of them slight, but immeasurable in their total influence."

Once the organic growth of technological change in human habit is

grasped in all its immensity, it becomes obviously unthinkable to tear these behavior patterns out of the social fabric without a more serious revolution than that implicit in uprooting traditional attitudes toward vendible property, money, or the state. Abundance habits are a pattern based on physical realities, not on concepts more or less metaphysical. With strong inertia, with stubbornness, if necessary, with ferocity, the mass of men may be expected to cling to that pattern. Its total shape they have never known or cared to analyze, but insidiously it bends all their waking hours.

#### IV

Over and against the abundance complex is another complex, also strong, also belligerent, inherited from an earlier age: the cultural lag of scarcity. Most pervasive of all are the money and credit habits of an economic system founded on vendibility. This loose tangle of behavior sets buyer against seller, creditor against debtor, landlord against tenant, taxpayer against government, employer against wage earner, individual against society and, most pitiful of all, personal integrity against financial success. The pattern assumes a fixed quantity of wealth. It assumes that the less there is for you the more there is for me. The facts of Abundance belie this assumption. Under a free flow of energy, the more there is for you the more there is for me. Observe, I am not talking about the beautiful ideals of a co-operative society; *I am pointing out the brute fact that energy has forced us into a collective mold.*

The lesson of collective interest has already been learned in respect to disease. "This solidarity against pathogenic micro-organisms," says J. B. S. Haldane, "extends beyond the boundaries of nationality, race, or even spe-

\* "Mark twain" was a measurement of the depth of the river water called from lineman to pilot.



cies. Every Rumanian infected with infantile paralysis, every Indian with smallpox, every rat with plague, diminishes the probable length of my life." Presently we shall realize that every slum, every destitute family, every nervous breakdown due to unemployment, diminishes the probable enjoyment of wealth and comfort by all other members of the community.

Yet vendibility operates *as if* there were no collective mold, *as if* technological facts did not exist. When Abundance destroys actual scarcity in goods, money, property, or labor, it is a traditional money habit which necessitates the creation of artificial scarcities through monopoly and waste. Bankers, money lenders, manufacturers, mine operators, and labor leaders proceed to act *as if* their several commodities were really dear.

The conception of the right to consume as depending upon work is a scarcity survival, born of a time when man, not energy, performed the labor. Property habits, carried over from a time when all property was for use, are becoming fantastically unreal and quite unworkable in a mass production setting. The legal title remains, but function has been stripped away. The strong habits of pecuniary thrift, saving, and profitable investment operate to clog the financial mechanism when technology has built the plant to a certain level of performance.

Political habits are also survivals of an agrarian culture. We vote; but technological problems are never decided by voting, while governmental problems are increasingly technical. In consequence they are decided ineptly or not at all. Megalopolis is not governed in any adequate sense of the word. Were it not for a few hard-working engineers the city would disintegrate.

One might proceed indefinitely de-

veloping the extent and implication of the habits surviving from the days of stagecoaches. Every citizen possesses an assortment. At one moment he is driving his car to work—an abundance habit; arrived at his desk, he proceeds to conference with his advertising agency as to ways and means to give scarcity value to the cigarette he manufactures—a stagecoach habit.

An impasse has been reached. The two sets of habits will no longer work in tandem. One or the other has to give way. As I write the struggle is ferocious. The stagecoach gentlemen are organizing for "sound" money—meaning, of course, scarce money; for a return to the gold standard; for less government in business; for judicial protection—especially by the Supreme Court—against federal control of hours, wages, and competitive conditions. With their direction of high-speed presses and broadcasting stations, they can fortify stagecoach vestiges in millions of humbler citizens. The battle, observe, is not so much between a class of citizens  $x$  and a class of citizens  $y$ , as between  $x$  and  $y$  impulses in the same citizen. Simultaneously he may feel that his wage in an age of plenty is abominably low and that the gold standard must be preserved. Yet the fact remains that his buying power cannot be raised so long as a gold standard limits mass buying power.

The cultural laggards are noisy; but tangible events since the impasse was reached show net gains for dynamo behavior and losses for stagecoach behavior; not only in the United States, but all over the world. Vendibility is definitely in retreat. Nation after nation has left the gold standard, to embark on managed currency policies in which the bankers correctly find no hope for maintaining a private monopoly of credit. The State has been forced to support millions of citizens without requiring the traditional *quid*

*pro quo* of work, because there was no work for them to do. Autarchy has all but destroyed the world free market. Dictatorships, one after another, supersede voting, parliaments, checks, and balances. Centralization and government control of industry proceed at a violent pace. The end no man can foresee, but the general direction is clear enough. All industrial nations are in the turmoil of a transition period, seeking more or less blindly for stabilities which accord with technological imperatives. History is at one of its most momentous passages.

In the United States Mr. Hoover threw billions of government dollars under tottering banks, railroads, and insurance companies, all without avail, and with a curious mixture of motives. He sought to preserve economic individualism by two billion dollars' worth of socialism. Mr. Roosevelt has been moved—or perhaps forced—to a direct attack upon the institutions of vendibility. His policies have obscured party lines by giving jobs to technicians rather than to deserving Democrats; they have overridden traditional political behavior. Power has flowed out of the States to the federal government in a tidal wave. The National Recovery Administration, the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, Public Works Administration, Civil Works Administration, Civilian Conservation Corps, Tennessee Valley Authority, Alcohol Administration, railroad co-ordination policies, and the rest are one and all insults to stage-coach institutions.

## V

The case of Germany is particularly instructive.\* Modern German industry, since its origin in the days of Bis-

marck, has never been subjected to the extremes of free competition found in England and the United States. It has been closer to the technological ideal of unification, standardization, co-ordination, and government control. Its scientific research has been the despair of other countries. After the disaster of the War Germany turned to rationalization with unparalleled eagerness—to intensified research, integration, standardization. As a result a magnificent ground work was laid down, superior, as a system, to that found in any other industrial nation. But when the depression of 1930 smote the world Germany suffered more severely than most. Why? *Because rationalization had gone only to a certain point; the final and inevitable step had not been taken.* She had specialized superbly and intelligently in this industry and that, but she had failed to co-ordinate the whole machine. No dependable controls were set up to keep the power industry articulated with the chemical industry, articulated with agriculture, and the rest. As a result the several highly specialized cartels and trusts were harder hit than would have been the case had rationalization never been undertaken.

The program was daring, but it was not daring enough. Again why? Because there was no steady aim; because it was inaugurated for profit, then was forced to accept serviceability to a degree as integration proceeded, and so wavered back and forth between the two principles. Now science was ahead, now finance capital. For what was Germany rationalizing; why the magnificent research laboratories, bureaux of standards, co-ordinating committees? Nobody knew; at least everybody had a different answer. It was to increase the incomes of absentee owners; to better the condition of the German people; to undersell competi-

\* Following Robert A. Brady: *The Rationalization Movement in German Industry.*



tors in world markets; to pay reparations; to glorify the spirit of science; to compensate for the inferiority suffered in 1919; for what you will.

Germany had no clear definition of aims and purposes, but she went on rationalizing industry just the same, until she finally got in so deep that she could not turn back. The only possible direction now is forward, to complete integration at home, followed by industrial integration with her neighbors—for she is far from a self-sustaining economic unit. Thus German capitalists, looking for enlarged earnings, have put their necks into technology's noose, and it is hanging them—as capitalists. Meanwhile the people of Germany depend precariously on the functioning of a half-completed industrial machine. Upon the surface of these stern realities a gentleman by the name of Hitler seems to be waving his arms, shouting stagecoach oratory, and dancing strange Aryan dances. Back, back from technics, before it is too late! cries Spengler. *It is already too late for Germany.*

What is true of Germany is true of every modern community, to the extent of its industrialization. The United States comes close behind, with England following next in line. France is well down the list, for her hostages to specialization have not been quite so pronounced. Her thrifty peasants have resisted abundance habits to a degree—but not enough to save them from the nemesis which dogs us all. Forward, the hound commands, and forward the peoples of the West must go.

## VI

Assuming that the abundance pattern will prevail, what are the terms upon which it will function? Obviously in the mêlée of transition it can function only by fits and starts. Perhaps it is possible concretely to specify

the terms.\* An abundance economy demands:

1. Capacity operation of its plant, on the balanced load principle.

2. An unhampered flow of goods to consumers, involving the right to a minimum standard of living, regardless of work performed—if *no work is available*. Distribution must replace exchange. This imperative is practical, not idealistic, arising from the necessity of keeping the plant in operation.

3. The elimination of waste, restriction, and monopoly, as methods of maintaining prices.

4. The conservation of natural resources to the degree which, consistent with existing technical knowledge, will maintain adequate supplies of raw materials for the calculable future. Neglect of this imperative may cripple the whole productive mechanism through the failure of one resource—say copper or oil.

5. The employment of a decreasing number of man hours in direct production.

6. The encouragement of research, new invention, and a fairly high obsolescence rate for plant and processes. No more suppressed inventions; no corporate patent monopolies.

7. The production of capital goods to grow only as technological improvement, mass purchasing power, or mass demand requires it. No reliance on this sector, as heretofore, as an automatic distributor of purchasing power.

8. A one-to-one relationship between the growth of physical production and the growth of debt. In the long run, no debt can be serviced which compounds faster than physical production. This rule operates to disallow the bulk of capital claims now outstanding in the United States and in many other nations.

\* The analysis of the impact of technology I have prepared at length elsewhere. Out of the analysis these terms emerge.

9. A sharp distinction between use property and industrial fixed assets. The latter must be socially controlled in that the units are no longer independent enterprises, but interlock one with another.

10. Economic decentralization; the end of Megalopolis, because it is too wasteful a unit to support. The liquidation of the distinction between city man and country man.

11. The industrialization of most agricultural staples, on a quantity production basis, and a declining number of man hours in farming.

12. Shorter working hours for all.

13. A wide extension of social services and public works to absorb those inevitably to be displaced from industry, agriculture, and the parasitic trades.

14. The continuation of industrial specialization — though decentralization may be expected to simplify it somewhat. The final form in the calculable future seems to be one flexible, farflung electrical machine.

15. No narrow economic nationalism. The plant demands essential raw materials on a reasonable exchange basis from all over the world.

16. Revised and simplified political forms. The scrapping of outworn political boundaries and of constitutional checks and balances where the issues involved are technical.

17. Centralization of government; the overhead planning and control of economic activity. In North America such planning to satisfy technology should be continental rather than national. In Europe technology will not tolerate national boundaries indefinitely. A working dictatorship over industry is indicated if the plant is to be efficiently operated. Technical performance cannot be subject to popular vote, but the administrative group from time to time might well be. Remember that pecuniary graft has no

point with more than enough to go round; but the very human lust for power remains unimpaired.

18. Finally, and exceedingly important, Abundance demands no compromise. It will not operate at half speed. It will not allow retreat to an earlier level and stabilization there. Pharaoh did not tell the Nile what to do; the Nile told Pharaoh what to do. The industrial discipline must be accepted — all of it — or it must be renounced. The only retreat is back one hundred and fifty years to the Economy of Scarcity.

Such, substantially, are the terms upon which the Economy of Abundance will function; such the mold to which new social habits, new institutions must conform. This is the way, and I think the only way, that a high-energy culture will function in the long run. Some of the imperatives may be subject to modification in detail; other imperatives may arise; but the basic mold is set. This is the direction in which Mr. Roosevelt is now being forced. Underneath political smokescreens, and the alarms of stage-coach champions, those of us who have eyes to see can detect the glacier advancing into Sweden, Germany, England, Italy, South America, Canada, Australasia. In Russia the march is luminous.

Do these terms violate human nature; are they inconsistent with normal behavior? Already many have been incorporated into our daily lives, as we have seen. What they do violate is a set of institutions largely developed in the eighteenth century, which in turn displaced an earlier culture complex based on feudalism, which in turn displaced its predecessor, and so on back to Mesopotamia. Men talk as though the gold standard had been laid down by God, side by side with the law of gravitation. The universal gold standard is not so old as Mr. Roosevelt.



It is not to be gainsaid that these terms carry implications of substantial moral shock to many persons, especially to large owners of property hitherto vendible. The terms are now being bitterly fought, and will continue to be for years to come. Habit complexes do not change overnight. If it requires at least a decade to modify the psychology of stolid Russian peasants, it may require twice as long to modify the psychology of Wall Street.

Technological imperative is impersonal, amoral, and non-ethical. Like the Nile, it sets the boundaries within which a given culture must operate. The terms imposed by the steam engine were onerous to the point of often violating human nature; the terms of the electric motor and the photoelectric

cell are more generous. *Fortunate and perhaps fortuitous is the fact that the modern imperative is straight in the direction of an economic system based on serviceability and security.* Machines do not care whom they serve, but they refuse to operate without a high volume of output; they care nothing about human leisure, but the laws of their spinning are inconsistent with the clumsy interference of the human hand. The wastes and barriers of vendibility they will not tolerate.

Any conscious plan for the new society, any revision of the structure of government, any program for social control, any valid political movement, must square with these imperatives. This is the bed we have made—it matters not how—and we must lie on it.

## THE EARTH IS USED TO BORES

BY CLARENCE DAY

**T**HE earth is used to bores.  
It heard for ages long  
The saurians' complacent roars  
And the halting birth of song.  
Our restless tongues—their lust  
For action never dies.  
The noisiness of living dust  
Astonishes the skies.



# BIG FROGS AND LITTLE FROGS

A STORY

BY SUSAN ERTZ

WHEN she had published her second novel—which repeated the discreet success of her first—Eunice Maud Raikes joined the New Argosy Club. She asked several people's advice about it first and, on being told that it could do her no harm, presently found herself a member of the largest and best-known literary society in London.

Being extremely diffident, however, she attended none of its dinners. Regularly notices were sent out to her: "The next dinner of the New Argosy Club will take place at the Britannic Hotel, Piccadilly, on such-and-such a date. 7.45 for 8." Regularly she said to herself, "This time I really must go," but as regularly her shyness conquered her. The thought of appearing like a nervous, anonymous little ghost in that blaze of greater and lesser luminaries alarmed her too much and, though it was her privilege to invite a guest, there was no one she cared to take with her to be a witness to her ordeal.

Then, quite suddenly, and to the surprise of her friends, she married a simple, admiring business man named Corry Brewster, who never noticed that she possessed no social gifts and, having read few novels but hers, thought her a genius. With him to uphold and defend her, she resolved to make her first appearance at the next meeting.

It happened that on this occasion one of the great, iron-clad literary fig-

ures of the day was acting as Chairman and, whether by accident or design or merely to show the democratic nature of the New Argosy Club, Eunice Maud Raikes, upon arrival at the place of assembly, was shocked to find that she was to be seated on his left hand at dinner.

When the plan of the tables was shown to her, her knee-joints seemed to loosen and melt, and the roar of talk all about her went far away and then surged back again, trebled in volume. She looked wildly at Corry, only to see on his face a faintly pleased and gratified smile. "Well, why not?" he said. "Very nice for him. Now who do you suppose they'll put me next to? I hope it'll be somebody human." Corry liked people to be human above all things. It was very nearly all he asked of his fellow-beings. When he heard someone he knew condemned or criticized, he would say, "Oh, I don't know; he's human." Further study of the plan now revealed that he was placed between a Miss Haro Naguchi—the New Argosy was nothing if not international—and a lady called, rather cryptically, Mae Moss.

"At least they're not famous, so far as I know," said Eunice, "so you're in luck."

"I'm not afraid of any of them," said Corry. "Besides, I didn't come here for my own pleasure. You're the one that matters."



"I wish I could change with you," said Eunice, trying to keep her teeth from chattering. "I do wish I could. I'd give anything to be sitting next to someone decently obscure."

"Why, what's the matter? I thought you'd always wanted to meet What's-his-name. I thought he was one of your heroes."

"I'd like just to be introduced to him," said Eunice. "It's quite another thing to be put down next to him for two whole hours at dinner."

"All the better, I should think."

"I'd much rather have been sitting next to you," she said, loving with a heightened love that safe, comfortable presence. "I wish I'd asked to be. I didn't know. Lots of husbands and wives do seem to be sitting together."

The crowd, surging and craning and chattering about the board displaying the big plan of the tables, swelled from minute to minute, and as it swelled it pushed the Brewsters into a corner, from which they stood silently watching the scene. All about them friends were greeting friends and introductions were being made. "Oh, are you really the man who wrote *Hypocrite's Holiday*? I simply adored it." Or, "I hope you're coming to the first night of my new play next Thursday." Stout women and thin ones, plain women and a few pretty ones laughed and chattered and pushed as politely as they could through the crowd, while among the colored shawls and scarves and flounces and silks and velvets the male members of the New Argosy Club looked insignificant and a little apologetic.

"Looks to me," said Corry, "as if writing was a woman's job."

But Eunice didn't answer. She could think of nothing but what so unaccountably awaited her, the heavy honor that had been so strangely laid upon her. What would the Great Man be like? What would he wish to talk

about? Would he know who she was or would she have to tell him? Not that it would mean anything to him when she did. She felt sick with nervousness, her heart thudded unevenly under her best white satin. The palms of her hands were moist, her lips dry.

She was, if a wit at all, a bedtime wit. She thought of the things she would like to have said when she was brushing her hair or her teeth, hours after the moment to say them had passed. She missed her opportunities with a regularity that astonished and abashed her. When she met Interesting People she was tongue-tied, or said those things she ought not to have said, and instead of doing herself justice, longed to melt away out of sight and hearing; to disappear, like hoarfrost before the noon-day sun. Only Corry's serene faith in her put stiffness into her spine and kept her legs from folding at the knees. How, oh how was she to hope to interest the Great Man? She hated silly women and had a dread of being thought one. She was afraid of being betrayed by her own timid and unreliable tongue into seeming precisely the sort of woman she most despised.

At last the crowd surged towards the dining room. All about her was the din of talkers trying to make themselves heard through the talk of others. Even the men's voices sounded strident.

"Scene is laid in Tibet, I believe. . . . Always thought her writing would fall off if she ever left him. . . . Quite the best of the Swedish novelists. . . . Hope I shan't have to sit next to a foreigner. . . . Who's that monolith in pale green lace? . . . Asked me if I'd mind saying a few words about the present trend of Soviet literature, but I told them I . . . Well, anyway, he ought to have got the Nobel Prize for it. . . . Hush, my dear, she's just behind you. I hope she didn't hear. . . . To meet two of the younger German dramatists on Sunday. . . . I sim-

ply can't read his poetry. I know I ought to and I've tried, but I just can't. . . ."

A sea of white or gray heads; black and brown and blond ones among them, but not so many; a little Chinaman in black silk and blue silk almost lost and smothered in the crowd but smiling politely upward as he was carried along; a young Irish Republican with a jutting jaw, his straw-colored hair falling into his eyes; a pretty, eager girl in blue velvet craning her long white neck for a glimpse of some celebrity; a tall Belgian writer with a marble-pale face half hidden in a spreading brown beard; the Great Man courteously inclining his head to hear the eager twittering of a small, white-haired woman beside him ("I do wish I knew what she's talking to him about," thought Eunice)—all were borne along in the dinnerward tide of chattering humanity.

Eunice clung nervously to Corry's arm, her small pale face looking strained and frightened.

"I can't bear you to leave me, darling, I can't bear it, I can't bear it."

"You silly girl! What's it all about? You're all nerves to-night. This is no more exciting than a City dinner, and heaven knows they're dull enough."

"Oh, Corry, I wish—why did I—?"

"Here's my table, number eight. Here's where we part. You'd better follow the Great Man as you're sitting next to him. Off you go, darling. Let go of my arm. Enjoy yourself."

She was swept on, and as the distance between them widened she thought how easy it was to write a book sitting by oneself in a quiet little room. That was nothing. Then it got published, and sooner or later this sort of thing followed. One was sucked into a whirlpool of strange human beings, and confused and deafened and dizzied and made to talk and to produce a personality that was acceptable to others.

She followed the Great Man, fixing her eyes on him as a doomed person fixes his eyes on his doom. He had reached his table now. He had found his place, facing the whole length of the room. She saw him pick up her place-card, glance at it, and put it down again. On his right was a tall, generously planned woman in blue at whom Eunice had caught herself staring more than once. So that was the famous Mrs. Breed—Constance Breed, the foremost woman novelist of the day. A real personality. So real was it, indeed, so solid, that one felt one could see it and touch it. Whatever happened, Eunice thought, in whatever situation she might find herself, that great, warm, gentle, pervasive, and perfectly reliable personality would always be steadily functioning. In bed it wouldn't alter, in church it would be just the same; on a lecture platform, in a bus, anywhere.

"What wouldn't I give," Eunice thought, "to be the owner of a personality like that? It's impregnable. It would make its owner invulnerable. People could come and take little bits of it away for souvenirs, and there would always be plenty more."

And then Mrs. Breed leaned forward and, inclining a gracious bust, smiled and bowed to Eunice across the Great Man's shirtfront, and Eunice, easily captured by that carelessly thrown net, returned the bow with warmth. Mrs. Breed's gesture, like the slow bending of a proud vessel to meet some wide green valley of the seas, had seemed to say, "I don't know who you are, strange little woman in white, but you are here, and it is proper and expedient that we should signal to each other in a friendly way, thus establishing a cordial, pleasant atmosphere about us."

The Great Man, after a courteous good-evening to Eunice, was now studying the menu with frowning concentration. Eunice turned to look at the



person on her left who had just fitted himself into his seat and saw that it was a stout old gentleman who looked like an admiral. And glancing down at his card, she saw that he was one, and recalled—for she read all the reviews—that he had written a book on the Battle of Jutland. He had small, agreeable blue eyes and a large, humorous nose. When addressed he placed a big square hand behind his ear and leaned nearer to catch what was said. After he and Eunice had exchanged embarrassingly loud confidences, he admitting that he had not dined away from his home for three years, and Eunice that it was her first big literary dinner, there seemed little else to say. She turned her head and looked cautiously at the Great Man's profile. It was a profile that photographed well and was worth looking at; strong, a little bleak, but in its way handsome. The lips were cold and precise, the chin immensely firm, the fine, domelike forehead noble and forbidding. Opposite her sat the little Chinaman, smiling happily and shyly, and while waiting for his soup he kept his hands tucked inside his wide blue sleeves. Eunice thought he looked very nice, and forced herself to speak.

"Do you write books?" she asked, leaning forward.

His smile broadened at once, baring prominent teeth.

"No, thank you. Poetry. I write poetry. Not good poetry, I think. Read only in China. Not good enough for Europe. Thank you very much."

"Oh," she said, "how interesting."

"Thank you," he said again and smiled at her lovingly.

"I once tried to write poetry," she faltered, "when I was younger."

"Oh, yes," he said, smiling affectionately. "Very interesting."

And then it struck Eunice that this wasn't very brilliant, and that the Great Man probably couldn't avoid

hearing. So she smiled at the little Chinaman and broke off. Presently the Great Man turned to her.

"Turtle soup," he said, "seems to be inevitably requested and as inevitably granted wherever two or three hundred are gathered together in one place."

"Oh," said Eunice, with a nervous little laugh, "is it? I suppose it is. I don't often go to big dinners."

He looked tolerantly at her and turned to Mrs. Breed.

"My dear Constance, I assure you the *Lapponicum Flavidum* likes the sun. All the *Lapponicums* like the sun. You were right to put your *Sarcococca* in the shade, and your *Thomsoni* will do best in half-shade, but don't, don't deny the sun to your *Lapponicum*. Take my word for it, you'll regret it if you do."

"Well, but my dearest Henry," Mrs. Breed said, "I was talking to Brixon only yesterday, and he warned me that, as my rock-garden faced full south, the *Lapponicums* might get more sun than was good for them. He agrees with you entirely about the *Thomsoni* and the *Sarcococca*, however."

Eunice lost the rest of the conversation in the din about her. Everyone was talking, talking. Everyone had a great deal to say. She tried to catch a glimpse of Corry, but he was hidden from her by the black bulk of the lady she supposed was Mae Moss. She thought about the Great Man and Mrs. Breed. Henry . . . Constance . . . they'd probably known each other for years. A great literary friendship. Lovers once perhaps. She peeped at Mrs. Breed's benign, large-featured face, and thought, yes, quite likely, when she was younger. She looked rather like George Eliot now, or would have looked like her had she worn her hair that way.

The Great Man would probably turn back to her in a moment and then what could she possibly find to talk to

himabout? Lapponicums? Shedidn't know what they were. His last book? What would she dare to say about it except that she loved it, and how banal and schoolgirlish that would sound?

The Admiral had ordered hock and, turning to her, he gallantly proffered the bottle.

"Now, young lady, a little of this will do you good. A nice, dry hock. Wouldn't harm a baby. My wife won't touch it; the doctors have frightened her, poor dear, but you and I don't listen to doctors."

"I'm afraid I don't drink wine," said Eunice, raising her voice.

"Dear me, dear me, what are young people coming to? Try a little; it will do you good."

"Well," said Eunice, "just a little then. I'm afraid it's wasted on me."

He filled her glass and then turned to his wife who was trying to attract his attention.

"What's that, my dear? Kitty Dalgetty? Can't be. What'd she be doing in this rogue's gallery? Somebody's guest? Well, maybe, maybe. I'll just put on my glasses and have a look. 'Pon my soul, I believe it is. And, my dear, I'll swear that's the same purple dress she used to wear when we were all in Malta."

Eunice sat sipping her wine. She wanted to make it last as long as possible. Just a tiny sip, and then presently, another. It gave her something to do, she found, between the courses. She thought of speaking to the little Chinaman again, but could think of nothing to say to him. Then suddenly the Great Man turned to her again.

"If all the novelists writing to-day were placed end to end," he said, "how far do you suppose they'd reach?"

Feeling a little like Alice Through the Looking Glass, Eunice faltered and said, "Is it a riddle? Is there an answer?"

"There must be an answer," he said,

"though I don't happen to know it. But it would be a pleasing sight."

She laughed politely, and tried to think of a suitable reply, but such was the effect of his Greatness upon her that her mind was empty of a single thought. "Yes," she replied, "it would, wouldn't it?"

He looked down at her card.

"You'd be one of the endless chain yourself, I suspect. Eunice Maud Raikes. An oddly discreet name. Tell me what you've written."

"Only two books," she stammered. "Just novels. I'm afraid they're not very good."

"Still," he said, magnanimously, "only two. I think you might be discharged with a caution."

She laughed again and had almost thought of a possible retort when he turned away.

"It's all very well for you, Constance," she heard him say, "to insist on the importance of the chilli peppers, but your Mrs. Gorme knows how to use them. When I ask Martha to suggest to Mrs. Crawley that a slight flavor of chillies would improve the sauce, she puts in enough to set the Houses of Parliament on fire. The woman has absolutely no idea of moderation. Time and time again I've told her so myself, but I might as well talk to the kitchen wall."

"What an odd conversation," thought Eunice, and it seemed to her that these famous people were unaccountable and mysterious. She saw that the little Chinaman was smiling at her with a smile that seemed to embrace her and all the world. "Poor little man," she thought, "no one's talking to him either." And she had just decided to ask him how he liked England when the lady on his right, an earnest-looking young woman in red, addressed a remark to him, and he turned, beaming, to answer her. For some time Eunice busied herself with roast saddle of



lamb, then the Great Man spoke to her again with unnerving abruptness.

"Would you say," he demanded, "that there had been a definite improvement in the novel within the last fifty years or merely a change? Are novels better to-day or merely different? Is there anyone now writing who could 'put out the eye,' so to speak, of Dickens or Thackeray? What do you think?"

Eunice felt relieved. Here at least was something definite to talk about. "Now, don't be afraid," she told herself, "tell him what you think." She said, stammering a little:

"I think of course one must read the old writers, it's part of everyone's education; but having read them, I'd much rather read the work of living authors now. For pleasure, I mean. I mean, if I were to go away for a holiday, I'd far rather take one of your books with me than a book by Dickory or Thackens. I mean," she said, hurriedly correcting herself and blushing, "I mean Thick—"

"Quite, quite," he interrupted, his face perfectly grave. "I sometimes think myself that I'm as good as Thackens. About Dickory, I'm not so sure. I'm not so sure. There are moments when I think Dickory is the best writer in the world, with the exception, perhaps, of Zolac, or, if you like, Tolstoievsky. But then, of course, Tolstoievsky is—"

Here the waiter intervened, having been sent for earlier.

"I asked for Liebfrauenmilch 1921," said the Great Man, in gentle reproof, "and you brought me '28." The waiter apologized and removed the bottle. "My enthusiasm for the things of the present," he told Eunice, "does not extend itself to hock. 1928 was a very good year, but it will be a better year in 1938. Yes, Constance?" And he turned back to Mrs. Breed.

Eunice sat sipping her wine, the

blushes returning again and again to her cheek at the memory of her silly slip of the tongue. When her glass was empty, the Admiral turned to her.

"Here, here," he said, filling her glass again, "you're not doing your share. You mustn't let me do all the work. How are you getting on?"

"Very nicely, thanks," said Eunice, "and I like this wine very much."

"Ah," he said, nodding, "that's good, that's good. We're having a tremendous argument, the gentleman at the end of the table and myself, about aircraft in war. He'd like to abolish the Navy. Excuse me, my dear, I must have at him again." And she listened for a while to a highly technical discussion on the ability or inability of battleships to defend themselves from air attack. Presently the Great Man was addressing her again. He resembled, she thought, a lighthouse, whose dignified revolving beam illumines, ever so often, each object within its range, only to leave it in darkness again.

"To what do you attribute," he asked, "this sudden vogue for the past? Novelists, biographers, dramatists, they are all taking their little tin shovels down to that vast shore. Personally, I think history should be difficult. It should be sweated for, with plenty of midnight oil. What do you think?"

"I really haven't thought about it very much," said Eunice, and she tried to think of the name of the writer whose historical essays she had so greatly enjoyed, but her memory stubbornly refused to perform the simple, necessary act of producing it for her. It didn't matter, luckily, for the Great Man then proceeded to express his own views without asking her any alarming questions. He then turned abruptly back to Mrs. Breed.

"No, Constance, a few minutes ago you made a perfectly unjustifiable attack on my mendacity. I never told

them the truth about it, never. Do you imagine I've no conscience? I could see with half an eye that the legs were faked, or at least three of them were, but they'd paid two hundred pounds for it, and naturally I'm all in favor of letting them get what pleasure they can out of it."

Eunice sat sipping her wine. She wished she could catch Corry's eye, and then was glad she could not. He was doubtless imagining that she was enjoying every minute of the evening. Before long the Great Man made one of his sudden pounces in her direction, this time to say:

"On the whole then, you approve of this selling of famous men of history at two a penny? I hadn't, somehow, expected it of you." The waiter bent over him. "Yes, a cigar please. And a double brandy. Constance, you'll join me in a brandy? No? What a pity. Will you, Miss Eunice Maud Raikes?"

"I've never drunk brandy in my life," said Eunice, "but I'd like to try some now."

"Excellent. We'll pledge each other's health. In a few minutes I shall rise to propose the health of the King. After that I shall make a short speech. And after that you shall justify, if you can, your attitude towards these hucksters of history, these barrow-pushers and street-hawkers of whom we were speaking."

"I'm afraid I don't know very much about it," said Eunice, in whose mind, at moments of stress, nothing but the simple truth presented itself.

"Neither do they, so you're in a very strong position. Yes, Constance, we said Tuesday. Yes, yes, I'm quite sure. Very well, I'll write it down." He took his engagement book out of his pocket, and glancing at it out of the tail of her eye, Eunice saw that it was scored and blackened with small entries. He wrote, and spoke the words aloud as

he wrote them, "Tuesday, at 3.45. Go with Constance to Kippler's to choose a dachshund."

When, later, he got up to propose the health of the King, Eunice drank it in brandy. He then made a speech which she thought witty, agreeable, and adroit. Two other speeches followed, one by a young dramatist, the other by the elderly founder of the Club. Then everyone was free to leave his seat, and at once the Great Man was surrounded. Eunice, after vainly lingering with the idea of saying a polite good-night, presently slipped away and went in search of Corry. The fumes of hock and brandy were slowly mounting to her head, but not sufficiently to inconvenience her. Instead she felt a sort of sublime complacency stealing over her, a sweet indifference, a careless acceptance of all things, even of her own shortcomings. What was there to have made such a fuss about? What on earth did it all matter? She caught sight of Corry and moved serenely in his direction, hardly noticing the many obstacles in her way. Voices, colors, lights all blared and blinded and deafened. Although cannoned this way and that, her expression of bland complacency never altered. Corry saw her and came forward to meet her.

"Hello," he said. "Had a good time?"

"Lovely," she replied, smiling past him.

"I didn't have a bad time. I liked my little Jap. She was quite human. The other wasn't so good. How did you get on with old What's-his-name?"

"Beautifully."

"Want to go home now, darling, or would you like to stay for a bit?"

"Home," she said.

"Well, I don't suppose there's a chance of your seeing the Great Man again. There's a mob around him. Run along then and get your coat while I get a taxi."



Still with that bland, sweetly indifferent look on her face, she proffered her ticket and received her coat. When Corry put her into the taxi, she leaned her head heavily against him and he put an arm about her.

"So glad you enjoyed it, old girl. It was worth it, wasn't it? I mean, if you hadn't sat where you did it might have been a bit dull for you. Well, tell me what you talked about, you and he. I'll bet you had a lot to say to each other."

"A lot," she said. Though her outward demeanor was still calm, her thoughts were stirring. Bright, humorous fancies came to her, fancies that her tongue itched to express.

"Go on, darling, tell me what you talked about," said Corry.

"We began with the turtle soup," she said. "He made a quite absurd remark about it being the soup you always find on the menu wherever two or three hundred are gathered together in one place, and I laughed and said, 'I expect the turtle's rather like me. It takes an occasion like this to get it out of its shell.' Quite silly, you know, but it amused him, and it started things off. After that . . . let me see . . . we talked about all the novelists there were writing novels to-day, and he asked me how far I thought they'd reach if they were all put end to end. So I said, 'Why not tale to tale?' Just nonsense, you know, but it seemed to amuse him. I forget what we talked about after that. Oh, yes, he wanted to know how many books I'd written, and when I told him only two he said I ought to be ashamed, but that as I was still young he'd take a lenient view and discharge me with a caution. I said I was surprised at that, as I'd always understood he was noted for his long sentences."

"That was a trifle daring, wasn't it?" asked Corry.

"Not a bit. He loved it."

"Didn't he talk at all to whoever was on his other side?"

"Oh, yes, now and again. That was Mrs. Breed, Constance Breed. She's one of the older novelists."

"Well, go on," said Corry.

"It's hard to remember. He asked me to tell him how I explained the present vogue for the past. Everyone's writing about the past you know, and history's become quite popular. I said I thought novelists turned to the past because they found the present too fluid for them. I said, 'When about half the world's in liquidation—'"

"I'm not sure that was so good," said Corry.

"Well," she agreed, "perhaps not. But you know how it is, one talks nonsense just to make things go. He called me Eunice Maud Raikes all the evening. I suppose because it seemed friendlier than Miss Raikes. And he said that on the whole I ought to consider myself in a very strong position. Coming from a man like that, such a remark is most encouraging, I think."

"I should say it was," said Corry.

"Well, then we talked about all sorts of things. About cooking and gardening—his knowledge is quite extraordinary—and about old furniture, and even, finally, about dogs. He wants to buy a dachshund." Her brandy-induced vainglory was already beginning to wane, her bedtime inventiveness, which, thanks to the alcohol, had come earlier than usual, was flagging. Shame was beginning to make itself felt, though not, as yet, at all strongly. She nestled still more comfortably against Corry's side.

"Some time I'll tell him," she said to herself, "but not now. Oh, not now." And then, a little condescendingly, and in the manner of one who speaks from the heights of Olympus, she murmured drowsily,

"And now, darling, tell me about the little Jap."



## IF JAPAN AND RUSSIA FIGHT

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

**T**ESTIMONY it may be to the insanity of the planet we live on that one can soberly raise the questions discussed in this article while the memory of 1914 is still fresh; yet one can and must. War between Japan and Russia in the near future has ceased to be a hypothetical question for the airy speculation of experts in foreign affairs and international journalists with a flair for the melodramatic. So serious is the likelihood that it is only the part of common sense to take account of the prospect and seek to estimate what it may mean to the rest of the world. This fact must be realized: even if actual physical collision can be confined to Asia—which is far from certain—the effects cannot be so confined. Whether the war comes this year or later—and those are few who believe it can be more than postponed—it will carry sequelæ as far-reaching and deep-thrusting as the World War. In result, even if not in extent of participation, it will be a world war.

I wish to make clear at the beginning that among those who may be called students of the Far East I am one who has not believed the war would come this year, and I still doubt it. Before giving my reasons I should add that I have been in a minority and that the minority is dwindling. There is more than gossip "on the highest authority" in the reports emanating from all parts of the world. It is no secret that Foreign Offices and General Staffs everywhere have been making plans on

more than the tentative assumption that hostilities will begin in a few months, when the Siberian winter relents. Discount may be made for the disposition of Foreign Offices and General Staffs always to indulge in such assumptions on slight provocation; it is what lends interest to an otherwise eventless career. With all such allowances made, however, there is a residue of solid evidence. The increasing earnestness of Russian warnings to Japan is almost unprecedented in communications between nations except as a prelude to war. While Soviet Russia is given to conjuring up specters of impending attack by imperialistic Powers for capitalistic reasons, there is a note of conviction in the utterances of its spokesmen. The pointed words of the Moscow press, the sharper public statements by Litvinoff and by Stalin in his recent interview in the *New York Times* are evidence that Soviet Russia is not just crying wolf again. Nor are the Russians crying alarm only for public effect. The conviction left on the minds of those who have talked to them privately is that they expect the war. If they talk bluntly in public, it is by way of notification to Japan that they are prepared to meet attack.

There is more substantial evidence than that of verbal declarations. There is the solid fact of the massing of Russian troops in Eastern Siberia, the piling up of war materials and supplies sufficient for a long campaign



at strategic border points, and the concentration of a large air force at Vladivostok. Since Japan's seizure of the Manchurian provinces in 1931 Russia has been unremittingly engaged in building up a military establishment in Siberia, deflecting its energies and resources from the program laid down for industrialization and, incidentally, retarding that program materially. But as a result Japanese and Russian military forces confront each other on the borders of Siberia, Korea, and Manchuria. There has been the usual exaggeration of incidents, but that there have been incidents is undeniable. A recent newspaper report of the shooting down of a number of Japanese planes by the Russians was proved a canard, but in such a setting it could easily have been true, and the next such report may prove to be true. The Chinese Eastern Railway in North Manchuria, which is jointly controlled by Soviet Russia and Manchukuo (for Manchukuo read Japanese General Staff), has occasioned disputes of various degrees of seriousness, with charges and counter-charges, beginning with the public revelation of documents in Moscow last October purporting to prove Japan's intention to seize the railway while negotiating for its purchase. The negotiations just referred to have dragged on vainly since last summer, but Japan has meanwhile been feverishly at work on branch railways that will nullify the usefulness of the Chinese Eastern as an artery of transportation in North Manchuria. Simultaneously, by a succession of arbitrary acts it has been making Russian representation on the railway powerless. Now, as when Manchuria was still under Chinese control, the politics of Manchuria is railway politics, but now Japan is clearly winning. Simultaneously also, by railway construction and troop movements, Japan has been drawing an armed circle

around the Siberian maritime province in which Vladivostok lies. The region in northeastern Asia where Japan and Russia meet has become a mine field.

My own reasons for doubting the outbreak of war this year, notwithstanding what can be construed only as war preparations, are, first, that Russia will seek to avoid it at any cost short of loss of territory and, second, that Japan is not likely to go amok again at this time. The first is not based on any belief in doctrinaire pacifism on Russia's part. To the contrary, Russia has manifested since 1919 its readiness to fight for preservation of the revolutionary state if necessary. But it is obvious that war would indefinitely postpone, if not permanently preclude, Russia's internal reconstruction. I do not believe the Russians have any illusion that they can escape an ultimate reckoning with Japan (unless the United States and Japan as rival empires settle their account first), but before then they must complete their industrialization. Therefore, they have remained passive since 1931 under provocations to which strong countries do not usually submit; for in effect they have lost their ascendancy in North Manchuria to Japan, and they appear to be about to lose it in Outer Mongolia as well. I believe they will continue to remain passive unless their territorial integrity is imperilled. Whether Japanese occupation of Urga, in Outer Mongolia, which is likely in the next few months, will be construed as violation of their territorial integrity remains to be seen.

As for Japan, I had thought it had come out of the amok state after the attack on Shanghai and the invasion of North China and that it would now settle down to consolidation of the new mainland empire euphemistically called Manchukuo. I could not conceive that on cool calculation it would

embark on a major war at this time. Yet all Japan's actions in the past six months are hard to explain on such a theory. While Japan may no longer be amok, it is plainly still in a state of militant exaltation. That the country is completely under the rule of the military caste is self-evident, and that the people would follow the army into any adventure, however fantastic, is equally clear. It is the combination of national centralization with feudal loyalty, of mysticism with technical efficiency, of medievalism with tanks and airplanes that makes the Japanese incalculable by twentieth-century criteria and beyond understanding by the modern mind, as well as peculiarly dangerous in a world at least somewhat rationalistic. They dwell in a no man's zone of time: their springs of action in the Middle Ages, their instruments of action out of the twentieth century.

A friend of mine, an American who was born in Japan and lived there until past forty, met recently in Geneva one of the minor Japanese representatives there. They were discussing the possibility of war and reference was made to Russia's strength in the air as a menace to Tokyo. The Japanese answered that Japan's air power was usually underestimated.

"When Western military staffs calculate the cruising radius of their planes," he said, "they count both the distance out and the distance returning. Ours count only the distance out. They don't think about returning. That gives our planes a cruising radius twice as far."

Whether the particular illustration is literally true or not, the psychology is true. It is in character. The Japanese commanders would not think of their flyers' returning, nor would the flyers themselves. Ours would, just by reflex, as being in the natural order of things. Whether it is that rational-

ism has dulled our faculty of consecration to group loyalties or that the individualism that distinguishes us from the Eastern races gives us a more compelling sense of the worth of human life, the fact is that even in war we take possible losses into consideration in making purely military decisions. The Japanese would not, except as impairing the chance of attaining an objective. The explanation of air power is symbolical. It is beautiful as gesture and it has æsthetic appeal, like the story of the Forty-seven Ronin or any of the other Japanese legends of chivalry. But it is dangerous in a world in which the nexus is made by intricate economic ties and which at least hopes to substitute the rule of reason for war in international relations. It is like a volatile explosive free among inflammables.

Even if Japan is restored to a state of calm deliberation, it can find rational grounds for taking aggressive action now. Perhaps it must act soon or never. Time is working against Japan. With every year that passes, Soviet Russia will become stronger technologically and economically and, therefore, stronger for military purposes. With the Trans-Siberian Railway double-tracked all the way across the continent, more industrial centers in Siberia and more factories capable of turning out munitions and supplies, Japan will lose its principal advantage. It may be that if the Japanese militarists are ever to realize their dream of taking the coastline of the Asiatic continent and enclosing the Japan Sea in Japanese territory, they must do so now. If they should elect to precipitate the war in the near future, this will be the decisive consideration. In that case it will have overweighed in their minds the danger of incurring the financial strain of war at a time when the country's economic stability is far from certain. It will also have over-



weighed in their minds one other consideration which should be mentioned as a matter of record, and which I think counts for much in their thinking.

This is the unwisdom of Japan's weakening itself as against America. When Japanese militarists let their fancies range in dreams of world conquest they see as their principal obstacle not Russia but America. The Siberian maritime provinces are only a minor part in the grand strategy, which comprehends not only possession of Eastern Siberia, Manchuria, and Mongolia but conquest or complete domination over China. Against the realization of this dream America stands inflexible. Even if Russia were forced to submission, Japan would still be far from its goal so long as America remained both obdurate and strong. In fact, America would be left even stronger relatively if Japan first fought a long and exhausting war. It could not be flouted as cavalierly as it was in 1932, when Mr. Stimson's protests against the occupation of Manchuria were ignored.

## II

Whether or not Japan and Russia go to war this year is, however, of lesser importance. Whether this year or next year or the year after is immaterial so far as the balance and direction of international political forces are concerned. The Far East is on a war footing in any case. So long as Manchuria was a semi-autonomous part of China it served as a buffer between Russia and Japan. With the buffer removed, not only do Russia and Japan confront each other on loosely defined boundaries but, as a glance at the map will show, each has a flank exposed to the other. Each is vulnerable and has cause to be uneasy whenever the other shows any desire to disturb the *status quo*. And both are

Asiatic Powers with almost inescapable aspirations to ascendancy, the one for imperialistic reasons and the other because impelled by its philosophy of social revolution. In Japan there is a long momentum driving it westward, in Russia a momentum driving it eastward. Unless at least one of them can arrest the propulsion from within they must collide. So far from that, Japan is rampantly on the aggressive and Russia is on the defensive and wary. It is the kind of international situation that cannot long remain static. Failing the advent of some unforeseeable development, a world-wide economic collapse, world-wide revolution, or the breaking up of Japan or Russia from within, the eruption will come—before this summer is out, it may be, or it may not be for a year or two. Whichever it is, is not important for historical purposes.

If and when it comes it will shift the balance of world forces at least as drastically as did the World War, and the focus of world politics will move to Asia. Already the reverberations from the Far East have been felt in the Western Hemisphere, as may be seen from the effect of the Manchurian conflict on the League of Nations, the Kellogg Pact, and the dying hopes for disarmament. If there is war, all Asia will go into a state of solution, and the climax will come to which all the Western invasions, interventions, economic penetrations and intrigues have been leading for almost a hundred years. Then questions will be put to the Western Powers for decision which will involve their own future and the fate of the world. These words may have the ring of journalistic alarmism but they are true. It was in these accents that experts on the Balkans wrote for the more stolid English reviews in 1913 and one grew weary of their pontifical ponderousness; but events more than vindicated them.

For one thing, the war would involve China directly or indirectly. No war can be fought in Eastern Asia without involving China. Nor would China particularly want to remain aloof. There would be fighting in Manchuria which would extend almost automatically into North China. In Manchuria Chinese irregulars and the guerilla bands, which the Japanese describe as bandits, would make raids to embarrass the Japanese, blowing up railways and bridges and supply depots. They would undoubtedly be aided from China proper, and the Japanese would first warn, then threaten, and then take reprisals. The Chinese themselves would sabotage, and by the kind of passive measures they can use so effectively hinder the Japanese as much as possible. Since Japan took Manchuria and, more particularly, since the attack on Shanghai and the killing of thousands of helpless Chinese by Japanese air bombs, the Chinese of the articulate classes have been in a state of suppressed bitterness which approaches the hysterical in some cases. That they are helpless and know it is a humiliation which drives the bitterness deeper. The outbreak of war would release a wave of hope and of passionate pro-Russian feeling throughout the country.

Moreover, communism, or what may loosely be identified with communism, is already entrenched in large parts of China. Because of desperate social conditions as a result of civil wars, official misrule, and the oppression of condottieri, it is spreading. It may conquer no matter what happens externally. If Russia went to war in what propaganda would portray as the role of China's deliverer, the movement could hardly be stemmed. Certainly if Russia won, nothing could keep China from going communistic. It would not be communistic in ideology, that is, with comprehension of

the doctrine, for that is too alien to the race's spirit and institutions; but it would adopt the outward forms and the phrases and at the least it would fall completely under Soviet Russia's sway. There would be Russian military and civil advisers who would in effect be co-rulers of the country. Since Soviet Russia has a clear line of action and China has been groping in confusion for a generation, without program or beliefs or principles, decisions affecting China's course would be taken in Moscow and ratified in Nanking.

The consequences are easy to imagine and hard to overestimate. A Russianized China would make the larger part of Asia communistic. One-third of the human race would then be under the red flag. The social revolution would be taken to the borders of India, down to French Indo-China, and almost to the door of British Malaysia, the Dutch East Indies, and the Philippine Islands, where already there is nationalistic unrest among the dependent peoples of the Western empires. Most of all, it would raise the old Russian bogey for the British. It would renew in actual fact the Anglo-Russian rivalry for mastery of Asia as of the 1890's. Now there would be this difference, that Kipling's *Bear That Walks Like a Man* really would be at the Himalayas looking down into the plains of India. On the British Empire a huge shadow would fall, the more ominous for being cast by a red mass.

One cannot conceive the British government facing an unrolling of such events passively. As the better part of British diplomacy always is forethought, one cannot conceive it waiting for the accomplished fact. It would not stand by and watch Japan being decisively defeated. In some way it would have to intervene. How, in what way, whether alone or in con-



cert with other Powers, and how far committing itself—these are the questions that a Russian victory would put to Great Britain for decision. It could not evade them. To let them go by default would be the first act in the surrender of the Empire. Great Britain cannot permit a decisive Russian victory in the Far East if it would remain a Power with world eminence.

Nor would France be more likely to watch with equanimity the consolidation by Soviet Russia of a continent with which to confront a divided Europe, to say nothing of the French empire in Indo-China. From the purely European point of view, France would be at least sympathetic to intervention. It too would have to face the question, what to do and how. No more than Great Britain, could it remain wholly neutral while Russia was crushing Japan. In fact, no Western Power which has built up an empire in the last hundred years could take a negative course without being prepared to surrender its empire.

A complete Japanese victory would be only a little less serious for the Occident. It can be taken for granted that a complete Japanese victory would be followed by Japan's absorption of all of North China and the conversion of all of South China into a Japanese protectorate. The Chinese would have given ample provocation and the Japanese would find one if they had not. Moreover, the Japanese military are not given to restraint when flushed with success. That could be seen after 1931. The ease with which they defied the whole world then and compelled it to accept the seizure of Manchuria as *fait accompli* has bred convictions of invulnerability, if not invincibility. They are convictions that come easily to the Japanese military. All military castes have a sense of mission, of a divine compulsion laid on them to conquer

all that lies within reach. Possibly it is because professional military men have so little to do. With the Japanese this sense reaches a pitch of exaltation. It is part poetic, part religious, and in part cognizant that it can yield large profits to the industrial feudal lords who have succeeded the daimyo as the oligarchy that still holds Japan in medieval fealty. To a great extent the industrial feudal lords are the daimyo taking over the weapons of railway and factory and bank in substitution for the double-edged sword. As I have said, all Japan is a combination of medieval mysticism with twentieth-century efficiency and organization. Its foreign policy as well as its domestic politics is a confusion of economic motivation, Bonapartist delusions of grandeur, twentieth-century imperialism, and the romanticism of samurai chivalry. All these strains would unite in the event of victory to form an uncontrollable lust for conquest. The comparative modesty of the Asiatic Monroe Doctrine would be cast off for a demand for simple possession. Unless restrained by some force from without, Japan would take possession. It would make itself master of the Asiatic continent to the Baikal and Tibet.

Such a prospect would be only a little less distasteful to the Occident than a complete Russian victory. To the British Empire it would be less dangerous only by degree: if less dangerous at all, then only by virtue of the fact that Japanese aggression would not be unified and galvanized by the idea of social revolution, the promise of deliverance to the oppressed, the nationally as well as socially oppressed. Japan must conquer with armament; Russia has the additional weapon of an idea, a hope, and an efficient system of propaganda. The hope has a peculiar appeal to the masses of Asia, who live in the primitive poverty and

deprivations of a pre-industrial economy and who are oppressed both by their native rulers and by their alien conquerors from the West. At any rate Japan would be at the door of Hongkong, Singapore, Manila, Indo-China, and Java. The process of penetration it has carried forward in Manchuria since 1906 it would begin in Indo-China, Malaysia, Java, Sumatra, and the Philippines.

The British have already had a foretaste of what this can mean even without the added advantages of political suzerainty. For two years there has been a ferment in the East and serious protest in England over Japan's inroads into the trade of India. Aided by a depreciated exchange, nearness to market, efficient organization, and government subsidy, Japan has been taking away the textile trade of England with India. And the textile trade is the main commercial prize of hegemony over India. It is also the economic mainstay of Lancashire and one of the foundation stones on which British economic supremacy was based until the World War. With actual Japanese ascendancy over Eastern Asia, the West could write off all existing trade with Asia and all hopes for future trade. This is a sacrifice which no Western Power has ever been willing to make and which no industrialized Western Power can afford to make, now above all. For in the economic state in which we find ourselves not only can we not lose such outlets as we have for surplus products, but we must find new outlets if the present economic order is to survive. Given the desire to preserve the present order, empire is not a luxury or a chauvinistic satisfaction. It is a necessity. We dare not lose our territorial dependencies in the East. We cannot run the risk of losing them. And if Japan again decisively defeats Russia we shall be on the way to losing

them. Consummation will be only a question of time.

### III

I cannot conceive Great Britain and France facing this prospect passively either. Far more important, I cannot conceive the United States facing this prospect. It would be a renunciation such as the United States has never made, at a time when it is least in the mood for renunciations and, besides, can least afford them. Aside from the Monroe Doctrine, the United States has had only one unswerving foreign policy, whether the American people know it or not. It is that no other Power shall pre-empt for itself the right to the economic exploitation of China, either by outright annexation or substantive domination. We have described that policy as belief in the integrity of China, espousal of the Open Door for China, validation of the Kellogg Pact and the international machinery for prevention of war, or by any other phrases in accord with the situation and spirit of the moment. But we have always meant the same thing, and never have we been actuated by emotionalism, sentimentality, idealism, or detached doctrinaire conviction. We have been motivated, however subconsciously, by our own economic interest. We have been thinking of our future economic expansion in the only area in the world still left open to expansion. The four hundred million people of China constitute the only undeveloped market left in the world. We have steadfastly refused to allow that market to be shut off from us for the benefit of any other great Power. Therefore, while elaborating a philosophy of isolation from Europe from George Washington's simple statement based on conditions in another time, we have increasingly involved ourselves in the Far East. The



apparent intellectual inconsistency is only a matter of words; in act we have been consistent, as much so as any European practitioners of realpolitik.

When Russia presented the most serious threat of conquest of China before 1904 we opposed Russia. In the Russo-Japanese war we were singleheartedly pro-Japanese. When Japan won and in turn presented the same threat we began to oppose Japan. We have relentlessly opposed it ever since, and as the threat has become more serious we have become increasingly anti-Japanese. We have stood in the way of every effort by Japan to push its aggression on China. Our protests mounted in directness and intensity from 1907, when Japan first began quasi-legal exclusion of other traders from Manchuria, to 1931, when Japan took Manchuria. We are still on record as refusing to acknowledge the separation of Manchuria from China although Manchukuo is about to become a monarchy under the tutelage of the Japanese army. While the Powers of Europe remained inwardly placid, even if they took the formal steps to which they were constrained by the words of the League of Nations Covenant and the Kellogg Pact, the United States was intransigent.

Bearing in mind the vigor with which we protested against Manchuria, can one believe that we shall remain inert if all China goes the way of Manchuria? It is scarcely likely. As England cannot and probably will not passively watch Russia rolling up a decisive victory, foreseeing the sequel, so the United States cannot and probably will not passively watch the unrolling of a Japanese victory. A complete Russian victory the United States might accept, although in the long run its own economic ambitions would be nullified just as effectually by a Russianized Asia; a complete Japanese victory it would seek to prevent.

It too would want an intervention. It too would have to face the questions: to intervene or not to intervene; in what way; how directly and at what cost? The climax to which we have been moving in the East for a generation would have arrived. By the answers to those questions our place in the world in the future would be determined.

To a Mephistopheles, with a malicious relish for the human comedy, a Russo-Japanese war would offer a uniquely diverting spectacle. With its outbreak would begin the play of diplomatic bargaining, intrigue, finesse, and chicanery by comparison with which the World War was elementary and simplehearted. Then the game could be in the open. Except for the minor Balkan States the sides were openly declared and the stakes were visible. In this war no sides could be taken openly and in the beginning. Every effort would be made by the neutrals to achieve ends without taking sides, certainly without taking sides alone. Every effort would be made to put the onus and the risks of the initiative on some other neutral—on America, one suspects. Forced to the choice, Great Britain would prefer a Japanese victory as the lesser of two evils. So also would the other European Powers. Forced to the choice, the United States would prefer a Russian victory as the lesser of two evils. Within that area of divergence the diplomatic intrigue would lie. Its center would be in Washington, its direction in London. Over all the world would fall delicate and subtle strands of propaganda—not two rival systems of propaganda as in 1917 but as many as there are great Powers with varying interests, each strand with its own imperceptible shading. And over the American continent the strands would fall most heavily and tangle most intricately.

If the war comes, a quick stalemate from exhaustion is the only hope that the rest of the world can escape being involved. Exhaustion is likely, but that it will be so equally timed on both sides as to produce stalemate rather than the collapse of one side is improbable. There is more likely to be a decisive conclusion. Decision entails harsh choices for the other great nations of the world. Given more foresight and forbearance by the statesmen, leaders, and press of the nations than they have ever shown before, choice might be averted and events allowed to take their course. For no matter what the consequences, whichever side won, it can be demonstrated that participation to avert the consequences would be even more costly. It needs no arguing the point that another world war will be fatal to those nations which are socially more highly organized. That so much foresight will be shown and pride and immediate interest subordinated is hardly to be hoped. It is, rather, to be expected that one or more Powers will eventually intervene, probably more—if not while the war is still in progress, then soon after in order to curb the exuberance of the victor.

In either case the consequences are both ominous and costly. The Far East has festered to the point of eruption. The poisons injected by a hundred years of international rivalry have worked through the organism. The war that is in the making is on no dispute over "issues." It cannot be prevented by "settling" issues. It is a conflict of national ambitions, of destinies. It is an irreconcilable conflict. If by the intervention of providence enough time could be granted to allow some other factor to be introduced which would in some way change the polarization of forces in Asia the path of collision might be circumvented. A long time would be required and some factor that cannot now be visualized as practicable. Failing these, the conflict must evolve to its logical culmination—if not with Russia and Japan as participants, as is now more probable, then with Japan and America as participants, or with other Powers. If it does, and if Russia and Japan are the participants in the near future, it will be a time for balance and deliberation, for coolheadedness such as the nations have never before been called on to manifest and practice.





# THE FIRST YEAR OF MARRIAGE

BY LAURA L. STURGIS

EXACTLY a year ago I stood listening to the congratulations of a stream of people at my wedding reception. One of them told me that a certain white-haired old gentleman had compared me to the "innocent brides" of his own day. A moment later an intellectual looking gentleman with glasses wished me luck, and in an undertone expressed his surprise that a person like myself should have wanted all that "archaic mummerly"—with a gesture toward the church and a deprecating glance at the minister. How wrong they both were I could not know then. Despite every effort I had made I was quite unprepared for the most remarkable discovery of early marriage. So I nodded agreement to the gentleman with glasses and tried not to smile too much when I shook hands with the gentleman with white hair.

The innocent bride has been extinct for a number of years. She vanished, not merely because the modern girl in her last year in school or her first in college takes a course in "Mental Hygiene," not merely because she reads censored novels and sees uncensored plays, not even because she may have had pre-marital experience, but because she makes a deliberate effort just before her marriage to acquire what might almost be called a technical knowledge of the subject. Innocence, in most cases, has fled long before she becomes a bride. Ignorance remains to be dealt with.

Most young couples to-day are fa-

miliar with the dictum of Havelock Ellis that the average man making love to the average woman resembles an ourang-outang trying to play on a violin. They are familiar with the fact that many brides are hysterical or frigid, and they appreciate that a little judicious reading can do much to instruct the ourang-outang and to put the violin in tune. Nevertheless, the spectacle of my fiancé and myself seated in the sunshine of an August garden discussing the endocrine glands was something which, to my mother's mind, consorted ill with both delicacy and romance. It was what our white-haired old gentleman most certainly would have called "taking the bloom off the peach." Yet after I had given my mother one of these books to read she said to me with a reminiscent look, "Perhaps *that* was why I felt thus and so." Thirty years of married life had failed to give her an explanation which she had sought in secret. Again, a recently married couple, both of whom had had pre-marital experience, fell to reading a book on the physical side of marriage merely as a favor to one of their well-meaning but more "innocent" friends. They were both amazed at the number of things experience had not taught them. Now they go about presenting this book to all the engaged couples they know.

This state of things is comparatively recent. The first few of my acquaintances who married did not think of preparing themselves in this way. Of

the dozen or so who have married in the last two or three years all but two have done so, one of these being exceptionally old-fashioned, the other exceptionally neurotic. Nevertheless, I was somewhat surprised about a week before our wedding when the minister of his own accord recommended it. He was a youngish man, married only a few years himself, and he had a goodly number of scientific books to suggest if we had not already read them!

The explanations are not far to seek. Psychoanalysis has traced countless unhappy marriages to sexual maladjustments, and its findings are becoming more widely known each day. The attempt to make marriage a success through knowledge and prevention is exactly comparable to the enlightened if self-conscious attitude of recent parents toward their children. The latter naturally came first because modern psychology lays its first emphasis upon childhood. Now we are going back still farther, to the foundations of the family into which the child is to be born.

But there is also another reason. I believe that the spectacle of divorce has appalled the young people of or approaching marriageable age even more than the elder generation. When I was a sub-deb I went to dancing classes and parties attended by pupils from most of the well-known schools in New York. Of the "older girls" and many also of my own age I can count twenty-three who are now divorced; two of them have been divorced several times. And they were not, be it said, mere nodding acquaintances but people whom I knew tolerably well. If these repented only in the divorce court, why should I be in haste to marry? Too much pleasure, work, and freedom are available to the single young woman of to-day. Why should I give them up for an institution which has been a con-

spicuous failure among so many of my friends?

A girl who reasons thus will be keenly aware of her position when the inclination to marry does come. She will go into it with her eyes open. She will be doubly eager to make it a success. To be sure, there was a time when young people married with the avowed intention of going promptly to Reno "if it didn't work." But the Gin Period is out of date. Modern young people have no intention of leaving matrimony to work itself out. Rather are they inclined to listen humbly to what Grandmamma and Uncle Oliver tell them about its pitfalls at the same time that they keep Keyserling or Doctor Stopes under their arm.

## II

With such preparation then we were married. After a few months the discoveries about the physical side of marriage were condensed into something quite simple. The books, we found, were right. Our friends and popular opinion were wrong. I refer chiefly to that amazing but still prevalent delusion that the engagement marks a happiness which rises to its climax in the honeymoon and then gradually sinks back through a period of adjustment to a level that is generally pretty humdrum. Love and passion are very different, our parents told us. Love lasts, passion does not. Love is all right, passion—well, we were given the impression that they didn't know much about it, they were glad to say, but referred us to the young man who

. . . was lost *totally*  
And married a girl in the corps de ballet.

Was this merely prudish, old-fashioned? A callow sophisticate once observed to me that "you could be happy with anyone on a honeymoon—but afterward?"



Well, I have not been married long enough to know whether or not it is true that companionship, security, and several other things our parents told us about increase with time. What I do know is that it is in the nature of passion to do so. Tolstoi is the only novelist I have ever read who has dared to call the honeymoon a "greatly over-rated period" and to depict the greatest physical happiness later on in the married life. And it is one of the chief functions of the textbooks on marriage to indicate how much passion can grow, not only for the woman but also for the man, and that it can last many years provided certain conditions are observed. These books emphasize various matters of technic, the importance, directly and indirectly, of giving satisfaction to the woman as well as to the man, and the importance of divesting oneself of the idea that the body is evil or shameful.

Did people's religious taboos make it necessary for them to conceal the fact that the body becomes more and more proficient in the art of love? Or were these taboos and the many painful complexes related to them so strong, or men's methods so blundering, that such consummation rarely occurred? Or again, did our elders say nothing merely in order to preserve the honeymoon myth? I do not mean that my honeymoon was not marvelously happy. Certainly there was a freshness and wonder about it which I do not expect to experience again. But it was largely a mental and emotional happiness, not unattended by a certain strangeness and uncertainty. It is easy to understand the delight of an embrace. The delight of a complete union is both more difficult of achievement and more substantially enduring.

But possibly the chief reason for silence on this point is simply the fact that most of the people who proffer

advice on marital questions are comparatively old. Perhaps they have forgotten what the first years, the first months, were like. I trust that I shall neither forget nor fear to be frank, for I believe that it is unnecessarily discouraging to insist to a young person who is really in love that that part of it which is most present to him at the moment will be the first to die. I should urge rather that he study to develop and preserve it, realizing that he can avoid many of the things which tend to put it to flight. People who fear lest such counsel place an over-emphasis upon the element of passion, thus making it the easier to confuse with love, should appreciate that they are unconsciously doing the same thing when they keep reminding us of its evanescence.

This question of religious taboos has received much publicity of late. It has been held responsible for all sorts of repressions, maladjustments, illnesses, and sometimes, through a process of reaction, violent excesses. In the concept of the virgin birth there is, of course, an implied condemnation of intercourse on this earth, and about the best St. Paul could say was that it is better to marry than to burn. Incidentally, there were plenty of saints who preferred to burn, and did so, thoroughly. Historically this was only too logical. Early Christian asceticism was the inevitable corrective to Roman decadence and the overemphasis on things carnal which that involved. But like many another mode of thought, it has outlived its purpose and now causes more trouble than it is worth. I believe that the modern scientific attitude toward sex, even though still in the making, is far more wholesome and useful for modern people.

Voluntary parenthood is a part of that attitude. And though I was keenly disappointed when considera-



tions of health obliged me to postpone having a baby for a time, I came to believe that a slight delay would be beneficial to both husband and wife in almost any marriage.

Another of the surprises which was in store for us concerns the element of fun—fun as children and, possibly, animals know it, a naïve, exhilarating, end-in-itself experience which is seldom accessible to adults, but which, if it exists for them at any time, exists in the first year of marriage. I cannot understand why this fact is scarcely even mentioned. Romantic literature and sentimental people suggest that early marriage is a delirium of happiness never to be repeated; so-called realistic literature and sober-minded people, that it is a period of very delicate adjustment usually entailing much disillusion. It occurs to me that possibly the very intensity of the former and the seriousness of the latter require to be offset in our constitutions by a certain species of comic relief. At any rate, it is always fun to live with another young person whom you like, particularly if you have been living alone or with much older people: how much more so if one of you is a man and the other a girl!

Possibly the physical inhibitions just referred to also stifled a good deal of this natural exuberance. Flirtatious young people—and it is quite possible to flirt with your husband—do not need Freud to point out the connection between the two. Furthermore, the question of age again enters. Doubtless when we have children of our own and more responsibilities, some of this blithe atmosphere will dissipate. But why should conjugal bliss always be spoken of as a sublime and subtle thing to which few attain—and from which those few are constantly descending to the dull details of existence? Such details are dull no longer. This very happiness leaves a residue of sheer ani-

mal spirits which play in and out among them in all sorts of trivial, often silly, always salutary ways.

Fun is not quite the same thing as humor. But even a bride and groom are not entirely unable to appreciate the incongruous and the unexpected. My chronic inability to believe that I am presentable unless I have a particular kind of wave in my hair (a wave which my husband, alas, is incapable of perceiving even when it is pointed out) is a source of unfailing amazement and amusement to him. I, on the other hand, can never quite comprehend the solemnity and duration of the morning shave.

It is a point worth noting because of the present-day "eyes open" attitude toward marriage. Undoubtedly the preparation of the average man and woman for this greatest of events has in the past been tragically meager. But if young people are to be warned of its changes and difficulties they ought also to be apprised of its gay and buoyant aspects. The innumerable small surprises in the unfolding of another personality, the novelty, the frequent incredibility of the whole situation can supply more diversion than all the theaters in the world—diversion, provided they do not produce ill-temper, conflict, and hurt feelings. And this brings us to those prodigious bugbears, *The Adjustments of Early Married Life*.

### III

The important thing about adjusting is not the adjustments but the mental attitude one brings to them. Persons about to be married need not spend time worrying about what these adjustments will be, for they cannot possibly be foreseen. Of course in a general way it is plausible to assume that if you are a chorus girl you may not fit in easily with the private life of a cleric, and *vice versa*. But in most in-



stances the problems will be altogether different from what you expected.

For example, before I was married I had a habit which seemed likely to be disturbing. When I dressed or even changed my hat I was inclined to throw things all over the room, so that by the time I departed it was the quintessence of untidy haste. But then there was always a maid to pick up the flung stockings, the dresses collapsed upon the floor. In depression marriages there is seldom such a maid. Moreover, during the course of our engagement a chance episode disclosed to me the appalling fact that my fiancé was not only a neat person himself but that he was inclined to resent disorder in others. Instantly I was in a panic. I determined to break myself of a habit of many years' standing during the remaining six weeks before our marriage. I made a herculean effort—but in vain. What happened? From the day I was married I began to hang up my clothes as regularly as though I had been doing it all my life. I could hardly believe that this should be termed an adjustment, for, far from making any effort, I was not even conscious that I was doing it—until I visited my family several months later and began to throw things about again! It was a phenomenon which I shall not try to explain.

On the other hand, there was the problem of temperature. I had never thought of temperature as a problem. During the few months before we were married we had seen each other at concerts, night clubs, and in the open air—places where we had no control over the heat or cold. After our marriage what was my consternation to discover that he liked to live in an atmosphere that fairly made my teeth chatter. If he turned on the heat to please me beads of sweat stood out upon his brow. If I then opened the window to please him we were both miserable. What

was to be done? We agreed that each of us was an extremist, and endeavored to moderate our preferences. But since I proceeded to acquire a long series of colds in the head, my husband in this case bore the brunt of the adjusting, and has heroically accustomed himself to living in what he considers a semi-tropical climate.

Again there was the question of his work. Before I was married I could not possibly have imagined being jealous of a man's job. I had always been attracted to hard workers, and since I had work of my own I not only understood how absorbing it can be but also believed that I should never want for occupation when my husband was busy. Well, we returned from our honeymoon. The abrupt change from companionship all day long to merely in the evening is often more difficult than people who have not themselves been recently married realize. Shortly afterward my husband brought home a brief case and worked from the close of dinner till two or three in the morning. This happened the next night and the next. I forget whether it was the third or the fourth time that something, as the novelists say, snapped within me. I did not know whether to weep or to storm—or to punish him later by withdrawing in my turn. It was useless to tell myself that after he had been away on vacation there would naturally be an abnormal accumulation of work, and that it was harder on him than on me. The one fact that I could see was that I wanted him and that he was absorbed in something else. To wax really hysterical and complain that he did not love me any more was but the next step. And this is where Havelock Ellis came in.

It is common knowledge that a woman's emotional life generally lies deeper than a man's, that she is apt to be more difficult to arouse. As a result, Ellis points out, a bride who sud-

denly has opened up before her vast realms of physical and emotional capacity long hidden frequently feels the need of twenty husbands. If things have gone well the groom is generally appeased, the bride more stimulated than ever. Eventually she becomes adapted to the circumstance of having but one husband—and that one likely to desert her now and then in the service of his profession. All this, when I remembered it, was so comforting that I began to believe in the possibility that my romance had not died an early death after all, and I managed to control the outburst, not, I confess, without some aspect of strain. Now when I see a brief case come in the door I may deplore the competitive New York system but I no longer feel tempted to tantrums or tears.

I know a man who falls in love frequently but is careful not to propose to a girl until he has tried her out for months and even years upon every conceivable topic and in all kinds of situations. Of course he sooner or later comes upon something which does not altogether please him. So he goes on to the next lady. Such a system of crossing bridges before they are reached proves nothing. Indeed it is precisely the differences, above all in the masculine and feminine points of view but also in the most trifling details, which give that richness, that three-dimensional quality to married life.

#### IV

If, then, individual problems cannot be foreseen and armed against, what shall this mental attitude be? A year ago I had no idea. A good deal was said, somewhat vaguely, about consideration. There must be a give and take in marriage. Marriage is a fifty-fifty proposition. And so on. It all sounded frightfully dismal, like instructions to a pair of sulky children

playing croquet: turn and turn about and no fair cheating. The symbol of a more congenial approach was discovered in the expedient of the toothpaste cap.

One day when we were on our honeymoon we picked up a magazine in a lounge and happened upon an article on marriage which we promptly read. In discussing this same matter of adjustments the author said that her husband's habit of failing to screw the cap on the toothpaste tube used to annoy her intensely. Finally she told him about it and now, it seems, he screws it on so tight she can scarcely get it off. This, she said, was just one of those small adjustments which mean so much to the success of any marriage. After reading this we must both have taken a silent vow to be on the watch; for before long we were solving uncertainties by asking, "Is that a toothpaste cap?" This became both a joke and a useful custom. It could also be applied the other way round. "I have a toothpaste cap," I announced one night with some trepidation. Another time he had one. Mine was that his cavalier manner of driving a car gave me the jitters; his, that he abominated my favorite whole-wheat bread.

It becomes increasingly evident that in marriage it is not enough to meet a person half way. Such is the standard of business: you do something for me and I'll do something for you. Rather, as Wordsworth said in extenuation of a king who built a beautiful church at great expense,

Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects  
the lore

Of nicely-calculated less or more;

On earth one thing at least rejects it  
likewise and that is love. Love cannot survive an atmosphere of calculation. I believe that it is not the minutiae of the daily round that wither romance in marriage, as is so commonly asserted, but the tendency to treat love



as though it were a commodity like sugar or cream which you, as an efficient housewife or shopkeeper, may bargain over and dole out in such quantities as you see fit. Love will not be bound in this way—or in any way. But if you beat the other person to it by volunteering, “Is that a toothpaste cap?” you have not only made the adjustment easier on both sides but you have also added fuel to your mutual emotion. There is so much pettiness in the world that love is the one place where man expects and longs to be quit of it. And how seldom he is! Usually because the two people will not sufficiently trust and submit to each other. What the psychologists call “giving up one’s narcissism” is the same thing as losing one’s life in order to find it.

Normal adult marriages are built upon this principle. Apparent exceptions only prove the rule. There are some ruthless and selfish men, some spoilt and selfish women who will consistently abuse the generosity of those they love. Yet even here the concept of marriage as a fifty-fifty proposition only makes things worse; for it leads inevitably to asserting one’s rights, which leads in turn to constant quarrels. The wisest thing that was said to us when we were engaged was that there are no rights in marriage, only obligations. The extreme selfish types can be dealt with in a variety of ways, and since they make good dramatic material they have been much exploited by fiction and the funny papers. The average couple should ignore them.

The mistake of asserting one’s rights, of invoking an atmosphere of justice, is similar to the mistake of making a fetish out of logic or reason. I know a recently divorced couple each of whom would tell you portentously that the other was “so unreasonable.” In spite of, or possibly because of, the fact that they were both highly intel-

lectual persons engaged in scientific research, neither of them had the slightest doubt that such a judgment was completely damning. Which of them was really unreasonable? Suppose they both were. The structure of marriage does not depend upon the foursquareness of each brick but upon the mortar that holds them together. Being reasonable is a poor standard if only because things you think unimportant may be vital to the other person. Indeed, our idiosyncrasies are often more deeply rooted than anything else. Undoubtedly my husband thought me unreasonable to be frightened by the way he drove a car. He might have argued that he had never had an accident, that other people admired his driving, that I ought to get over being fidgety. I might have argued that he ought to grow to like whole-wheat bread, that it is both cheaper and better for you than white bread. . . . Life is too short.

Unreason we have always with us: a man’s fatigue, a woman’s nerves, illness—in all of these it may appear, vanish, and reappear. But love understands it and is charitable about it. One does not argue with a drunkard, the man of the world tells us. I know a man who is sometimes so drunk with his own sense of importance that his statements are imbecile—you would not believe he could be the power he is in business. But his wife understands and does not attempt to reason with him. I knew a woman who was periodically so nervous that no drunkard in the world could vie with her for sheer perversity and abrupt changes of mood, contentious one moment, sentimental the next, sullen the next. But her husband did not understand this, and invariably argued with her with all the heat and eloquence of a district attorney whose trained mind was being affronted by *post hoc* fallacies. Since these occasions had no patent connec-

tion with her physical life, the woman, though intelligent and "educated," knew no more than the man what was at the bottom of their quarrels.

There is much to be said about quarrelling. I have sometimes thought that pacifists would get farther if they talked less about the horrors of war and proceeded to a deeper analysis of the pleasures of war. If domestic strife were all unpleasant there would not be so much of it.

But arguments lead so imperceptibly, first to occasional quarrels, then to constant bickering, that many people are not even aware that their marriage lacks completely that deep and sustaining factor—harmony. They would be the first to tell you that they were happy; and I dare say they are for they enjoy quarrelling. If you told them so they would say, "Oh, but we aren't quarrelling! We're just expressing our opinions." I know a man who, to prove to his terrified children that his wrangles with his wife were not serious, told a story of two Irishmen in a regiment. They fought and nearly killed each other, but at their court-martial testified, in spite of their broken arms and bandaged skulls, that they were the greatest of friends and that their set-to's meant nothing. "So you see," said the narrator, "the bystanders were wrong to judge by appearances." Probably the worst persons to judge of the extent of a quarrel are those concerned in it.

There are other people who know that they enjoy quarrelling and do it deliberately. They are absurdly afraid of boredom. And it is such fun to kiss and make up; there is such power in holding a person at arm's length, in making him or her jealous, in "keeping him guessing." Although really springing from a doubt of one's power and a consequent need to be always proving it, this sort of thing might be all right if there were no one

else in the case. I say nothing about the guest who is made uncomfortable; the well-nigh incalculable harm done to children is another matter. Psychologists tell us that the parents ought to be the background of security for the child. Where they quarrel there is no security; anything may happen. If parents understood that many of the difficult traits which are such a trial to them in their children come from the fear and imitation of just such traits in themselves, they might make more effort before ever the children were born.

For effort is required. Peace is something that must be valued and striven for by even the gentlest and most devoted of lovers. Love alone will not protect them: rather it makes them more prone to fight. A word of criticism, a mood of indifference even though quite unintentional, hurts most in someone we love. The chief causes of marital discord are said to be money, flirtation, and alcohol; but I believe that more often than not they become excuses for quarrels the real root of which is purely emotional.

It seems apparent that the attitude which is most practical and most productive of happiness in family life is based upon the principles of love and charity rather than upon those of justice and reason.

## V

These words have a familiar ring. What do they stand for but the essence of Christianity?

May I remind the reader at this point that neither my husband nor I has been inside a church for years except on wedding occasions, and that, as a member of the bar, he deals constantly and with interest in what passes for justice and reason. As to the questions of worship, and of the possibility of realizing Christian ideals in the world of affairs, I do not presume to an



opinion. What I do assert is that marriages in which these principles are not followed, consciously or unconsciously, will fail.

The charity to which I have referred (not, of course, in the narrow sense of helping the poor) signifies a mingling of love and compassion. Our sense of justice is not always reliable: for it perceives only apparent truth. Charity is an attempt to achieve the reality of justice by leaving a margin for that part of the truth which we cannot see. What we usually call the sense of justice is a limited and average quality which most people have simply because they could not get through life without it. Unfairness and indiscriminate pity are both deviations from the norm. A child is the first to cry, "No fair!" A more mature person maintains his equilibrium and continues to treat decently those who have despitely used him.

This has nothing whatever to do with the deliberate martyrdom we find so obnoxious. To see only masochism in Christianity is to miss the forest for the trees. The person who says, or whose attitude implies, "Go on: abuse me. I'll return good for evil. I'll get my reward" is a travesty on the Christian idea. If charity "suffereth long, and is kind," in the very same sentence it "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." Many psychologists and many laymen have been prejudiced by such cheap exploitation as appears in the above example, and have never bothered to search farther into the extraordinarily penetrating truths of the human heart which Christianity reveals.

Still more prejudice possibly has re-

sulted from the extravagant reverence for chastity displayed by so many Christian teachers. But deprecation of love between the sexes is no more essential to the genius of Christianity than the countenancing of perverted love is to the genius of Socratic philosophy. Both were by-products of the particular time and conditions under which they were born.

When all is said, what could be more appropriate than the philosophy of love for lovers? Not one of the Christian virtues but has its spontaneous beginning in the love situation. Instances might be multiplied indefinitely did space permit: to love another as oneself sums it all up. The trouble is that unless we hold on to and re-enforce these impulses, they tend to scatter. Not, primarily, because people change and new situations arise. They do; but the ideals of many lovers are discarded before the trousseau. The moment the first flush of involuntary generosity subsides they allow it to do so, sadly or cynically or pretending not to see it, as the case may be. They do not realize that to keep love they must follow the direction it has already indicated; that the truest spontaneity, as my music teacher used to say, comes with practice.

Of my white-haired old gentleman and my gentleman with glasses I should say that they both "date." Self-knowledge, at least in respect to one's physical and emotional equipment, I believe to be an asset which every bride and groom should have. But to rear their young love to the full stature of marriage they can invoke no more quickening power than that of an active Christianity.



# THE LOWLY BONDHOLDER

A CASE OF ANARCHY IN LAW

BY VICTOR HOUSE

MY EXPERIENCE of the past four years leads me to say unhesitatingly that the most victimized and the most helpless sufferers engulfed in the train of the 1929 stock market crash were those who never thought of themselves as speculators—those who *invested* painstakingly earned savings in “bonds” represented to them as the acme of safety in the 1920 decade. If the facts, buried in legal jargon and scattered in the history of many apparently isolated catastrophes, could be assembled and presented in simple panorama, it seems inconceivable that there would not be a complete ostracism of the corporate bond as an avenue of private investment.

A leading member of the New York bar once quoted to me a scintillating epigram, to the effect that the corporate bond “represented the accumulated fears of three generations of lawyers.” These professional misgivings have of late been fully justified, but the catastrophe foreshadowed fell not upon the lawyers, but upon countless investors who trustfully took and ruefully hold these expensively engraved pieces of paper.

The legal and financial legerdemain by which a generation bred to confidence in the integrity and safety of the bond and mortgage as a vehicle for prudent investment was duped, victimized, and fleeced has nothing in

it of the mysterious. It is a story which may be simply told and amply illustrated by specific and well-known instances. The fact that these instances have not been correlated and that the lesson which they teach has not been widely taught is little short of amazing.

An understanding of the mechanism governing the issuance of the modern corporate bond is necessary to elucidate how the process and its product have been abused. The modern corporate bond is an adaptation of the simple real estate bond and mortgage. The owner of real estate who wants to borrow money thereon executes a promissory note, or “bond,” obligating himself to the repayment of the sum advanced. Concurrently he executes an “indenture of mortgage” or, more simply, “mortgage,” which is designed to effect the transfer of the mortgaged property to the lender in the event that the obligation assumed in the “bond” is not met. When the lender “forecloses” the mortgage he is taking the legal steps, following default, to secure title to the mortgaged property.

This is the simple bond and mortgage. “Participations” in such mortgages are known, but the procedure is cumbersome and limits the process of subdivision, so that usually there is just one lender, or at most very few.



In the case of the corporate bond and mortgage there are unlimited sharers in the loan. Manifestly someone must be designated to hold or acquire the property which constitutes the security. Trust companies have been receptive occupants of this position of responsibility. To them in the corporate era have been transferred vast properties, to be held as security for the payment of bonds subscribed for in turn by countless investors all over the world.

It is natural that the standing and reputation of the trustee should under these circumstances greatly concern and affect the bondholder. If the trustee is reliable there would seem to be assurance that the property trusted will be safely kept. There is at least the implication that a sound trustee would not lend itself to an unsound or unfair bargain. Unquestionably the standing and reputation of the trustee has had a large influence upon the standing and salability of the corporate bond.

It would obviously be impracticable to permit countless bondholders to institute foreclosure proceedings upon the same property. Accordingly, early in the history of the "indentures of mortgage" or "indentures" designating these trustees the practice developed of vesting the trustee exclusively with the right of foreclosure. This, as the courts have frequently stated, was to prevent multiplicity of actions.

The processes of the astute corporate lawyer have grafted upon this simple base a series of refinements calculated to whittle down the bondholder's right to sue in defense of his security, whether or not such action be directed to foreclosure. Limitations were introduced which find no counterpart in any other character of security. A typical modern corporate bond indenture clause reads as follows:

All the Bonds shall be subject to the condition that all rights of action thereon, or in respect thereof, or on or in respect of the coupons thereto appertaining, are vested exclusively in the Trustee under this Indenture and that no holder of any Bond or coupon appertaining thereto shall have any right to institute any action, at law or in equity, upon the Bonds or any of the appurtenant coupons, or growing out of any provision thereof, or of this Indenture, or for the enforcement of this Indenture, unless and until the Trustee shall refuse or neglect to institute proper proceedings by way of remedy within a reasonable time after request of the holders of one-fourth in amount of the Bonds then outstanding, filed with the Trustee, with offer of reasonable indemnity . . .

In other words, no holder of a bond issued under such a clause may sue for improprieties of any description (except perhaps demonstrable fraud by the trustee) unless he allies with himself one-fourth of his fellow-bondholders and arranges with them for a demand upon and the payment of an indefinite indemnity to the trustee.

The percentage of bondholders required thus to act in alliance varies. Twenty-five per cent. is the usual figure, but it runs as high as fifty-one per cent and as low, in rare instances, as ten per cent. The indenture from which the quoted clause was taken contains an additional provision making the obligation to pay and the right to enforce payment of the bond *at maturity* unconditional, and it is fair to state that this is a usual addendum to the language of corporate bond indentures. This addition would be more significant, however, if the right to enforce payment upon a bond at maturity were not, as the courts have held it to be, implicit in the nature of the instrument.

Limitations and restrictions of the type set forth in the above quotation do not fetter *stockholders*, although stock is usually deemed a security junior in rank to bonds. If misman-

agement exists in a corporation, and the directors upon demand decline to act, even a *single* stockholder may proceed in defense of the corporation's interest. Why the doctrine of self-help should be more restricted in the case of the corporate bond, a senior security, is difficult to understand; but the fact remains that the law has imposed practically no restrictions upon the provisions of corporate bond indentures whittling down bondholders' individual rights of action, and this whittling down process has proceeded with impunity to a point where the result borders on the ridiculous.

Thus, as has been shown, limitations upon bondholders' rights of action originated so that a multiplicity of actions against collateral security might be prevented. Yet this whittling down of individual rights of action has happened also in the case of corporate debenture or note issues, wholly unsecured by collateral. The General Bronze Corporation, for example (and a plenitude of examples exists), some years ago floated an issue of debentures. These merely represented the corporation's obligation to pay a certain sum of money, and were wholly unsecured. They were, in other words, nothing more than corporate promissory notes; in the parlance of the cynical, they were "promissory notes with an extra large seal." Nevertheless, a corporate trustee was appointed under an indenture which has no apparent *raison d'être* save its expressed intent to restrict debenture holders under all possible circumstances from taking individual action.

## II

Closely correlated to such provisions limiting bondholders' rights of action are defensive provisions limiting the obligations and liabilities of

trustees designated in these indentures. The art of the corporate legal draftsman has painstakingly applied itself over the years to broadening this exemption, so that it might be virtually all-embracing. One reads these corporate indentures with increasing wonderment. The law providing no check, many have reached a point where the corporate trustee's sole conceded responsibility apparently is to collect its commissions. In the indenture from which the above quotation was derived, there are fourteen carefully drawn sub-paragraphs of responsibilities from which the corporate trustee is absolved. Typical among these is the following:

Unless and until the Trustee shall have received written notice to the contrary from the holders of not less than twenty-five per cent in amount of the Bonds outstanding, the Trustee may assume that for the purposes of this Indenture no default has been made by the Corporation in the payment of any of the Bonds or of the interest thereon or in the observance or performance of any of the covenants contained in the bonds or in this Indenture and that none of the events of default has happened.

Another reads:

The Trustee shall not be under any obligation to take any action towards the execution or enforcement of the trusts hereby created or to institute, appear in, or defend any suit in respect of this Indenture, unless requested in writing by the holders of not less than one-fourth in amount of the Bonds then outstanding, and unless, as often as required by the Trustee, it shall be indemnified to its satisfaction against any expenses or liability connected therewith.

A third, widely adopted in the late 1920's, is:

In any instance where the Trustee may require evidence preparatory to taking or refraining from taking any action under this Indenture, the Trustee may, except where herein otherwise provided, accept the certificate of the Corporation signed



by the President or one of the Vice-Presidents or the Secretary or any Assistant Secretary or the Treasurer or any Assistant Treasurer of the Corporation under its corporate seal as conclusive evidence of any pertinent fact, and such certificate shall be full protection to the Trustee for any action taken or omitted by it upon the faith thereof.

### III

We thus have the paradox of an unlimited grant of power with an almost coequal absolution from responsibility. But the question may be put, does not the fact that twenty-five per cent (or whatever percentage is stipulated) of the bondholders may compel action by the trustee serve as a safeguard?

The answer is, by no means; and the reason for the answer lies partly in the nature of the corporate bond and partly in the law. The vast majority of corporate bonds are coupon or bearer bonds; that is, they are not registered. The owners may be scattered over the face of the earth, and no official list of them is required to be kept. The best available list is that derived from the ownership certificates accompanying coupons periodically forwarded to the trustee for collection. In the case of *stockholders* the law requires the corporation to keep a list available for inspection by other shareholders. No analogous facility exists in the case of bondholders.

Accordingly, a bondholder who learns of facts constituting a justifiable grievance finds himself foreclosed by the terms of most of the existing corporate bond indentures from personally proceeding to obtain redress. If he calls on the trustee to act, he is met with the provision requiring twenty-five per cent of the bondholders to join in such a request for action, and to furnish the trustee with indemnity against liabilities that may be incurred. The trustee, by clauses

such as have been quoted above, is absolved from responsibility for inaction where the requisite percentage of bondholders does not join in the request and in furnishing adequate indemnity.

The aggrieved bondholder thus has no remedy unless he can reach his fellow-bondholders and stimulate them to join with him. This, practically speaking, is a hopeless undertaking. It is hopeless, in the first instance, because no means of reaching one's fellow-bondholders exists. The law requires no *official* list to be kept and made available.

Checkmated elsewhere, bondholders have repeatedly made application to equity courts for orders requiring bondholders' lists to be made available to them, so that they might undertake to comply with indenture requirements of co-operative action. A large majority of such applications has, on one pretext or another (or without assigned pretext), been denied. Grant thereof has been only upon an extensive showing of justifying circumstance; never, as it should be, as a matter of course. Thus an antiquated judge-made law, unresponsive to realities, has served to complete the processes of the corporate draftsman in hamstringing the corporate bondholder. The social vision which has dictated some of these decisions is paleolithic.

But assuming these almost insuperable difficulties surmounted and fellow-bondholders reached, the project of enlisting the requisite co-operation is still under existing conditions virtually hopeless. The effort involved takes not only money but time, and by the time the lists are obtained, "hand-picked" committees to which lists have been given have "signed up" bondholders, whose release thereafter from durance is subject to varying and often indefinite penalties.

And the campaign against such committees, which usually are impressively manned, is an adventure not lightly to be undertaken. It is largely through such "hand-picked" committees that control of a corporate situation which has reached the distress stage is usually manipulated. How the mechanism operates is vividly described in the recently published book *The Investor Pays*, dealing with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad receivership.

#### IV

The result of this combination of individual helplessness and trustee irresponsibility has been that the bondholder who purchased a presumably senior investment has repeatedly found himself, in this period of financial débâcle, the most victimized and most helpless of security holders. When all other assets have failed, the collateral securing bond issues has been the common prey of unsecured creditors (frequently banks), of management, and of anyone else who could get a finger in the pie. The trustees, the professed and logical guardians of such collateral, being absolved under the indenture from responsibility, have in practice proved in a large percentage of cases either acquiescent or actual aiders and abettors in its diversion.

Thus in the Kreuger catastrophe inferior collateral was substituted with impunity in the case of Kreuger & Toll A. G. for the more valuable collateral originally advertised to induce investment in its "secured debentures." These substitutions perhaps met the strict terms of the indentures, but no sane, self-interested person would have permitted the substitutions to be made without resistance. In the Insull situation, the bank-trustees before the crash with few

exceptions permitted the withdrawal of the original collateral—operating company securities—and the substitution therefor of holding company securities of a fictitious and illusory value. Again, the strict *letter* of the indentures (virtually incomprehensible documents even to the expert) was possibly met.

In the Paramount-Publix case, the trustee permitted substantially all of the free assets of Paramount to be transferred to subsidiaries whose notes (their sole obligations) went to theretofore unsecured bank creditors. Here a serious question, now being litigated, exists whether even the bare terms of the indentures were met. A similar question (subordinated by other more dramatic circumstances) perhaps exists in the case of Kreuger's International Match Corporation, which issued fifty million dollars of "convertible gold debentures" under a similar indenture.

In the Alleghany Corporation situation, the bank-trustee accepted appointment under an indenture which limited in a manner undisclosed to investors generally their right to recover their investment out of the advertised collateral deposited. Eighty million dollars of bonds issued under these indentures have depreciated to as low as one-twentieth of their face value without action taken to maintain collateral at one hundred fifty per cent of the face amount of bonds outstanding, as originally promised by the corporation.

In the case of the St. Louis-San Francisco Railway, the trustees for Prior Lien and Consolidated Mortgage bonds approved a readjustment penalizing those issues and favoring stock which, under existing conditions, represents largely water. In the case of the Pressed Steel Car Company, an independent bondholders' suit for receivership was resisted on



the ground, among others, of non-compliance with the indenture's percentage provision, and shortly after this specious plea succeeded the corporation consented to a "friendly" receivership based upon an innocuous complaint in a self-selected jurisdiction from which charges of official dereliction had been eliminated. In the case of countless publicly held real estate bond issues, arrearages of taxes and accumulations of charges of various sorts against the property have been permitted by the trustees to accrue with impunity, contrary to the letter and spirit of covenants presumably securing the bondholders; with the result that first mortgages have been reduced to the status of junior liens.

Illustrations such as the above might be almost indefinitely multiplied. Even brief investigation of some of the major bond issues in default will disclose that a basically vicious practice has grown up of designating institutions of presumably high responsibility as trustees without either the function or obligation of protection implicit in that word, and at the same time vesting in such trustees to the full extent which legal ingenuity can devise all right of remedial action which the bondholders would otherwise possess. The result has been that the proceeds of or the collateral securing such bond issues have time and again been played fast and loose with, while even vigilant holders of the bonds have perforce had to stand helplessly by.

## V

*Webster's New International Dictionary* defines the word "anarchy" in one of its meanings as:

Absence of regulating power in any sphere; confusion or disorder, in general.

In the foregoing sense anarchy has

existed and still exists in respect of many corporate bond situations insofar as the possibility of enforcement of individual bondholders' rights is concerned. Where lies the remedy?

Pending the enactment of legislation, which will doubtless be resisted tooth and nail, I should advise investors to avoid as they would a plague the purchase of corporate bonds issued pursuant to indentures which limit otherwise than in foreclosure cases individual bondholders' rights of recourse to the law. These limitation provisions are easily discoverable, even where the indenture is, as most of them are, voluminous and complicated. Where such limitations are imposed, investment should not be made. If once public opinion can be aroused to watch for and avoid the skullduggery of this type of provision, corporate bonds will not be salable without its elimination.

Trusteeship without responsibility has been amply proved a menace, but a question perhaps exists whether corporate trustees can be led to assume extensive and indefinite responsibilities. If not, their powers and compensation should be correspondingly limited. If a corporate trustee is to act merely as a depository and receiving agent, it should not be more broadly empowered nor compensated on the theory and scale of a trustee having active duties to perform.

Bondholders' lists should be required by law to be compiled and kept as up-to-date as possible, and their grant by the courts on application should be made, as in the case of stockholders' lists, a matter of statutory right, not of favor. Stock exchanges should require as a condition of listing bonds for trading that such lists be kept and furnished. Difficulties urged as obstacles to doing this are easily exaggerated. Bearer bonds carry coupons, and arrangements to

forward the names and addresses of their owners, readily procurable when the coupons are cashed, to the corporation's central paying agent, present no really serious problem.

Percentage clauses in corporate bond indentures, requiring co-operative action by specified percentages of bondholders, should be declared by statute to be unenforceable, unless machinery for free intercommunication among bondholders is correlatively provided. The purposes for which such co-operative requirement may be exacted should be definitely restricted.

The so-called "reorganization bar" needs to look to its broad social obligations, which extend beyond ingeniously implementing the rapacity of the less scrupulous of its clients. The sins of legal performance of some of these "reorganizers" may not be quite so publicly malodorous as the peccadilloes of the less sanctimonious so-called "bankruptcy bar," but their effect has been incomparably more devastating.

The social responsibility of some of the more illustrious of my legal brethren for the wreckage of the past few years is great. They have been the complacent and well-paid fashioners of devices by which wreckers of industries might function with comparative impunity and even appoint themselves salvagers. By means such as I have described, "killing the golden goose" has often become at least as profitable an operation as the original predatory collection of her eggs.

Resentment against such practices is bound to mount. This is not an age or period which will tolerate essential corruption in high places. Lest the innocent suffer, the banking community and the legal profession—bench and bar alike—owe it to themselves to prescribe and enforce standards which will not permit the public to become the helpless prey of the unscrupulous. Unfortunately they who sow the wind reap the whirlwind not for themselves alone.





# THE ANNUAL CORPORATE REPORT

A STUDY IN EVASION

BY ANDERSON F. FARR

**N**O ONE knows how many billions of dollars during the dizzy whirl of our ticker prosperity were sunk in securities which were utterly worthless or which turned out to be nearly worthless. This statement refers not to the drop in the market prices of what we might term reputable securities, but to the purchase by a gullible, hopeful public of unscrupulously misrepresented securities which turned out to be virtually valueless. Many were fraudulently issued, some were ephemeral, and many more of questionable worth were issued and distributed "inside the law" by efficient underwriters and promoters.

That the total runs well into the billions would seem evident from the staggering losses, estimated at \$700,000,000, in the Insull public utility units; the millions which had been turned over to the adroit, elusive, dramatic Ivar Kreuger to build his empire of matches; the fiasco of the Foshay Companies, not to mention the vast host of smaller less skillful operators who gradually became enmeshed with representatives of the law, among them well-known Charles V. Bob, Rev. Fenwicke L. Holmes, George Graham Rice, and Dr. Nicholas Partos.

Large-scale promoting operations necessitate the almost constant distribution of securities, and that in turn calls for the steady uninterrupted payment of dividends on stocks, and inter-

est on funded liabilities. If dividends or interest payments are interrupted confidence is lost, securities can no longer be issued, and if the enterprise is financially unsound the bubble bursts. These prerequisites to large-scale operations like those of Insull, Kreuger, and Foshay are epitomized by the excerpt which appeared in one of the booklets issued by W. B. Foshay Company, "Never has an investor of the company lost any money through purchase of securities which the company has underwritten. This is why the slogan 'For over 10 years—All your money—All the time—On Time' has such a poignant meaning to the investor and to the company. The company has never failed to pay dividends—it pays them monthly; it meets its obligations to its shareholders on time—all the time." Then came the dawn!

Profit figures must be shown in the prospectuses, in circulars, in the advertising, market letters, publicity, and financial periodicals, in order to keep a wide national market. When, however, operating losses are being constantly taken, or when administrative salaries are out of all proportion to attempted services, then profits or an increase in surplus or both can be shown by a variety of expedients such as selling the assets of one subsidiary or affiliation to another at a higher price, by decreasing depreciation charges, by

writing-up assets, by inter-companies sales at higher levels, by making inter-company loans at rates above normal interest rates, by making charges to surplus instead of to profit and loss.

Many of these policies and practices, questionable in business ethics and business morality if not in law, are being followed to-day not merely by fraudulent or unsoundly financed corporations, but in varying degrees by the great majority of our important national business enterprises, at the expense of stockholders, for and in behalf of management control. It is possible for business enterprises to follow certain of these undesirable and often misleading procedures only by having the actual or tacit, and at times unknown or winking approval of accountancy. And unfortunately investors have relied with childlike simplicity upon accountancy. It is no exaggeration to say that it is difficult to find one out of ten annual corporate reports which is complete, clear, and fundamentally honest; and probably there is not one out of five which is not misleading, ambiguous, vague, or evasive.

Look at the case of the Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation, a concern with 408 million dollars of assets and with combined capital and surplus on December 31, 1932 of 210 million dollars. It is one of the most important enterprises in the chemical industry. For years the stockholders were treated as nincompoops, the management giving them as little information as possible. The balance sheets and income accounts of the company are made up of condensed figures, and there are so few of them that an analysis is misleading or meaningless, so much so that for two years the New York Stock Exchange carried on a quiet correspondence with the officials in an endeavor to persuade them to issue more intelligible data. These prolonged negotia-

tions were brought to public notice only when James W. Gerard reminded the officials at the annual stockholders' meeting in April, 1933, that a stockholder is entitled to adequate information if a corporation is not to be regarded as a blind pool, and the New York Stock Exchange finally threatened to remove the securities from its list.

With the twentieth-century development of the corporate structure, corporation finance, corporation credit, corporation accounting, the creation of stock and debt obligations for purposes of investment, and the characteristic divorce of ownership from control, there grew up a practice of connecting and re-connecting, pyramiding and re-pyramiding a wide group of corporate units often located in all quarters of the globe. This connecting and re-connecting of corporate units under tenuous and complicated relationships and structures probably reached its apogee in the Insull units. Even such a trained and competent lawyer and industrialist as Owen D. Young testified that he did not believe even Samuel Insull was able to comprehend all of the ramifications of his business structure. He modestly asserted, "I think it is impossible for anyone to get an accurate picture of the Insull setup, and I remember the feeling of helplessness that came over me when I began in February, 1931, to examine the structure." If this is so with Owen D. Young's background of law, corporation finance, public utility experience, and banking, what chance has the stockholder?

This article proposes to discuss certain specific shortcomings in the general run of annual corporate reports: certain accounting practices which deny vital information to the stockholders or make it possible to present an ambiguous or misleading picture to them.



## II

*Subsidiaries*—There are two dominant complexes of the American business-man. One is to keep putting earnings back into real estate and buildings, bricks and mortar, furniture and fixtures. The other is to have subsidiaries. A subsidiary to all intents and purposes is a corporation the control of which is owned by another corporation. But when subsidiaries are piled one on top of another or are ranged in long horizontal lines, then it becomes difficult to grasp the full significance of the business and financial operations which they carry on, or to understand their complicated inter-relationships. (Ask any banker if this is not so.) And it becomes a real problem to unravel inter-company loans and advances, where such transactions have been made for reasons somewhat off regular business tracks. The charts of some of our corporations and their subsidiaries would rival the chart of the tree of the royal family of England. Almost every concern whose securities are listed on the New York Stock Exchange has subsidiaries. An occasional listed enterprise like Best & Co. Inc. is said to have none whatsoever, but others have them by the wholesale. Warner Bros. Pictures Inc. is reported to have 81; the Borden Company, approximately 100; the International Paper Co., 75; and the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, 66. Some huge concerns such as the Associated Gas and Electric Company apparently give out no complete list of subsidiaries.

If you will examine the annual corporate report of almost any concern whose stock is distributed among the investing public, you will find that the balance sheet bears a heading very similar to the following: Frank G. Shattuck Company and Subsidiaries, *Consolidated Balance Sheet as at De-*

*cember 31, 1932; The Pure Oil Company and Subsidiaries, Consolidated Balance Sheet—December 31, 1932; American Cyanamid Company and Subsidiaries, Consolidated Balance Sheet as at December 31, 1932; S. S. Kresge Company and Subsidiary Companies, Consolidated Balance Sheet, December 31, 1932; National Dairy Products Corporation and Subsidiary Companies, Consolidated Balance Sheet December 31, 1932.* Notice that the accounting routine and practice as typified by a standard expression is almost precisely uniform. That very uniformity bears questioning when it becomes a means of limiting the amount of essential financial data to be given by the management to the owners of a corporate unit; of furnishing simply a summary of the whole enterprise instead of an accounting of each of its parts. That the accounting of each part is made is evident from the fact that the whole is nothing more or less than a sum of all the parts, but the original underlying balance sheets and operating schedules are invariably tucked away in locked drawers out of the reach of those who might be entitled to them.

Every one of the business concerns mentioned in the preceding paragraph is a business unit of a complicated type. They all have subsidiary organizations. Yet not one of these concerns in its annual report mentions (a) how many subsidiaries it has, (b) the nature of the business of each subsidiary, or (c) *even the names of its subsidiaries*. And that is the common everyday practice of American business! How in the name of common sense can anyone even begin to understand the operations of a business enterprise or obtain an idea of its inherent financial strength without even knowing how many subsidiaries it has, what they do, what their individual financial condition is, and what their operating results

are? It is just as logical, when buying a dozen apples, to take any dozen the storekeeper offers. When you get home you find two of them are overripe; but you have your dozen apples. If there is any single routine practice in American business which needs immediate attention on the part of stockholders, it is this practice of managements of palming off consolidated figures as a final yearly rendering of accounts to the real owners of a business.

An occasional, very occasional corporation like the Hazel-Atlas Glass Co., the American Locomotive Company, North American Aviation, Inc., and Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company give the names of their subsidiary units on a separate page of their December 31, 1932 reports, even though they give no idea of the respective financial condition of these underlying units. North American Aviation, Inc., goes a half step farther and deserves a vote of commendation by listing (a) wholly-owned subsidiaries, (b) partially-owned companies, and (c) companies in which a substantial stock interest is owned. Youngstown Sheet and Tube offers a schedule of subsidiaries with the dates of incorporation, the States in which they were incorporated, and the line of business activity in which each engages; also a similar array of facts regarding each of the partially owned companies. No mention however is made of the percentage of stock interest or the amount of stock owned in any of the concerns in either the subsidiary or partially owned group. At this stage of enlightenment the corporations which make a practice of giving out even this minimum of essential data to throw some flickering light on consolidated figures are very few and far between.

The consolidated balance sheet is nothing more or less than the total of the assets and liabilities of a business

enterprise and its subsidiaries, with inter-company items such as loans and receivables and payables for the sale of merchandise, eliminated. From the managerial point of view, it is the mechanized accounting method of putting together in relatively concise form on one sheet of paper the monetary representation of the assets and liabilities of a group of similarly controlled units. The process can be followed for two companies or for two hundred. But it offers also an ideal method of covering and hiding certain particular items or transactions upon which embarrassing questions could be asked. Furthermore, it is the ideal method of not showing which subsidiaries are operating unprofitably, which units are profitable, which units are in an extended condition, which units are in a healthy condition, which units might even be in embarrassing condition and operating on temporary loans extended by the parent company or some other unit in the group. In truth, it might be said that the presentation of consolidated figures in an annual report, and no other figures, has become an exact, scientific method of presenting financial information to stockholders over an auditor's certificate, for the purpose of giving as little information as possible from original sources. I do not, of course, mean to imply that any concern I have mentioned here has anything to hide; I mean simply that the accounting practice which they and others follow in their reports would make it possible to hide a great deal.

### III

*Marking Up Values*—If you are an interested stockholder, that is, a part owner of an important business unit, or if you are an expert analyst, a banker, an investor, a market speculator, or an accountant, how can you



possibly determine what was the net profit of a corporation for any period when massive sums are arbitrarily charged off through the Surplus Account in the technical form of adjustments? The current annual reports of corporations have brought to light the unrestricted freedom with which millions of dollars have been bandied about by managements, a freedom reminiscent only of the days when "the king could do no wrong." For many years the values of property assets were marked up by reappraisals and used as the basis for the issuance of a mountain of securities. This trend is now in the reverse, and many annual reports covering 1932 operations are significant for the tremendous amounts of money written off.

Let us first take an example of the marking-up process.

In 1917 the fixed assets of the Pure Oil Co. (then known as The Ohio Cities Gas Company) were reappraised. This was in accordance with common corporation financial practice when there was a possibility that additional funds might shortly be needed from the public to finance a growing and profitable business in its expansion program. The statement of earnings, expenses, and surplus for the year ended March 31, 1917, as published in the annual report of the company, showed that the "net appreciation of properties and securities to conform to appraised values" amounted to \$37,357,027.31. This was a large increase; in fact it actually represented more than half of the value at which Properties and Securities were carried on March 31, 1917. On the March 31, 1916 balance sheet the Properties and Securities had been carried at an apparent depreciated value of \$18,387,637.99; the following year they were carried at \$65,974,777.63. No less than sixty-one per cent of the tangible net worth of the company, amounting to

\$61,714,817.96 on March 31, 1917, was contributed by this reappraisal. That is a considerable write-up! But it served the classic orthodox purpose, it offered financial justification for the issuance of new securities.

Now let us look at the sequel to this operation. The annual report to stockholders as of December 31, 1932—a little over fifteen years later—contains three enlightening sentences under the caption of Capital Adjustments. These sentences are not admissions of earlier indiscretions! Certainly not. They merely recognize a changed world and new operating difficulties. ". . . Capital Surplus of \$39,540,621.03,\* set up as appreciated value in 1917, has been eliminated by reduction in Property Account of the same amount. The net effect of these adjustments in the Property, Plant, Equipment, etc., Accounts was a reduction in gross value of \$38,089,664.40, and an increase in the Reserves of \$29,534,699.22. We believe these adjustments bring the properties to present day values and conditions." In short, the property marked up in 1917 was marked down again in 1932.

This simple method of raising dollar values has been the ideal means of providing a more adequate technical basis for going to the public for funds, as a much greater dollar asset value is immediately shown behind each bond and each share of preferred stock. This program was actually followed out. Between the dates of the write-up and the write-down of its fixed assets, the Pure Oil Company raised in the neighborhood of \$86,300,000 in seven separate public offerings of Convertible Gold Notes, First Mortgage Gold Bonds, Sinking Fund Gold Notes, Convertible Cumulative Preferred Stock, and Cumulative Preferred

\* This amount, for some unexplained reason, differs from the sum of \$37,357,027.31 representing the write-up in 1917.

Stock. That sum is substantial enough to place the recipient enterprise among the more important industries which have made constant use of public participation for a steady expansion program. And, moreover, this sum does not include any amount raised by selling stock direct to stockholders.

Among the many features noted in the offering circulars of these seven distinct issues, and used by the various underwriting and distributing syndicates of investment bankers to appeal to the public and show prospects of continued profitable expansion combined with an element of security, was the assertion of the value of the assets owned by the concern. Value is a vague term. A clear explanation of the method by which values had been arrived at might have seemed desirable, but circular after circular made no mention of an earlier appraisal. The securities presumably were purchased by the ever-ready public because of their confidence in the investigating ability and knowledge of representative financial underwriters. For instance, when the \$20,000,000 Ten-Year 5½ per cent Sinking Fund Gold Notes were offered in July, 1927, the offering circular carefully pointed out that, "the consolidated balance sheet of the Company and subsidiaries as of March 31, 1927, adjusted to give effect to this financing and to the issuance of \$5,000,000 6 per cent Cumulative Preferred Stock, shows fixed assets (after deducting depreciation and depletion reserves) of more than \$151,000,000 compared to total liabilities (including this issue) of \$25,833,000. . . ." But this was all. Not a word to the effect that many of the 151 millions were created by an appraisal of assets in 1917. The consolidated balance sheet itself, which was published on the last page of the circular, showed one item of Surplus \$61,405,808.81, and con-

tained no hint that more than half of this sum was created by an appraisal.

Almost three years later when a second \$20,000,000 issue of the same Notes were placed in the hands of the public, the Surplus Account in an improved manner was divided into its three parts of Capital Surplus, \$39,540,621.03; Paid-in Surplus \$8,748,009.01, and Earned Surplus \$18,896,651.99. But the reading matter in the circular, which is understood somewhat more easily than the balance sheet figures by the layman, continued to point out that the security of a certain monetary value stood behind the issue but no mention was made that part of that value was an arbitrary write-up by an appraisal. "The consolidated balance sheet of the Company and subsidiaries as of December 31, 1929 (the latest available), adjusted to give effect to this financing, shows fixed assets (after deducting depreciation and depletion reserves) of over \$170,500,000 compared to total liabilities (including this issue) of \$46,625,826."

The logic of this practice is easily understood: When market values increase, assets should be written up by reliable appraisals. This does not necessarily mean that assets could be sold at the re-appraised value, as a sale necessitates finding a buyer who is interested in obtaining possession at a price. Buying and selling are different functions. Then when prices or values fall, the assets are written down again. Of course, it is the unusual industrialist who realizes that values are fluctuating measurements. It is probably believed quite generally that an asset when written up will continue to be worth the new value *ad infinitum*. Perhaps the fallacy of this view would be clearer if instead of waiting fifteen years between the rise and fall of the holy petroleum empire, values were written up and down to conform to changes every one, two, or three years.



## IV

*Marking Down Values*—The United Fruit Co. is a vast economic empire with its sphere of influence concentrated in the Caribbean. Its annual operating profits, as reported in the financial journals, have averaged around \$15,500,000 during the past decade. That profit came from banana plantations, sugar, cocoa, and the operation of an immense fleet of passenger and mail steamships.

The 1932 annual report of this corporation with combined capital and surplus funds of 145 million dollars, contains a four-page message to its 34,248 stockholders. Two of the paragraphs in this message are given over to a considerate attempt to explain the sudden tremendous write-off of \$50,945,033.08, representing \$17.41 per share on the 2,925,000 shares of capital stock outstanding. The second of these two paragraphs gives the management's justification of this write-down:

"The restatement of book values has been made with care and is believed to be just and fair. It should be recognized that the Company's assets are not altered thereby. Nothing is added or taken away from the properties, many of which were acquired during the years of war inflated costs, by changing their book values to correspond more faithfully to what is believed to be a fair figure. To the extent, however, that properties subject to depreciation have been reduced in book value, the amount of annual depreciation allowance required to write them off the books at the end of their estimated useful life has been lessened. Charges for depreciation in 1932 amounted to \$9,132,291.90, as compared with \$13,255,594.17 in 1931. This decrease in depreciation charges is due primarily to the reduction of the book value of the Company's properties as at December 31, 1931, as explained in the letter to stockholders, dated October 18, 1932, and in Messrs. Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co.'s letter to the Board of Directors, dated October 11, 1932, which accompanied it. Thus, the reduction in depreciation allowance in 1932, as compared with 1931, from this cause amounts to \$4,666,290.89.

No change has been made, or is contemplated, in the policy of the company to extinguish book values by annual depreciation charges based on the estimated useful life of the properties.

I cannot help wondering if the full undiluted significance of that paragraph went home to the stockholders. The second paragraph in the message to the stockholders gave the profits for 1932: "The net income for the year, after depreciation, interest, and taxes was \$5,707,221.48 or \$1.95 per share, as compared with \$6,779,363.17 or \$2.31 per share, in the previous year." In the light of the explanation in the latter part of the message regarding the vast write-down in assets, this sentence about profits must be taken, not with a grain, but with a teaspoonful of salt! The net income for the year of \$5,707,221.48 was "after depreciation, interest, and taxes." The charge for depreciation, however, was much smaller than it had been in 1931, as a result of the mark-down in book values, the difference amounting to the very healthy sum of \$4,666,290.89. To ascertain the net income for 1932 on the same basis as the reported income for 1931, it would certainly seem that this sum should be deducted from the \$5,707,221.48, giving a figure of only \$1,040,930.59 or \$.35 per share, "as compared with \$6,779,363.17 or \$2.31 per share, in the previous year." What a big difference a comparative point of view makes! But this sort of practice is not considered misleading. It is actually considered good accounting.

Always, the reappraisals, revaluations, write-downs or whatever they are called, seem to be connected, by direct statement or abstract inference, with the effect they will have through the medium of depreciation on a figure which for a better title is termed, profits, or income. As a result largely of a charge of \$7,500,000 for the revision of property and plant values in accordance with estimates of the man-

agement, the surplus account of the General Baking Company was reduced from \$11,655,874.64 on December 26, 1931 to \$4,128,283.19 on December 31, 1932, and yet in spite of this 65 per cent decrease the first paragraph of the report actually contains a clause, "the Net Earnings of the Company amount to \$3,789,625.44." In other words, the management can spend millions for real estate and plants, possibly at inflated values, then decide that those prices were excessive, that their judgment was poor or warped by conditions and the times, write off the excess value, decrease future depreciation, and make not one cent a charge on earnings!

### V

*Charge to Surplus*—Finally there comes the *pièce de résistance* on the part of adroit, experienced, corporate management. The unwitting stockholders are captured by written statements of profits, income, and earnings as these terms are tastefully served to them by practical executives on silver platters with every possible garnishment. In fact, it seems that during the past few years the managements of important business units have been able with a high degree of uniformity to discover the secrets of the late Houdini, for profits, income, and earnings have given every evidence of having been pulled out of thin air just as efficiently and nonchalantly as the most skilled sleight-of-hand performer could take rabbits out of a hat.

Notice the encouraging second paragraph in the 1932 annual report of the Melville Shoe Corporation to its stockholders. It would have been encouraging to the stockholders of any concern to know that operations in such a trying year had been conducted profitably. The second paragraph of that report reads, "You will notice that the Corporation's net income for the

twelve months amounted to \$721,643.61 or earnings of \$1.50 per share, after preferred dividends, on the 371,461 shares of common stock outstanding, compared with \$945,993.88 or \$2.09 per share in 1931." Dividends of \$717,960.60 were paid on the three classes of stock during the year, so it would not be surprising if the surplus account reflected an increase during the year of the difference between the reported net income and the dividends disbursed, a sum amounting to \$3,683.01. In fact, one might logically expect that to be the exact mathematical result. What do we find however, but a surprising, sudden, striking drop in the surplus from \$3,629,832.48 to \$2,494,611.80—a drop of almost one million two hundred thousand dollars. That amount would seem to be of sufficient importance to secure the marked attention of even diffident stockholders, provided the stockholders only realized its full seriousness. Where did that noticeable sum disappear to?

An exploring expedition would find the answer to the mystery in the tropical jungle of the surplus account. A net item amounting to the respectable sum of \$725,677.59 is charged against "Reduction of Net Book Value of Fixed Assets to estimated replacement values as at December 31, 1931"; one of \$200,928.96 is charged to "Bonuses and Commissions Paid for lease cancellations and rent reductions, net"; a third of \$183,133.55 is charged to "Additional provision for loss of investment in and advances to Broadway Block Corporation"; and there are two smaller items. These charges one and all represent losses to the stockholders' investment; but for some reason they are segregated by the management and placed where the uninitiated stockholder would fail to see them and realize that his equity, notwithstanding the over-optimistic first paragraph in the



report, was positively shrinking. On this basis of reasoning two more years of profitable operations would turn the Surplus account into a deficit. To the exact extent that the officials of a business enterprise enter into commitments at high prices, invest in fixed assets at inflated values, and then, at a later date, make charges to bring those assets down to actual current values and levels; just to that extent those officials have made unfortunate decisions which involve losses of stockholders' funds. Why then should they not be carried as losses? Why should an attempt be made to cover them up, to report a definite net income (definite to the penny) and to attempt to lose those charges in the maze of modern corporate accounting practice?

The Union Carbide & Carbon Corporation, the well-known manufacturers of Eveready batteries, flashlights, Prestone anti-freeze, industrial gases, and an array of chemical products, is a little more modest in its report to its 53,439 stockholders covering 1932 operations than it was in its report for the preceding year. The opening paragraph in the last annual report also emphasizes its successful operations for 1932, "The net income of the Corporation for the year 1932 after provision for all taxes, depreciation, interest, dividends on senior securities of subsidiary companies, depletion, and other charges, was \$8,781,426.09, equal to 97.5 cents per share on 9,000,743 shares of the capital stock, being the number of shares outstanding throughout the year." In the light of the actual figures produced later in the report, this sentence would appear to give anything but adequate and impartial information. After all, are or are not stockholders entitled to a true picture of their business? It is their funds which are at stake!

During each of the past two years, a net income was conscientiously re-

ported by the Union Carbide & Carbon Corporation to its stockholders; but it might just be a coincidence that the dividends paid during each year in excess of earnings, account but for a portion, a very minor portion, of the shrinkage in the surplus. The net income of \$8,781,426.09 reported for 1932 is arrived at only by burying in the graveyard of the surplus account three very important items: (a) Adjustment of Marketable Securities and 91,105 Shares of Stock of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation to Market December 31, 1932, of \$1,819,900.83; (b) Additional Reserve for Doubtful Receivables, of \$1,000,000; and (c) Miscellaneous Items not affecting 1932 Operations, of \$638,035.41. Is not each and every one of these a charge on the business? If poor or misguided judgment is used and losses taken on an investment, should not that charge be deducted before telling stockholders what profits have been earned? What easier way is there to incur losses for stockholders? What easier way is there of disclosing inflated profits than by not showing these losses prior to reporting a profit figure? And if reserves must be set up against bad debts in the receivables, what possible excuse can be made for not making those reserves a charge on earnings? The annual report covering operations for 1932 is after all a shrinking violet compared to 1931, when a net income of \$18,029,522.23 was reported but more than twice that amount, the formidable sum of \$49,548,019.15, was buried forever away from the scrutinizing gaze of the uninitiated stockholder, in the surplus account. That sum is so large that it is difficult to realize its full import; yet it was charged off with no real attempt at explanation to its real owners.

The Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., which sells its hosiery, shirts, and underwear from door to door, reports "a net profit, after all charges, for the year

ended December 31, 1932 of \$96,794.86 as compared with a net loss of \$324,737.70 for the year ending December 31, 1931." The fact that this profit is not quite "after all charges" would seem to be indicated by miscellaneous charges of a great variety and nature made to the surplus, aggregating \$631,937.38, on such items as "Write down of salesmen's sample case equipment and demonstrators"; "For depreciation, obsolescence, etc. of machinery, Dalton, Ga., plant"; "For reduction of book value of investment in stock of Keystone Knitting Mills (1928), Ltd. of England, to \$1.00." If "all charges" had been made, the net profit would have been turned into a deficit.

## VI

*The Reserve for Contingencies*—Then, there is the more subtle variation of this program, whereby a substantial reserve for contingencies is set up out of the surplus account with little or no explanation as to why that particular amount is set aside and what it is definitely for. Charges are then made to this reserve and no explanation made to the stockholders. A reserve for contingencies can, I suppose, be set up for any one of a hundred different purposes, but the very fact that such a general term as "contingencies" is used, a term which carries no meaning except one of extreme vagueness, would seem in itself almost sufficient reason to discard the word from the vocabulary of a profession which prides itself on its thoroughness and exactness.

In 1931 the Associated Gas & Electric Company set up such a reserve for the immense sum of \$50,000,000 and in 1932 it followed with a supplementary sum of no small moment, \$80,000,000. Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation set up a similar item, "Transferred to Reserve for General

Contingencies," amounting to \$40,000,000 in 1931. Other well-known business corporations of national significance seemed to have decided, also simultaneously, that this less obvious method of possible evasiveness was more diplomatic than merely making heavy indiscriminate charges to surplus instead of to earning accounts. In its consolidated report for the year ending January 31, 1933, Arnold Constable Corporation and subsidiary companies joined the ranks with "Provision for Contingencies" of \$2,600,000, and Pullman Incorporated deducted \$2,500,000 from the surplus as a "Reserve for Contingencies, appropriated as of December 31, 1932." Extreme care is uniformly taken that this reserve comes out of surplus and not one penny out of earnings, for if it did, the amount of reported earnings would be a much less attractive figure to present to stockholders.

The most impressive case is that of a national public utility corporation which in two years manages to get rid of the astronomical sum of \$130,000,000 under this apologetic caption to good accounting. The 1931 annual report does give eight brief lines to this item, the most important charge for the entire year, mildly commenting that the Directors have recognized "the shrinkage in the value of investments and the decline in price levels and to provide for possible contingencies" this sum is set aside, \$30,000,000 being "applied to reduce the amount at which fixed capital is stated." No accounting has appeared for the remaining \$20,000,000 or the subsequent \$80,000,000 set aside in 1932, except that the December 31, 1932 balance sheet in parenthetical explanation mentions that it is "for shrinkage in value of investments, etc." What specific investment?

These are indications of a kind of practise which has been affecting



management methods and stockholders' funds. It is a simple matter to report misleading or over-optimistic profits, to be evasive by hiding away in dark corners charges on assets, bad debts, depreciation on inventory, losses on investment, inflated deferred items, excessive values in real estate, plants, equipment, furniture and fixtures. And the most unfortunate result falls on the stockholders when there comes a sudden realization that after all, reported profits have not been real profits, they have been but fictitious figures which have failed to take into account certain actual expenses in running a business from year to year for a pecuniary gain. The profit motive, or more correctly the motive of "reporting" a profit, irrespective of actual facts, has led management astray; and stockholders because of their inexperience, lack of organization, lack of knowledge of business methods and practices, have unfortunately accepted with far too great equanimity and uniformity the written word as the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. In far too many cases the message in the annual corporate report has represented a lack of sincerity and candor: a vague, partial, and misleading truth.

## VII

The success of the management of any business enterprise is after all represented by the profits it produces and the steadiness or increasing trend of those profits. No small part of financial jugglery on the part of big business springs from the fountain of self-interest of the management, supplemented by the interests of distributors of securities and appraisal companies. If assets can be written down and charged to surplus instead of to the profit and loss account, if future depreciation can be materially lowered, if a profit of some kind can

then be reported even though there is an actual net shrinkage in stockholders' investments, the management can still hold its reputation for competence. Under such questionable accounting policies, the misfortunes or mistakes in business judgment in building or buying plants or making commitments at inflated values never become a charge against the ability of the management to operate soundly, judiciously, and profitably; and under these conditions it is clearly possible for a reported net profit not to be a net profit.

It is certainly remarkable how monetary values can fluctuate, increase, and disappear. "What difference do book values make anyway? The fundamental value of a company and its stock depends on its earnings." That is the stock phrase and the common glib reply of the orthodox financier and business executive. If that were so, then why do anything with book values, why write them up or write them down? They are measurably important, when marking them down means decreasing the future yearly depreciation charges and so showing greater earning figures than earlier capital expenditures could justify. Changing the base of any accounting system raises untold havoc.

All financial information, and income figures in particular serve a dual purpose. First, they give an indication of current earning power; and second, they create an historical record of facts and especially earnings over a period of years in financial manual and credit services. Earning figures both yearly and quarterly reach investors, speculators, and stockholders largely through the medium of releases to all important daily newspapers and financial periodicals and are published as released by a corporation, so that rarely, if ever, is any attempt made to verify or analyze that information. Owing to the lack

of time, the information must be used as released or not at all. As a result it is of the utmost consequence that income figures should not be distorted either as an indication of current earning capacity or in the historical record. But this is exactly what is accomplished by the policy of making miscellaneous charges to surplus. Current earnings are distorted by the elimination of all sorts of miscellaneous charges from the profit and loss account.

The problem of irresponsible management, like the riddle of the universe, will always be with us. If, however, responsible management control continues its present common policy of giving the stockholders, as the own-

ers of a business enterprise, incomplete, unreliable, misleading, and misinterpreted information through the medium of annual corporate reports, a partial solution can be found in one more step toward business regulation and paternalism: by providing for the creation of uniform accounting methods by industries. The immediate solution is in the hands of accountancy and of the managements of outstanding business units. Both have a grave responsibility under either Rugged Individualism or the New Deal to stockholders, investors, speculators, the public, merchandise and bank creditors, and the common national good.







# ON PLAYING THE FLUTE BADLY

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

THE boss is really responsible for the whole thing. The boss is one of these trying people who are always bubbling with ideas and always translating their ideas into action. No doubt that is why he is the boss, but it makes him wearing on the staff. When the boss gets an idea and translates it into action, there are only two courses open to the rest of us: we can simply "yes" him, which is derogatory to our self-respect; or we can see his bet and raise him one, which deflates his ego and keeps him in his place, and to that extent is excellent, but which is also fatiguing in most cases.

Well, some months ago the boss bought an oboe. What put the idea into his head God knows; but there it was, and something had to be done. After a couple of lessons he learned to run the C-major scale, and with that he began to get out of hand. A crisis was upon us. Were we men, or merely wage slaves? Should we lie supine while wood-winds triumphed over us? For the last six or eight ideas we had been yessing him continuously, and it was now clear that we had our backs to the wall; somebody had to call him, and call him hard. And that, if you must know, is why I bought a flute.

Well, it worked. It seems that the boss had considered the flute first, but being on the wrong side of forty, he had no faith in his fingers. In his mouth, on the contrary, he had sublime confidence. I make no insinuations. I merely remark that he was

confident that he could achieve wonders with his mouth. But when I, who am right with him in the matter of senescence, blithely assumed the responsibility of twiddling as well as tooting, he was, as they say, struck all of a heap. He has been beautifully subdued and manageable ever since.

But that isn't the half of it. The boss and his oboe, so far as I am concerned, have long since faded out of the picture. It makes no difference now what happens to the oboe, or to the office either. The matter of importance at this date is to decide whether I got a flute or a flute got me. Johnny B., the *maestro* who is refereeing the bout, has his own opinion. He thinks the flute got *him*; for in an evil hour his pride betrayed him, and he announced confidently that he could teach me to play it. Now, after each round, he sits holding his head in both hands and wondering aloud why God has sent this upon him, who used to play the flute in Sousa's band.

The trouble with him, of course, is that he listens to the counsel of perfection. His notion is that the only way to play a flute is to play it well—which is admirable, no doubt, in a professional musician, but makes him forever incapable of comprehending or even visualizing my goal, which is merely to play it some way. To be sure, it would be pleasant to become a virtuoso. I should like well enough to be able to play the accompaniment for, say, Lucrezia Bori in one of these





vate home, grows rarer and rarer. Why go to the considerable trouble involved in learning to play the simplest instrument when, by using the machines, you can hear the same instrument played superbly?

Well, the answer depends upon what you want the music for. If it is merely to pass in at one ear and out at the other, tickling the auditory nerves and perhaps slightly roiling the emotions in its passage, then doubtless a vulcanized rubber disc or an arrangement of vacuum tubes will serve your purpose admirably. Even if listening to music is with you an intellectual exercise, a project in analysis and synthesis, with side excursions into the logic of form and development, machine-made music will serve, at least for a large part of the time.

But handmade music serves these and yet another purpose, one with which a great many professional musicians seem totally unacquainted. It may be used as a partial substitute for and a powerful reinforcement of good liquor. You may converse with a man all evening and still part total strangers. But you cannot play music with him or drink with him for an evening without learning a great deal about the way he is made. And when it comes to acting as a solvent of inhibitions and a loosener of reflexes, one drink, combined with a lot of handmade music, is far more effective than ten drinks while you listen to a talking machine or a radio.

In these United States of America this is an especially important matter. The course of recent events indicates that we have decided to abandon the compounds of nitroglycerine and corrosive sublimate that have been our tippie for thirteen years and apply ourselves again to beverages approved by civilized men. If the nation, while the fit of common sense is on it, could carry the policy one step farther and fortify

its liquor with strong music, it could remain beautifully tight on a tenth of the liquor otherwise required, to the profit both of its stomach and of its purse. But the good music the machines provide is only so much tea—it cheers but doesn't inebriate. It takes the bad music you play yourself to send you reeling and happy to bed.

## II

Another noble experiment which the propagation of bad music—meaning music badly played in the home—might advance is that of debunking the American's attitude toward the art. The American, especially in the small towns and rural districts, has gone farther than any other man toward establishing a false and vicious association between good composers and tail coats. Opera means eight dollars a seat, a white tie, and boredom. Symphonic programs mean five dollars only, but they also include a white tie and boredom. So when he hears Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, or, for that matter, Tschaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Stravinsky, or Prokofieff, the American, even if he doesn't array his body in tails, dresses his mind in a sheet-iron shirt and prepares to endure heroically in behalf of Culture.

This is not altogether bad. A respectful attitude toward the giants accords with public decorum, which is not to be decried. But the musical experience of the average American oscillates between Bach and Tin-Pan-Alley, and this is not so good. The experience of other countries indicates that the real delight of the great masses of people lies somewhere between swallow-tail music and shirt-tail music, and a man who is bored by the Second Symphony of Brahms may also be bored by the Livery-Stable Blues and still be capable of relishing certain forms of music. Now when half a

dozen people go to the trouble of assembling at the house of one of them, lugging instruments with them, it is a hundred to one that they will not waste much time on the products of Tin-Pan Alley and, if they are really amateurs, it is equally certain that they cannot encompass the mightier works of the mightiest musicians. So they are driven perforce into the company of a set of men who are not august enough to inspire awe, but are, nevertheless, men of a type with whom it would be well for Americans to have much more commerce—sprightly men, intelligent, witty, urbane, sophisticated, with an occasional flash of genius, but, above all, eternally entertaining and amusing men.

I can think of nothing that American life needs more than suave intelligence, coupled with good-humor and a real, but not solemn, appreciation of excellence in the arts. And for this reason I think an American is a better American if he has tried to play a little Offenbach, a little of Bizet, and Meyerbeer, and Rossini, and Mendelssohn, maybe a *very* little Verdi, a touch of Balfe and a *soupçon* of De Koven, and, of course, unlimited quantities of Johann Strauss. These lads may not have been titans under whose tread the earth shook. But they were considerably smarter than you and I, at that, as we speedily find out when we try to unravel their work. They may be understood by any man of average intelligence, but not so easily that he feels ridiculous for having taken them seriously. They may be played, after a fashion, by a pretty poor musician; but to bring out all that is in them calls, not for a skip-jack but for a battle cruiser. Don't worry—you will never get so good that Johann Strauss will have no new beauties for you to reveal. When the tallest boys in the trade, people of the stature of Kreisler, Stokowski, Paderewski, Casals, and the like,

have never exhausted this type of music, you and I are not going to do so. We can play it until palsy intervenes without wearing it out. But it does do this: no minor master ever quits by walking off the stage with his hands by his side; always, with a bow and a sweeping gesture, he indicates a greater one to follow. Being gentlemen, they know their betters, and promptly and gladly yield precedence to them. If you play Bizet for awhile, you can listen to Bach without a white tie choking your soul or an armor-plated shirt protecting your mind.

This, though, is by the way. The real reason for playing fine music even though you play badly, is simply that you have a swell time doing it. Among other things, by this method you soon find out which musicians among your acquaintances are artists and which are merely arty. The arty kind will never lend a hand in a performance pretty sure to lead to the murder of some respectable composer. They are too solemn to risk being human. But your artist, knowing that the striving after an unattainable perfection is what gives validity to any art, respects the striving, even when it falls far short of attainable excellence. And there are few more fruitful and delightful contacts to be made in this world than that with a fine musician come down off his high horse and joining with a bunch of amateurs in a murderous assault on some masterpiece.

There is a charming story told of the most learned musician of my acquaintance, a man whose musical scholarship has gained him an international reputation, but whose favorite relaxation is to join, once a week, a group including various lawyers, doctors, architects, editors, and merchants in attacks on various celebrities, not excluding Beethoven, Brahms, or Bach. Back in the days when beer was still home-brew, not yet reduced to a mere three-point-



two efficiency, this crew had set down their seidels and were furiously engaged in the assault, when they were dumfounded by the learned musician's playing a run which wasn't there. For this man to make a mistake in reading music was as if Einstein had said twice six is ten, or as if Professor Piccard's head had begun to swim as he mounted a stepladder. It was simply inconceivable; yet it had happened. But then a spectator, sitting at the musician's side, began to roar and the truth came out. A fly had lighted on the music, just athwart the lowest line of the staff, and had walked quickly up across it. And the home-brew had been so good that the learned musician had promptly played the fly, *maestoso*.

For my part, I regard the incident of the fly as better proof that this man has served the art of music well than I do all his labors in musty and obscure

libraries, sweating over dusty manuscripts of medieval chants, or his acquaintance with the folksongs of Iraq or the notation employed at the time of the Crusades. For he is strengthening in his city the popular realization that music must be included in any life if it is to be a gracious, spacious and well-ordered life. He assists at the creation of a great deal of bum music; but he also assists the creation for his art of love, respect, and appreciation. And this is service indeed.

So I broached to Johnny B. the subject of this article—the idea that here is a nation of one hundred twenty-three million people with not enough bum music.

"There is something in it," said Johnny B., assuming a judicial air. "That is to say, there was something in it, a short time ago. But now that you have taken up the flute, I think the balance is redressed."

## HAUNTED

BY JOAN LASCELLES-RANSON

**T**HE ghost of autumn haunts the early spring.  
 The half-burnt umber of dead leaves  
 Clings to boughs new-budded with fresh green.  
 Among bright garlands of clustered sheaves,  
 The ghostly leaves of last year, half unseen,  
 With fading strength still weakly cling,  
 Until the harsh wind, blowing day by day,  
 For the growing young makes way.  
 In youthful spring the dark and sadder note  
 Of vanished grandeur, autumn's outworn coat,  
 Reveals a beauty soon to fade again.  
 Nature beholds its youth with wistful pain,  
 In these new buds, so soon to turn;  
 Just as young men, in glimpses, learn  
 The outworn tiredness of the old,  
 Who to the tree of life still firmly hold.



# BUT YOU CAN'T HAVE BOTH!

NOTES ON THE DILEMMA OF HUMAN CHOICE

BY HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

*Once to every man and nation  
Comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife of truth with falsehood,  
For the good or evil side.*

SO RUNS the orthodox doctrine. In the traditional and conventional concepts of dualism the antithesis of life is characteristically presented as a conflict between Good and Evil, a choice between Light and Darkness, Right and Wrong. Ormuzd and Ahri-man, God and Satan, are represented as the two forces whose contention for the mastery of the human spirit causes so much perplexity, bitterness, and struggle. We are led to believe that it is the persistent and multifarious necessity of choosing between Good and Bad, Duty and Pleasure, Virtue and Vice that creates the problems of human life and causes the bulk of unhappiness and misery.

This is a gross and palpable error. Not that cases of discomfort arising from this type of choice are not numerous and familiar. But they are of relatively slight gravity and constitute only a minor portion of the total burden of wretchedness.

The reason is that choices of this kind, bothersome as they are, never create insoluble problems or impose insuperable obstacles. The terms of such a choice are usually, in the very nature of the case, comparatively clear. On the one hand is Good, on the other Evil. Those who choose to choose

Good, choose Good, and are happy in their choice. Those who choose to choose Evil, choose Evil, and are equally happy in their choice. If in general, and in the long run, human happiness is better promoted by the predominant choice of Good rather than Evil, man in his age-long experience is likely to find it out and to act accordingly. This is, indeed, necessarily so. For what is Good except that which man, by long practice in choosing, has found to be conducive to his happiness? If there were only one great, inclusive Good or only one specific Good accessible at a time, man would eventually learn to recognize it, and would have no excuse for suffering. Truth would be synonymous with the distinction between Good and Evil, and it could be accurately said, "Know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." There would then be some justification for the doctrine, so pathetically and disastrously cherished among Western democratic peoples, that in education is to be found the comprehensive and adequate solution for all human problems, the remedy for every kind of ill.

But when one faces the facts of mundane existence squarely he discovers that the really devastating antithesis of life is found, not in the choice between Good and Evil, but in the perennially recurring and inescapable necessity of choosing between two goods or be-



tween two evils. This is the very essence of tragedy, and it is the universality of situations of this kind that makes life on this planet essentially tragic. It is this type of antithesis that creates insoluble problems and, therefore, produces unavoidable and perpetual distress. Life teems with conditions and relationships in which we are confronted with two good alternatives, perhaps equally good, on such terms that if we seize the one we must forego the other, or we are faced with two evils that are so related that in order to escape one we must necessarily submit to the other. It is in consequence of recurrent dilemmas of this sort that human existence is never wholly happy, but always tainted with misery, regret, and a heavy burden of frustration.

One may slide from the sublime to the ridiculous and back again and find innumerable illustrations all along the way. Any charming young debutante can supply you with plenty of cases. While her fingertips are still tingling with the thrill of reading the note from her friend Jim, the promising young playwright, inviting her to attend the opening night of his first Broadway venture, the telephone rings and there is Tom's voice asking her to go with him to the Yale Prom. Alas! they come on the same evening. Five or six years ago, strange as it may now seem, many a young man fresh from college was faced with the necessity of choosing between two good jobs. Should he step into the place in his father's factory that had been held for him during all the years of his education, and enter upon a smooth and secure (as it seemed then) pathway to financial prominence and prosperity, or should he accept the offer that so surprisingly had come to him from a little Western college, and devote himself to the teaching of English literature that his soul loved?

A similar decision, immeasurably more momentous in character, confronted the American nation in 1917. We were intrinsically a peace-loving people. We had just elected a President on the ground that "He kept us out of war." We were riding on the crest of the wave of prosperity through our lucrative trade with the combatant nations across the water. The ostensible issues at stake in Europe were not ours. It seemed that we had nothing to gain and all to lose by entering the conflict. And then we woke up to discover that the implacable march of events had brought us face to face with a decision. The activities of the Central Powers were threatening us with national humiliation and possible invasion, spoliation, and subjection. Our only means of protection was war. We had to choose, but the choice was between two evils. The unavoidable price for escape from one evil was casting ourselves irrevocably into the other.

It is inherent in human nature to rebel against this aspect of destiny. We naturally want all the good things that we recognize as being within our reach and we want to escape all the evils that we know to be intrinsically avoidable. To find that we are prevented from having one good only by our insistence on having another good irks us profoundly. To realize that the only reason why one evil is inflicted upon us is our determination to dodge another evil arouses our deepest resentment.

Only the other day, for example, a man who has charge of the arrangement of a very important radio program made the following observation, "The trouble with my comedian is that he wants to give a regular vaudeville sketch and fill a spot in a crowded radio 'hour' at the same time. I point out to him that he is allowed precisely three minutes, and his script runs to

four and a half minutes. He says, 'What can we do about it? It's swell stuff.' I say, 'Well, we'll have to cut out this gag and this one and that one.' He protests vehemently, 'You can't do that—those are my best lines.' 'All right,' I say, 'then we'll cut out this one and that.' 'Oh!' he says, 'you can't do that. It's all good.' He flies into an emotional tempest, wasting his nervous energy and mine, and of course finally has to submit to the three-minute limit."

We are all like that. We are inveterately disposed to eat our cake and have it too. Consequently we refuse to resign ourselves to the situation and calmly to choose one good in gratitude that it is good, or to select one evil, thankful that it is not two. Instead, we close our eyes and rush madly in pursuit of two contradictory goods or persist in kicking stubbornly against two sets of pricks, one of which—but only one, if we would but choose—is unavoidable.

It is a rarely philosophic soul who can make a choice and then cast the other alternative forever into the limbo of forgotten things. Most of us have mnemonic picture galleries through which we forever wander, gazing dolefully on the black-framed and crepe-shrouded mementoes of the joys we might have had "if only . . ." The climax of gloomy remorse is reached when, as so frequently happens, the event proves that our choice was wrong. The play to which you finally decided to go was postponed on account of a stage-hands' strike, while Tom fell in love with the girl that he took to the Prom in your place and married her. Father's business, with which you cast in your lot, failed, while the insignificant little college got a huge bequest, and the young assistant professor of English language and literature receives a salary of five thousand dollars.

*For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: "It might have  
been!"*

Even when two incompatible goods are of uneven value, we are loath to give up the lesser for the sake of the greater, especially if it is one that we have long enjoyed. The records of divorce courts tell only a part of the tale, and the term "incompatibility" covers a multitude of things. But we may be sure that to them are brought the wrecks of many a marriage that might have been happy except for the unwillingness of one or the other of the parties, or both, to relinquish celibate self-determination as the inescapable price of connubial comfort. Sometimes reluctance to bow to the inevitable expresses itself in an attempt at compromise, and the "busy evenings at the office" or the "conferences out of town" become more and more frequent. In other cases the renunciation is made completely, but not cheerfully; the feeling of regret is cherished, and the marital partner serves more and more as a reminder of the things that used to be.

A shrewd appreciation of this reality led Count Keyserling, in his introductory chapter to *The Book of Marriage*, to observe that the real cause of the failure of marriage in Western lands is that we expect it to be happy. If we could only learn to contemplate marriage, not as an instrument of unalloyed bliss, but as a means to the realization of personality, with all the suffering and sacrifice that that involves, we should be better prepared to reap its full rewards.

## II

The conditions out of which arise the various phases of the great antithesis inhere in different departments of human life upon this finite globe. Some of them are determined by



natural forces or cosmic qualities over which man has no control. Others are inherent in what we call "human nature." Some are a combination of both. Perhaps the most influential, the most universal, and the most devastating is the implacable conflict between the two basic impulses, the two fundamental desires, of mankind—hunger and love. This antithesis is by no means exclusively human, but is a feature of all organic life, and, indeed, owes its unequalled power for misery to its firm entrenchment in the very nature of things. Its character, and its mode of operation, can best be understood by considering first the lower forms of life.

It has been frequently observed, by poets and others, that Nature's chief concern is for the perpetuation of each of the species that she has created. To this end, she has equipped her creatures with a prodigious capacity for multiplication, backed up by that domineering urge to mate that we generalize under the name of love. The results are overwhelming. The rates of reproduction, particularly in the lower levels of organic life, stagger the imagination when first encountered. Of one minute organism it is said that, if left to itself, a single individual would in thirty days form a mass a million times the size of the sun. A more moderate example is furnished by the oyster, the female of which lays on the average sixteen million eggs a year. At this rate, a single male and female would in five years produce a mass of oysters—the great-great-grandchildren of the original pair—eight times the size of the earth. As we ascend the scale of evolution the birth rate becomes progressively smaller until, in such species as the lion and the elephant, it reaches a very moderate figure. But a high rate of reproduction would not be necessary to attain stupendous totals in a short time if all

the offspring survived. For the reproduction of a species is a matter of geometrical progression. The simple fact is that there is not a species in existence that does not multiply fast enough to overflow the earth in a very few generations, if there were nothing to stop it.

What does stop it?

The basic demand that the individual organism makes of Nature, aside from sheer standing-room, is food. This food all comes from the earth's crust, either directly as in the case of plants, or at one or more removes as in the case of animals. The crust of the earth is composed of some ninety-odd elements, about a dozen of which are utilized in the formation of organic tissues. These food elements exist in absolutely limited amounts and stable qualities. In other words, the amount of food in the world is a fixed quantity. And if the amount of food is limited, the amount of life is also limited. Hence arises Nature's great, ironic joke. She invites to her banquet literally infinite numbers of her creatures and then places before them a restricted and unalterable amount of nourishment. There can be only one outcome—the death of the overwhelming majority, and no continuing increase whatever. Such is Nature's method of accomplishing her great end. The more one studies Nature, the more he is impressed with the extent to which her processes consist of various forms of slaughter.

Man, the animal, started his career subject to the same rigorous regimen. Like the other creatures about him, he brought into the world, generation after generation, offspring who, in the nature of the case, were destined to be his most dangerous competitors. The primary relation between parents and offspring is one of implacable hostility and competition. The maple tree, standing alone in the meadow, season

after season surrounds itself with myriad offspring, all of whom it proceeds to choke in infancy. If, by good fortune, one or two saplings manage to survive and grow into sturdy trees, they become the most dangerous enemies of the parent, which eventually in the years of its decrepitude they crowd to destruction. Man is no exception. The pristine enmity between parents and children has been a prominent factor in human affairs. The fact that, in the face of this inherent conflict, the higher forms of animal life, including man, should have developed a real parental and filial bond of affection, devotion, and self-sacrifice is one of the most impressive phenomena of evolution. The combination of these two forces has produced some widespread and persistent cultural forms. Infanticide is a well-known and extensive expression of enmity, which has by no means died out even in supposedly civilized countries. The killing of the old by the young is less conspicuous—partly because the old have the first chance, and are originally stronger—but is not at all rare, and has prevailed among our own progenitors more recently than we usually suppose. In the churches of Sweden there used to be kept wooden clubs, some of which have been preserved to the present day. They were called “family clubs” and were used to end ceremonially the lives of those who had become aged or hopelessly ill.

As man climbed painfully up the ladder of civilization, this conflict took on the social aspect of the antagonism between population and standard of living. Always and everywhere the inhabitants of a region have tended to increase up to a point which not only threatened the marginal classes with starvation, but lowered the general level of material existence of the entire group. It was the realization of this

truth that led Malthus, the “gloomy parson,” to proclaim the impossibility of any perfected state of human society and to condemn mankind to a perpetual future of misery, the only choice being between two evils, the greater misery of the “positive checks” and the lesser misery of the “preventive checks.”

In the case of the individual family, this ineluctable conflict, before the coming of birth control and in the classes where birth control is not yet established, takes the aspect of a choice between restricted enjoyment of sex life in marriage and a superabundant number of children. In those classes where birth control has made the number of children a matter of deliberate choice and planning the alternative is the more specific one of size of family versus welfare of family. The problem is one in division. Family income over number of members equals what? Here simple hunger becomes expanded into the desire for material wellbeing, and its opponent is not the elemental sex urge, but a well-defined desire for children. But the antithesis still remains a choice between two contradictory goods. The sharp decline of the birth rate in recent decades indicates a well-defined tendency to decide in favor of welfare.

On the international plane this fundamental antagonism underlies all the struggle for colonies, the competition for markets, the rivalry in naval construction, the stimulus to population growth in the very face of the evil consequences of overpopulation, all the seething hostilities that eventually break forth in armed conflict.

The outstanding illustration of this principle at the present moment is being furnished by Japan. For centuries previous to its “opening up” to Western civilization, Japan, by methods best known to itself, had preserved a nearly stationary population and had



maintained a relatively prosperous and tranquil existence. Then, under the impact of "modern culture," it proceeded to double its population in about fifty years, and is still adding 700,000 or 800,000 a year. The density of population in Japan proper is 404 persons to the square mile, and since less than twenty per cent of the land is being tilled, or probably ever can be tilled, the actual congestion is terrific. Until some means are applied for producing a drastic check in the rate of increase, Japan is forced to choose between the alternatives of a declining standard of living and vigorous aggressive action externally.

### III

Other aspects of the great antithesis are connected with traditional beliefs, aspirations, and philosophical dogmas that have become thoroughly ingrained in the cultural soul of Western peoples. The Eighteenth Century bequeathed us a heterogeneous lot of aphorisms, representing ideas which had a definite utility at the time they were expounded, but which have no foundation in enduring verity—illustrating the principle, not at all in accord with the Sunday School books, that things which are not true may often be useful, unless you beg the question by defining truth as that which serves a purpose. Foremost among these are Liberty, Equality, and Freedom. So popular were they in their day and so convincing, that the political and social structure of the United States was built upon them as upon the bedrock of reality. Yet taken together, they are thoroughly incongruous and incompatible. The whole history of democracy is a record of the attempt to harmonize Liberty and Equality, and we are just now beginning to realize that it can't be done.

Western Europe and the United

States have tended to lean heavily toward liberty, with the result that there have developed those monstrous inequalities which have made modern society so topheavy that it threatens to go down in complete collapse, dragging liberty and all other civilized values with it. Russia, on the other hand, chose the pathway that stressed equality, and has been in process of learning how heavy is the price that must be paid in the loss of liberty. Apparently, however, Russia is at the same time developing the technic of compromise and producing a young generation that lays less store on either equality or liberty in their old, individualistic conception.

The reason for this impasse is that there is no innate, or natural, equality among human beings. All men are most emphatically not born equal, any more than they are born free. It did not need modern intelligence tests to demonstrate this, although the newer psychologies have given us further insight into the varieties of human equipment. The inequalities of men are physical, intellectual, and emotional. These are facts of nature, and we have as yet found no way to counteract them. Consequently, the only kind of equality that can be even hoped for in society is a formal, artificial, enforced equality which provides every man with the same opportunity to fend for himself and to make the most out of his native endowment. But if it is attempted to secure this goal under conditions of complete liberty it immediately happens that genuine equality of enjoyment, self-direction, and happiness fades into thin air and becomes merely pious aspiration. For men are not only unequal in ability but also in rapacity, shrewdness, ruthlessness, and guile. Under conditions of liberty there takes place a quick and spontaneous sifting whereby those who have certain qualities,

not by any means all admirable, rise to positions of power and affluence, while others, perhaps far superior in social virtues and personal graces, are ground down to positions of ignominy and destitution. In fact, the very words "artificial" and "enforced" used above in describing the only kind of possible equality indicate the inherent conflict with liberty. The only kind of equality that is possible is a socially guaranteed equality, and this can be secured only at the expense of liberty. It is closely accurate to say that factual equality must exist in inverse ratio to liberty.

This factual equality, in turn, brings its own dilemma. For it is incompatible with another axiomatic human desideratum, tranquillity. No amount of artificial reinforcement can offset the natural inequalities of human individuals. In spite of all restraints, the abler individuals will reap certain rewards of achievement and satisfaction impossible to the less favored. But the latter, encouraged by the shibboleths of equality, will always be striving for the unattainable, trying to prove, as the Irishman said, that "one man is as good as another, and far better," and reacting to their failure to reach their goal with envy, bitterness, and perhaps active turbulence. There can be no doubt that a large measure of the social disorganization and turmoil that characterize contemporary American life can be traced to the quixotic attempt to maintain the conditions of abstract equality among a population composed of the most heterogeneous elements, differing in both degrees and qualities of innate ability. So long as men are born as they are, the only really tranquil society is one in which a long-established caste system has graduated social status in close correspondence with inherited ability, or at least with routine aspiration, and where every individual is content to remain

in the station in which his antecedents have placed him, whether his complaisance be due to lack of ability for anything higher or to absence of suggestion, from within or without, that a superior position might be open to him. Such a situation prevails in any thoroughly feudalistic society, such as England in the Middle Ages. Social relationships are governed by status, and it occurs to no one seriously to question them. When the idea of contract, which prevails in modern society, supervenes to throw the responsibility for social and economic station upon each individual, encouraging each to hope for the maximum, it inevitably creates bitterness and discontent among those who are in no measure fitted to force their way to the top. England up to the time of the World War still retained some of the aspects of the earlier type of social organization.

But such a situation is obviously incompatible with the principles of democracy, and once more a conflict arises. Speaking of democracy, an even more baffling antithesis is that between democracy and efficiency. Here are two of the cherished dogmas of the modern American philosophy, and yet, whether in the field of economics or politics, their incongruity has been so conclusively demonstrated that no discussion of the point seems necessary. Yet we cling pathetically to both of them in the vain hope that some sort of harness may be devised that will coerce them into pulling effectively in a given direction.

Another ill-assorted pair of philosophic objectives are Peace and Freedom. As already stated, we have craved freedom ever since the dawn of the modern era. Now, more perhaps than ever before, the whole world is yearning and striving for peace. The enthusiastic hope with which both are pursued is illustrated in the name of



that highly esteemed organization, the "Women's International League for Peace and Freedom." But how, in the name of all that is logical and realistic, can you have both peace and freedom? As already pointed out, the fallacy of that aspiration became crystal clear at the time of our entry into the World War. We were faced with a situation that left us in no doubt that the only means to freedom was the abandonment of peace. And conditions have not changed, nor will they change until there have been some profound alterations in human nature. The predatory spirit among nations is just as rampant and just as menacing to-day as it was in 1914 or 1917. And as long as the more virulent representatives of this spirit enjoy freedom the peace of the rest of the world will be in hazard.

This is the nemesis of all peace movements, as every objective student of the subject knows. All the talk of disarmament, of offensive and defensive wars, of the aggressor and the resister, cannot eliminate the danger that some nation, on whatever pretext may be most convenient, will start on the war-path, and that then the only hope for freedom on the part of a people that stands in its way will lie in the abandonment of peace. At the recent Anti-War Congress in New York, Henri Barbusse, the great French pacifist, stood on the platform—oddly enough, flanked on each side by two or three men in military uniforms—and spoke against war, while the audience roared itself hoarse with enthusiastic approval. But if, just at the moment when the throng was leaving the hall, the hum of motors had been heard and a fleet of airplanes from some suddenly hostile country had appeared over the city ready to annihilate it with gas bombs, how many of that crowd would not have been glad that the United States was fully equipped with pursuit planes and would not have greeted the

men who manned them and those who aimed the anti-aircraft guns as heroes when the danger was over? This is not to belittle the objective of world peace or to decry all honest and intelligent efforts to secure it. We need everything of that sort that we can have. Strength to the arm of every sincere and level-headed pacifist! But it does emphasize how frightfully complex is the problem and how appallingly real is the antagonism between peace and freedom. It suggests the conclusion that the only possible road to world peace is through limitation of freedom enforced by world agencies on a world-wide basis. At any rate, a pious obliviousness to realities will not promote the end that all rational men seek.

#### IV

Finally, perhaps the most immediately menacing and baffling of all dilemmas at the present moment are those in the economic field. These are partly due to inconsistencies in the economic structure itself, and partly to contradictions between some characteristic phases of the economic system and certain philosophic dogmas that are supposed to underlie, to direct, and to justify it. Foremost in the former group is the dominating struggle for competitive profits in an economic organization which, by its very nature, makes unlimited monetary profits mathematically impossible. This inconsistency has been so thoroughly expounded in recent years that the profit-motive is quite generally recognized as the gnawing cancer in the whole body politic, and innumerable able thinkers are working on the problem of its eradication.

A concrete case of a serious economic dilemma was described a few months ago by Professor G. F. Warren, who is now having a prominent part in the effort to solve it. "The price level

must be raised to the debt level, or the debt level must be lowered to the price level. This is a matter of grim reality that cannot be cured by psychology, confidence, or Government lending. We must choose between deflation and reflation. No country likes to change its monetary system, nor does any country like to go through wholesale bankruptcies and continue to have millions of unemployed. Our choice is not between two desirable things. [Or between a desirable and an undesirable thing.—H.P.F.] It is between two undesirable things." (*Printers' Ink*, October 19, 1933.) The Administration obviously chose the way of reflation, though, judging by external appearances, even an emancipated Administration was not prepared to go the whole way and adopt the good old-fashioned method of the printing press, but as a lesser evil attempted to attain the same result by doing necromantic things with the price of gold.

Of a similar nature is the clash of interests between producer and consumer, and the impossibility of satisfying both at the same time. In the first decade of this century the menace to prosperity was seen in the "high cost of living." To-day it is in low prices. As a consequence we have the ironic situation that while President Roosevelt is marshalling the full force of his administration in a campaign to raise prices, Mrs. Roosevelt finds it expedient to warn the consumers that they must learn to protect themselves against too high prices or too sudden rises.

If the average American were asked whether he thought it was a good thing for his country to have a high wage scale among its working people he would undoubtedly give an affirmative answer. If, a day or so later, he were asked whether he thought it desirable to have low costs of production in in-

dustry his reply would be an emphatic "Yes!" But the two are diametrically opposed to each other, for wages are an important element in the cost of production. Our politico-economic history for the past two generations has been largely a blind and unguided attempt to attain these two incompatible goods.

In the philosophic group the outstanding doctrines which gum up the wheels of progress and put a heavy drag on the instruments of prosperity are the familiar shibboleths of *laissez-faire* and individualism. It will be apparent at a glance that these are closely allied to the principles of equality, liberty, and freedom, and that their pernicious influence in the economic realm is similar to that of the more generalized shibboleths in the social sphere. Some day the history of *laissez-faire* will be written, and it will then appear that it has had a more maleficent influence on human destiny than perhaps any other doctrine ever devised by the human brain. It is not difficult to understand that one source of its baneful power is in the very utility which it possessed when first introduced. It was because it served as such an effective instrument for human advancement in one stage of cultural evolution that it acquired an almost axiomatic character, and continued to occupy a central position in the philosophic arsenal of the Western world long after conditions had so completely altered as to make it no longer an asset but a menace and a source of unmeasured disaster.

The same is true of individualism. Virtually the equivalent of personal liberty, this ideal has maintained a stranglehold on social thought sufficient to contribute decisively to world collapse, and at the present time is probably the most powerful agency in the prevention of really constructive and workable programs of recovery



and permanent stabilization of the economic life and restoration of prosperity. The basic steps essential to the establishment of an economic system in harmony with the development of material technology and the general structure of modern society and at the same time consistent with the tenets of abstract social justice and human welfare are now quite well understood by the impartial and emancipated students of the problem. But every one of these measures comes up more or less squarely against the intrenched principle of individualism. A modern, enduring, tangible good is pitted directly against an ancient, tenderly cherished, philosophical good. Society must choose—there is no escape. To postpone the decision will not obviate the necessity. It will only aggravate the evils and make the final action more difficult. As in all such cases, the pathway of progress is blocked by our tendency to see much more clearly the defects and inconveniences of that which is new and different than of that which is familiar. Our chronic inability to grasp the nature of the great antithesis causes us to judge a novel program as a thing apart, in the abstract, rather than in its relation to that which it is intended to supplant. If we discern unattractive features in it we discard it without stopping to ask whether the present situation is not

even more objectionable. Professor Warren recognizes the folly of this. "Merely raising the well-known objections to either procedure does not commend the other. The question is: 'Which is worse?'" But we are not in the habit of raising this question.

And so we hang back. The irresistible logic of events is moving us inevitably into some highly socialized form of community organization and life. But we—instead of recognizing the situation and devoting our energies to devising means to make the transition smooth, orderly, and constructive, we face backward, dig in our toes, and allow ourselves to be dragged along like a stubborn bull-pup at the end of a leash.

The real question is, can humanity grow up quickly enough to save itself from destruction? We are still in the stage of adolescence or childhood—which you prefer depends on the degree of your optimism. We still insist on eating our cake and having it too. We want to drive the family automobile with the same abandon that we use with a nursery toy. We continue to pretend that we are in fairyland while we walk the streets of the city.

It is a race between the growth of the human spirit to maturity of outlook and the internal forces of social disintegration. The issue lies in the lap of the gods.



## FINE WAGON

A STORY

BY PAUL GREEN

THE great forest rang as if with the clamor of iron bells from the belfries of the trees. Standing on the bank of the deep inky creek, Bobo strained with all his might at his fishing-pole. Down in the depths somewhere a catfish big as a hog was hung on his hook and gradually pulling him in. Lower and lower bent the pole, and inch by inch his bare feet slid in the slick mud. He felt himself jerked headlong toward the sickish black water, when suddenly there came a voice calling and a soft breath blowing in his ear. The great forest wheeled and turned over, rushed toward him, by him. The bells were silent, and in the flash of an eye the stream was gone and so were the fishing-pole and the fish.

"Wake up, Sonny, wake up—it's already day," and he felt a gentle hand diddling with his shoulder. Who . . . What? . . . Mammy. . . . But he must sleep—sleep a little more. And that fish—that great big fish!

"Wake up, Sonny, yo' Pa's done fed the mules."

He grunted and squirmed about under the quilts and sat up. Rubbing his fists in his eyes, he blinked at the little brown woman who stood by the bed, holding a wiggling lamp in her hand.

"Please, Mammy— Please'm—" And then his eyelids drooped shut, he gaped, and sank back slowly on the bed. Sweet sleepiness engulfed him

instantly. Once more the edge of the great forest came moving toward him like a cool delicious shadow and once more he heard the lofty booming of the bells.

"Huh, so adder all yo' proud bragging you done forgot you's gwine with yo' pappy?" the voice said.

He heard the words afar off. They meant nothing to him, they were empty sounds. But only for a moment, for then remembrance flooded into his mind and he sat quickly up. To-day was the day and he was about to forget it. A quick little rush of joy tickled somewhere in his chest behind his breastbone. He hopped out of bed as if a red fire coal had been dropped in his drawers. Cramming his shirt-tail down in his trousers, he followed his mother into the kitchen. He hesitated before the basin of waiting chilly water, and then roaching up his shoulders, soused his face down in his dipping cupped hands. "Whoo—oo—oo," he chattered. Already Mammy was at the stove taking the frying fatback out of the pan. And now heavy brogan shoes came clomp-clomping along the porch, and Pappy entered—a tall, grave black man.

"Mawning, Bobo."

"Mawning, Pappy," he answered, his scrubbed face coming out of the ragged bundle of towel.

"You done got that sleepy out'n them eyes—unh?"



"Yessuh, I'se all loud awake."

"That's a boy."

"When's we gwine, Pappy?"

"Now, now not too big a swivet. We got to swallow a bit of grub fust." And Pappy sat down to the table with his hat on. Mammy hurried the cornbread from the stove and put it in front of him.

"Come on, Bobo," she said, but Bobo had already dived under her arm and onto his bench. She stood still at the end of the table with the dishcloth in her hand ready to get the coffee pot while Pappy bent his head over. "Make us thankful—" he mumbled. "Amen," Bobo whispered to himself.

Nobody in the world could cook like Mammy. How good that fatback tasted, and the molasses and the bread. And then—what's that?—as she came and set a cup of steaming coffee by his plate.

"Seeing how cold it is and you gwine off to work same lak a man," she said.

His eyes were brimming with thanks as he poured his saucer full of the dark stuff—dark as the water in that creek. Then he blew on it with a great oof the way Pappy did to cool it.

"Warm you up inside?" his father asked.

"It do that," he answered, gulping it down with the noise of a small horse drinking water.

He gobbled his bread and meat; trying to keep up with Pappy, and in a few minutes breakfast was over. Mammy took Pappy's extra old coat from the wall and brought it to him.

"It'll be mighty cold riding out on that wagon," she said as she slipped it on him.

"Come on," said Pappy, and they hurried out of the house toward the barn. There in the gray morning light the wagon stood with its long tongue hanging out. It wasn't new like a white folks' wagon, but it was mighty nice just the same. He and Pappy had

worked on it hard the day before spiking up the loose spokes and driving wedges under the tires to tighten them for the heavy loads they'd have to haul. And with the new pine-board seat laid across the body, it stood waiting to ride. Pappy had bought the wagon on credit at a sale a few days before for eight dollars. It would come in handy hauling stuff for the professors up in town, and in a week or two they would make enough to pay for it. After that they'd keep on hauling. Pappy had needed a wagon. When he came home a few weeks before, bringing old blind Mary to match with the other mule Suke, he had set his mind on something to hitch both of them to. He had traded a dog and gun and two or three dollars for old Mary, and it'd take a lot of hauling to get the money together to pay for the wagon. But shucks, Pappy was stepping on in the world, he was smart. Didn't Mammy say so yesterday at supper—that they weren't nobody smart like him. And she had kissed Pappy, feeling fine about how things were going.

Last night Pappy had said, "Honey, I got me a job right off the bat. 'Fessor Johnson up there at town met me on the street to-day and said he had some wood to haul down where he's gonna build his chillun's swimming pool and could I haul it. 'Could I do it?' Says, 'Can't nobody do it better.' Says, 'I got me a fine wagon and a first-class team.' That's the way it goes in this world. You get ready for the job and the job gets ready for you. Says, 'I got a boy Bobo growing lak a weed, and all muscling up. Me and him both'll be back heah, suh, to-morrow.'"

These things ran through Bobo's mind as he padded barefooted along toward the barn, trying to keep up with his father's long stride.

"Yessuh, put me at a stick of wood and I'll tote my end," he said out loud.

"Huh what's that?" Pappy asked,

looking down at him but never slackening his pace.

"I mean—mean I'se gwine sho' work hard."

And Pappy looked out toward the morning star, laughed a great laugh, and patted his shoulder.

"How much that man gwine pay me, Pappy?" he inquired as they slid open the stable door.

"I bet a whole ten cents; that's what you'd better charge him."

Ten cents! And there'd be other ten centses—nearly every day there would, for they would be so good at hauling that all the 'Fessors would be asking them to do jobs. Ten cents a day! His little skinny hand slid down into his pocket as if he already expected to find a piece of hard round money there. And once more, as had happened several times during the last day and night, the bright picture of a new fishing hook and line gleamed for an instant in his mind. But he was cunning; he would not mention that yet. But he knew where they could be got. Up town in the hardware store—all with red corks and plenty of lead sinkers.

"You try yo' stuff at bridling Suke," Pappy said; "this here new mule kinder cantankerous."

And pridefully Bobo opened the door and went in with the bridle in his hand. Old Suke stood with her head down as if expecting him and, slick as that old Syrian peddler, he put the bridle on her and led her from the stall. Then the business of harnessing and getting the belly-band and the hamestrung tight. It didn't matter if Pappy did come round and retie the hamestrung when he'd just managed to pull it together, for the hames were fitting snug in the collar, and Pappy said that was doing fine as silk.

"Them's stout hamestrungs too," said Pappy, "Joe Ed let me cut 'em from that bull hide o' his."

"I bet they'll hold—hold near 'bout a lion," Bobo spoke up.

"Or a' elevint," said Pappy.

"Or a steam-engine," Bobo chuckled.

"Yeh, they'll hold—hold till the cows come home, and that britchin', that's a real piece of scrimptious handiwork," and Pappy surveyed the old ragged strips of bed-ticking he had sewed together to help finish off the harness.

By this time the wide light of dawn had spread upward from the east across the sky, and Bobo wasn't afraid at all as he went into the loft and threw down two bundles of fodder for the mules' dinner. And now Mammy came out of the house, bringing lunch wrapped up in a paper for her two men-folks. So it was that everything was ready at last and not a bit too soon, for the smiling face of the sun was peeping up over the edge of the world.

"You all be smart," Mammy called out as they climbed up into the wagon and sat down on the seat side by side. Pappy thudded his rope whip through the air with a great flourish, and off they went.

"We'll be home right around sundown," he shouted back, "and me'n Bobo wants us a real bait of that side meat all fried and ready!"

"We'll be home at sundown!" Bobo shouted likewise, sticking his hand up out of his father's old coat sleeve in a little crooked gesture, half a wave and half a salute. He had seen the white boys stick their hands up like that at the College Campus. And Mammy waved back at him, standing there by the gate with the new sun shining in her face.

They drove on down the dead-weeded lane and soon came into the highroad. To the right and to the left stretched the white frosty fields, and in the distance the church spires of the white man's town stuck up above the wooded hill. The steel wagon tires made little gritty sounds as they drove along.



"Don't this wagon run good, Bobo?"

"It sho' do, Pappy."

"It orter—I was up and give it a good greasing whilst you was snoozing."

"You'da woke me up I'da been there and help you."

"Them tiahhs cries a little, but they's tight as a drum, ain't they?"

"Tight as Dick's hatband. We sho' put the fixing on 'em."

"Yeh, didn't we?"

"Git up there Suke—you Mary," Bobo chirped in his manful way. They were now mounting the hill, the air was sharp and biting, and Bobo had to clamp his jaws tight, his teeth were chattering so. But he'd never let Pappy know. They rode on in silence awhile. Bobo could see from Pappy's thoughtful face he was thinking of something. Maybe planning out the big work ahead and he didn't want to talk. A gang of robins flew across over his head going north. He watched them till they were little jumping eyespecks low in the sky. It would turn warm soon—to-day, to-morrow. It always turned warm after a heavy frost like this one. The robins knew—they were smart like people.

Soon they were rolling along the asphalt streets of the town. Every shop was closed, every house deserted. It was too early for the white folks to be up. They were different from colored folks who had to be out to get a 'soon start. Already some of the women cooks were on their way to work—their arms in front of them, their elbows gripped in the palm of each hand. It was cold and they walked in a hurry. Their shoes made a clock-clock on the hard sidewalks.

"Ain't everything quiet—lak somebody asleep?" Bobo half whispered.

"Yeh," Pappy replied, "sleep. That's what's the matter with people, Bobo. They all sleep too much. Now look at you and me—we's up and doing."

"That's right," Bobo agreed soberly, and Pappy continued with feeling in his voice, "By the time other folks start to work we done done half a day. That's what gets a man ahead. He that rises 'fore the sun is the man what gets the most work done."

And now they were passing by the gray granite building that was the great bank where the white men went in and out during the day, hauling in their money and putting it away. Bushels and bushels of yellow dollars and white dollars and bales of greenbacks they kept stored away there. That was where all the money came from to buy the things that people needed. And to the left there was the hardware store where they kept all kinds of blades, and knives and hooks—fish-hooks. Well, when spring came . . . Next down there by the drug store was the blue-and-white sign of the telegraph office shut up and asleep. In a few hours it would be open, and folks would go in there and write things on a slip of paper, and a man would tap on a little handle, and them taps would be words that went out along wires and 'way to New York and maybe across the world through a pipe under the sea. Lord, Lord, weren't people smart! —Smart. He was smart too.

Bobo had always been frightened by the big buildings and goings-on when he had come up town to buy five cents' worth of snuff or ten cents' worth of fatback for Mammy and Pappy. But this morning he looked at the houses and stores with unafraid eyes. He felt more at home among them to-day. He was a working man now, and nobody ever bothered a working man—not even big boys that liked to pick on you and throw your cap up and lodge it in a tree. He had something to do now, work for the white folks, and that made everything right. The white folks wouldn't allow no foolishness with any of their help.

In a few minutes they had gone through the village to the outer edge and came where a little alley turned off from the main street and down a hill.

"Is we 'bout got there, Pappy?"

"Yeh, right down yonder is where 'Fessor lives." And he pulled the heads of the mules into the alley. "He's got a lot of wood cut 'way below his house and he wants it hauled up to put in his cellar."

"Looks like a sort of rough place down there," Bobo said, straining his eyes ahead of him.

"Sho', but we's the men to get that wood out'n there, ain't we, Bobo?"

"Is that," Bobo spoke up strongly and briskly.

"And he's gwine pay us a dollar a cawd to move it. He said he had ten or twelve cawds down there."

"How much is a cawd, Pappy?"

And now they were turning off to the left down a little rock path that skirted around and away from the Professor's house. What a house that was, all white and pretty shining there among the bare trees. And how many chimneys did it have, and the windows with green blinds. Bobo almost caught his breath—there on the porch sat a big red bicycle. That must belong to one of the chillun, but he didn't mind how many bicycles the chillun had 'cause some of these days—that too maybe—not a new one—no—no—just an old one.

"Well, a cawd of wood is a pile 'bout ten feet long and as high as yo' head and you get a dollar for moving it," said Pappy. "Yeh, ten or twelve of 'em. I bet we near 'bout will move six or eight of them cawds to-day, and that's six or eight dollars."

"Look out there, Pappy!"

"Sho," his father gravely replied as he pulled on the plow-line reins and stopped the mules, for the wagon was going down the hill and almost pushing the collars up over their heads. "I better tighten up them britchin' strops

a little bit." And holding to the lines, he climbed down and scotched the wheel with a rock. In a few minutes he had tightened the straps of bed-ticking and was ready to go.

"Does you think you mought drive some?"

"Lemme," Bobo answered eagerly.

Handing over the reins, Pappy got behind the wagon and held it back as the mules moved down the hill. What a strong man Pappy was there pulling on the coupling-pole like as if it had been the wagon's tail, and the mules had to push a little bit against the collar now that Pappy was holding back so sharp.

They finally got safely down to the little wooded hollow where the firewood was piled in great heaps, and they did no damage at all more than tearing off a patch of bark from a sugar-maple tree with the wagon hub. After much backing and sliding the rear end of the wagon round, they got set near a pile of wood and began to load it. It was a fine mixture of oak and pine cut in the proper lengths for the Professor's fireplace, and Bobo liked to work at it, it looked so nice. He heaved piece after piece up into the open body, trying to match his father. Talk about being smart—huh, with a few days of this stuff he'd put a muscle on his arm like a big rat running under his skin.

"All right," Pappy called, "try the end of that thing." And Bobo took hold of the big black log of solid hickory all ready to show his strength. Just then they heard a heavy voice calling down from the house above and, looking up, Bobo saw a man wearing some kind of a gown standing by the porch railing, his hair all rumbled.

"Who's that?" he asked, letting go of the log and stopping still as a post.

"S-sh, that's 'Fessor," Pappy said.

"Hey, what you doing down there!" the Professor shouted. And Pappy even as far away as he was pulled off his



hat quickly and bowed respectfully.

"Mawning, 'Fessor," he answered in a low voice and smiled same as if 'Fessor was right in front of him.

"Mawning, suh," Bobo whispered pulling off his hat likewise.

"For goodness sakes! You make enough racket to wake up the neighborhood," said the figure on the porch.

"Yessuh," Pappy began and then fumbled a bit for his words. "We thought we'd get an early start, suh."

"Well you have that; it's just seven o'clock."

"Yessuh," and Pappy bowed again.

"Well, go on and be as quiet as possible. Haul the wood round to the cellar door. I'll come out a little later."

"Yessuh," said Pappy again, still holding his hat in his hand.

The figure on the porch looked round at the world, yawned and retired into the house. Pappy and Bobo waited a moment and then went on with their loading, but this time slow and careful, laying each piece of wood gently in the wagon as if they were packing eggs.

"Why do he do that?" Bobo at last softly inquired.

"Who you mean do what?" his father asked in a low stern voice.

"The man up there in that big house—'Fessor."

Something seemed to be bothering Pappy, for he laid down his piece of wood and looked at Bobo. "Why you ax that?"

"He kept looking around at the earf and up at the sky. It ain't going to snow, is it?"

"Oh," said Pappy, as if he had been thinking of something else. And then he turned back to loading the wood again, and Bobo turned back also. But they decided to leave the big hickory log until the next load.

"Must be some kinder big man, ain't he," Bobo said presently, "living in

that big house with all these woods around?"

"He's a 'Fessor—teaches boys and gals—that's what 'fessor means." Pappy was silent a bit and then went on as if to himself, "He a mighty big man. I heard some folks say he a big man." Now Pappy looked carefully about him.

"Huh?" said Bobo.

"Do what?" and Pappy seized a piece of oak and lifted it aloft.

"Yeh, do what, Pappy?"

"Don't ax so many questions. 'Fessor wants his wood hauled, he gwine pay for it, and we gwine haul it. He a big man, he stands mighty high. I hear 'em say he writes books and makes money enough—enough to burn." And surveying the pile of wood on the wagon, he added, "Looks like we 'bout got a load."

"What do he write about, Pappy?"

"Huh?"

"'Fessor. Do he write tales lak what Mammy read from a book that time?"

Pappy suddenly snickered and looked around at him in a way he didn't understand. Then he said, "Say he writes books about the colored folks."

"Sho?"

"Sho'."

"And do the colored folks read 'em?"

"Shet yo' mouth and go 'way," Pappy answered, and snickering again, he went on. "White folks buy 'em and read 'em 'way off yonder. That's how he gets so much money to build his house and this heah swimming pool."

Pappy's hand went into his pocket, and Bobo watched it like a hawk. How long had he been waiting for that. This time it was true, he was going to do it, and sure enough Pappy pulled out a twist of homemade tobacco and bit off a big chew. Bobo edged up to him, waiting. For a moment the twist hesitated in Pappy's hand, and then he pinched off a big crumb and

handed it to him. Bobo's skinny paw darted out and seized it quick as a bat catching a bug. He stuck it in his mouth, rolled it round with his tongue, and settled it over on one side making his jaw stick out.

"Well I spec's we better start up the hill with this," and Pappy gathered up the reins. Suke and Mary, who had stood drooping in their tracks, suddenly woke up as if a swarm of hornets had come up out of the ground at them. Suke gave a lunge forward and old blind Mary gave a lunge backward. "Get up there," said Pappy, whopping Mary a blow on the rump with his whip. And now she sprang forward and Suke stood still. "You Suke!" he shouted. And quicker than hailing, the little blows of the whip danced from one mule to the other. With a rattle and groaning of the wheels the heavy load began to move up the stony hill, and Pappy winked at Bobo as much as to say, "Ain't that pulling for you?"

As they swung round into the little road, the rear wheel hooked the sugar-maple again. "Whoa," said Pappy, and just in time, for the coupling-pole was bent like an Indian's bow. The mules stopped, slumped down in their tracks and began to gnaw the dead scattering brown oak leaves that hung from a branch above their heads. Suddenly the creaky twanging of an opening screen door sounded across the hollow. Bobo looked out toward the house and saw the Professor, partly dressed, standing on the porch again.

"There he is again, Pappy," he said, clutching his father's arm.

"Whoa," said Pappy softly to the mules.

"Heigh," said the Professor, "didn't I tell you to keep quiet down there?"

Pappy's hat was already off in his hands again as he answered gently, "Yessuh, yessuh, we's just getting started, 'Fessor, and we"—Pappy looked

down at Bobo as if asking him what to say.

"Haven't you hung your wheel in that maple tree?" the Professor called, and Bobo saw him sliding his suspenders on his shoulders in a quick nervous jerk.

"He coming down here, Pappy," he whispered.

"No, suh," answered Pappy, "we just giving the mules a little breathing space, suh."

"Well, see that you don't hurt anything." And once more the Professor gave that look round him and turned quickly back into the house.

After much prying and straining, they got the wheel loose from the tree, but not until another great gleaming gap of bark had been torn off in the process. When they had got the load farther up the hill, they scotched the wheels, and Pappy came back. He grabbed up a handful of dirt, smeared it over the scars so that no one would notice them, and Bobo ran about picking up the pieces of bark which he hid under the fallen leaves. Then they went back to the wagon and rode out onto the high ground. They drove proudly round back of the house and stopped near the cellar door.

"Look a-there, Pappy," whispered Bobo horrified, pointing to one of the rear wheels. The wedges had fallen out from under the tire and the old wheel stood all crank-sided.

"Oh, that wheel'll stand up," said Pappy lightly, eyeing it. "We'll get unloaded and then take a rock and drive that tire back on." And climbing down, he wrapped the reins tight round a front hub so the mules couldn't get at the spirea bushes. Bobo passed the wood piece by piece to his father who took it in armfuls quietly down into the cellar. By this time the people in the house were astir, and Bobo could see into the kitchen where Miss Sally the cook, wearing some kind



of fancy lace thing on her head, was preparing breakfast. The smell of coffee and bacon came out to him and he sniffed the air hungrily like a little dog. And now the Professor reappeared, his face clean-shaven and his hair brushed. He came up to the wagon and looked sharply at the load. Bobo tried to keep his mind on his work handing down the wood to his father below, but he could smell the clear winery stuff the Professor had used for shaving. It filled the air, getting into his mouth and nostrils so strong that he could taste it.

"You'll never move that wood with such a turnout as that," said the Professor shortly. "Look at that wheel!"

"Yessuh," answered Pappy, as he laid his hat on the ground beside him. "We'll fix that up in a minute, suh, the wedge just fell out."

"Yes, I see it did. How are you, son?"

"Fine, thank, suh," Bobo choked, almost speechless at being addressed by the mighty man who lived in such a house and had cooks and bicycles and automobiles and a big furnace thing down there in the cellar that kept the house warm.

"What's your name?" But now Bobo had lost his tongue.

"His name's Roosevelt, suh, but we calls him Bobo," answered Pappy gravely.

"H'm," said the Professor. "And pile the wood straight back against the coal bin, will you?"

"Yessuh, we's fixing it up fine and dandy."

"And you can turn round down there next to the garage."

"Yessuh."

"Good gracious, boy, aren't you frozen, barefooted the way you are?"

"Oh, he don't mind the cold, suh, his feets is tough as whitleather."

"No suh, I don't feel the cold in my feets, suh," Bobo faltered.

"H'm. And what you got in your mouth, son?" But Bobo could only stare at the Professor with wide frightened eyes. "Don't you know chewing tobacco at your age will stunt you and keep you from growing up? Why, you're nothing but a baby." And once more the Professor looked inquiringly about the world and up at the sky as he turned to re-enter the house.

At last the load was stored away, and after much knocking and wedging down at the garage, the old wheel was strengthened, and they returned to the woods. But now it seemed the mules had decided not to do any more work that day. They kept twisting and turning about and sticking out their heads, trying to get at the dead leaves. And when after a lot of trouble the wagon was finally backed and skewed round to another pile, old Mary suddenly began to kick and lunge in the harness. Pappy seesawed on the reins and spanked her with the whip, and only after she had torn the britching off and burst one of his prized hame-strings did he finally get her quieted. All the while Bobo kept looking up toward the house, expecting the Professor to come charging out yelling at them. His heart was in his mouth, and he breathed again when at last the britching was mended, the hamestring re-tied, and everything ready for the loading to begin. This time Pappy pitched the wood boldly into the wagon. The white folks were up and having breakfast, and the chatter of children was heard in the house. It didn't make any difference about noise now.

"We better not put such a heavy load on this time, had we, Pappy?"

"No, we ain't going to load up furdern to the brim," he replied. And when they were ready, Pappy mounted briskly to the top of the seat and gave the word for the mules to go. Bobo started behind, but old Mary acted as if Satan was in her. She

lunged forward, broke the hamestring again, and ran straight out of the harness. And before Pappy could do a thing she had turned herself completely around and stood facing them with her white, sightless eyes as if laughing at him. Pappy suddenly lost his temper and, leaning far over with his rope whip, struck her a knock in the face. She reared up on her hind feet, and giving a great jump, left the harness behind her.

"Look out, look out, Pappy!" Bobo squealed in fright.

Pappy sprang down from the wagon, and with a strong hold upon the reins kept old Mary from getting entirely loose and running away. And now from the porch Bobo heard the dreaded voice again:

"What's the matter down there?"

Bobo didn't dare look up, for he knew the Professor was coming down the hill. And in a minute there he stood beside them. Without a word Pappy dropped his whip on the ground and began straightening out the harness, and old Mary started greedily eating the dead leaves again. Suddenly the Professor broke into a loud laugh, and Bobo shook in his tracks. Somehow that laugh made him feel queer and trembly.

"What in the name of God did you come trying to haul wood with such a mess as this?" the Professor shouted.

"Yessuh, yessuh, but—" Pappy began.

"But nothing," said the Professor sharply, and he took a step backward and surveyed the wagon and the team. "Here, son, you hold her head and let's see what we can do." The Professor took off his fine coat and undid his white collar and set to work tying up the britching and rehitching the traces on old Mary.

"You sho' know yo' stuff 'bout mules, 'Fessor," Pappy broke in presently, standing there pinching a dead twig in pieces between his fingers.

"Yes, I know enough not to starve them to death and not to try to haul wood with the harness and wagon falling to bits," he snapped.

Bobo stood looking on, every now and then spitting in noiseless excitement off to one side. He watched the deft movements of the Professor as if mesmerized, and now and then his gaze traveled to his father, who stood all shamed and humbled with his hat off. A queer lump rose up from his breast and stuck in his throat, and he swallowed quickly. Then he began sputtering, trying to get back the wad of tobacco that had gone down. Gritting his teeth, he blinked and shook the tears out of his eyes, making little choking noises in his throat.

"What's the matter with you, son?" queried the Professor, staring at him.

"Nothing suh, nothing," he answered quickly.

"You look sick. Have you had any breakfast?"

"Yessuh."

"Yessuh, we both et a big bait 'fore we come off," Pappy said, coming over and timidly offering to help fasten the breast chains.

"You wait; I'll drive out for you." And clucking kindly to the mules, the Professor jiggled the reins gently. The wagon slowly began to move. The Professor walked along as the mules pulled on up the hill, and then blam, that old rear wheel struck a stone that was hidden by the leaves, and with a moaning groan it collapsed. And now once more the Professor gave his queer laugh. He stood a moment looking at the reins in his hand, and then throwing them down, took out some money and handed it to Pappy, "Here's a dollar, though you've not earned fifty cents."

"Thanky suh, thanky suh," said Pappy wiping his hand on his coat and humbly taking the money.

Without a word the Professor turned



and strode off toward the house. When he had gone a little distance he turned and shouted, "Take your bundle of trash and clear out. I'll get somebody else to haul my wood!" With that he was gone.

Bobo stood looking at the ground. He could see the toes of his father's ragged shoes in front of him. Finally they moved, and he heard his father say, "I reckon we just about as well quit and go home, son." And then he heard another voice saying—a woman's voice up on the porch—"What's the matter, Marvin?" and then the Professor replying, "The same old story. My God, these everlasting negroes—poverty—trifling. Come on, let's finish our breakfast." And the door of the great house slammed shut like the jaws of a steel trap.

Pappy tied a limb to the coupling-pole under the axle, and the old broken wheel was loaded into the wagon body. All the while Bobo stood by without moving. His hands and arms hung down by his sides. He made no effort to help or do anything, but just stood there. "Come on, boy," Pappy said harshly.

They climbed up into the wagon, and the mules now, as if glad to be free of work, moved quickly up the hill and back into the main highway. Through the town they rode, the old limb dragging under the wheel-less end of the axle. People looked out from the houses as they passed, and a group of white school children playing tag on the sidewalk stopped and pointed at them. Bobo sat on the seat by Pappy,

looking straight ahead, and Pappy was looking straight ahead too. When they neared the business section of the village Pappy turned off and went along a side street. And soon they came to the other edge of the town and descended the hill.

When they rode up near the woodpile, Mammy unbent from her sweeping by the door and stared at them.

"Why you back so early?" she called. "I ain't got a speck of dinner ready. Eyh, and look what's happened to your wagon wheel!"

Jumping down from his seat, Bobo entered the yard.

"We don't want no dinner!" he heard his father's rough brutal voice shout behind him.

"What's the matter, son?" Mammy said.

"Nothing, nothing," he gulped. And catching hold of her apron, he began to sob.

"Dry up!" Pappy yelled after him, but Bobo sobbed and sobbed.

"What's happened, son?" Mammy said, smoothing his woolly head with her hand.

"Nothing, nothing," he spluttered.

And then a dreadful thumping and squealing began in the edge of the yard. But Bobo didn't look up. For even with his face buried in his mother's apron and his eyes stuck shut with tears, he could see a skinny black man there by the woodpile beating old Mary with an axe-helve, and that black man was Pappy—and he was ragged and weak and pitiful.



## FACULTY WIVES

BY GEORGE BELANE

IT IS with a certain hesitation that I accept HARPER's invitation to publish the results of my study on Faculty Wives. Such articles are always trouble-makers; they are invariably misunderstood. People who are their subject-matter never seem to be aware of the fine scientific purpose that inspires them. They think there is something personal in them. But that of course is absurd. There is nothing more personal in such work than in the first book of Euclid. Yet I suppose that lines, planes, and surfaces, if they had hands and could paint, would paint their devil as a geometer.

Mrs. Aylshire said to me only the other day, as she tucked a loose hair into her torn hair-net, "Some of your best friends are Faculty Wives! Can you wash your dirty linen in public?"

I wondered at the connection but said that I couldn't.

Mrs. Aylshire raised and lowered a large gold breastpin with a deeply pneumatic sigh.

"I am so relieved," she said. "I knew I could trust to your Better Judgment."

Now I can't betray Mrs. Aylshire's confidence. She thinks I have Better Judgment, and her universe would crumble if one of her clichés failed to register. I am too old to let that happen.

Still, why should all these people suppose that an article on Faculty Wives would be derogatory to them? I have written defenses of machines,

education, romanticism, and platitudes. Surely that record ought to prove that I am not constitutionally on the side of the prosecution. I think, therefore, that the first thing to remember about Faculty Wives is that no one can think of anything good to say about them. That is why they assume that articles about them must be satirical.

Such an assumption is unnecessary. As Aristotle says, Nature does nothing in vain, and if she made Faculty Wives, she must have had some end in mind. A little meditation ought to discover that end—unless these ladies are not a product of nature but of art.

If professors are to marry, they can marry only women, and the women they marry automatically become Faculty Wives. This elementary truism is often forgotten. Now professors really should not marry. A university should be a kind of monastery whose teachers are celibate. For once a professor marries, the economic problem has to be faced, and Faculty Wives are created by the economic problem for the most part. Nature probably intended them to be a punishment for abandoning celibacy.

For the true Faculty Wife—in the upper case—falls into one of three groups, *Uxor Grandiflora*, *Uxor Candida*, *Uxor Spinosa*. There are of course other varieties, *U. Spirans*, for instance, who has a tendency to mutate into *U. Grandiflora*; *U. Semp-*



virens, a cross between U. Candida and U. Spinosa; U. Bucolica, closely related to U. Candida . . . but one would not be interested in these rarer species. There are also a number of faculty wives—in the lower case—who never flourish on university soil, and no key to uxorial classes would ever help one identify them. They are sports and are looked upon by their sister wives as monsters.

I have seen such beautiful examples of every type of Faculty Wife that I should like to write a full description of each, but I have learned that as soon as one becomes concrete people always recognize their friends, especially if the description is what they feel to be unpleasant. For the last ten or fifteen years I have been told by people at dinner tables exactly who were the originals of all the unpleasant characters whom I had made up out of whole cloth. Sometimes there have been as many as five originals to a character. There was no use in denying and now I always admit that each claimant is the rightful heir to the disgrace; the chances are that if he isn't he should be. Many times this original is someone I have never seen, but that makes no difference. I must have seen him unconsciously. Pleasant characters are not so easily identified. Perhaps some psychiatrist could tell why.

I simply can't go through any more dinners during which I have to 'fess up, or be-a-good-sport-and-tell-us or not-be-a-fool-but-admit-it. That's all very well when one is twenty-five, but at forty-two familiarity with the line of attack has robbed it of its novelty. Hence there is no point in my writing about Mrs. Champagne (U. Grandiflora), whose entertainments for Distinguished Visitors fill the society columns and whose richly upholstered figure is a triumph of whalebone. Or Mrs. Sauternes (U. Candida), who

was once told that she looked like Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel" and has never ceased wearing yellow-green velvet from that day to this. Or Mrs. Beer (U. Spinosa), whose black little pointed face and coprophilic tongue have earned her a blue ribbon for scandal-mongery. Or Mrs. Vouvray (U. Spirans), who always invites to her kennel twice as many socially prominent people as it will hold. For already readers of HARPER's in the universities of this country have identified each of these ladies, and I am being called a dirty dog which bites the hand that feeds it. Hence, I must stick to generalities. There are, to be sure, certain generalities which it would be interesting to discuss.

For one thing, it would be interesting to know why all Faculty Wives almost without exception on all possible occasions try to humiliate their husbands. American wives as a whole like to humiliate men; they preserve their superiority over them in that way. In Europe—at least on the Continent—I have never noticed this. Wives in public hold their tongues about their husbands' faults; but in Europe wives are supposed to be wives, not employers. In this country our wives no sooner meet a new couple than they begin poking ridicule at the men they have taken for better or for worse. This, as you know, is general. But Faculty Wives, thanks to their greater brains, are more persistent and indeed more clever at it. They humiliate their husbands by what might be called generalized back-seat driving, directing their every motion, telling them what to eat, what to wear, even what to say. If a man doesn't want a second helping, why should he be told in public to have one? Maybe he has a stomach-ache; maybe he doesn't like the dish and is too gentlemanly to say so; maybe he just doesn't want any.

If a man's necktie is askew, why must his lady flit across the room and straighten it with a sweet little remark about his *never* being able to tie a bow? If he says something which someone might think was tactless but doesn't, why must she call attention to it by apologizing in his name? If he doesn't want to tell the story of his meeting with Lord Macaulay (I swear on the *Bible* I have never met anyone who ever met or said he met or was said to have met Lord Macaulay) why should he be dragged out of his silence to tell it? These are not rhetorical questions. The answer is, because he thus will obey his wife.

Faculty Wives humiliate their husbands by referring to them as "we." This is the most revolting of their practices. "We" are not taking HARPER'S this year because "we" think there's enough tragedy in real life. "We" have planned to put the children in a camp this summer. "We" think the President's financial policy a mistake. "We" can't afford to buy a new car. "We" in some cases are working on a new book. Never was there such a mendacious use of the first person plural. Nine times out of ten—as is customary in America—the "we" means the wife, and no one but an imbecile would be fooled by its use. But by its use the husband is made to share and approve the ostentation of U. Grandiflora, the humble innocence of U. Candida, and the poisonous sting of U. Spinosa. He thus becomes absorbed into his wife's stuff and being and, as he is an American husband, he gives in with only the mildest of sighs. Does he want to be present at the huge reception "we" are giving for Signor Salami, the great ichthyologist? Would any group of men ever imagine that it was entertaining to shake hundreds of hands and utter hundreds of half-finished sentences for three hours in what Roget suggests might be called

a stentorophonic bombilation, roar, racket, hubbub, or larum? Men are only occasionally sadistic. They have jobs in which they find an outlet. Women in America, not being satisfied with being women, have devised this kind of outlet. Here they can yell to their heart's content and still be ladies and they can prove to great masses of people (who already know it) that they have washed all shame and independence out of their husbands' souls. If the husband were entertaining his foreign colleague he would have him and five or six other men in for a good dinner, a drink, and a smoke. Yet it is "we" who are giving the pow-wow.

Slyer, but not more revolting, than what one might call *nositis*—the pathological addiction to the first person plural—is the telling of stories in which the husband plays the fool's role. This is supposed to indicate a delightful *camaraderie* between husband and wife; for *camaraderie* is always indicated by lack of respect. Thus children call their parents by their first names to show that they're all good friends, and roommates wear each other's clothes. When a wife can show that her husband paid too much for a dozen eggs, or that he voted for a conservative, or that he fell asleep during Beethoven's Op. 132 whereas she was wide awake and talking about it, she has shown that though her husband may be a great scholar—would she have consented to marry him otherwise?—he's really a child in worldly matters. Faculty husbands, with that patience acquired from watching amœbas, sit quietly—or at most shift in their chairs—while their wives show what funny little fellows they are.

This is a very sly technic, for the ladies are simply carrying on a tradition about professors which everyone believes anyway. Thus they don't seem to be doing anything unusual.



Everyone believes that professors are absent-minded, unbusinesslike, and a trifle unmanly; if Faculty Wives strengthen that belief, no one is going to accuse them of exaggeration. They, therefore, have an appreciative audience assured in advance, which means not merely that their husbands are ridiculed but that they themselves are applauded.

The reason why they want to ridicule their husbands is clear enough. Most women, however feministic, want to be kept. They may rant and rave about economic independence, but it is the last thing on earth they really want. There is little doubt in my own mind that the conjugal relation would be more successful if women were educated to be completely subjugated to men, taught to believe such subjection their destiny. Under the present system where women are horrified at the idea of being women, such a thought strikes sparks of protest from their flinty bosoms and they call its advocates barbarous Turks. There is no need to argue this point. Whatever the truth may be, women are seldom happy when their husbands are poor providers unless they can show the world (a) that their husbands are not capable of carrying out their duties, and (b) that only their own skill in management keeps the family going. This psychic compensation is natural enough, given the wife who objects to being a female.

But the Faculty Wife is almost universally of that type. She thinks it low to be a mate; she wants to be a help-mate. She can only justify her keeping house if she makes it perfectly clear to herself and others that she is forced to be a cook and housemaid because of someone else's fault. She must think of herself as a victim. And Husband is there to be the scapegoat. She is his victim. If he earned

a decent salary she could participate in the economic life of the nation, by which she means earning enough money to pay someone else to do the work she now does herself. Was there ever a crazier spectacle than one woman turning over to another tasks which a sense of duty and affection can alone make attractive? Why selling chintz or teaching elementary English or typing letters is more of a help in expressing one's ego than running a house, no man has ever yet discovered.

This is a really fundamental point about marriages in the upper bourgeoisie. Not only do Faculty Wives rebel against their conjugal duties, but most college trained wives do. They have been taught presumably that human beings are not men and women but scholars, artists, writers, preachers, businessmen. But though it is true that every profession has its sporting side, it exists primarily as a means of earning a living. Ideally, we may grant, one chooses to be a teacher rather than a tailor or a banker because one likes teaching better than tailoring or banking. But one does not choose to earn a living rather than not to earn a living because one likes it better.

The choice is between living and starving to death. Liking has nothing to do with it. The economic side of the way one chooses to keep oneself and family alive is the least pleasant part of it. Everyone would prefer to be a gentleman living on unearned income in a gold-standard country. No one with any sense thinks that he is broadening his mind or expressing his ego by making pants or delivering lectures on Freshman composition.

If it were work these women wanted, they could find plenty of it at home. But they don't want work. They want to get out of the house. They have acquired the idea in college that

housekeeping is degrading. They believe that to be a bad painter is more uplifting and indeed more important for society than to be a good cook. So they set up three eggs and a bottle of milk on a table and paint them instead of beating one up in the other and making a custard pie. They think that standing behind a counter and persuading some weak sister to spend more than she can afford on a dress or urging her to re-upholster her old red sofa is more expressive of their souls than staying home and seeing that the children do their lessons and above all have an hour with their mother rather than with the cook.

This kind of talk is anathema to Faculty Wives. When they have to be housewives, they feel the need of apologizing. If their husbands earned more money they could be freer. What freedom would they find whacking at a typewriter all day? Nor would they really desire it if they had it. The working women I have known would demand nothing better than to be married. They have tasted the joys of economic independence and know there's nothing in them. They know that the little happiness which normal human beings can have—I insist on the adjective "normal"—is in marriage; that even there it is not likely to last long. But if that is pointed out to a Faculty Wife she will reply with a sneer, "Oh yes, woman's place is the Home."

Nothing was ever truer in spite of the sneer, and so is man's place. A home is a perfect environment for self-expression of every type, and the human problem at the present moment is precisely how to have a home. The women's colleges don't see this. They think women differ from men only in costume. And as a lot of canneries and sweat shops and other instruments of industry exist to make it easy not to have a home and spend thousands

monthly to make their program effective, it is natural for women to avail themselves of its aid.

What women—and this is true of men too—should learn in college is not how to earn a living but how to live and what to live for. But all the contemporary sages are sure that such ideas—which ought to be self-evident—are old-fashioned twaddle and that the person voicing them is half-dead of hardening of the arteries. College-trained women are leaders in opposing them, and it is indeed true that many women who go to college and many who make teaching their career, could never be happy as women. But they, who after all are a minority, have by their gifts of speech and feelings of righteous indignation forced all their sisters into agreement with them, God and Nature notwithstanding. It is, therefore, not remarkable that they are a dissatisfied lot. Listen to their conversation.

## II

Faculty conversation always turns to financial matters. The men return to the living room after telling a few stories about the NRA to find the ladies moaning about making both ends meet. This has frequently been commented on by my non-academic friends, who may deplore their own lack of means but are really ashamed of it. They, therefore, find other things to talk about. As a matter of fact, the underpaid professor is more or less of a myth. Most professors get more than they deserve. They never actually teach more than fifteen hours a week, and that is exceptional. In the undergraduate institutions they teach the same courses year in and year out, using their old notes and old jokes. The older men seldom teach more than nine hours. When this is pointed out to them they complain about the hours of preparation for



each hour of teaching. That is all very impressive, but so far as undergraduate courses are concerned, sheer nonsense. The preparation consists of reading over their old lecture notes. Of course they have papers to correct while they are in the lower ranks, and paper-correcting is fatiguing. But it is no more fatiguing than what every lawyer or physician or business man has to do. If they would actually work eight hours a day—and by “work” I don’t mean gossip in one another’s offices and at the Faculty Club—they would get all their papers read and their lectures prepared and come home with a clear evening before them.

It is true that their salaries are low. A man who earns three thousand dollars a year is not among the wealthy. But there are thousands of people who are working much harder than professors and earning much less. Professors, however, have what they call a “standard of living” to keep up. This means that they must have a car, subscribe to several magazines, belong to learned societies and to a good club, go to concerts and theater, and pay more rent (or interest on a mortgage) than they can afford. None of these things is necessary. I have found that one can go without a car, read library books and journals, belong to no societies and clubs, turn on the radio on Sunday afternoons, live in a bad neighborhood, and still have a pretty good time out of life. It is true that I married a woman and not a social theory. One simply has to decide what one wants. If one wants to imitate the broker or fashionable physician, one is going to be always in debt on three thousand dollars a year. But educated men and women, above all, ought to be expected to have a decent philosophy of life and not succumb to the wiles of the booster and ballyhoo artist.

The professors, on the whole, would

live simply, but their wives are socially ambitious. I know of a professor earning a comfortable living as the principal of a girls’ school whose wife forced him out of it into an inferior position in a college at a lower salary. Why? Because her standards ranked school teachers lower than college professors. I have urged scores of professors to live in my bad neighborhood, where rents are low and chain stores flourish, but they prefer to live “on the Hill.” They say, “Think of the children!” Well, I’ve thought of the children, and find it better for them to be brought up in accordance with their parents’ means. I am convinced that if the Faculty Wife would make up her mind that she was not the wife of a corporation lawyer whose clients are chronically delinquent, but the wife of a well-paid salesman, everyone would be happier and she would turn into the kind of woman Nature intended her to be.

As it is she becomes warped. If she has money, she develops into U. Grandiflora and her husband into a *cavaliere servente*. He never produces anything but a pointed beard and an angloid accent. U. Grandiflora speaks a little French, plays bridge, is against socialism, prohibition, internationalism, and feels ashamed of her fellow-countrymen when traveling abroad. She is a woman who does not show her age and is, therefore, older than she looks. She is inclined to corpulence, has no children, and wears long strings of imitation pearls. She always comes of some old Huguenot or Dutch family, never from Puritan stock. She brings out her genealogy on every possible occasion, which in her case is every occasion, and believes that people who do not have this *tic sprang* spontaneously from the soil, undammed and unsired, about 1873. She has generally ten ideas as a maximum, but by

rotating them in conversation, like a stage manager with ten supers, she gives them the appearance of an army. Her greatest worry is the social purity of her guests, to preserve which she goes to any extreme of rudeness.

If the Faculty Wife has no money and is sour-natured she develops into U. Spinosa. This hardy perennial is related to the nettle and does well in sandy soil. She blossoms a month after marriage and *qui s'y frotte s'y pique*. Her main interest is other people's affairs which she believes to be managed badly. She has an unfailing eye for detecting in others the faults she most perfectly exemplifies herself. Thus she finds most women gossipy—though she never gossips herself. Her stories always verge upon scandal, for her imagination is not fettered by the chains of accuracy. She has a healthy disregard for family pride, money, social position, academic rank, success, in fact everything she happens to lack, and spends most of her energy in proving that those who have them acquired them dishonestly. An individual generally believed to be a descendant of Washington will be proved by her to be of lineage no more ancient than McKinley, and even that will be granted with such a wry smile and lifting of eyebrows that you divine he was found in front of the village fire station on Christmas Eve in a basket. Men and women known to be wealthy will be shown either to have no money at all and incredibly large debts or to have gained what they have by obscurely foul means. Social position is exhibited by her as a form of depravity, and a couple who has the misfortune to be invited to dine among the socially elect is clearly proved to be a faithless wife and a complaisant husband. U. Spinosa knows all about the doings of the high world and thanks goodness she at least knows enough to stick to

her own station in life. Yet she shows a keen sensitivity to slights and injuries, and should any tea, reception, dinner, luncheon, or even public lecture be given to which she is not invited, she knows that "the Hill crowd," or "the Dean's clique" (which she pronounces "click"), or "the Country Club Set" has connived to that end to insult her. Not that she cares.

Our third exhibit, U. Candida, arises from the poor but sweet-natured wife. She is only too usual in academic circles. If you enter a house and find a hand-colored print of Fra Angelico's "Annunciation" in the entrance hall, the probability is that the mistress is U. Candida. U. Candida is full of sympathy for everyone except her own immediate family which, she finds with a sigh, seldom understands her. But she does her best by her husband and children, feeling that her example of sweetness and light may help them. For U. Candida loves to help. As a charming specimen said to me one day, "If we didn't help one another, where should we *beeee*? I always say we are just one *big* family. We *must* believe in helping one another, we just *must*."

In the grip of such compulsive feelings, what can one do? U. Candida helps. She helps people who need her help and those that don't need it and those that need it but don't want it and those that don't need it and don't want it, as Gertrude Stein might say. She is like an escalator. Just put one foot on it and up you go, willy-nilly. That is, I think, what her family resents. It resents this unending ascent. It wants to stay on a horizontal plane occasionally. U. Candida seems to take it philosophically, but when Brother Censor isn't looking, out pops her Unconscious, and mean little Symbols are bounced on her husband's head. Then she tells of the *funniest* dream she had last



night of the Professor's having caught on fire and her turning the hose on him, which was so unlike her. All her Freud-conscious friends then wink at one another and have a swell time afterward talking her over.

Poor Uxor Candida! The makers of yellow velvet would starve to death if it were not for you. If the ergs you expend sighing over the poems of Rupert Brooke were collected they would run the town's pumping station. More guileless than a morning-glory, you cause more trouble than the deadly nightshade, for it is you who invented the phrase, "I thought you ought to know." Of course your motives are always of the best, but poorer motives and richer understanding would increase your popularity. Of course a professor shouldn't be seen waiting for a street car with a co-ed; of course one friend shouldn't make fun of another; of course we should all admire one an-

other's taste in clothes; but the desire to help truth conquer sometimes leads to the defeat of happiness. Did you ever think of that, dear Candida? You do want us all to be happy, don't you? You want to *help* us to be happy. Of course. Then why the devil don't you mind your own business?

If I were to print what everyone knows about Faculty Wives, U. Candida from Maine to California would stop her subscription to HARPER's at once; U. Spinosa would point out that I was angry because I had never been invited to the President's for dinner; and U. Grandiflora would cut my wife the next time we pass her box at the Symphony. Hence I must regretfully cut this report short. When my life-work, *The Social Flora of the United States*, is completed, the matter will be treated with the wealth of detail its complexity deserves.





## WEST POINT: A CRITICISM

BY COLONEL T. BENTLEY MOTT

THERE is one conspicuous and fundamental difference which separates West Point and Annapolis from all other American institutions of higher learning. This difference consists in the fact that at our colleges the students do pretty much what they choose, impelled only by the necessity of passing examinations and restrained only by the limits of their pocket-books. At West Point, on the other hand, every hour of every day in the whole year is spent as prescribed by inflexible rules, and the cadet with a million in bank enjoys no more financial freedom than does the son of a village blacksmith.

The obvious reason for this difference is that to a conspicuous degree the art of war is based upon discipline; not merely the principle of blind obedience, but discipline of the spirit.

The moment a boy enters West Point he receives a salary from the Government out of which all his expenses are paid. He never sees or touches this pay—in fact, he is punished if any money is found in his possession. His clothes, books, food, washing, etc., are charged against his account. If he is extravagant, his purchases are reduced until his budget gets back into balance; and as he is not permitted to receive money from home he is obliged to live on his salary. If he fails to pass in any subject at the semi-annual examinations, he may be, and generally is, dismissed. If he passes in all, at the end of the four years he

is commissioned as a second lieutenant.

Let us now glance at how he spends an average day in winter. At six A.M. he must be in ranks, properly dressed, to answer roll-call. He then has half an hour in which to make his bed, sweep and tidy his room, wash and dress for breakfast. At half-past six he again falls into ranks and answers his name, and the regiment then marches to the mess-hall. At seven o'clock it marches back and is dismissed. A period of three quarters of an hour ensues, which nominally is liberty, but it is actually occupied with necessary duties and very often with study. From 8 until 12 o'clock he is either at recitation or in his room studying. At noon ranks are formed for dinner; from 12.40 till 1 P.M. he is free; then from 1 until 3 o'clock he has study and recitation.

During the spring and autumn, drills and parades take place between 3 and 6 P.M. except on Wednesdays and Saturdays; in the winter there are three hours of freedom, generally devoted to athletics, riding, skating, etc. At 6.15 P.M. the regiment marches to supper, and on its return there is recreation for fifteen minutes; after this the cadet studies from about 7 until 10 o'clock, when he must be in bed. Certain privileged men may keep their lights until 11 P.M. Frequent inspections during all study hours confirm the fact that the cadet is in his room or absent at recitation.

On Saturday afternoons he has



about three hours in which to do as he likes, but he may not leave the Academy grounds. On Sunday morning attendance at church is compulsory; during the rest of the day and up to study hour in the evening there are no duties except full dress parade.

From about June 15th to August 28th the 1st Class (seniors) and the 3rd Class (sophomores) are in camp or engaged in practice marches. There is no study or theoretical instruction during this period, but there are many drills and parades. Twice a week there are dances which last from 8.30 until 10.30 P.M. On Saturday evenings they last until midnight.

For being the fraction of a second late at any of the dozen "formations" during the day a "demerit" is set against the student's name; similarly for any tiny infraction of the regulations. For example, if during one of the five or six inspections which take place daily the cadet should be found lying on his bed or sitting in his shirt sleeves, if the floor of his room is dusty, if his overcoat is hanging on the peg intended for his clothes-bag, if he appears outside of his room with a button unfastened or his cap not straight, if he lifts his hand in ranks, if his shoes are not polished or his hair not brushed, if he misspells a word in any communication, he is reported, and demerits are placed against his name—unless by an explanation, usually required to be in writing, he succeeds in getting them removed. More serious offences are punished, in addition to the demerits, by confinement to the delinquent's room or by having to pace the barrack yard equipped as a sentry on Saturday afternoon. The total number of demerits received counts in class standing.

When it is remembered that, except for brief Christmas leaves granted to a small number of students, a cadet passes two continuous years at West

Point without going home, and then, after two and a half months of holiday, he returns to the Academy to spend another two years without a break, it can be seen that the Academic Board are wholly responsible for the fashioning of the character and intellect of the young man confided to their care. What they make of him in four years is subject to almost no outside influence of any kind, whether family, religious, pecuniary, or political. Therefore, to the professor enthusiastic about his trade, to the teacher interested in fashioning human souls, the Military Academy ought to be a paradise on earth.

The enforcement of this discipline is almost automatic. Part of it is in the hands of the cadet corporals, sergeants, and officers; these, in their turn, are supervised and kept up to the mark by the Commandant of Cadets and his assistants, all regular officers. The cadet "officer of the day" is on his honor to report every infraction of the regulations he observes, and a student must truthfully answer every question put to him. Any man found guilty of a false official statement on any occasion would be dismissed from the Academy. The traditions of the school and the high sense of honor prevailing make such cases extremely rare. The heterogeneous mass of newly arrived, whatever may have been their previous training and conceptions in the matter of veracity, gradually becomes infused with the spirit of the older cadets, and while at first the fear of condign punishment is doubtless a weighty factor, by the time they reach their second year they have become part and parcel of the most truthful body of men living together in one community anywhere in the world.

But this automatism in the enforcement of discipline has one serious defect. It is almost wholly impersonal.

Punishment follows delinquency with machinelike regularity. No inquiry of attendant circumstances is made until the delinquent stands accused. The play of personal relations is almost entirely absent, and while this may have some advantages from the point of view of equity and the comfort of the instruments enforcing the law, it removes the element of education in applying that law and gives to the impressionable young cadet a false notion as to how he must exercise the function of discipline when he becomes an officer and is dealing, not with other cadets, but with the various kinds of human beings he is going to find in a company of soldiers. The method of teaching and enforcing discipline employed at West Point has no application anywhere except at West Point. However, since the students at the Academy are being prepared specifically to command other kinds of men, it would seem that they ought learn there by example and practice how that function is best performed when dealing with those men—that is, with everyday army privates.

Take a simple example: A cadet is required to salute an officer when he meets him. Suppose that through carelessness or from a boyish desire to take a chance he omits this act. Nothing happens immediately but the next day he sees posted on the bulletin board the following delinquency: "Jones, K. B. Failing to salute an officer about 3.50 P.M."

Jones can let the thing go and receive his demerits or he can write an explanation and submit it to the Commandant. This paper is referred to the officer in question for remark. He states the circumstances in an endorsement and the paper goes back to Jones. The latter can add any further reasons or excuses and then the matter is settled by the Commandant. Jones is given demerits and

punishment, or his explanation is considered satisfactory and he gets none.

Exactly the same routine is observed when an officer in inspecting Jones's room finds the floor unswept or his coat thrown on the bed. He asks Jones no questions; he merely reports this fact on the delinquency list, and Jones can write an explanation if he wishes to do so.

Now no captain in our service could ever run his company along these lines. If Jones were one of his men he would have a talk with him then and there or send for him and hear what he had to say. After a few such encounters the captain would get some idea as to what sort of a human being Jones was, and it would help him in finding out what was the best way to go about making Jones a useful soldier, that being the captain's principal job.

When I was an instructor at West Point a cadet named E. H. Martin took a boyish delight in trying to slip by me without saluting. After giving him the benefit of the doubt, more than once, I finally did something which in those days, at least, was unusual: I sent for him. I told him I had noticed his failure to salute me when I supposed I was easily visible and I added, "Mr. Martin, the salute between a cadet and an officer is the exchange of courtesies between two gentlemen who meet. I have always thought of you as a very well-bred young man, and I was surprised yesterday to see you so lacking in good manners. That is all I wanted to say." He flushed to the very roots of his hair as he left, but for the next two years that boy, when he saw me in the distance, would walk out of his way to get near enough to have me see him salute.

The method of administering discipline, so briefly indicated above, has another serious consequence in that it discourages personal contact between



officers and cadets and keeps a vast gulf ever separating the two. Men cannot know one another if all or almost all of their intercourse is in writing. Many cadets have lived four years in daily contact with the officer commanding their company and have never had a word of conversation with him in all that time. Their intercourse has been limited to short, sharp admonitions on the part of the one and "Yes, sir" or "No, sir" on the part of the other. If the cadet is a careful and punctilious youngster, those above him, whether cadet officers or tactical officers, consider that they have no occasion to tell him anything about the whys and wherefores of the job he is learning; for, of course, praise for well-doing is an unheard-of thing. It is only when the boy transgresses one of the thousand regulations which govern every act of his existence that he hears from his superiors. Even then the correction is conveyed in writing and his explanation offered on paper. The "skin list," as this daily report of delinquencies is dubbed, leads to an abdication of a disagreeable duty on the part of the officer and is in effect a renunciation of any effort to guide and instruct personally a human being turned over body and soul to his authority.

When I went home at the end of my first two years as a cadet, my mother would ask me eager questions regarding life at the Academy. Boylike, I would brag about its hardships and describe with gloating the severity of the punishments. "But why do you have to do this, what is the purpose of that?" she would inquire. "Because it is orders," I would proudly answer. Why we did these things I did not know. Nobody had ever told me, and I had instinctively learned that to inquire was "not the thing to do." Besides, if I had wanted to know, to whom would I have addressed myself?

Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die.

These lines might well be inscribed over the sally-port of West Point barracks, for they breathe the spirit that guides the whole institution.

I had passed two years at a great military school, I stood fairly high in my studies, but I had never come into contact with an officer except to recite what I had studied in a book, be marked on what I had learned, be inspected to see that I was clean. I was already machine-made, and the two years that followed removed any lingering protest which nature at first had offered to the operation. The only reason for doing anything in life was "because it was orders," and three years later I heard without surprise an old lieutenant of my battery exclaim to a soldier, "I don't care a damn what you 'think.' I am paid sixteen hundred dollars a year to do your thinking for you." It was not until ten years later that I began to ask myself whether this was the best way to train an army.

"But," it will be easily objected, "all that was a very long while ago; things have greatly changed since your time." I have made careful inquiry on this point, and I know that although some loosening of the rigidity has taken place, no change commensurate with the evil has intervened since I was an instructor in 1894. Indeed, it is a most interesting fact that amid all the upheaval which has taken place in American educational institutions, as in all other instruments that serve our national life, West Point has stood like the Rock of Gibraltar, unaffected in any of its essential characteristics since Colonel Thayer in 1830 gave it its present mold.

This rapid sketch of the methods used to govern the student body at West Point leads to the conclusion

that they have been perpetuated not so much because they teach cadets the true principles of army discipline as because they make it possible to enforce the rules with the least amount of trouble to those who do the enforcing. The result is a minimum of spiritual benefit to the men under instruction. A discipline daily explained as applied would become understood and consented to as one of the essentials of military life. Comprehension would relieve the sting of blind resentment and prepare students for their role in handling soldiers. It might be said that discipline is not taught at West Point; it is merely enforced. This judgment is not directed against its severity; that is a subject entirely apart. It is addressed to its methods.

## II

Let us now glance at the system employed in the classroom. For each subject each class is divided into sections composed of about twelve students. Each section is marched to its recitation room, the men stand in front of their benches until the report "all present" is made, when they sit down. The instructor asks, "Are there any questions?" If there are, a few minutes are devoted to them, never more. Questions are rarely asked. A slip of paper is now handed to each cadet, containing the subject he is required to discuss. He goes to the blackboard, writes at the top his name and the subject given him, and makes such notes or diagrams as he thinks he will need. Meanwhile, one man is stood up in front of the instructor's desk and questions put to him.

As each cadet is called upon to recite he begins with the phrase "I am required to discuss the subject of so and so," or "I am required to solve the following problem." He proceeds

usually without interruption from the instructor. To be perfect, a recitation must omit nothing that is pertinent. If omissions are perceived, the instructor may ask questions covering them. The instructor then marks the student and calls on the next one. He gauges the time so that exactly at the end of the hour assigned the last man shall have recited. The men are then marched to barracks and dismissed, going to their rooms for study or to prepare for drill.

With exceptions which will be evident, such as learning to draw or speak Spanish, this is the almost invariable method pursued for the teaching of all subjects—mathematics, chemistry, history, English, military science, etc. Sometimes, but very rarely, a lecture to the whole class replaces recitation. The work of an instructor is reduced to the sole function of listening to recitations, marking the students, transferring them to higher or lower sections, passing on their examination papers. It can hardly be said that he is a teacher; he is a machine for grading cadets upon their knowledge of prescribed texts, and he operates with conscientious precision. He never sees his pupils outside of the classroom, except on very rare occasions.

We all know what an intense spur to human effort fear is, and the fear of being sent home hangs forever over cadets who are low in any study. Ambition being an almost equal stimulus, those who are high up work hard to retain their places; since a man's standing on graduation determines his right to choose what arm of the service he will enter and establishes once and for all his relative rank in the Army up to the day he is made a colonel. Moreover, the *esprit de corps* is such that once a cadet starts in he almost never under any circumstances resigns. At the end of a term or two he may be disappointed in what he finds



at the Academy, but he sees it through. He would lose his self-respect if he quit.

As I have already pointed out, there is no other educational institution in the world where the student body is so absolutely in the hands of their teachers to make of them what they choose. Every impulse animating a human being operates in favor of this situation. Let us proceed, therefore, to examine the origins of these teachers and endeavor to deduce the chances of their measuring up to the duties and opportunities which face them.

Leaving out the two or three civilian foreigners employed to teach conversational French and Spanish, all of the instructors and all of the professors are army officers, almost invariably *alumni of the Academy*. Instructors are selected by the head of a department from those officers who stood well in his department when cadets, and they are detailed by the Secretary of War for a tour of four years at the Academy. Professors generally prefer those who have most recently graduated, because, they say, such men have not had time to forget what they learned as cadets. Officers selected to teach French or Spanish are now often sent abroad for a year to improve their speaking knowledge of the language before starting to work; some of those selected to teach engineering and advanced scientific subjects have an opportunity to improve their mental equipment by short courses at institutions such as Sheffield and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. But the great majority of instructors selected possess only the qualifications which come from having studied their mathematics, history, English, drawing, chemistry, etc. at the Academy. They have had generally no experience in teaching and their intellectual outlook has been narrow.

As a rule they know little beyond what they learned as cadets. They are invariably animated by an intense sense of duty and a passionate desire to do good work. During the first year or two they have to study, and they do study, far harder than their pupils do. Since they are called upon to mark cadets on what they have learned, pride requires that they know the subject as well as or better than the best man in the section.

At the end of one or two years they have learned their text-books thoroughly, and, if of an inquiring mind, they have delved into other treatises on the subject. But they are not obliged to do this either by their superiors or by the requirements of their job. After all, their tour at West Point is only a pleasant incident in an army career, and when the four years are over they go back to soldiering.

The next category is composed of those officers who have already served a term—two or three or four years back—as instructor and have been asked for or have sought another tour. These constitute the *élite* of the instructors, and from them associate professors and eventually professors are appointed. But even these men have not always prepared themselves for their higher functions by taking extended courses at a university or by other contacts with the wider fields of learning. The result is intellectual in-breeding. This will explain the changelessness which characterizes the curriculum and the methods of instruction. Little is fetched from the outside, no inspiration arrives from other centres of learning.

The system employed for manufacturing officers out of cadets being that of the automatic machine, a most indifferent workman can tend these instruments. To carry the metaphor farther, once an instructor reports for duty he becomes a member of the

union, and his good standing depends upon his being orthodox. He does not wish to lose his card, for he is comfortable, fairly well paid, and free from all material anxieties. Any rumbling of intellectual discontent, any yearning in the watches of the night for more of what Matthew Arnold described as "sweetness and light," any pity at the daily spectacle of youthful enthusiasms quenched, of longings for spiritual companionship starved, are quickly silenced by the next day's contact with the machine. He lives under a regime rendered immortal by Voltaire when, before ever West Point was founded, he had Doctor Pangloss inform his pupil that everything was for the best in this best of all possible worlds. The witty old cynic could never have dreamed that a great government would some day found a school where this idea would be applied and successfully defended for over a hundred years.

### III

Having seen how cadets are disciplined and taught, how instructors are selected and teach, let us now look at the origins and the work of the professors constituting the faculty. They are all army officers—not because the law requires it, but because that has always been an essential part of the system. When a professor is sixty-four he has to retire, and officers who have served one or more tours as instructor in his department become the natural candidates for the place. As appointment to it usually means increase in rank and pay; the post is a prize, apart from the numerous intellectual and social advantages it brings. A professor has a comfortable house, in large part furnished; he is assured of six thousand dollars a year until he is sixty-four and forty-five hundred dollars a year until he dies.

His paymaster is the United States Government. The pressure to give the place to an old associate is very strong. The Academic Board, therefore, usually recommends and the President appoints one of these men.

Three members of the Academic Board are not permanent appointees—the Commandant of Cadets, the professor of law, and the head of the department teaching ordnance and gunnery. These are detailed from the army at large for a term of four years; and it is significant that, while these officers have the same vote as the other eight members of the faculty, they have less influence. It is a great pity, for they form a connecting link between what the army needs and what the Academic Board may decide it needs. Here is found the instinctive resistance of a largely self-perpetuating body to elements which, having less personal stake in continuing things as they always have been, are not so fixed in their resistance to outside influences.

The Superintendent is appointed by the President, usually without consultation with the Academic Board and solely upon the recommendation of the chief of staff. He is, of course, always an alumnus. With all his seeming authority, he is, like the Commandant of Cadets, no match for the Academic Board when it comes to a prolonged struggle. This may have its good side. On the other hand, there have been superintendents of keen insight and wide culture who have perceived the opportunities going to waste, have deplored the sterilizing self-satisfaction seen at the Academy and have sought to bring its product more into harmony with the functions which our army officers are intended to fulfil. They have realized that the institution lived too much for itself, lived too much by itself, had too little intellectual contact



with a world of which it ought to be a part, from which it ought to draw some sustenance, to which it ought to contribute its own share, and in kind.

But in their efforts these men have apparently addressed themselves to the bottom rather than to the top. They have somewhat enlarged the contacts between cadets and the outside world, but they have not instilled into the teaching body a wider spirit of culture and a sense of the vast opportunity for applying it which the corps of cadets offer. Perhaps they have tried to do this and have failed. Perhaps the passive resistance of the faculty has finally quenched their enthusiasm and they have had to go away consoled only by the thought that at least they had softened the material lot of these hungering souls, even if they had not succeeded in starting a movement which might eventually improve the quality and variety of the food that is set before them.

For it is not to the cadets that the efforts of a really great superintendent should be addressed; it is to the teaching body. The former are essentially what they always have been and what their youth alone will ever make them—potter's clay. The latter are the architects of a destiny which involves far more than individual careers; it reaches into the vitals of the Republic, presiding at times over her very existence.

#### IV

Matthew Arnold finely said that culture is "the pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know, on all the matters which most concern us, the best which has been thought and said in the world; and through this knowledge, turning a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions and habits, which we now follow staunchly but mechanically, vainly imagining that there is a virtue

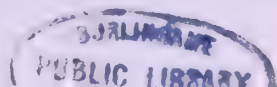
in following them staunchly which makes up for the mischief of following them mechanically."

These words were written in 1869, but they might have been set down yesterday by this son of a great educator as a message to the West Point teaching body.

Judged by this standard, there is almost no culture at West Point. The place is conducted more like a school for forming noncommissioned officers than one whose object is to produce leaders of men. And when it is remembered that these leaders are vowed to perpetual comparative poverty, that they constitute a priesthood whose function is to practice themselves and inspire in commoner men the highest virtues of which the human race is capable, the need of instilling culture amongst them can hardly be denied. It is not enough that cadets are taught to be truthful, industrious, obedient, and self-denying and that the elements of a scientific education are ground into them. All this is now admirably done. But it does not preclude—indeed, it should invite—a considerable emphasis upon spiritual and intellectual values of a higher order. And here the practice of making cadets do everything "because it is orders" must be replaced by stimulation and guidance.

This requires in the teacher qualities, equipment, and methods which have never prevailed at West Point; and they have not prevailed, I believe, solely because the need for them has never been pointed out and their usefulness to the army insisted upon. If ever the demand is made, competent men will not be lacking to fill it. But the call must come from above and, at first, the change must be exacted, not suggested. For authority is the foundation upon which the whole institution is built.

Here, then, lies, in my opinion, the



highest opportunity of some future wise and beneficent superintendent; one who sees the light and, feeling the inspiration, devotes himself unflinchingly to turning a stream of fresh thought upon the stock notions and habits which have been followed mechanically at West Point for over a century.

Then there is the question of manners. It has to be conceded that most cadets come from homes whose social status and culture are not high; and yet during four formative years they are separated from almost every moral, social, and intellectual contact except that of their fellows. If there ever was a situation requiring constant and sympathetic intercourse between the teaching body and their students, it is here presented. And yet, tradition as well as the whole scheme of instruction and discipline now renders impossible any contact out of hours between teachers and the taught. The only place where they meet on common ground is amidst the enthusiasm of a football victory; here both become almost human with each other. At other times the cadet habitually looks upon an officer as the dispenser of punishment or as an overseer bent upon compelling him to work. And even an officer desirous of doing so can never bridge the wide official gulf which the operation of the system places between him and his pupil. Knowing this, he generally does not even try. Things have always been that way; he is not responsible; his efforts would be misunderstood; leave innovations to the cranks.

An attempt to alleviate this situation was started a few years ago when a series of formal lectures dealing with the social duties of an officer was instituted. Under the guidance of an admirable commandant of cadets, Colonel R. C. Richardson, these lectures had a distinct success, abundantly

proving how keenly cadets respond to any sympathetic effort an officer may make to get into contact with their human wants. They are so used to being treated as machines!

I fully realize the difficulties that surround this delicate subject, but I do not think that they should dismay the West Point faculty. Experience has amply taught these men that at least the early successes of an officer depend as much upon how he bears himself in ordinary intercourse as upon his knowledge of the differential calculus. Hundreds of hours are spent in explaining the theory and application of mathematics; the effort to give some healthy comprehension to intolerant and all-knowing youth of the power which a noble courtesy wields in life is confined to a few formal lectures. The influence of mind over matter is constantly preached to cadets; the influence of manners over men is left to be discovered by themselves.

"You may fire when ready, Gridley" was not a formula that Dewey learned at Annapolis. "General Knox will be pleased to report immediately to these headquarters" would not have been suggested to Wellington by a West Point text. "*Le Général Foch invite le Général Grossetti de bien vouloir porter sa division en avant*" would sound strange to American ears. No American officer (until he becomes a general) ever says "if you please" or "thank you" to a soldier. This, I believe, is because such terms are never heard in official intercourse at West Point. For just as whatever is best in our military system can almost invariably be traced back to the Academy, so what we have of least admirable takes its origin in the same source. The savage barking of file closers as the regiment wheels on its way to dinner has gone on echoing throughout the army for generations, and we hear it repeated in militia armories and sum-



mer camps. That, they believe, is the West Point way of exercising command, so it must be all right. Why should the short, sharp admonitions appropriate when in ranks establish the whole standard of intercourse between the West Point officer and his cadets? No man on earth carries such a big stick as that officer; to speak softly, therefore, becomes him.

Unfortunately an ingrained sentiment has operated against any such practice. Unreflecting habits have established the idea that to be truly "military" one must be rough, that a certain rudeness of speech denotes a native energy. Kindliness is a native American virtue; why, then, should it be discouraged in a school which, drawing its students mostly from the less favored walks of life, is required to fit them, and fit them all, not merely to command, but to lead and inspire? There is a technic for such a job.

## V

In all that precedes I have intentionally said nothing of the truly splendid achievements of the Academy and of its graduates; these are widely known, and it is precisely because they have been so exclusively insisted upon by every casual commentator that a dangerous self-satisfaction has long pervaded the institution. This has prevented any healthy criticism of the place, the sort of criticism which, grounded in sympathy and guided by knowledge of the subject, would have attempted to improve what was already so admirable and lead to developments which would prepare students for the new duties and opportunities which have faced our officers since the War. For their fulfilment the commissioned personnel of the army has been doubled, but there is nothing to indicate that the Faculty of West Point have felt the need of any

changes, whether in the matter or the methods of instruction which would help us to meet these new responsibilities or seize these tempting opportunities.

If one should imagine a seasoned professor coming from Harvard, Heidelberg, Oxford, or the Sorbonne to fill a chair at West Point, we can imagine him setting out to improve matters as far as lay within his province. If he had the chair of history, philosophy, or engineering, we can imagine him assembling his instructors and telling them that he considered their chief business lay in instructing and not in marking students on what they recited from a text-book. We can see him taking the sections in turn, while the instructor sat by, and exemplifying what he conceived to be instruction; we can see him make of his subject a living interest rather than a deadly task; we can see him molding young brains and giving the breath of life to knowledge. And the instructor, if worth his salt, would be quick to see and follow; if he did not, our professor would replace him.

He would assemble the whole class frequently, and under his magic touch the purposes of their labor would be revealed to his pupils. Their curiosity would be stimulated and their thirst for what is best in knowledge imperceptibly guided, not with facts and names and dates only, but by the unfolding of principles and their application to the profession chosen for their life's work by these boys. He would know his Alfred de Vigny as well as his Cæsar and he would be familiar with the story of Foch's school days at Metz as well as of Robert E. Lee at West Point. The hermetically separated compartments into which the Academy is divided would have no fears for a man who, with deep humility, had "taken all knowledge to be his province." He would realize

that West Point must ever keep open her communications with the future and that to do so she must often guide herself by the stars, even with chronometers at hand and the log in perfect order.

I can imagine a lesson dealing with the battle of Gettysburg where our professor, instead of asking for the names of all the brigadier generals that commanded on the Northern side or the hours at which the 12th Corps moved to the attack, would so handle his subject that this great battle would become to those who listened what the court scene had been for their predecessors when they heard its immortal words fall from the lips of great interpreters; it would linger in their youthful memories as a marvelous American tragedy whose every detail they would want to absorb some day when leisure came for reading books about it.

This is the opportunity which West Point presents to its professors. And if in the past they have so rarely seized it, it is because they too are the victims of a system which no one has yet found the power to break.

As any graduate looks back over the past fifty years, only three names will occur to him as forming some exception to this rule. Peter Michie and Wirt Robinson have stood out from the dead level of mediocrity by virtue of their comprehension that the methods used at West Point for "manufacturing men," to quote Michie's favorite phrase, should be improved. One other name will occur to many; and while I never had the honor of sitting at his feet, there are hundreds of officers who deeply regret that the culture and power and feeling which Professor Holt brought from Harvard (though he was suckled at West Point) should have been lost to the Academy after years of a most brilliant ministry. I have been told that the ideas he put into practice

found, unfortunately, no imitators, and one is tempted to ask respectfully whether his departure was not induced by the discouragement of having to stand forever, intellectually, like Ruth "amid the alien corn."

## VI

Strangely enough, enthusiasm about military things has never been considered good form at West Point. Amongst undergraduates any intense interest in them has always been regarded with considerable suspicion. The "file" who talks this way must be "boning chevrons." He may show himself as keen as he chooses about mathematics or chemistry or engineering, and his fellows will applaud. These subjects count. Excellence in them is the standard by which a cadet secretly as well as openly judges his comrades. For that precisely is the standard by which the Academic Board judges them. A knowledge and a taste for history, philosophy, art, literature, languages, a sense for tactics and a passion for soldiering are very pretty things, but they get you nowhere in the struggle for class-standing.

As I watched each class graduate and go forth into the Army bearing upon their backs, like the members of a football team, numbers indelibly attesting their relative excellence, I used to ask myself what had determined whether this number should be one instead of fifty? Was it because the Faculty, after four years of contact with him, believed that such and such a young man was evidently the best stuff that goes to make a soldier? Was it his character, courage, force of will, aptitude for command, passion for his profession? No. It was his mastery of mathematics which had decided that question.

Now it must be said in defense of



this system that it is largely founded upon a sense of justice, mistaken though that be. You can mark a man honestly on his knowledge of the binomial theorem or the names and dates he can recite in history; to grade him upon imponderables is far more difficult. To try it would open the way to appreciations based upon personal estimate, instead of doing the thing with that machinelike precision which is the glory and the boast of West Point. But here we come right back to the gravest defect in the West Point system, the complete separation of the teachers and the taught. As long as this defect is not corrected cadets must continue to be graded on what they can recite instead of on what they are. No superior now ever takes the trouble to find out what they are. How could he say, then, what they are likely to become?

In the arrangement of the curriculum, no advantage is taken of perhaps the most powerful force in human nature, the force of youthful enthusiasm. Boys are accepted at West Point and are educated there for the simple purpose of making them useful soldiers; and yet during the first three years hardly one military subject is taught in the class-room. Intellectually and sentimentally they are as little in contact with military ideas as the girls at Miss Spence's School. The practice marches and problems in minor tactics introduced some years ago constitute a distinct advance in this direction, and the five-day "hike" for recently arrived "plebes" is the most fruitful innovation that West Point has seen since the War. However, during the first scholastic year and the one following, the cadet's attention is almost entirely absorbed by algebra, geometry, and the calculus, English grammar, French, Spanish, and drawing. By the end of those two years whatever inclination he may have had

for military glory has been starved from above and ridiculed from below.

Even during his third year he gets only indirect glimpses of things relating to the military profession; most of his time is devoted to mechanics, chemistry and electricity. When our cadet—now anywhere from twenty-one to twenty-five years old—begins the study of fortification, engineering, gunnery, the art and science of war, his zest has oozed away. For the most part he is merely very tired. Does he love his profession? I doubt if the question ever arises in his mind. Certainly no one has ever suggested it to him. The great chance has been lost to instil into his heart, soberly yet skilfully, the fascinations of the soldier's trade.

That a stimulation of interest in military things is important from the very opening of a cadet's career is all the more evident when we remember that not one student in twenty goes to West Point because he wants to be a soldier. He goes there because an appointment means a free education. Being a soldier during the four years of cadetship is merely incidental; remaining a soldier for the rest of his life, problematical—a matter for future decision. Why should we close our official eyes to this well-known fact? Why not set about to correct its consequences, instead of intensifying them? For the nature and arrangement of the studies during the first three years have exactly that effect.

## VII

The improvements in West Point methods which I see as needed and easily attainable fall into three categories. The first has to do with the early stimulation of interest in military things. In addition to the efforts of the Academy's staff, I can imagine a dozen informal talks given by officers such as General Pershing, General

McCoy, and General Harbord, to name but three; I can even imagine foreign military attachés asked to tell these neophytes something of their schools in European countries; I can see Admiral Byrd willingly sketching for them the romance as well as the hardships of his many expeditions. The list is almost limitless of men who would gladly do this service, were its object explained to them.

The second category of improvements has to do with giving to maturer cadets a peep into the world of letters and art, implanting into those who have never before had the chance a taste for what is merely beautiful in scholarship as a haven for their necessary preoccupation with what is merely profitable in science. In many ways an army officer is an artist "dealing in unscientific human values," as Professor H. Levy has put it, and West Point's insistence upon what is precise, while obligatory, is too exclusive. No youngster should be left to find out only after he graduates—for then he may never find out at all—that to be a well-educated man he must have a speaking acquaintance at least with a considerable number of things never touched upon in any West Point textbook. Science and a high sense of duty are ground into him daily; and rightly so; but this should not preclude taking him constantly to some lofty spot and pointing out the charms of the intellectual landscape. Nor should he be turned loose into the Army without some rough yard-stick with which to measure spiritual values.

The third point needing attention is the teaching body. The professors and instructors should not all be graduates. Some of the former should be chosen from our best universities and as many of the latter taken from specialists in civil life as appropriations permit. A constant current of

fresh ideas and methods would thus trickle into the Academy and prevent the crystallization into changeless forms which has so long prevailed.

### VIII

A few days ago, Marshal Pétain was dining at my house. One of the guests asked him if he had gone to West Point during his visit to America. This started a discussion which I was glad to keep going.

The Marshal told us how much he had admired the beauty of the place, its buildings and the perfection of the military evolutions; how he had been impressed by the immense amount of work furnished by the students, their high standards of conduct and their superb physical condition; but it was evident that, when it came to discipline and intellectual training, he had considerable doubts as to the excellence of the system.

"I do not think," he said, "that young men who are being prepared for the duties of an officer should be required to repeat the same gestures every day during four years. That seems to me too long and I fear that this monotony must result in fixing the graduate's mind into a groove so rigid that elasticity becomes impaired.

"Discipline is, of course, essential in any military school—the discipline of the drill-ground and the discipline of the classroom. But if it is pushed too far, if it comes to be an end instead of a means, it defeats one of the objects of military education. This object, in two words, is to develop a young man's faculties in such a way as to set him upon the road to becoming a useful officer. Now an officer in a modern army, whatever his grade, must be much more than a drill-master—he must be a leader and inspirer of men. For this reason the spirit of initiative must be encouraged in him. It must



be guided and controlled, of course; but great pains must be taken not to stamp it out. From what I know of West Point training, I am led to believe that this idea is not kept enough in view."

"Assuming that this is true, sir,—and I, for one, think that it is," I answered, "what is the effect upon the young man's subsequent career?"

"One effect," the Marshal replied, "is that you delay by five or ten years getting the best results from the excellent education you have given him. He comes out a well-instructed and obedient subaltern and a first-rate drill-master; but, outside of a small category that have exceptional force of character, he has got to pass a considerable time before he can break the rigid forms into which his nature has become crystallized and regain his mental elasticity.

"This delay is of serious consequence in an army, because of the fact that early maturity is so important in officers. The ideal is to have them young in years, but professionally mature, since physical fitness counts for so much in war; therefore every year you can gain is precious."

I feel myself fortunate in being permitted to quote these remarks. They deserve to be pondered over by every man in our service, for they represent the considered views of not only one of the great captains of modern times, but of a man whose work at the *École de Guerre* before the War had already marked him as an exceptional teacher.

I myself firmly believe in the essen-

tial excellence of West Point. I believe that in the main its methods are well adapted to the end pursued. I believe that any impartial observer would be struck by the elemental virtues that are inculcated there; by the thoroughness with which all the subjects are taught and the industry displayed in mastering them; by the high sense of duty, the sentiments of honor, truthfulness, and self-abnegation which have become buttresses of the cadet's character. But I think it presents the spectacle of a monstrous waste of youthful enthusiasm, which, like a waterfall, might be harnessed to pour light into the dark places of fourth classmen's souls; and an equal waste of opportunities for directing upper classmen's interest into those channels which tempt a youngster to try to make of himself a cultivated man. The Academy starts a graduate out with an excellent equipment for becoming eventually a useful officer, but it does not, though it could, give him a proper insight into those realms which beckon to the pursuit of a wider perfection. Considering the nature of his life's work, this omission cannot be defended.

I owe to the career which West Point opened to me most of the satisfactions of my life. I have loved my *alma mater* a little more ardently with each year that has separated me from her, and I humbly lay at her feet this appeal for the welfare of her future sons. . . .

"Among thy mightier offerings here are mine!"



# GIRL BY THE RIVER

A STORY

BY LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY

RIVER fishing is seldom good on a fall day, or so Mart had said. He had said too that the wind was from the wrong direction. He was doubtless right, for it was already close to sundown and we had caught only four or five shiners, none of them big enough to keep. The smaller ones we had cut up for bait, the others I had thrown back into the river. The people below us weren't having any luck either; so when they began bringing in their lines, Mart said we had just as well bring ours in too.

There must have been a dozen men and women and as many children in the outfit—for outfit it was, the women loud-mouthed with their yelling and swearing at the children, the men laughing and talking over a black jug they kept passing back and forth. I was glad enough to see them get their things together and go straggling off through the woods. But they hadn't more than left when I noticed a girl down along the bank, just a little below where they had been.

She was pole-fishing, and had, apparently, just now jerked her line out of the water. Anyway, there it was, caught in the top of a hickory sapling. She sat there on the bank, tugging on the pole for a bit; then she got up, pulled the sapling over, and tried to disentangle the line. But she gave it up after a minute or two and let the sapling spring back, carrying the short

bamboo pole with it, the line snarling worse than ever, so that the pole hung free of the ground.

I tossed aside a magazine I had brought along. "I thought she was with those people," I said. We could still hear the shouts of the children far off in the woods.

"I thought so too," Mart said, "but she must have come by herself."

To tell the truth, I hadn't noticed the girl especially before the people left. And it was probably only the idea of her being alone on the river that made me notice her now. She didn't appear to be much more than a child—about fourteen, I should say—yellow-haired and bare-legged. Evidently she saw some fun in bending the sapling over and watching it jerk the pole this way and that. Anyhow, she finally took hold of the pole, drew back on it as far as she could, then let go of it. This time the spring of the hickory was enough to snap the line and shoot the pole clear out into the river, where it disappeared for a moment, then flashed its yellow length up out of the water, and went floating downstream. The girl stood watching it.

"If she was with that gang," I said, "they should have known better than to go away and leave her."

Mart reached into a paper sack beside him, brought out a big apple, and bit into it. "She probably wasn't with



them," he said. "But we'd better be starting for home."

I turned toward the girl. The pole's floating away must have given her an idea, for she was on her hands and knees beside a little pile of leaves and was dropping, from the bank's edge, leaf after leaf into the water, until there was a bright-colored procession of them drifting downstream. But after all, I thought, it was only a tiny parade of brightness when one viewed the great sweep of the murky river. It must have been nearly a mile across to the Illinois shore, which looked barren and desolate, its mud flats relieved by only an occasional touch of autumn color.

"It's as lonely as the grave out here," I said.

"That's what I like about it," Mart said. "But there comes something."

It was a boat, up the river a way. There were two men in it, one rowing, the other sitting in the stern. But the boat, with the slow rise and fall of the oars, only made things seem lonelier.

"Maybe they're coming for that kid you're worrying about," Mart laughed. He tossed the apple core over his shoulder.

There was a chance they might be, for when they were opposite us the boat turned in slightly toward our side. But they were still pretty far from shore when they passed the girl. They saw her though, the man in the stern—bareheaded and moon-faced—pointing her out to the one rowing. I could hear them talking, but the girl apparently didn't hear them. At any rate, she didn't look up. She was lying on her stomach now, still watching the water. The boat went on downstream, the man in the stern looking back until they were out of sight below a little island. They must have seen us, for we were sitting not far from the girl, but after they had disappeared I wished I had made sure by calling out

to them and asking if they had had any luck.

Mart leaned over to his left and pulled on a throw line. "Why doesn't that kid go on home?" I said.

"A kid that age hasn't any sense," he said. "Anyhow, the chances are she belongs in one of the shacks we saw along the river." He let go of the line. "That kind can usually take care of themselves."

"But what's she up to out here by herself?" I went on.

"Cripes," Mart said. "She's up to what any kid would be up to. But we'd better be getting back to the car."

"I'm not leaving as long as that kid's out here alone," I said. Mart didn't like that and said as much. He was remembering, doubtless, that it had been I, and not he, who had been talking all afternoon about getting back to the car. We had left the car a mile or so up the river, and we had a seventy-mile drive ahead of us.

"I don't imagine she'll be staying much longer," I said. But the girl gave no signs of leaving. She was sitting up now—her feet tucked beneath her, her hands clasped at the back of her head. In a moment though her hands were in her lap and one foot out a little beyond the bank's edge. Then she brought her foot back and pushed on the edge of the bank until a pretty big chunk of it went splashing into the water.

"She'll be going in herself if she's not careful," Mart said. "The bank's weak all along here."

The girl looked our way, and after a bit she called to us, her voice clear and easily heard. "Catching anything?" she said.

"Not a thing," I called back, but she kept looking, as though she hadn't heard, as though I hadn't answered her. Or perhaps she was expecting Mart or me to hold up a string of fish. She couldn't be expecting that though

if she had heard me. I was about to call again when she turned, and, as before, sat looking out over the river.

"Whose kid do you suppose she is?" Mart said. "She appears to be friendly enough." He laughed a little. But I believe he felt as I did. There's something about a river, especially toward nightfall, that makes one feel that way. Or perhaps it isn't so much the river itself as the people one finds along a river—people one has never seen before, appearing unexpectedly from nowhere and then as unexpectedly disappearing. Like the two men in the boat—the one moon-faced and squat, the other, as I recalled him now, thin and vulture-beaked and slouching over the oars, which, as he dropped down toward the island, rose and fell like wide, lazy wings. Who were they? And what had become of them? They had gone on home doubtless. And yet there was a chance they hadn't. They might have tied up at the foot of the island. The island was heavily wooded and closer to our shore than to the Illinois side. The men might now be up at the head of it, watching from the trees and waiting for us to go. Or they might not be there at all. Still, one couldn't tell. That was the trouble. One had no way of telling.

The girl got up and came along the bank. I was in hopes that she was setting out for home, wherever that was. But she came only a little way, stopping under a big oak, with a long grape vine hanging from one of its branches. She went up the vine hand over hand until she was nearly to the branch. Then she let herself down and, catching the vine well up from the ground, took a run and swung herself out over the water. The bank made a little bluff there, some fifteen or twenty feet high, and when she swung herself out from under the tree you could see her bare legs flashing in the sunlight. And as she swung out again the wind caught

her dress and you could see the whiteness of her legs well above her knees. You could see, too, a little shower of red and yellow leaves—some of them falling on the bank, some drifting down to the water and floating away.

"She's crazy," Mart said. "That vine might break any minute. She's a good-sized chunk of a kid."

Out she went, then back again, with the leaves still coming down, and you thought that at least one of them might catch in the gold-yellow of her hair. That's what you wanted to see happen. It was the sort of thing, that is, that ought to happen on a day like this. But you felt too that the girl shouldn't have been there at all—not, that is, with the lowering sun even now reddening the river. And you almost wished the frowsy women were back, with their coarse voices, their big bodies, and their yelling children.

"There she goes again," I said. I called down to her, "Hey, you better stay off that vine."

I thought she must have heard me, but she didn't look our way. She stopped swinging though and stood there, her right hand still holding the vine, holding it at a place pretty well above her head. But, as I say, she hadn't, when I called, looked in our direction; so I wasn't sure after all that she had heard me. I got up and sauntered down toward her, stopping before I had gone very far and ready, should she turn, to make a pretense of looking after a line. Mart had called her a good-sized chunk of a kid. But she wasn't chunky at all. There was a slimness and tallness about her, making you feel that had she wanted to she could have lit out through the woods and run like a deer. Her hair was long, and you imagined that were she to run as fast as she could it would stream out behind her. I glanced toward the river, thinking I heard voices. But there was no one. I looked down



toward the island, then went back to Mart.

"Did you hear anyone talking?" I said. "I thought I heard voices."

Mart took out another apple and began shining it on the sleeve of his denim coat. "I was humming a tune," he said. "Maybe that was it."

"Well, I wish that kid would get the hell out of here," I said. "It'll be good and dark before long."

Mart put the apple into his pocket and brought in one of the throw lines. "Forget it," he said. "She can take care of herself. Anyway, we can't stay here all night watching somebody else's kid." There was nothing on the line except a crawdad. It let go of the hook and began flirting itself back toward the water. Mart caught it, pulled off its pinchers, and baited the upper hook with it. He tossed the line back into the river, the current tautening the heavy cord and slanting it downstream in the direction of the girl.

The girl drew the vine back, almost to the tree trunk, then in a moment was again far out over the water, kicking her legs as she went, trying in that way to make distance. This time the wind took her hair, streaming it against the sun, the sunlight giving it a quick flame. But in a second she was back under the tree, her hair fallen about her, and something of the light gone from it.

I called to her again. "You better watch your step with that vine." But she paid no attention. From far away across the river came the whistle of a train, long-drawn-out and lonesome. Then after a little it came again, lonelier still and seeming to die away in the sunset. "I'm going down there and tell her to stay off that vine," I said.

"I'd keep away from her," Mart said. He finished rolling a cigarette. "You can't tell; some of her folks may be

hanging around somewhere. Anyhow, she can take care of herself." But I noticed that he began watching her pretty sharply.

"You said that once before," I said. "But if the vine was to break she would go into twenty feet of water." I started down toward her. She was still holding to the vine, but was looking up into the tree, her head back, her hair fallen away from her face, leaving her small features in clear profile. She began shaking the vine, and I saw a squirrel run out to the end of the branch. She said something or other to it—the squirrel flicking its red brush and beginning to chatter.

I stopped within a few feet of her, but she didn't notice me at once. And as I stood there I felt that perhaps I shouldn't have come, that even now I ought to steal away. But the squirrel came scampering back along the branch, and in turning to follow it she saw me. I had thought she might be startled at sight of someone standing there where a moment before no one had been. But she didn't seem to be startled at all. "Hello," I said.

She let go of the vine, moving away from it a few steps. She was scarcely as tall as I had thought, but the slenderness was there with its suggestion of fleetness. She smiled a little. "Where's your fish?" she said. Then, before I could speak, the smile was gone, and I noticed at the left corner of her mouth a slight droop that didn't somehow belong there.

"We didn't have much luck," I said. "But I came to tell you you'd better look out for this vine. It's not safe out over the water." She didn't say anything to that, but in her whole bearing there was an utter stillness, as of one listening closely for a distant sound or like one trying to catch near at hand a whispered syllable. And she looked at me with an intensity that made me turn away.

I took hold of the vine. "Don't you think it's risky swinging out over the river?" I said. Still she didn't say anything, but moved over a bit until again she was gazing directly at me, her head a little to one side, her right hand drawing a lock of hair over her shoulder and holding it across her breast.

I brought all my weight down on the vine. Not that I was heavy, but I was heavier than she. The vine made a scraping noise where, above us, it crossed the branch, and it made throughout its length little crisp creaking sounds. I tried the vine again, and a leaf fluttered down, falling at her feet. She picked it up, holding it in her left hand, and began to twirl it by the stem between thumb and finger. "This vine isn't any too strong," I said. "You better keep off it. What do you say?"

But she didn't say a thing, and I knew now that she was not hearing me. I raised my voice. "There's twenty feet of water out there." But as I spoke I felt a deep stillness about us, as though no one were speaking. The chattering of the squirrel. The sound of the river. My voice. Mart up the bank, calling and saying he had made a catch. Sounds she didn't hear. The tiny creakings of the vine. The voices of the men in the boat awhile ago. She hadn't heard them.

The slight droop at the corner of her mouth. It was there because she was deaf, not hearing. That was what had touched her mouth with sadness, made her seem something more than a child. And yet here she was on the river, striving, it might be, against her sorrow—trying to be a child, doing what she could to make play in a soundless world. A faint color rose in the light tan of her cheeks, and the blueness of her eyes was not, I thought, as unclouded as before. She wanted perhaps to tell me she couldn't hear. But I wouldn't let her tell me that. I

ran with the vine, swinging to the edge of the bank, and when, to stop myself, I brought my feet down pretty solidly, some of the bank gave way, making a heavy splash in the water. I turned and shook my head, but went on talking too, as though she could hear. She smiled, thinking perhaps that I was afraid to swing clear out or that the bank's caving off had frightened me. Or maybe she understood what I meant, realized that I was afraid for her and not for myself.

But I knew that I couldn't make her understand that she ought to stay away from the river, that she ought not to be there by herself. I thought again of the two men and of how the moon-faced one had pointed her out to the other where she lay on the bank. I glanced at her long, slim legs, thinking how swift they might be, but thinking too that they might not be swift enough. I looked at her face again, noting the sadness of it, and I wanted to put my arm about her and take her away from the river. And why shouldn't I, I asked myself. Or Mart and I. Why shouldn't we take her home, wherever that might be? But I knew Mart would laugh at the idea. I let go of the vine, and she made a quick run for it, and in a second was out beyond the bank, kicking her feet, as before, to make distance. She was beautiful, out there over the water. Beautiful with the leaves falling about her.

Back again on the ground, her swift feet rustling the fallen leaves, and out again past the high bank. And yet no leaf in the gold of her hair. That too, I thought, was denied her. And no laughter as she flashed by me. Still, she was taking pride perhaps in her little flight, showing me how far she could go, and thinking, it might be, that I, who could hear the river, was afraid to swing out over it. But she, who could not hear, was unafraid of the deep



water. Unafraid, too, by herself along the river, with night coming on, and no one in sight that she knew. I, standing there, wanting to catch her as she came flying back toward me but knowing I mustn't catch her, mustn't touch her. Wondering who she was and why she was there alone, but knowing that I must go and leave her, that I couldn't stay. Hearing Mart's voice, telling me to get a move on.

He was calling again. And so, though she couldn't hear, I said good-by. But she must have seen that I was going, for she stopped swinging, and standing there beside the vine she told me good-by. And I noticed again that touch of affliction in her face, a quaint sadness I recalled having seen in the eyes, about the mouth, of a tiny, old-fashioned lady, long since dead. Then she smiled—smiled, I thought, for me rather than herself. But for an instant the sadness was gone, and she was a child once more. "Good-by," I said again, knowing she couldn't hear, though the stillness of her seemed to be listening.

I went along the bank toward Mart. He was holding up the fish. It was a channel cat, a big fellow. I glanced back at the girl. She was looking up into the tree again and shaking the vine. Probably trying to chase the squirrel along the branch, I thought. But when I looked again, I couldn't see the squirrel. Doubtless, it was gone, leaving her there alone, and I wished that she too would go. I wished she would go and never come back.

But she would come back, again and again. She would play, as now, until after sundown along the river and swing far out beyond the bank. People expecting to find her there day after day. People outstaying one another, and watching her, and she unafraid of the deep water, unafraid of the people. She should have looked

startled when I had come upon her awhile ago. Those swift feet of hers! But she couldn't hear. And she was too unafraid. Unafraid of the river, unafraid of death itself perhaps. The loneliness of her desiring death and clinging only lightly to life, as though life were something she could easily let go of, just as she might, some day, when she was out over the water . . .

"Ain't that a beauty?" Mart was saying. He was holding up the fish again.

"It sure is," I said. It was odd, though, to see him so happy over his catch, with the dark coming on and the river gray and dismal.

"They're just beginning to tune up," he said. And it appeared that he was right, for it couldn't have been two minutes before he was bringing in another channel cat half again as big as the other. He put it on the stringer, and was telling me to hand him some more bait, when there came a quick splash from down along the bank. I turned to glance toward the girl, expecting to see her still there in the dusk, but she was gone, and the vine was still swinging a little as though she had just now left it. "Good God!" Mart said, "What was that?"

But even as he was saying it, I had started running toward where the girl had been. Then I was standing at the bank's edge, peering down at the dark current and hearing the deep murmur of the river. And all at once I wanted to scream, to tell Mart to come quick. But here he was now beside me and gripping my arm. Then he let go of my arm and laughed. He bent over and felt along the edge of the bank, pushing on it a little, and I could hear the dirt striking the water. He stood up. "It was only the bank caving off," he said. "We're crazy; the kid's half way home by now."

"But the vine was still swinging," I said.

"That could have been the wind,"

he said. "Or you were just seeing things."

I wanted to believe him, wanted to be glad because the whiteness was leaving his face, and the color coming back. But I left him and ran along the bank, stopping every now and then to look over into the water, but seeing nothing and telling myself that Mart was right, that it had been only the bank caving off, and that the girl was on her way home. I left the river and ran through the woods, looking for her everywhere, thinking I might see her all of a sudden just ahead of me, then thinking I wouldn't be seeing her and that the darkening woods had made her suddenly afraid and that she had started running, running like the wind. I called to her, forgetting she couldn't hear. Then I remembered, and quit calling. And after awhile I was back again under the oak.

But Mart was not there. He was up the bank, bending over a line or something. He turned toward me, a cigarette glowing between his lips. "For God's sake, come on," he said. "Let's get going."

I looked at the vine. It was moving a little in the wind, but not so much as awhile ago when I thought the girl had just left it. But Mart was calling again, telling me I was crazy. So I went up where he was, helped him bring in the lines, and listened to his carrying on over the big fish. Then after awhile we reached the car, neither

of us saying anything about the girl. That is, we didn't say anything about her until we were well toward home, but I wonder, now, that we hadn't thought to say it before.

"If the kid had fallen into the water," Mart said, "she would have yelled for help."

"Maybe and maybe not," I said.

"What do you mean?" he asked. He slowed the car down a little.

"Oh, nothing much," I said. "Maybe you're right." There was no way, I thought, of making him see what I meant. So I didn't say any more, but went on thinking about the girl. She had been leaning against the tree, the last I saw of her—getting ready, it may have been, for another swing out past the bank. And now, as I rode along with Mart, both of us silent, I pictured her as making a run with the vine and swinging out, once more, far over the water, not this time as a child but as one touched with weariness and affliction. And I fancied that perhaps the weariness had made her let go of the vine and that she had fallen into the strong current, her hair brightening, for a moment, the dark water. She would have cried out, Mart had said. But I don't believe she would have cried out, would have called for help. She would have seen rather that there was nothing we could have done. She would have known that it was only in the river that she would be finding the help she had long been seeking.





# A CIVILIAN ARMY IN THE WOODS

BY CAPTAIN X

MANY years ago when Professors Steeves and Ristine were trying to drum into our heads the elements of "Freshman Rhetoric" with the aid of a volume of representative essays, we were required to peruse James's plan for a "Moral Equivalent of War." Those were prewar days. People were worried over the armaments of Europe and conscripted forces in monarchical governments. They trembled at the militarism of citizens compelled to serve as soldiers. James desired to retain some of the discipline and much of the loyalty created in patriotic troops. He suggested a compulsory labor army instead of a fighting force. In mines, in forests, on roads, he thought conscripted youths might gain the habit of citizen service without the warlike spirit.

Often during the past summer there came to my mind this suggestion of William James's. The United States had created a great civilian army, armed with axe and shovel and pick, engaged upon public works instead of upon target practice. True, ours was a volunteer army, not under compulsion. It was paid more than European peacetime conscripts of prewar days. It interrupted unemployment, rather than normal employment. Its prime purpose was to grapple with ever-present depression rather than to prepare for a future enemy. Its aim was conservation rather than destruction. Yet, like the force training for prospective and indefinite war, this

civilian force was engaged upon long-term projects.

The Civilian Conservation Corps was put to work last June on long-term projects of an apparently unproductive nature. Brakes were cut and brush was cleared to remove the menace of forest fire and to preserve the standing timber. Woods roads of the simplest kinds were opened up to facilitate protection and observation. Some projects were aimed almost solely at beautification. Thousands of young men walked through farmers' woods looking for those gooseberry bushes which transmitted the infection of "blister rust," that in turn destroyed growing stands of white pine which twenty or forty years from now might prove valuable to private land owners and to the lumber industry as a whole. The results would not be felt economically until far in the future. They would not overproduce in a depression market. The government could, and did, get this labor cheaply. It paid thirty dollars per month and, by insisting that each man enrolled send twenty-five dollars per month home to his family, it materially reduced the drain on city and town relief agencies which had been heavily burdened for two years. In other words, this was a relief project which put the young men to work on things that would not interfere with normal, or stimulated, recovery.

Far indeed is the cry from handling well-settled Regular Army men to

handling undisciplined, habitually unemployed youngsters. But this was the job thrown at our Regulars last spring. The Army, unenthusiastic but undismayed, grappled promptly with three times its own strength. Those were the orders, and the Army went at it.

Nearly like mobilization days it seemed; olive drab thronged again along the roads of Camp Dix, Camp Knox, Camp Devens, and Camp McClellan. The "recruits" came in rapidly, clothing and equipment were issued, and companies were moved out to the woods. The mobilization was rapid, more rapid than that of 1917. A vivid and striking comparison has been drawn by Colonel Major in substantially the following words: Between April 7, 1917, and July 1st of the same year, with a nucleus of regulars and guardsmen to start with (and included in the final total figure), the War Department mobilized 181,000 men. During a like period in 1933, without a long warning such as was given by the European War, the Regular Army alone (and without counting its own strength in the total) collected 274,375 men, organized them into 1330 companies, established 1330 forest camps on a front of 3000 miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific, distributed in depth from Canada to Mexico, occupying every state of the Union except Delaware, and moved 55,000 of them a distance of 2200 miles from the eastern centers of population to the Rockies and the Sierras, all before July 1st. A bigger task was done in the same time.

At some conditioning camps when veterans arrived for enrollment it was almost like 1917. "What division, Buddy?" Neighboring Army bands played "Madelon" and "Katy" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning." But most of the time it was something quite new and much different, the as-

sembling and organizing of youths without any idea of order and little or no sense of discipline. For two weeks at least they were kept at conditioning camps, to discover contagious diseases and to harden them gradually for work in the woods.

Consider the turmoil of mind of an Army officer suddenly pulled from familiar tasks and thrust into the maelstrom of one of these conditioning centers. He is told he shall command a certain company. He is handed a list of equipment that will be issued to him. He is told his company works from 8:00 A.M. to 4 P.M. *only*. During those hours it is scattered all over the landscape, grading terraces, clearing swimming areas, widening roads in the Regular Army post. He cannot get at it to observe it decently in action, to pick his leaders by close and constant observation. It was "organized"—if the word can be distorted to this use—ten days ago, and has been almost exclusively under the loose supervision of a too genial "acting" first sergeant. The cook is good: that fact is soon clear. The mess sergeant is good—at some things. The supply sergeant who will take care of all that valuable property for him, is an inexperienced corporal. Certain C.C.C. members of the company have previously been picked as tent foremen and head foremen and assistant foremen.

There is his "organization." He cannot get in close touch with it. He is buried under an avalanche of successive, partially contradictory orders and circulars, telling how to handle funds, and rail transportation, and reports and correspondence. He burrows into them and does a lot of thinking. Several vital deficiencies appear. Can he get this, can he have that? Will they, for instance, issue him some first aid packets for emergency accidents?

He has an Army lieutenant with



him, two years out of West Point. The lieutenant is transferred elsewhere. A Navy lieutenant reports for duty. He starts to train the Navy lad on Army administration. Two days before he is due to leave for the woods, the Navy boy is shipped away and a newly arrived Captain of Marines comes barging in. He adjusts himself to these kaleidoscopic changes and continues thinking.

Then the reality begins to dawn upon him. The authorities are going to put him on a train, dump him down in the middle of a four-acre lot with two hundred men and certain definite allowances of supplies and equipment, and expect him to get along and not bother Headquarters. It is fortunate that he realizes this. One captain did not, and the first four days in camp, wrote fifteen letters to Headquarters asking: "Can I do this? Can I have that? Is there authority for something else? What do you want done about the other matter? In a week he was relieved and another man took his place.

The fact was that an army organized to take care of its own 100,000 men was now trying to organize and take care of 300,000 additional men. Heaven pity the poor quartermasters, the medicos, the finance officers, the administrative staffs, trying to do four times as much work, and do it under pressure from the President and without any increase in help!

## II

The unit marched to the train. The Marine officer had been sent by road to bring the motor truck along to the camp site. The Army captain was alone with two hundred unknown and apparently undependable youngsters, going off into forests, into the unknown, into whatever situations and troubles might arise. The Army

was a dream and headquarters were far away. However, he was the leader, and they realized it. He knew where they were going. He had the orders. He had the tickets. He had authority to use the name and resources of the United States government to get this unit safely into camp. They looked to him and his leadership, and their attitude made his task easy.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when the company train pulled up at a little disused station. The railway company provided a big bus to carry the men to the camping ground, which the captain had never seen, and a single truck—which arrived late—to help haul supplies. The Marine officer and his truck rolled up as the unit was dismounting. Clouds were piling up in the western sky, thunder clouds. The unit must be put into camp and under shelter before rain came. It was this group to that job; that group to the other; kitchen paraphernalia first, so that a hot supper might be served; tents next, to get men and materials under canvas ahead of the hurrying cloudburst; government funds to be safely banked; the site to be looked over; the layout of the camp to be estimated and decided almost at a glance, and this accurately; water and sanitation to be provided. This with inexperienced men, and a paucity of experienced subordinates—four Regular Army men, each with his hands full of his own special job. Every man had to be told every single thing. There wasn't anyone you could tell to take a crew over and dig a temporary latrine trench. You had to go over and mark out the ground and tell them everything.

Nevertheless, this unit was fortunate. Its camp site was close to the rail head, not more than a mile. Soil was porous, easy for tent pegs, clear of trees, gently sloping for drainage, open to the sunlight, yet screened from

high winds by adjacent woods. Running water was piped into camp the first night from a neighboring city supply. Every tent was up and securely made fast before the storm broke at dark.

The third day in camp the Corps Area commander descended for an inspection. He asked: "Have you any troubles?" The Army captain frowned a worried frown, smiled a half-amused smile, and said, "Plenty, General, but none I don't think I can handle."

In another way this inspection of the Corps Area commander was a very fortunate thing. He was known to be specially interested in the administration of company messes. The Captain had his mess sergeant primed to be able to rattle off the financial condition of the mess on call, which he did. Yet the best effect of all was gained by an accident. We had two C.C.C. boys who had been bakers in civil life. We had trained them to Army baking. Beginning immediately upon arrival in camp they spent nights baking pies and rolls and pastries. The General saw a pumpkin pie. "How long have you been in camp here?" "Two days, sir." "Huh, and you've already found a good bakery near by?" "Oh, no, sir. We baked them here ourselves." "You did? Let me have a piece of one." The pie was good. The General took a bite and smiled. He took a second and a third bite, and the rest of his trip round the camp he wore a satisfied smile. He noted and commented upon the orderly and uniform method of "ditching" the tents to carry off ground rain water, and upon the uniform method of hanging clothes to dry. He went home and wrote a letter of commendation, and everything thereafter was pretty as a picture. We were off on the right foot, and the intermediates topside visited us thereafter with the preconceived idea that

ours was an excellent camp, and everyone was helpful.

We had the good will of the high command. Next was the good will of the community. One camp we had heard of had had its personnel barred from town. Another had had several men arrested and jailed the first few days. The second day in camp a strange Naval lieutenant came driving in, assigned for duty. He was promptly sent out to make contact with neighboring churches, to arrange for attendance, which was steadily maintained at an average of eighty men per Sunday. (The man who goes to your church cannot be such an undesirable "city bum" as early rumor had led you to believe.) Every sightseeing automobile that came into camp the first two weeks was met and greeted by an officer or by one of the sergeants. Everything was explained and every visitor was invited to return. Newspaper guests were given the freedom of the camp. They asked, "How do the boys like it?" We said, "Don't ask us. Go and ask them. You are absolutely free to find out just what they think." The reaction was favorable, and they played the comments up well in the nearby county weekly and the not-too-distant metropolitan daily. Their favorable articles made many friends for us.

On the edge of the reservation was an old, unmarked grave, overgrown with weeds and brush, and cluttered with fallen leaves and dead timber. We cleared it, fenced it, painted the fence, found it to be and labeled it as the last resting place of a veteran of the war of 1812, had it photographed, and gave the story to the newspapers. Public response was immediate and overwhelming. The article made us friends throughout the county. So positively had we given the impression that we had become caretakers of this grave that the ancient veteran's own



grandson, himself a feeble old man, came and asked the captain for permission to place a flag on the grave. Such is the power of publicity!

Initially, the local inhabitants were somewhat hostile to the idea of a C.C.C. camp in their midst. They had been afraid those "city bums" might be undesirable. They had thought the whole C.C.C. project—initiated at a time of actual fighting in the Far East and of dangerous friction in Europe—was "all a trick" to get boys into uniform for military training. They found that these lads were actually working on "blister rust" control in the forests, that they were not taught even the first rudiments of "fall in" or "right face." They found the behavior of these campers in adjacent factory towns to be excellent. They changed their prejudiced minds.

Three months to a day after this unit came into camp, the nearest newspaper said editorially, "The C.C.C. boys have proved themselves to be desirable neighbors."

### III

One evening, before the unit left its conditioning camp, its commander became involved in a long argument with a superior officer. Over the supper table, the Major had repeated an already trite remark that the "mobilization" of civilian workers would be excellent practice in "leadership" for Army officers. It would teach them how to handle just the type of men they would have in case of a wartime draft. To this the unit commander strenuously objected. There would be none of the enthusiasm of a war, none of the exalted sacrifice and willingness to undergo hardship in a great national cause, none of the strictness of military discipline. "I have handled," he said, "Red Cross helpers, lads at private boys' camps, others at Y.M.C.A. camps. It's not military.

It's different. It bears no real relation at all to an army mobilization and to the whipping into shape of military manpower." The argument which followed this remark served to clarify certain matters of control in the mind of the unit commander. Army discipline exists for one purpose: to secure implicit obedience under great stress and in the face of mortal terror. Frederick the Great said he wanted to make his soldiers more afraid of their officers than of the enemy. Army discipline must be hard. Such discipline as must exist in a C.C.C. camp must be simple and reasonable. It must be simply the discipline of a civilian job: Learn to work!

Here was a unit that for ten days had been under the loosest sort of control at the "conditioning camp"—a rapid application of control would have caused desertions by the score, for many of these men were morally weak, without mental stamina. They would quit. They "couldn't take it," as the slang phrase goes. For one, two, or three years since they had graduated from school or high school in these depression days they had been unable to get a job. They had never learned to work. They had little or no sense—most of them—of responsibility to a job. If we did nothing else, if we didn't save a single pine tree from the "blister rust" and still taught these two hundred youngsters *to work*, we should have done a great deal. Three hundred thousand youths throughout the country taught to work!

Our first lesson in discipline, then, was to show that the crowd had to work. The captain made up his mind to give an "unsatisfactory" discharge within the first week to the most conspicuous slacker in camp. He found his victim in a few days, discovered that others also thought him the slackest slacker of them all, and waited for

an opportunity to catch him loafing when many comrades were near and could hear the entire conversation. He found the opportunity, told the man what he thought of him in a voice purposely loud enough to be heard for fifty yards, and discharged him and had him out of camp, and out of a job, in forty-five minutes. (This with Army paper-work!) Thereafter, attention to duty improved.

Our second lesson in discipline was to teach, ineradicably, the necessity of caring for and not losing government property. If it was lost, the Captain would have to pay for it out of his own pocket, already somewhat strained by a pay cut and by the additional expense of maintaining his family separated from him. The men were informed how government property is accounted for, borrowed on receipt, and returned after use, or paid for. The supply sergeant announced that Pasternack (we can call him that) had failed to return an axe. Pasternack was told he must pay for the axe: one dollar and twenty-four cents. Pasternack admitted he had "left it in the woods" but insisted that "perhaps someone else brought it in." He was told he would pay for it no matter what happened; he owed the government one axe. He wandered off, disturbed, disgruntled, and yet with a gleam of hope in his dark eyes. The Captain said to the clerk, "I'll bet he's back in ten minutes with an axe." The clerk said: "What will you do, Captain?" "Make him pay for it. We cannot have him stealing from someone else to make up his shortages." Just then in came the supply sergeant, saying, "That axe must have come in, Captain. I have all I'm supposed to have." Almost on his heels came Pasternack from the other direction, bringing another axe! Here was one more axe than we thought we had in camp. But Pasternack paid just

the same. And, during the next week he told everyone in earshot that the Captain was a tough old son-of-a-gun, that you'd better be sure and bring in what you borrowed and bring it in the same day you drew it from the supply tent, or he'd make you pay for it. The Captain felt like a dirty dog making him pay one fourth of his five dollars' spending money when we were not short after all, but knew if he did not do it, we should lose property all summer. Pasternack paid, and we lost nothing else.

One thing which a disciplinarian had to bear in mind was that too rapid a tightening of the bonds of discipline would drive these boys to desert and go home, and this would vitiate the President's desire to give them employment, to teach them to work. Too military a manner and method would be out of tune with the whole concept.

Among Army units, you have well-disciplined subordinates, corporals and sergeants, to assist in keeping men in line, and maintaining the reputation of the organization. They are of proved loyalty and responsibility, as well as natural leaders. In the C.C.C. we had none of these elements. We had to rule first by group psychology and pick our subordinates afterward. The interim period was the difficult one, in which anything might happen—trouble in town, or trouble in camp—which might give the unit a black eye in the eyes of community neighbors or of higher headquarters. At first we had to make mass appeals.

The initial requirement was to avoid friction with townsfolk. Upon arrival at camp, the men were told that upon their conduct in neighboring towns depended the friendly or unfriendly attitude of the inhabitants toward them, and that they themselves should take steps to correct misbehavior on the part of individuals who might "spoil things" for all of them.



Thereafter, we heard that one member of the company who had caused a small disturbance in a village hall, had been "taken out in the woods" by some of his fellows. The manager of a local chain store related that one of the boys had accosted a salesgirl who was leaving the store on Saturday night, and that he had overheard another say, "That's what is going to put us in bad around here. We'll work on him when we get him back to camp." As soon as the townsfolk saw that the boys were not really bad, the feeling was most friendly. Publicity helped. But the good behavior of the company clinched the issue!

Such was the non-military type of discipline first applied. It was slowly tightened. It never became strictly military in nature, but it was more fully exercised, and more closely centered in the tent of the commander as time went on, as the loyalty and sense of responsibility of appointed subordinate leaders became more and more apparent. Control of formations, of camp cleanliness, orderliness, and sanitation was finally effected almost exclusively through tent leaders. They were given power of approval and disapproval over all requests for week-end and holiday passes for absence from camp. They were also made channels for the dissemination of orders and general instructions, and came to be used somewhat as are non-commissioned officers of the Army.

This camp was especially fortunate in its personnel. In the veterans' camps, there were always a considerable number of surly fellows, even Bonus Army leftovers. Their attitude was: "The government owes us something. This isn't very damn good. We'll put up with this until we get something better. In the meanwhile, we won't work unless we want to." In other veterans' camps the behavior of some of the men downtown was a sore

source of trouble. Monthly, on pay day, they got gloriously drunk, even slept the night out on the most convenient doorsteps. Arrests were common. Twenty such were discharged in disgrace from a single company.

In its forestry personnel also this camp was exceptionally fortunate. In some camps the "technical foremen" scampered home immediately after the close of working hours every day. In at least one, the camp superintendent and the camp commander (civilian and Army) were continually at odds. The affair finally reached a head with the camp commander keeping his entire company in camp for three solid weeks to build sidewalks and to white-wash accessories, while work in the forests simply lapsed. At our camp, fortunately, the "camp superintendent" was a seasoned woodsman, accustomed to handling large numbers of men. He saw camp problems as a whole, knew the value of order and sanitation. He kept his technical foremen in camp all week, and had two of them on duty over Saturday afternoons and Sundays. He urged them to supervise the tents in which their workers slept, to act as intermediate "sergeants," so to speak, over the crews which took the field with them, in camp as well as in the woods. They responded. A neighboring moving picture theater gave twenty passes each week to the "best tent" at inspections, and the "technical foremen" encouraged their tents to win the award. This supervision was made possible only by the most intelligent sort of co-operation on the part of the superintendent of work. It was also made possible early in the proceedings by reorganizing sleeping and quartering arrangements to conform to working assignments.

One tent held approximately eighteen boys, three crews of six, each crew headed by a "leader." These three

crews went to work together, all under the same technical foreman. Such an organization was an aim early envisaged by the commander; it could not have been immediately effected, however, because the work of "blister rust" control was technical enough to require some intelligent interest and active acquisition of knowledge on the part of those who were to be "crew foremen" or leaders. They had at first to be trained in specialized groups, then sent out with groups of their own. During the first two weeks the working organization constantly changed—and had to change. Leaders had to be picked, then trained, then set to lead.

We had one real case of insubordination at this stage of affairs. It had been decided what the reorganization of tents and crews would be. Men had hitherto been grouped almost exclusively by towns of origin. Instructions were given to move bunks. Three men told others they did not have to move; they would all stick together and no one would have to move. They collected quite a group of objectors. They passed right beyond the junior officers and came in a body to the Captain who was in headquarters tent, signing discharge papers for a lad who had secured a job back home. The situation was explained to him. He said, "If you don't want to move you might just as well go home."

"Why do we have to move? Will you tell us that?"

"There are a lot of reasons, but I am not going to give any of them. [You can see here the final phase of the tightening of discipline.] I am simply telling you to move. If you don't want to move, you can have your discharges right off and go home on the train this afternoon. [There were seventeen in the group, and it would have been a lot of work closing

up their records!] Anderson, take a list of these men who want to go home and get the discharge papers ready! Lawton, get ready to take up their equipment!"

The group wavered, and asked to consult with one another. One of the junior officers said, "Sure, go ahead and talk it over, you'll see how foolish you are." The Captain would not have given this opportunity, but it was perhaps just as well he did. Mess call sounded just then, the men decided to remain, and the matter was over for the time. After dinner the bunks were moved. Beginning next day, for three days in succession, one of the three ringleaders was assigned work in camp as the others went out into the woods. He was then called to headquarters, discharged, put on a truck, sent to the train, and started home. As, each succeeding day, another man was missing when crews returned from work, the peril of the administrative axe became very impressive. Suspense was acute. Who would be next? Reformation was complete. There was never again any insubordination in camp. Discipline had come to stay.

After this little fracas was settled, the simple reorganization which had caused it had now arranged the men so that each morning two hundred men were called from their tents, grouped in "crews," checked for absentees, marched one hundred yards to their trucks, and were on the road and out of camp—all in four minutes: an operation which had taken thirty-five minutes of standing round and shifting round in the previous heterogeneous arrangement of tent quarters.

Another result of the same fracas was the visit of the mother of one of the boys discharged. In some camps, there was a constant flood of letters from politicians and Congressmen. This mother had a sensible Senator.



When she went to see him he asked her to visit and talk with the camp commander. She came, heard the whole story, and said, "You couldn't have done anything else." She added, "It's too bad. I did so want my boy to be in one of these camps. I thought the Army discipline would do him good." She was told, "This is not the Army, and we do not give Army discipline." She said, "I don't suppose you can take him back here. He was so much trouble in school last year. I'd like him to get some of this work. Could he get into another camp?" The Captain answered, "No, of course we could not take him back here. And I might as well tell you that if he applies for another camp, they'll ask my opinion, and I shall honestly say that he is not wanted in the C.C.C." The mother, a sensible and fine person, agreed that that must be the outcome and left with thanks for her courteous reception.

I have said that discipline had come to stay. Even at this stage it was not Army discipline. There was no drill, not even calisthenics, no marching, not even a straight line formation. The nearest things to a "formation" were the regular line-ups for chow. Each set of three crews assembled in its tent and walked down the hill behind its leader, rotating as to initial tent, to form a single long line with eager mess kits and waiting coffee cups. One day the leading tent hurried to breakfast almost at a run. The next morning the leading tent did break and run, four other tents tore loose, and there was a miniature stampede, while the ineffectual mess sergeant stood by and did nothing. The Captain was up for breakfast. He hurried over, ordered the serving of food to cease, and sent all back, to come at a walk in orderly fashion, giving the head of the line for the next day to the three tents which, under their able leaders, had

stood fast and clear, away from the stampede. The incident was never repeated. The stamperders had lost a week's precedence in line.

I might as well tell here a story of another camp. As time went on, neatness of dress was emphasized more and more in this camp. Orders were issued that *all men* would wear coats to the evening meal. The next evening, instead of just a few arriving in blue denim "fatigue" clothes, *the entire company* turned out in working outfits. It was the plainest sort of defiance. Supper simply was not served. It stood for an hour and a half getting colder and colder and more and more unpalatable. A near-by Lieutenant Colonel rushed into the breach, took out his watch, said he would give the company just fifteen minutes to change clothes and return. Time ticked off. Its passage was announced. At eight minutes a few weakened, hunger persuaded them. Some started to run to get to their tents and change quickly. All joined in the rush, and the incident was closed. Discipline, or hunger, triumphed.

#### IV

In the intervals of administrative work, during long evenings far from home and family, the officers often had opportunity to ruminate upon the project and its meaning. The Captain of our own company, while his unit was being "conditioned" all over the landscape at the regular Army station of its enrollment, thought closely about the motives and meaning of the movement. Realizing that it was undertaken for the relief of unemployment, he resolved that he would avoid red tape and be very informal with discharges to men who had secured jobs elsewhere. Regulations seemed to require "investigations" through welfare boards in home towns, but

left a loophole through which the camp commander promptly crawled. If a man had a letter from home, saying he could get his old job back in the mill, he was discharged on that evidence alone. The father of one young lad drove an automobile into camp, presented a card to indicate he was in the house-painting business, declared he had work for his son and said, "I've come to take Ernest home!" Ernest went, with a good discharge to follow him by mail. One chap home on week-end leave of absence, wrote to say he had secured work; would he have to come back with a letter from his employer? The answer was a good discharge by mail, along with a finance officer's check for pay due to date. It was felt that too close an insistence upon evidence or thorough investigation might cause delays which would lose for the boy the chance of employment, perhaps only temporarily open. It might subject the War Department to an accusation of "too much red tape." It might very probably militate against the very purpose of the corps, the relief of unemployed.

Study of the idea behind the project convinced the camp commander that the object of the corps was work—the accomplishment of certain definite tasks in the woods. Such work should, therefore, have high priority on all programs and schedules. The camp was not an asylum, a reformatory, a recreation center, or a resort. Copying parts of his original written plan, the camp commander after two and a half months wrote to higher headquarters and indicated the priority he had followed:

*a.* Immediate attention to *necessities* of camp life, including sanitation, temporary shelter, and current supply.

*b.* Maximum personnel turned over to foresters for *work in the woods* at earliest possible date. Five days after arrival at camp site, 54 men were turned over for forestry instruction; in five more days the

number was 98; thereafter, the rate of increase was slower, but steadily continued.

*c.* *Conveniences* such as improved bathing facilities, improved latrine accommodations, and braces put on the tents.

*d.* *Comforts*, including the construction of wooden buildings for lavatory, mess hall, and recreation hall, in that order, this construction being effected without the aid of any of the itinerant "construction companies" except for a small plumbing detachment which arrived late.

*e.* *Beautification* had not yet been reached.

## V

I should not like to leave this subject without some personal comments, something to show the type of young men who made up the company.

Here was a light-haired lad only nineteen years of age, well built, lithe and active on the wrestling mat, appointed "leader" with some few misgivings on account of his youth, but with a native gift of leadership that enabled him to hold the somewhat older, and bigger, men of his crew in the hollow of his hand, to do it with quiet talk and without threats or cussing. Properly placed and properly appreciated, his talents should take him far some day. His ability is equaled only by his loyalty.

Here was a shy little boy from up-country, from a home in the same township in which the camp was located. Starting to report in, he asked a neighbor the route to camp. "Go through town to the mill and take the wood road across the stream!" "But I've never been in town, and don't know where the mill is." Twenty-five years old, raised on a farm ten miles from the county seat, he had never been to town in his life! Small wonder he never got accustomed to tenting and eating with two hundred hearty youngsters. The transition was too great. What he needed was to rub elbows with his fellows; but two hundred at once was too severe a blow,



and he deserted the unit in less than a week and never came back.

Here was a Normal School graduate who took one heavy dose of punishment, reduction to a lower pay level, took it steadily and kept on with his interest and his hard work to become one of the best men, if not the most outstanding man in camp. Here was a little Italian who liked to put on the boxing gloves of an evening; he turned up one morning with blisters on his heels so he should have to stay in camp, and went off that evening to appear at a public prize fight for a money purse. Here was a French Canadian who borrowed five dollars to go home, forgot to return it, and after the next pay day asked for another pass to go home on his own five dollars, without thought of repaying the loan. (He got a straight talk on self-respect and sense of obligations and was refused the pass.)

Here was another from the north, an older man with a sick wife at home; he borrowed ten dollars to go to see her. An order for his transfer came in, to a camp near his wife's home. The Captain telegraphed at his own expense for the man to save the return-trip money, by reporting in direct to the new camp. The Captain expressed, also at his own expense, the luggage and personal effects of the poor old fellow; and never expected, and hasn't yet received, the return of the loan. (The poor chap will probably never get that much money ahead!) Here was the tough egg from the back streets, who talked "hard" out of the corner of his mouth, who didn't quite see things plain at first, but afterward settled down into a willing worker and loyal supporter of things as they ought to be.

Most worthy of comment, perhaps, was the attitude of the Navy officer and

the Marine officer, far from ships and seas, and under strange administrative rules, doing individually small parts of the Army's job which the Army had not enough officers to handle. Experienced in handling men, both risen from the ranks themselves, both capable and energetic on the jobs to which assigned, they showed how well the sister services could tackle a task. The commander could count on their knowing what to do and how to do it. Was it running a mess? Was it inspecting tents and tools and kitchen utensils? Was it checking property? Was it simply handling men? Was it pitching a camp? They had done it dozens of times, the Marine from Nicaragua to China, the Navy man from Haiti to the Adriatic.

When it appeared at first as though the Army Captain and the Marine Captain only would be in the company the big Leatherneck had said, "I don't know how you feel about me being assigned to this company and taking so and so's place at the last minute like this. But I want to say right now: Some captains might not like to be under another captain in a company. That doesn't bother me a bit. You know something about this Army administration. If you do that and keep us out of trouble with headquarters, I'll do every other damn thing in camp!" And that's the way he worked from that day on. His interest and enthusiasm in handling men, in promoting a baseball team, in camp construction, his well disciplined initiative overruled all possible questions of position or personal prestige. This land-locked sea-soldier was a world of strength. In fact, the camp commander used to delight to say that he was taking care of the 200 C.C.C.'s "with the help of God and a big Marine."



## *The Lion's Mouth*



### THE CAMEL'S BACK

BY PHILIP CURTISS

TO THE outward eye the Twickenhams were an ideal couple, but there was one source of discord, one persistent black thread which marred the otherwise perfect texture of their married life.

The fact was that Jim Twickenham, by nature, was a straight-line doer, while Emily was a ground-coverer. To complete the metaphor already suggested, if both of them had been football players, Jim would have been the kind of old-fashioned back that puts down his head, shuts his eyes, and plunges straight ahead until somebody stops him, whereas Emily would have been at her best in a broken field. She would have kept the grandstands in ecstasy for minutes at a time while she circled an end, dodged a tackler, ran five yards forward, ran three yards backward, stumbled, turned a summersault, and finally threw a lateral pass—which wasn't allowed.

For example: If Jim were sitting in front of the living-room fire and should remember that he had left his glasses upstairs, he would go up, put his hand on them in the dark, return and sit down again. Then, if he found that his pipe was stopped up, he would go to his tool chest, get a bradawl, clean his pipe, wipe off the brad-

awl, put it back in the tool chest, and sit down once more in front of the fire.

On the other hand, if Emily should go upstairs to get her needle-case, that would remind her that Jim's stockings might need darning. While she was looking for the stockings, that in turn would suggest that it would be a good time to sort the laundry. Before that was finished she would remember that the towels in the guest bathroom had not been changed. While she was arranging the towels on the racks in a deft echelon she would wonder how the guest room would look if she moved in the braided rugs from the little sewing room at the head of the stairs. The result would be that, flushed with achievement, she would return to the living room at about quarter of twelve and find Jim banking up the fires for the night.

As individual lines of conduct, the two systems might have existed side by side, might in fact have complemented each other very neatly, but the real trouble was that Jim and Emily constantly tried to impose his or her methods on the other. If Jim got up after lunch and said, "By the way, Emily, I'm just going to run over to Fred Ferry's to look at his new pointer," Emily would reply, "Splendid! But wait until I've written a couple of letters. Then you can go by way of the Mill Road and drop me at the country club. And while you've got out the station wagon, why don't you load in the washing machine and see if the power company people can find out what's the matter with it?" The result would be that, after a while,



if Jim went out at all he would do it sneakingly, furtively, pretending that he was merely stepping into the doorway to look at a loose pane of glass in the pump house.

Even so, Jim was just as bad himself, for if Emily drove into town to see a matinee, Jim would begin to fuss and fidget from four o'clock onward. At five he would figure that the matinee must have been out at least ten minutes and, hence, that Emily should be home by twenty minutes past six. At ten minutes past six he would go out and turn on the porch light. At quarter past he would begin cracking ice for cocktails. By half past six he would be listening to the sound of every car that drove by the door. At quarter of seven he would telephone Fred Ferry, whose wife had also gone, and when, at twenty minutes to nine, Emily finally showed up, having in the meantime bought a new dress which she had brought with her in a box but had decided not to keep, having met at a tea room in Greenwich a friend who had suggested that they all run over to Darien to see another friend's new baby, having stopped at a greenhouse in New Canaan to see if the man had any winter ferns, having waited while the man telephoned to a brother who kept another greenhouse somewhere on the Hudson, and having finally decided, as a timesaver, to try the new road home, only to find that it was still under construction between East Farms and Depford—when Emily, having done all this, finally showed up, she would find Jim waiting with the tight lips and icy politeness of a Christian saint who had been led to the stake just once too often.

In spite of incidents such as these, the Twickenhams had always bumbled along well enough until one autumn day two stolid, rather horsey-looking men called at the house and, after certain cumbrous preliminaries,

asked Jim whether he would be willing to run for the legislature. Jim was greatly astonished and strangely touched; but Emily, at first, thought the whole matter very amusing. Like many people who live within commuting distance of New York, it always required a distinct effort of the will for her to realize that she was legally a resident of Connecticut. Also, in a vague way, she probably thought that it was somewhat ridiculous and affected for a tiny State like Connecticut to have a legislature at all. But when she found that other people were distinctly impressed, her views changed completely. All famous statesmen, she was told, began their careers in the rural counties. After a term in the legislature Jim could easily become a State senator and then, the first thing she knew, she might find herself the wife of the Ambassador to England. As election time approached Emily began to picture herself as a sort of Lady Astor, calling, in simple tweeds, from cottage to cottage or facing huge mobs of hostile miners at the hustings.

She soon found that nothing of this sort would be required. The township was overwhelmingly Republican and Jim was to be the machine candidate. All that he was expected to do was appear on the night of the party caucus and possibly say a few awkward, hesitating words, just to show that he was a practical man of affairs and not one of these crazy college professors. Nevertheless, when the first Tuesday in October arrived both Emily and Jim were visibly nervous. Dressed in a plain, dark suit and stiff collar, Jim was downstairs and ready at five o'clock in the afternoon and at half-past seven they left the house.

At the head of their formal notepaper the Twickenhams had the embossed information that their place was in Deanfield, their post office address South Plymouth, their railroad station

Mount Carmel, N. Y., and their telephone number Danbury 3784; but in the eyes of the law they were citizens of Allenville. Allenville proper, the political nerve center of the township, was a dismal little brick-block and Nick's-Palace-Lunch sort of place which lay clustered round a patent-medicine factory. It was at least five miles from Deanfield, over country roads, and the Twickenhams had covered about half this distance when suddenly Emily gave a cry of anguish.

"Jim! Stop. We've got to go back. We've forgotten the Keevers."

Jim let the car dribble to a halt but he kept his foot on the clutch pedal. "What do you mean we've forgotten the Keevers?"

"Why, I told May," explained Emily, "that we'd stop and pick them up. It would be much more fun for us all to go together."

Jim painfully looked at his watch in the faint glow of the dashlight. "But, Emily," he argued, nervously, "there isn't time now. We'd better go on and telephone them from Allenville."

"Good Heavens and earth!" retorted Emily. "It won't take you twenty minutes to drive back to Deanfield and then to Allenville. Besides, I want to borrow May's gray fox neckpiece. That's why I wore this suit."

For a moment Jim sat with his hand on the wheel, saying nothing. Then carefully he backed the car round in the narrow road. He opened the door, climbed out, and shut the door again.

"You go back," he said, quietly. "I'm going to Allenville."

Emily laughed. "Don't be a fool."

"No," replied Jim, "I *won't* be a fool. For once in my life I'm going to be at the place I said I'd be—and at the time expected."

Emily ceased to laugh. "All right, if that's the way you feel about it . . ." Slipping into the driver's seat, she threw off the emergency brake and

started the car. Jim watched the tail light rocking up the road then resolutely set out for Allenville.

It was not, however, as easy as he had thought, when the lights of the car were gone and darkness had settled down about him. For a hundred yards or so he walked with the swinging pace of an athlete but suddenly he turned his ankle in a rut and began to curse. A few moments later he scuffed his carefully polished shoe in a ridge of sand, so from then on he proceeded with a sort of nervous shuffle. As he passed an Italian farmhouse, a mean looking dog came out and growled at him, and the only way he could get rid of it was by standing still and then going on very slowly. For a long distance he seemed to feel it creeping up behind him in the darkness. Between indignation and his hurrying pace he was getting very hot and mussed, so he took off his motor-coat and tried to find some easy position in which to carry it. From time to time he lighted paper matches, looked at his watch, and hastened on.

Half a mile from Allenville he turned into a paved highway with white fences. Now cars began to pass him frequently and, each time, Jim would look round expectantly, but at sight of this obvious solicitation the drivers would only put on additional speed and roar by. At last he had ceased even to turn when a glare of white light flared up at his heels and a car stopped beside him. From the darkness came Emily's faint voice:

"That you, Jim?"

Jim tossed his coat to the seat and climbed in. "Where are the Keevers?" he asked stiffly.

"Harold telephoned that he couldn't get out from town until the last train and May wasn't feeling very well."

Jim glanced furtively and saw that Emily was not wearing the fur neck-piece, but neither of them said any-



thing more until they were in the main square of Allenville. There Jim motioned to an old, brick building which loomed, ominously dark, behind a Civil War cannon and a low iron fence. "That's it—just back of the soldiers' monument."

"It—it doesn't look very lively," faltered Emily.

"I *told* you they would only take a few minutes," answered Jim.

Leaving Emily in the car he hurried up to the courthouse, but he knew that it was a useless gesture. Not a single light showed in the whole building and the ancient, locked doors merely rattled in his grasp.

On the opposite side of the square a single large window glared with light and Jim walked over to it. The place proved to be a combination cigar store and pool room, in charge of a fat young man with very sleekly parted blond hair. To establish a footing Jim bought a package of cigarettes, then casually asked:

"By the way, how did the caucus come out to-night?"

The young man stared at him blankly but pleasantly. "Brother, I wish I could tell you. Wait a minute. Perhaps I can find out."

Going to the end of the counter, he pulled back a dingy, green portiere, disclosing four men playing cards.

"Hey, Sheriff," he commanded. "Gentleman here wants to know about the caucus."

A heavy-set, middle-aged man, who looked like an old-time circus owner, tipped back his chair so that he could see round the curtain.

"Well, what about it?" he asked.

"Who was nominated?" broke in Jim. "For the legislature?"

"Oh, *that* caucus," said the man. "That ain't till next week."

Then, noting more clearly perhaps the appearance of his interrogator, he explained, more affably, "You see, it ain't the first Tuesday in October but the first Tuesday after the first Monday. Lot of people got fooled on that this year, because it always is the first Tuesday except when Tuesday is the first day of the month."

"Thank you," said Jim, picking up his change.

Nevertheless, he walked back across the square very slowly, revolving a tremendous problem—how to tell Emily in such a way that he might appear decent and repentant, but yet not in such a way that she could laugh.



## FOUNTAINS OF HONOR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE departing year slammed the door as it went out. Cold? Oh, very!—freezing water pipes, developing inadequacy in furnaces, straining the miscellaneous machinery that is part of modern life; for machines abound from cellar to roof in modern houses and, though the understanding is that they save labor—and they do—it also makes work to keep them going.

However, the New Year got started. The President read a message to Congress, an acceptable message it has seemed to be, stirring no unnecessary opposition, quite disarming indeed in temper; so that in politics, with a vast amount to do, there are as yet at this writing, no signs of serious disputes about the doing of it.

Here in New York our Tammany mayor went out giving evidence in his last weeks that as a pious man he had read the parable of the Unjust Steward and admired his proceedings. The said Steward, as will be remembered, on the eve of his dismissal made things as easy as he dared for his Lord's debtors, and is commended in Scripture as being wiser in his generation than the children of light.

Life is going on and the hopeful hope that it will be at least as agreeable as it has been in times past. Dean Inge does not seem to think so, but after all he has never got particularly gay about human existence. The

Dean is a good writer and a highly educated person. He knows Plotinus, for instance. He knows a good deal, but the upshot of it is to incline observers to disparage the wisdom of the wise and lean harder on hopes, emotions, and intuitions. For example, the Dean is quoted as saying in his last book that the American Government "seriously contemplated taking action against us" in the early part of the War and that if in future Britain is attacked by a European coalition it is probable the United States "will leave us to our fate unless we are invaded by a black army." Lord save us! A black army! From Hayti, maybe! The Dean has curious twists in his mind. There was trouble over neutral rights and navigation in the early part of the Great War, but our government was most patient. The Dean says that when we did get in the War "whatever sentiment was allowed to enter into the calculation was in favor of France, not England." Does he think so! Well, of course, there are two minds in England about the United States and its Americans, as appeared in the Civil War and often thereafter, and the Dean apparently does not like us.

That attitude has a value. It is doubtful if he likes any people in the mass, but as for us, the Dean gave a course of lectures at Yale College in 1925 and is remembered as remarking



the entire absence of alcoholic stimulants from the life he endured at New Haven. It seems he got no colored drinks of any kind, not even soft drinks. Let us hope he will come back now that times are wetter; but meanwhile it is not to be regretted that he does not like us, for existence of that attitude somehow helps to keep the cream from going sour. Peoples that do not incur some measure of dislike are likely to be flabby and a fair conflict of opinions makes for international health. Critics are more useful to us than admirers. They help to save us from expectations that are beyond our powers to meet.

ALL the same, admirers have a field of usefulness and a definite job. We like to be praised. That is a human quality so natural that we include it in our ideal of the Almighty whom we think of as a being who takes pleasure in our applause. That ideal is in the human mind so deep as to support belief that there is some sense in it. At any rate for the mere convenient regulation of life it seems there has to be a Fountain of Honor.

In old times and as far as the records go it was usually the King, and so it still is in England. In that country at New Year's Day a thousand embellishments of one sort or another were handed out by Royalty. Some of them came to Canada, where objection has been made to such titles and decorations from London; but that subject will have to be rediscussed.

What is done in England to keep up the memory of old times is very remarkable. The Lord Mayor's show and dinner, these New Year decorations, and various formal public appearances of the Royal personages are all a part of posterity's tribute to antecedents. Great Britain has been visible to observing eyes for rather more than two thousand years. Written records hard-

ly go back much beyond that, but London was not built in a day any more than Rome was, and the English have no mind to let it be forgotten.

The King? What good is a King? Oh, plenty! Think of him as a Fountain of Honor, and realize, if we get back to that, there has to be one. When one is disposed of, the mind of man begins to feel round for another.

Russia may think her Fountain of Honor is turned off for good, but probably not. Presently Russia will catch her breath and then we shall see again what human nature does when it behaves naturally.

We see it in this country. The Society of the Cincinnati was decried as a Fountain of Honor—something, that is, with claims to superiority and the power to confer it. The Cincinnati have never done anything to warrant the apprehensions of the democrats that decried their company, but a swarm of honor-giving corporations have sprung up since.

Since we have at present no King, the leading Fountain of Honor is Congress; whereat one has to smile. The President can do something, but he does not give out decorations as Congress does. Any reputable concern seems able to take out a license to supply anything it would like in this particular of conferring honor. All the universities, colleges, and steeple-crowned high schools give degrees of varying magnitude. The recipients of such degrees may wear gowns, mortar boards, and colored hoods and look picturesque. Then there are great awards for merit like the Nobel Prizes, which are substantial lumps of money to persons who in the opinion of the Swedish judges are considered to have done something extra fine in some line. Besides, there are Carnegie prizes for heroism, which perhaps are a good thing. There are Pulitzer prizes for best books and such things, and there are gold medals, as

that of the Town Hall, the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and any other that someone can recall.

Well, such is life. *Vanitas vanitatum!* The most amusing of all these contributions to honor by self-appointed judges is the gold medal. What any man can do with a gold medal Heaven knows. It is probably unlawful under our present regulations to possess one, and he ought to take it in the dark to the back door of the NRA and drop it into the mail box. Observe too that nobody gets a gold medal for any good that it will do him but always for the advantage and advertisement of the giver. Of course if a medal is given to somebody in thoroughly reduced circumstances and he could pawn it without being arrested and get something to eat or wear, it might be doing good, but that seldom happens. As a rule gold medals are an expense to anyone that gets one, though there is an advertising value in them that book publishers and fine arts dealers appreciate.

And speaking of advertisement, our most successful Fountain of Honor is the Post Office. Congress may pass a vote of thanks and drop a button in a hat and pin a medal on someone, but it is all forgotten right away and not mentioned again except in an obituary. But when you put a face on a postage stamp the country for a while stays reminded. Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, all the rest are an interesting lot. That's the national gallery.

By the way, the likeness should be as good as possible, whereas that of Theodore Roosevelt on the five-cent stamp is absurd, not a likeness at all in any way characteristic of the sitter, but simply a white-collar man selected at random. Just what likeness one would have of T. R., representative of what, to be sure, is a question. In khaki? No! Charging up San Juan Hill? No! In riding clothes? Per-

haps. He is more like himself in riding clothes than in ordinary garb. But anyhow there ought to be a better likeness of him on the five-cent stamp, and the mere fact that his cousin Franklin is President ought not to hinder it.

You cannot put a man on a postage stamp till he is dead, but gold medals are handed out to persons still alive. There has been no report of any issued at Hollywood, and perhaps that particular kind of fountain does not gush there; but of all contemporaries the fittest for a medal, a large one, done on both sides, is the author of Mickey Mouse and The Three Little Pigs. There is a man, Walt Disney, who has really made his world happier without doing it any harm. He has done the best job in that line since Gilbert and Sullivan. Let us be thankful to people who can make us laugh. We need to laugh in these days very much more than we do. It is very good for us not only physically but spiritually. For persons who amuse us, divert us innocently, let the Fountains of Honor gush abundantly. They sweeten life, and life nowadays is considerably short of treacle. We get it from joyful children; we get it from true humorists, and we get a good many coarse and unworthy efforts to provide it. We need to have a good time even in this life, and if we can feel assured of due gaiety in the next phase of living with which we experiment that is a welcome anchor to the windward for us. Such assurance does come to some of those who seek it.

Meanwhile the chief value to us of the learned Dean of St. Paul's is that he makes us laugh. A gold medal to him would be popular. The next time the United Kingdom and its dominions are pitched onto by a strong combination of hostiles the humor of his prognostications will become apparent.





# Harpers *Magazine*

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## HOW GERMANY ARMS

BY LUDWIG LORE

WITH its handsome and aristocratic old buildings, impressive despite their heavy rectangularity, the Koenigin Augustastrasse in Berlin is a hold-over from the days when the Hohenzollerns ruled the German people. That it was permitted to retain its name through the vicissitudes of revolution and republic offers an enlightening commentary on the past fifteen years of German history. Here, in a monumental structure, Admiral von Tirpitz, hero of German submarine warfare, directed the complex mechanism of Germany's wartime marine affairs. Natty staff officers in field-gray uniforms with red trouser stripes stalked importantly in and out—monocles and medals as much in evidence as if the 19th of November had never been—at least not in the Koenigin Augustastrasse. Neither the republican nor the Nazi revolution has been able to banish the Prussian spirit that pervades these halls. From the

east wall of the palatial salon that was the office of General Kurt von Hammerstein-Equord, Chief of the Reichswehr, the face of Field Marshal von Moltke, the "Great Silent One" who led Germany to victory in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870–71, looked down in monumental grandeur on an apparently unchanging scene.

And yet on a fine sunny afternoon in August in the first year of the reign of Adolf Hitler, there appeared seven members of Goering's Secret State Police, armed with search warrants, and they took possession of the office of the Reichswehr chief. He submitted without a show of resistance to the confiscation of his most confidential documents.

For a time it seemed as if this surprise attack were to have no aftermath. The intimacy of the Reichswehr Chief with the deposed General von Schleicher, it was conjectured, had earned for him this special meed of Nazi

interest. A Nazi gesture, said others, to show that theirs is the real power in the Reich. General von Hammerstein remained in office. It was rumored that President von Hindenburg had protested against what he termed an unwarranted assault on the rights of the Reichswehr and that Goering had apologized for his "deplorable mistake." But four months later General von Hammerstein-Equord, scion of Prussia's most illustrious nobility, resigned and General-Lieutenant Werner von Fritsch, an outspoken Hitler man, was appointed. The co-ordination of the Reichswehr—the German regular army—was an accomplished fact.

The Reichswehr has always been the rallying point of monarchist and counter-revolutionary elements in the German Republic. At the Peace Conference of Versailles Clemenceau had insisted that Germany be deprived of its conscript army. "An army that has no organic connection with the people," he argued, "will be less likely to follow every impulse of the masses, but will be the guardian of the nation's defense." But the Social Democracy which held the fate of the nation in its hand had no intention of abandoning the nation to the masses. Gustav Noske, the Social Democratic War Minister of the 1919 Revolution, turned over the task of building the new army to the chiefs of the old and surrounded himself with a Junker General Staff. The counter-revolutionary Freicorps joined the Reichswehr and were welcomed with open arms. German labor had built itself a new house, but left its protection to mercenaries, adventurers, and officers of the old regime, enemies, all of them, of the new order. The Kapp Putsch, which for one anxious day threatened the existence of the new state, might have taught its leaders a wholesome lesson. But everything remained as it

had been before, and the generals who led this attempt to overthrow the Republic were pensioned by "a grateful nation." When the National Socialist movement gained numbers and momentum, not only the conservative German Nationalists and Centrists, but the Left elements in the government of the Republic as well, looked toward the Reichswehr to save the country from the Nazi menace. Then the heavy industries and the aristocracy capitulated before the conquering Nazi hero, and the Reichswehr abdicated without a struggle.

Up to that time National Socialism had made little headway in the German army. These disciplined professional soldiers were subservient to authority, and their officers, almost without exception, despised the "brown upstarts" from the bottom of their hearts. To place power in Hitler's hands, they felt, would loosen the foundations of the hierarchic system to which they owed their being and would undermine discipline in the Reichswehr. What they had inherited from their fathers these gentlemen "von und zu" would defend against all comers.

Thus matters stood when Hitler became Chancellor on January 30, 1933. It is difficult to believe that the old gentleman who occupies the Presidential chair and the German Nationalists who are still his most faithful supporters should ever have believed that the relentless process of co-ordination which has encompassed every other instrument of government and society in the nation would stop short of the Reichswehr. Obviously, a regime that rests on force and rules with terror dare not tolerate an army in its midst that is not completely under its control. But it was always Hitler's greatest political asset that no over-confidence in the strength of his position could delude him into ignor-



ing its weaknesses. The leaders of the Third Reich made haste slowly. They made General von Blomberg, a Hitler follower, chief of the Reichswehr Ministry, but pointedly refrained from interference in the Reichswehr itself, beyond encouraging the enlistment in its ranks of Storm Troop men—the members of Hitler's own Brown Shirt forces.

But with Germany's withdrawal from the League of Nations there came a sudden turn in the affairs of its army. There was no need for further concealment now. The Reichswehr was co-ordinated, the swastika became its official emblem, and administrative officials and employees in the Reichswehr Ministry were encouraged to wear the Brown Shirt uniform while on duty. Far-reaching changes were made in the General Staff. Ernst Roehm, the Chief of Staff of the Storm Troop Divisions, was made Minister without Portfolio and given supreme command over the nation's military affairs. Storm Troopers and Steel Helmets—the monarchist veterans—were united into a single military body and, together with the Reichswehr, made subject to his commands. General von Blomberg remained chief of the Reichswehr soldiers. Roehm became the Commander in Chief of more than two million armed men in the Reich.

Captain Roehm, Nazidom's new War Lord, typifies the ruthless militarism that has become the motive power behind all activity in new Germany. There is no place for this battle-scarred adventurer in a world of peace. He fought in the World War, was a soldier of fortune in General von Epp's Freicorps, became the organizer of Bavaria's illegal military apparatus when that state worked openly for the overthrow of the Republic, was one of the earliest members of the National Socialist Party, and became the

founder and organizer of its Storm Troops. "I no longer belong to this people," he is said to have exclaimed after the overthrow of the Bavarian counter-revolution; "I recall that I once belonged to the German army."

Roehm has found the Germany of his dreams. His Ministry is a hive of activity. Its staff of executives, assistants, and office workers numbers well over three hundred. Theirs is the work of organizing, training and equipping, recording and tightening up into army divisions the smaller units of the Storm Troops, Schutzstaffel, Steel Helmets, and other politico-militarist organizations, and the preparatory work for the creation of a unified system of mobilization. It has been estimated that the completion of this process will place about five million five hundred thousand men outside the Reichswehr under military orders.

## II

To-day Germany possesses military effectives both actual and potential that make it a force to be reckoned with on the Continent. And its war strength is growing so rapidly that the end of the period of "peaceful development" which is the burden of every Nazi statesman's declamations will find Germany in a position to take issue with any power in Europe, in fact, any conceivable combination of powers that may challenge its program of territorial expansion.

There is a dangerous fallacy in the insistence that the Third Reich is as yet insufficiently armed for war, that the Reichswehr cannot be regarded as an instrument of aggression. The Reichswehr is numerically only an insignificant part of Germany's total armed force, a force that is growing from day to day in almost arithmetical progression.

Moreover, modern developments in international warfare have brought new concepts of what constitutes military strength. "There is a general realization that the German military forces to-day are very different from those contemplated by the makers of the Versailles Treaty," the military correspondent of the *London Telegraph* reported last July. "Under the treaty of Versailles the German army was fixed at 100,000 men . . . with a twelve-year service period. Nevertheless, it is known that the army authorities have allowed engagements of six years and less, thus increasing the output of men who are all, because of their high standard of training, potential instructors. They are the frame upon which a large pattern can be woven speedily."

The World War was fought by armies that fundamentally resembled the popular militia. It was their function to create unbroken lines of military defense about their own territory. Success or failure depended on the degree to which this living line advanced or receded. It was the aim of all military strategy to break through these walls and to penetrate beyond these borders. To do this required armies of millions. Numerical strength was a decisive factor.

But the mechanization of warfare has made such progress during the last decade and a half that the changes which have taken place in warfare are little short of revolutionary. Border defense and unbroken lines have lost much of their meaning. With the development of the airplane as a military instrument the unbroken front becomes less formidable. On the contrary, these massed formations become the objectives of tank offensives and gas attacks.

War has become three-dimensional. Fronts need no longer be broken; flank movements are a thing of the past.

The enemy takes these hindrances in his flight.

The army that would win a coming war must, therefore, be the last word in technical equipment, must possess the greatest conceivable degree of mobility. The fullest utilization of technical equipment presupposes an army of specialists trained in the use of this complicated war machinery. In other words, every soldier must be a qualified technical expert. Such perfection cannot possibly be attained in the brief period generally allotted to the training of recruits in a conscript army. It is even less conceivable in the ranks of those who are drafted into the ranks after war has already broken out. Moreover, mechanical effectives depreciate rapidly in our world of competitive armament, and military reservists cannot be kept abreast of changing equipment. For all these reasons the natural tendency of modern military science lies in the direction of small professional armies in preference to the standing army of enormous size that best served the needs of an earlier period. Where a World War army covered 20 kilometers a day, the army of the future must travel 150. The army may be small, but it must be completely motorized. The question so hotly debated in the first years after the war—a massed army or an army of professionals?—has long since been answered in favor of the latter.

In its Reichswehr Germany has created such a modern army of professional soldiers: an army of men who, through many years of undivided service in the war machine, are unexcelled in the field of modern war technic. Germany's persistent demand for the right to restore its prewar system of universal conscription is dictated by propagandist rather than military considerations. There can be no doubt as to its psychological effect on the masses at home, and it serves—at



least so its leaders fondly hope—to disguise the extent of the military preparations. Even in France with its highly developed system of mass conscription, sentiment among military authorities is veering toward the highly qualified army, restricted in size, at any rate for service during the first momentous and perhaps decisive weeks.

Germany's military expert, General von Seeckt, not long ago stipulated that Germany must have a force of 200,000 soldiers. Such an army, he estimated, with its superior training, driving force, and mobility, would be capable of winning a decisive victory before great masses of militia could be put into motion. In January of this year this figure was probably attained. Since June, 1933, the Reichswehr has steadily increased in numbers without, however, increasing the number of its formations. At the end of September it numbered 165,000 men. During the past two years it also mustered out approximately 60,000 men who, having finished their terms of service, are now free to serve the nation in other equally valuable capacities. By the end of 1934 Germany will have 300,000 trained soldiers at its immediate disposal, an army half again as strong as that which von Seeckt and other military authorities in Germany considered adequate for the defense of the nation.

The question of training reinforcements was one of the important problems of the last war. Germany has solved this problem. "Whatever the system of defense in the future," says Lieutenant General von Metsch, "no state when at war will permit large classes not to contribute toward the war. It is more likely that the masses will be used to keep the fighting forces on the active front up to their highest strength or to march behind them in great waves of massed detachments, in order to make the most of

the advantages gained on land and in the air by picked troops with their motor and mechanical equipment."

In six months Germany's intensive training of a nation of recruits will place Germany in a position to supplement its trained "cadres" out of an almost inexhaustible reservoir of thoroughly drilled recruits without the loss of a single day. During the World War each new batch of recruits from the hinterland meant a weakening of the fighting strength of the front-line troops. Germany's attempt at the beginning of the War to send recruits into the field after ten weeks of intensive training proved a tragic failure. It was found impossible to prepare men for competent service at the front in less than six months without seriously impairing the quality of the relief detachments.

By resolutely ignoring every other national need, Hitler's Germany was able, in seven months, to produce an offensive army constructed on the most modern principles of military organization. Since its withdrawal from the League of Nations it has steadily increased the tempo of its preparations, so that one may confidently expect that another seven to ten months will see Germany far in advance of its neighbors in fighting strength.

But the Reichswehr represents only a part of this fighting force. Over and above this highly trained army of military specialists, a successful war would necessitate a massed army trained to the highest possible pitch of military precision and adequately fitted out with modern tools of war. The duties of this mass army would differ widely from those of the offensive troops, but are just as important for the winning of decisive victories especially in warfare extending over a considerable period.

Such a mass army, greater by far than any the nations of Europe were able

to bring forward in 1914 at the outbreak of the World War, Germany has been mustering into service since the beginning of last December. Up to that time, as I have already pointed out, the Nazi government made no attempt to centralize its forces, but continued its preparations, for purposes of concealment, in a purposely decentralized manner. With her withdrawal from the League Hitler at once proceeded to carry out his plans. The wave of popular acclaim deliberately engendered by the November election and the highly dramatic Nuremberg convention of the National Socialist Party swept away whatever remained of opposition at home.

Earlier in this article I briefly referred to the importance of the semi-military formations, the Storm Troops and the Schutzstaffel, in the new scheme of Germany's war preparations. Originally these were semi-military political societies founded by the National Socialist Party during the period of civil war that ushered in the Hitler regime. These divisions, which are in some cases wholly, in others partly garrisoned, are comparable to a standing army supplemented by an extraordinarily well-trained militia. The Schutzstaffel divisions, those Black Shirt pretorian guards of the Nazi army, are drilled and armed to comply with accepted army standards. They include all categories with the exception of heavy artillery—motor, cavalry, aviation, and signal corps, fire brigades, mine throwers, gas and tank units, and marine detachments.

Since their reorganization in October their divisions have regimental strength. The organization follows that of the old imperial army (203 regiments against 225 in the Kaiser's army). Each regiment has a storehouse for arms and equipment, trucks,

lorries, airplanes, and motor medical units.

The members of the Schutzstaffel receive special training in their own training camps and for three-month periods in the Reichswehr drill garrisons under Reichswehr officers. These detachments are the elite of the Storm Troop special guards to whom, before the National Revolution, the Nazi leaders entrusted the responsible and difficult tasks of Nazi military duty and who now stand socially as far above the Storm Troop men as the officer of the old army stood above the private soldier. It has caused considerable resentment among the Storm Troop commoners to see the Schutzstaffel become the stamping ground of the rich man's son and the young aristocrat. With the rise of his party to power it has become progressively difficult for the poor but deserving Nazi to secure promotion into its ranks.

During the first week of November, just before the Reichstag election, the Storm Troop opened its doors to new members. Thousands joined their ranks. No figures have been published, but it is safe to say that at least 200,000 made application. The Storm Trooper receives preferential treatment in every path of life. Employers ask for Storm Troopers when they advertise for help, and the general public has a wholesome respect for those who wear the Black and the Brown shirts. These considerations weigh as heavily in Germany as elsewhere. Altogether these Storm Troop and Schutzstaffel formations now claim a membership of 790,000 after a rigorous weeding-out process that removed all who were either physically or "morally" unfit. Though not as highly trained as the Reichswehr, Roehm's Brown privates are a more potent factor for war than any other single element in the nation. They have been nursed on the dragon's milk



of National Socialist propaganda and were raised in a world of cruelty and arrogant self-assertiveness. They are, on the whole, considerably younger and have been less responsible to personal discipline than the Reichswehr soldiers who, until they were incorporated under Roehm's supreme command, lived and thought according to the lights of their old nationalist conservative leaders.

The Steel Helmet divisions, numbering 170,000 men, originally the military units of the dissolved German Nationalist People's Party, are now a part of the Storm Troop organization. Unlike the Storm Troop, which consists in the main of youths who joined the Nazi regiments because they loved the parade, the uniform and the excitement of a soldier's life, or because the Nazi barracks offered refuge from unemployment and starvation, the Steel Helmet soldiers are for the most part World War veterans and officers who joined as a protest against the Republic and the suppression of Germany by the victorious nations.

For all of these men the comparative freedom of the old days of sport soldiering are over. They are the officers and non-commissioned officers presumptive of Germany's coming army, the framework into which four to five million workers and professionals are to be fitted with machinelike precision when war is declared. In Doebernitz, Zossen, and elsewhere one can see them on the training grounds of the Reichswehr. Since last June they have participated in all Reichswehr maneuvers, with their special troops, flying squadrons, etc., except in those which were held last fall (because these were attended by visiting attachés from other nations).

### III

As the trench-warfare methods of two decades ago make way for the

mobile war of the present era in which the "front" is anywhere in the adversary's area, the occupation of enemy territory assumes new forms and new meaning. Long-term occupation, with its drain on the resources of the victor, will be avoided wherever this is possible, except where such occupation is used for the building of airports or offers specific industrial advantages to the victor. Modern military strategy provides for the permanent destruction of the occupied territory insofar as it may be of advantage to the enemy, or for the efficient and rapid utilization of its resources by the invader. For industries and factories in the borderlands of Germany's prospective enemies, all of them specifically enumerated and catalogued, the German War Department has already appointed groups of specialists, engineers, executives, and administrators whose duty it is to familiarize themselves with all available information concerning the particular plant or industry to which they have been assigned and to prepare detailed plans for their occupation and exploitation, so that this may proceed systematically and with the least possible interruption and confusion. These plans must include specifications for the unhampered transportation of commodities to the home front, and special transport commissions have been appointed for that purpose. Where a shorter period of occupation is intended, plans have already been perfected for the speedy demounting of the important plants and factories and their reconstruction at home. For this work special engineer corps are being trained. Agents in these regions report currently on important deposits and sources of supply of material important for the conduct of the war. For the first time in the history of warfare such measures, instead of being left to the initiative of untrained military authorities, are regu-

lated in advance in accordance with sound economic principles. Their execution is taken out of the hands of inexperienced military officials and turned over to economists and other experts. This procedure will unquestionably prove its superiority over the haphazard methods of previous wars and may to a large extent determine the outcome of the next.

No listing of Germany's human resources would be complete without a word concerning its executive organs, the Schupo (Protective Police), the river and lake and coast guards, and the customs guards. All of these semi-military bodies have long since been turned into full-fledged military formations for field service in wartime. For every man a substitute is in training to take his place when he is called to the front.

No one over thirty has been permitted to remain in active service. Those who are older have been transferred to other branches of government work. These policemen, life guards, and border guards are armed with bayonet rifles, hand grenades, gas bombs, and machine guns. Each division has its own flying, gas, armored car, and mine thrower corps, special "Flak" (anti-aircraft) and gas protection divisions. Besides regular drill practice, these men are required to participate in cross-country marching and large maneuvers with other military formations.

The strength of the Schupo (Protective Police) was increased to 185,000 men. The river and lake and coast guards have 40,000, the customs guards 33,000. The auxiliary police, an organization consisting chiefly of National Socialist followers under the command of ex-officers similarly armed, far from being dissolved, now has 90,000 men. Altogether, these militarized police formations add 360,000 men to Germany's armed forces,

themselves superior in numbers and equipment to the armies of many of Europe's smaller nations.

#### IV

To judge the fighting strength of a highly industrialized nation by the numerical size of its army would be as shortsighted as to estimate its greatness by the size of its population. The success of modern warfare depends as much, if not more, on its mechanical potentials as on the size and training of its army. Off-hand, one would conclude, therefore, that Germany, laboring for more than a decade under the restrictions imposed upon it, would be in no position to compete with her neighbors. Undoubtedly these restrictions were applied with considerable latitude; but it cannot be denied that, despite a respectable accumulation of armaments, they held Germany's mechanical war potential far below that of other nations.

But the very fact that Germany had to get along with comparatively small military resources forced it to increase its effectives by other less obvious methods. It was perforce prevented from making the mistake of its neighbors who heaped up great masses of equipment and armaments. Nothing deteriorates more rapidly than war material. Outmoded effectives must be replaced by the most modern inventions which a diabolical human ingenuity can produce. The effort to keep its mechanical armaments at wartime strength would force the nation that attempted it into bankruptcy. New machines are obsolete almost before they are inducted into actual use.

As a matter of fact it has been the experience of all nations that they must enter war with armaments that lag far behind technical knowledge and possibilities at the given moment. Mechanical perfection is never reached



until some time after hostilities have commenced. To-day every country is interested in accumulating only so much war material as will suffice to carry on until its industries are re-organized for war production and capable of supplying the front with the newest war effectives. The more rapidly this reorganization can be carried out the smaller will be the actual stores a nation must build up, and the more likely its war material is to hold to the line of highest and most specialized development. The readiness of a country for war is determined, therefore, not by the sheer quantity of munitions and arms which it possesses, but by its ability to adjust its industrial machinery for rapid mass war production.

The National Socialist regime has tried to conceal its radical departure from the ways of its predecessors in the matter of armament manufacture, but one cannot hide the arming of a nation when it is going on under such tremendous pressure. A thousand straws point to the way the wind blows. The more than three million who voted against the government in the last election are not blind, and despite stringent supervision have managed to communicate their observations to the outside world.

Every effort is made to seal the mouths of employees and laborers in the German plants where war preparations are under way. Thus the workers in the "Crusauer Kupfer-und Messingwerk" were urged to "vote for the government" in the November election, that the factory might not lose the munitions orders for which it had placed a bid. In the Rheinmetallwerke every worker is pledged to absolute silence concerning production. In the great shipbuilding shops of Blohm and Voss applicants for work must sign a statement in which they officially accept the death penalty as the price for betraying secrets in connec-

tion with the work of the plant. The small pursuit planes that are manufactured there—two-seaters with machine gun equipment—are shipped to smaller localities all over Germany. A decree issued by the State Secretary of the Prussian Ministry for Education orders "absolute secrecy concerning information officially received" and extends that duty to "those no longer in the service of the state."

But the world outside learns of what is going on for all that. The data which follow have been collected from men who have first-hand knowledge of German preparations, and I think they can be relied upon. The Siemens's Electrical Works are working in three shifts on an order for 2,000 airplane motors, ostensibly for the Italian Government, and this order coincides with accelerated airplane construction elsewhere in the Reich. The Schwarzkopf Metal Works are experimenting with the manufacture of hand grenades in series of 12. The S.U.M. Vergaserwerke in Berlin have built experimental laboratories in which 80 men are experimenting with improved methods of airplane gasification. In the Daimler Auto Works in Marienfeld several divisions are turning out army trucks. The Borsig Locomotive Works have received an order for 50 large machine guns and are installing machinery for machine-gun construction in the expectation of similar orders later. In the old airplane factory of the Borsig Works machinery for the manufacture of shells is being installed. A year ago this company was in the hands of receivers; now it is expanding rapidly and its employees are happy and satisfied. Only a board fence separates the Borsig plant from the Rheinmetall works where ammunition is also being manufactured. Yet the workers in both factories have been forbidden, under penalty of immediate dismissal, to communicate

with one another. Hamburg's basket-making industry is jubilant over enormous orders for ammunition baskets. The I.G. Dye Works have added 34,000 workers to their payroll; in their oxygen works alone 10,000 employees were reinstated. For years past the firm worked far under capacity. Now it has received a government subsidy of forty million marks for the installation of additional apparatus. Almost 5,000 employees were discharged as "unreliable."

The manufacture of heavy artillery has been concentrated in Essen, Augsburg, and Düsseldorf. Orders for steel plates for tank construction have been widely distributed; even the manufacturers of safes have been blessed with their share of the golden rain, though the actual purpose is concealed wherever possible. The Steel and Ironworks Thale are manufacturing mines and steel helmets. Berlin metal factories are at work on field cannon; single parts are manufactured in different divisions to keep their ultimate purpose secret. When it became known, nevertheless, the government announced that this artillery "goes to China." The Dixi Werk in Eisenach manufactures armored cars. Bleichert in Leipzig produces parts for the forbidden tanks, many of which are sent to East Prussia via Kiel where they are hidden on the estates of large landowners there. Fighting planes are being built by "Deutsche Kraftwerke," "Lokomotivfabrik Henschel," in Kassel, the "Adlewerke" in Frankfurt, and the Junkerswerke in Dessau. The last named turns out heavy bombers; its newest type is the JU 52, a trimotor plane of 3,000 kg. capacity capable of flying 275 km. per hour. In these factories airplane units are also turned out, parts which may be installed in regular passenger planes in the shortest possible time to turn them into bombers in the space of a few

hours. In Dessau 200 finished "mail planes" are waiting to be requisitioned by the Lufthansa. They were ordered on the basis of an understanding with the Reichswehr ministry. This type, when loaded to 1,000 kg. capacity, has a speed of 360 kilometers per hour and an action radius of 1,000 km. Within eleven hours this apparatus can be equipped with two machine guns and an automatic 20 millimeter gun, a bomb-throwing apparatus, and 800 bombs. So equipped, it becomes the most modern type of bomber on the continent. The same apparatus is being constructed in Warnemuende.

On the outskirts of Berlin the Firm Bossen-Reinickendorf has erected 25 hangars. In the Reichswehr training camps in Mecklenburg there are "passenger and freight planes" which are to be converted into bombing planes. In the war port of Wilhelmshafen, submarines and torpedo boats are being built. Construction of individual parts for these submarines is carried on in metal plants all over the country. In Kiel and Wilhelmshafen two 6,000-ton cruisers are under construction, one within the terms of the Versailles Treaty, the other in violation of its provisions.

Arms for Germany's troops are also being manufactured in other countries with German capital under German direction; since Germany's industries are already overburdened. In Uborg, Lithuania, a factory managed by German engineers is turning out heavy bombing planes and projectiles for heavy cannon. In Switzerland ammunition factories belonging to Krupp are producing German ammunition. The following concerns have bought armament factories in Holland (Utrecht and Rotterdam) which are working in shifts to supply the demands made on their resources: Borsig, Buessing, Krupp, Zeiss, Rheinmetall, and Julius Pintsch, Berlin. In its



Dutch factory, originally built for the production of gasometers, the last-named firm manufactures rifles, machine guns, and torpedoes. Rheinmetall also produces machine guns, while Krupp concentrates on munitions. The others, ten altogether, produce parts of weapons and cannons. The assembling instructions sent with these parts are couched in German technical abbreviations. Just across from the German war port of Emden, a Dutch factory employing German workers exclusively is turning out cannon on patents that were placed at its disposal by the Krupp works.

In Krimpen, hard on the German border, there are stored 1,500 middle and heavy artillery, property of the German army during the World War. These were given to German factories established on Dutch soil for rapid restoration. In Düsseldorf alone, three boat loads of special machinery for the manufacture of ammunition were brought from Holland during October and November. These machines have been stored in Holland since 1918 and were to have been used in the World War. They will now be put to their original purpose. For the transportation of the material in these monster stores, a fleet of modern 250-ton river boats has been built by two shipping concerns belonging to Krupp, although under normal conditions the present freight rates would render the building of such merchant ships highly unprofitable. Czechoslovakian factories send regular shipments of munitions across the German border.

This traffic in arms with Germany has had unpleasant repercussions on the continent. France has had several "sensations" of this sort. Thus the Creusot-Schneider firm in France was accused last October of having sold 400 tanks to Germany but denied that it was doing business with the Hitler

Government. Gregor Strasser, who was doomed to political oblivion in the Hitler regime after a serious conflict with Hitler in 1932 appeared in Paris ostensibly to study the manufacture of incandescent lamps. Actually it was discovered that he was much more vitally interested in water electrolysis and its use for explosives than in the harmless manufacturing process. Strasser is employed in an executive capacity in the supervision of Germany's pharmaceutical industries, and is well known as the adviser and political go-between of several important chemical houses in the Reich who have turned their attention to what is known as "war chemistry."

To those who doubt the authenticity of the foregoing charges, Germany's own figures may prove more convincing. That import figures for those commodities which play an important part in the manufacture of arms and war equipment are alone on the upgrade while all other importations are diminishing, permits of only one interpretation. In August, 1933, Germany imported 70 per cent more iron than the average for 1932, and the figures for that product are still rising. Copper imports rose 64 per cent; pig iron purchases in foreign markets during the first eight months of the Hitler regime were equivalent to the total pig iron imports of 22 months of 1931 and 1932. In Germany itself, iron is mined with unparalleled intensity. In September, 1933, the output of its mines was almost doubled. Nickel imports, used in the manufacture of armor plate and shells, increased 94 per cent. Cellulose, used in paper manufacture and for high-grade explosives, increased 330 per cent although the output of newsprint dropped 33 per cent in the same period. Imports of manganese, tungsten, and steel show the same general upward tendency.

## V

There is not a single process in Germany's industrial life that has not felt the effect of this adjustment to war necessities. The smallest craftsman must adapt his machinery to a program that extends to every detail of industrial production. Everything made in the country, from the largest apparatus to the smallest nut and bolt, must and can be produced only in sizes prescribed by government bureaus regulating standards and measures, increasing their usefulness and adaptability and reducing production time to a minimum. Every manufacturing plant important to armament production maintains a staff of specially trained workers who will constitute the "cadres" for the newly inducted helpers when the others are sent to the front. If war is declared, production will go on with undiminished speed and precision.

All this preparatory work lies in the hands of central commissions in which practical experts and scientists work hand in hand. Because of their special qualifications these commissions are endowed with power far in excess of that wielded by a regular military General Staff. When the Allies forbade Germany to arm, they forced its officers, its scientists, its technicians, and its business men to work hand in hand secretly.

Germany's chemical industry has always led the world, and in this field it has concentrated its preparations. Germany is determined to make the coming war a war with poison gases. Its chemical industries have expanded much beyond the requirements of peace production. With the help of state subsidies, the I.G. dye concern has taken over not less than 28 bankrupt firms and is keeping them in unprofitable operation. The same is true of many other plants, particularly in the

artificial silk industry, which was placed under the supervision of military officials to prepare it for readjustment to the compulsions of chemical warfare.

To the Kaiser Wilhelm Gesellschaft in Berlin the government has assigned the work of scientific preparation for gas warfare, in close co-operation with the Reichswehr Ministry and the General Staff. The Stolzenberg Works in Hamburg turn out 200 cylinders of phosgen gas every week, Gehe & Co. in Dresden, purveyors of pharmaceutical articles, are manufacturing phosphorous gas, Heyden in Dresden, light and invisible gases, Billwarder in Hamburg, arsenic gases and Schering-Kahlbaum, Berlin, cyanide and chlorine gases. Germany is convinced that every future conflict will be decided in its favor because of its superiority in the field of war chemistry. Indeed, National Socialist newspapers and speakers have called gas warfare the "German war" and refer to international agreements limiting or forbidding the use of poison gases in warfare as a "treacherous attack on Germany."

With the same enthusiasm German militarists turned their attention to the development of bacteriological weapons. In September the Robert Koch Institute of Berlin sent a confidential letter to all German laboratories and bacteriological institutes (Behring Werke, Marburg, Saechsische Serumwerke A.G., das Institut für Tropenkrankheiten, Hamburg, das Hygienische Institut, Berlin, and others) which is, to all intents and purposes, a book of recipes for the mass manufacture of virulent cultures. These institutes are encouraged to interchange specimens of particularly powerful and virulent germs. The production of bacteria for the spread of deadly diseases is to be governed by the selective principles used by agricultural experts to improve the breed and progeny of their



cattle. The report suggests the loading of hand grenades with bacteria that produce terrible skin afflictions, or with tetanus germs that condemn those infected to a horrible, convulsive death.

"The Botulinus germ," says this classic document, "stands out among the others because it can be developed in food stuffs and preserves apparently in a state of perfect preservation, without betraying its presence to either taste or smell."

The possibilities of such warfare are too terrible to contemplate. They threaten friend and foe alike. Carelessness in the handling of these deadly cultures may wipe out thousands and hundreds of thousands of one's own people. Nothing can check the spread of its terrors across what once was known as No Man's Land.

On the other hand there is no weapon that will so quickly and disastrously undermine the morale of the people behind the enemy front as the silent and relentless ravages of disease in its midst.

In a much discussed book entitled *Deutsche Wehrwissenschaft*, Ewald Banse, Professor of War Science in the Technological Institute of Brunswick, expressed what has become the attitude of the Third Reich on this branch of warfare: "Bacteriological warfare uses such methods as the spreading of contagion through drinking and other water, the spreading of typhus through infected fleas and of the bubonic plague by means of artificially infected rats. In the dissemination of disease in the home territory of the enemy, airplanes should prove particularly serviceable as carriers of disease germs

of all descriptions. This much is certain: biological warfare is the warfare of the disarmed and helpless nation. No one can blame a people robbed of all means of self-defense if it resorts to means such as these to defend its nation against brutal suppression and strives to destroy its oppressor by purely scientific means. That is why the League of Nations, with a hypocritical pretense of humaneness, has forbidden the use of such weapons in international warfare. But when the existence of a state or a people is at stake, it must use every means that promises success to defend its own existence and, beyond that, to achieve its adversary's decisive defeat."

But other countries are also preparing for war, the reader argues. Germany is only doing what nations have always done and are still doing. More efficiently, perhaps, and with a greater driving force. But that is only half the truth. In all other countries future wars are regarded, except by small groups personally interested in war and war profits, as a possible evil for which one must be fully prepared. In National Socialist Germany, war is the national ideal and the end of all political and social aspirations. In other countries there are important forces at work to prevent future catastrophes. In Germany the National Socialist system has broken all such forces on the wheel and has placed the sources of the nation unreservedly at the command of the General Staff. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that war is no longer conceived as a measure for the protection of the state; it is the end of statecraft itself.



# BIOGRAPHY

A STORY

BY THOMAS BEER

MRS. DAMFORT resented her second son, Gordon, most keenly whenever she had to ask him questions. He got toplofty at once as he smacked open the double doors of the long living room and slung his hat into a chair. She knew that he would say, "Well, now!" in his curiously raw barytone and she cut him short by drawling, "Ah! So your office located you, sonny?" Gordon did not like to be called "sonny" of course. But this kept him from saying, "Well, now!" He said nothing at all. He looked at her. Mrs. Damfort straightened her legs on the couch and smiled.

"New dress, mother?"

"Quite," she said.

"Tea party?"

She drawled as slowly as she could, "No. Just this Mr. Newton Wood. It's why I 'phoned your office, Gordon. You know him. Heard you speak of him. Is he at all presentable?"

Gordon howled, "Newton Wood!"

Mrs. Damfort crossed her ankles. White satin slushed round her as she shifted on the yellow couch. She said, "Gordon, please don't begin to tell me that Mr. Wood is a famous writer. I know he's a celebrity. I merely asked you if he was a presentable person. If he's anything like the other writers—or the writers you bring here, sonny!—I must manage to get rid of him before six. Admiral Coles is dropping in for a glass of sherry. And that re-

minds me. Where should I send your friend Miss Ravel a bill for repairing the bathroom? I've no intention of overlooking a broken mirror and a dislocated faucet. Please don't tell me that the silly creature was drunk. I quite know that. She drank a whole bottle of sherry. Leave me a note of her address. And now let's get back to Mr. Wood. Is he presentable?"

Her son rallied. "He's perfectly presentable, mother. Goes to dances and all that. He's—I think—from Baltimore. But what the hell's he coming here for?"

"To talk to me about Michael Majendie. It seemed," said Mrs. Damfort, "to be a matter of duty. I happened to notice that he's writing a biography of Mr. Majendie. I knew Mr. Majendie, and—"

"You knew Michael Majendie?"

"Gordon, you're twenty-seven years old. Must you howl?"

He picked up *Memories of Two Embassies* from the Italian table. "I've never heard you say a word about Majendie, mother! I— You're funny! Whenever you get reminiscent it's always about meetin' King Edward or socialites or—"

"Socialites! Gordon, what fun does your generation get out of being quite so vulgar?"

"Oh," he said, "I suppose we are. Yes, we are. Had lunch with Gummy Ravel. She was building a house with



all the sugar lumps when we were having coffee. The waiter hated her! But you are funny, mother. How did you come to know a tough hero like Majendie? He got killed over a woman out in San Francisco, you know? Shot in a restaurant. Her husband—"

"I naturally know that, Gordon. I remember what happened in 1905—still!"

"But, you're funny! You lie round here, looking like Manet's 'Olympia,' and never—"

"Like what?"

He spun his aunt's memoirs on his palm. "It's a famous nude by Manet, mother. A woman on a couch. You don't look anything like her, really. I . . . Dad was a big surgeon. You must have known reams of interesting people. Gosh," he said, flopping the book down, "what a bore this stuff of Aunt Selene's is! And—and I'm rather sore about it. Dad was her doctor besides being her brother-in-law. And she doesn't even mention that he was a surgeon who got her through her peritonitis in '20. Realize she doesn't mention you by name in the damn' book at all? You're 'my twin sister' in the first part, there. She doesn't—"

"Candidly," Mrs. Damfort drawled, "I haven't been able to read the thing, Gordon. Don't they call them ghost writers? The experts who write books for people? Selene should have had one. No, I can't read it."

"You're handsomer than she is," he said. "I mean that. But where in hell did you bump into Majendie? He was an anarchist, y' know. Old Karl Winter was talking about him other night at the Copes'. Says he was the handsomest dark man he ever saw. Where'd you meet him?"

"At a dinner party at your uncle Bill's. Please remember that Bill was an architect. He was studying in Paris when Mr. Majendie was studying

painting. I met Michael," she said, "at a St. Valentine's Day dinner Bill gave in 1899. There's a note on the desk, there."

Her son murmured, "Michael!" and paced to the desk between the windows. He read the yellow note aloud. "'Dear Blake, my wife says the peach at my left at your dinner is your sister, Mrs. Damfort. I apologize. I told her about you assaulting that *vache* in Paris, that time' . . . Wow! Imagine Uncle Bill having a fight with a cop!"

Mrs. Damfort was glad to know what *vache* meant. Oh, yes, she could get through with it. Yes, yes, yes. And now she knew that Michael Majendie was dark. That had not been plain in the one photograph at the Public Library yesterday. She ordered, "Careful of that, please. It's the only letter of Michael's I have left. The others were all burned when the house on Long Island went up."

Gordon said, scowling at her, "You—you knew this fellow well enough to call him Michael?"

"Certainly."

"Mother, I apologize! Always thought you were the complete *bourgeoise*—didn't know anybody that wasn't correct."

"Really?" she said. "Run along, please. I've no intention of discussing Michael's unhappy married life with Mr. Wood in front of you. You'd tell Miss Gummy Ravel and Mr. Rex Israel and the Kelly youth all about it."

"Newton Wood's from Philadelphia," said Gordon. "Just remembered. His father's a High Church parson. Yes, he's presentable, mother."

"So glad. Run along, please."

But she was frightened, now, listening to Gordon as he trotted upstairs. It would have been easier if Newton Wood were not the son of a High Church pastor in Philadelphia. He might know things. She wished that

the celebrated person was something like little Kelly or the Israel boy who had asked her if her family had "much social position back in the '90s." She was suddenly cold on the yellow couch. She drew out a long slip of print from under the pillow and read, "Mr. Majendie was born in 1869 at Jerusalem, Pa. He was the son of a paperhanger. In 1887 he entered Princeton but was dropped after two months. He worked in the office of a Philadelphia newspaper for some months and got together enough money for a ticket to Paris where he lived precariously for three years, studying painting and supporting himself by illustrations for the comic papers. In 1891 he came to New York, where he worked as an illustrator. Tall, handsome, and cheerful, he became a well-known figure in Bohemian restaurants. He was a Socialist. In 1895 some of his paintings were displayed at the Dietrich gallery on Fifth Avenue and members of a religious organization took objection to a nude study, *Girl On Grass*, which suggests the influence of Manet. In 1897, returning from a trip to Paris, Mr. Majendie met Miss Beatrice Ripley, daughter of General Thomas Ripley, of Columbus, Ohio. They were married without the consent of the bride's family, on September 17, 1897, and lived in Englewood, N. J. until 1903 when Mrs. Majendie left him. She died of pneumonia at Columbus last year. No reason for the separation was given to the press. In January, 1904, Mr. Majendie went on a trip to Japan with Mr. Karl Winter, the well-known writer. It is said that Mr. Majendie met the heroine of yesterday's tragedy at Honolulu, on the return trip. Mr. Majendie settled in San Francisco last April. Reports from San Francisco so far indicate that Captain Hilliker was incensed by some letters from Mr. Majendie to his wife,

found in a drawer of her desk, and that yesterday's tragedy . . ." The paper squashed in her hand. She drawled to a shadow, "Yes?"

The butler said, "Mr. Wood, ma'am."

"Please see that we're not disturbed, Ford."

"Yes, ma'am."

The world was a frozen globe, spinning under her couch. She could not get up. She would never get through it, never, never. It was worse than knowing that the man in a silver bracelet beside her on the cliff really was King Edward and that she had to speak. Mr. Newton Wood wore a white flower in his morning coat and the coat fitted. His face was square.

"This is awfully good of you, Mrs. Damfort. Oh, d'you mind gardenias? The scent, I mean."

"N-not at all," she said, tearing the obituary. "Rather like it."

"I've been at a wedding. Usher."

"The Trowbridge girl's?"

He said, "Yes. Known the happy bridegroom all my life. Kind of third cousin. But your note startled me. Can't imagine Majendie having known anybody in the—the ranks of conservatism. Saw a gorgeous photograph of you, the other day, Mrs. Damfort. 1902. Mrs. Joel Damfort as Artemis. *Tableaux vivants* for a charity."

The frozen globe spun faster. Cousin of the Trowbridge girl's husband! Mrs. Damfort drawled, "Those *tableaux*! Heavens, I'd forgotten that. Yes, Artemis. Got in such a row about it, too. No stockings. The man who posed us . . . Was it Stanford White? Anyhow, he insisted on no stockings for me. Old Mrs. Vail Abercrombie lectured me so. Had convulsions. Dear old dragon!" she said. "Do you mind if I lie here? I'm beastly tired. Shopping all day. My oldest granddaughter comes out next



week. Joel's wife died. I've rather had to look after young Frederica. She's named for me. And I'm sixty-two."

He smiled. And the world did not spin. Let him look at her, in fresh white satin, with her hair freshly waved. Let him look at her. Let him think that Mrs. Vail Abercrombie had scolded her in 1902 for not wearing stockings in those *tableaux*. She crossed her ankles.

"Would you mind telling me what color your hair was, Mrs. Damfort?"

"Mr. Sargent got it exactly," she said, and pointed to the rosy picture above the fireplace. "I hope you don't mind being asked to look at a Sargent? My son's literary friends suggest that I should burn it."

He said, "How kind of them!" and moved off to the hearth. Frederica Damfort looked across his smooth head at the painting. Well, what was wrong with it? She stiffened to defend it. Her husband had called it "soapsuds" in 1901. Why shouldn't Mr. Sargent have made the scarf blow from her shoulders in those nice curves? It was a lovely picture. Everybody knew it was a Sargent as soon as they saw it.

"I call it pretty good," said Mr. Wood. "We undervalue him a bit, I think. Yes, we undervalue him. Did acres of awful things, of course. So your hair was chestnut?"

Mrs. Damfort drawled, "Sweet of you not to say red. Read that note on the desk, please. I met Michael at a St. Valentine dinner my brother gave in '99. He was William Clandon Blake, the architect. Died in '24."

The lean man stopped midway between the hearth and the yellow couch. She knew that "Michael" had stopped him. Then he walked on to the Spanish desk. She watched him reading. Oh, such luck not to have thrown the thing away when she was

going over Bill's papers with his secretary! She had remembered, in '24, that Michael Majendie was somebody. She did not know who he was. But people began to talk about him. Somebody gave a show of his paintings, somewhere, last year.

"Mr. Majendie ever see that Sargent, Mrs. Damfort?"

"Michael called it soapsuds—of course."

"Of course! But I think he was rather too scornful of the portrait painters, Mrs. Damfort. I mean—calling them a lot of leeches on the plutocracy—that sort of thing. Did he ever sketch you?"

"Yes. On my horse in Central Park."

"He'd have liked that," said Mr. Wood. "His horse mania! Where is it?"

"Nowhere. I had the sketch—and a lovely sketch he did of my oldest boy, Joel, and all his letters in a box, down at our house on Long Island. They all went up in 1914. Bad insulation. The whole house went," she said. "My father's Civil War diaries, a mass of Dr. Damfort's papers and the only decent family portrait we owned." She felt the complete ease of truth. The painting of Grandmamma Blake was nice. "My sister mentions it in her memoirs. You probably haven't read them. She's Mrs. Austin Terhune."

Mr. Newton Wood laughed. "I . . . It's one reason your note startled me. I reviewed *Memories of Two Embassies*. I was rather pleasantly—surprised that you were willing to see me. This indicates that you didn't read my review."

"I hope it was savage," said Mrs. Damfort. "I . . . Well, Selene's a darling, but—I think she should have turned over her material to some expert. Too bad. Because really she's had a most interesting life. No. I

didn't read your review, Mr. Wood. I read the book and then didn't want to read the reviews. Well, you have no time to waste and I've such a dear old bore coming in at six for a drop of sherry. His wife's one of the dullest women alive. He—he comes round here for a breath of air." She sat up. "I met Michael at this dinner my brother gave. I—Bill asked me to look after Michael a bit. It was a big dinner. For some Frenchman. Nasty little man. Had a title. I forget what. It was—was rather a tremendous dinner."

"Wealth and fashion, you mean?"

"Precisely," said Mrs. Damfort. "The Vail Abercrombies and old Lucius Kent. That kind of thing."

"Do tell me," Mr. Wood asked, "how old Kent got himself taken so seriously up here? My mother's always so amused about him. He was a vet's son from Germantown, you know."

Mrs. Damfort shuddered. She said, "I'm not old enough to tell you, young man. But he did get himself taken seriously. One wonders why, now. He was handsome of course. Slim and tall. Had an agreeable voice too. He bored me." She shrugged her shoulders. "The things we did take seriously! Well, I met Michael at this dinner. I do want you to understand that Michael may have been a socialist or an anarchist or anything you please, but he had charming manners and he got along with—with people of means perfectly. Too bad Mrs. Charlie Brace is gone! She liked him. They weren't—weren't dear friends. But Maud did like him."

"The banker's wife, you mean?"

"Yes. Maud met him here and she had him at luncheon two or three times—at least."

A notebook had come out. Mr. Wood leaned on the Spanish desk. "That's what's so maddening about

biography—and writers," he said. "I sit around with Karl Winter and old Corley and hear that dear old Mike wouldn't have crossed the street to shake hands with a man who had ten thousand a year. It's comic! One-track minds. . . . Oh, well!"

"I'm so sorry my husband's dead. Michael sometimes—not often, though!—did talk politics to him. He could have told you things. Dr. Damfort was very liberal. He saw a great deal in some of the socialist theories."

"I see. So Majendie took to coming here?"

"A good deal. In the afternoon generally. There—there was some ferry or train he always had to catch. He lived in Englewood, you know."

"And had to be home for dinner at six-thirty or get hell," said Newton Wood. "Yes."

"I didn't want to say that, Mr. Wood. But that was so very much it, you see. Yes, she had to have dinner at six-thirty," Mrs. Damfort drawled.

"Ever meet her?"

Frederica Damfort crumpled her handkerchief and nodded. Yes, that was what he wanted. He wanted to know about Mrs. Michael Majendie, out in Englewood, New Jersey. She said, "Yes. My impressions would not be valuable. I only met her once. She'd come to town to shop. I met her on Fifth Avenue somewhere."

"Do be frank!"

Mrs. Damfort opened her hand with the handkerchief. "Oh, a complete *bourgeoise*. Awfully Middle Western. Asked where I got my gloves and—and that sort of thing. I—I barely met her. Don't quote me, please."

"Never saw her again?"

"I asked her to lunch. Wrote. Got back an icy little note. Didn't bother again."

Mr. Wood grinned. "Resented you on sight?"

"I didn't say that, young man!"



"It's what happened to Mrs. Karl Winter. She was awfully handsome. Mrs. Majendie resented her on sight. You're just filling in a frame, Mrs. Damfort. Happened three or four times."

Mrs. Damfort was sorry for Michael Majendie's wife. Poor thing, stuck out in Englewood, scared about pretty women in New York! He was handsome. She sighed. Mr. Wood wrote something. A log broke in the fireplace with a little sound, like another sigh.

"Funny business," said Newton Wood. "Because she was so lovely. And she had a certain amount of sense. Couple of her notes to him are rather witty. His sister has those. By gum! Of course! You're 'my friend in Sixty-Eighth Street'! His sister's forgotten so much. That's it. In 1902. Says he's been lunching with his friend in Sixty-Eighth Street. He wrote you occasionally?"

The world spun, cold, for a moment. Frederica Damfort said, "I—there were about a hundred notes. I couldn't have let you print any of them. But it's such a shame to lose the sketches. He scribbled sketches on them. Little things he thought would amuse me. Such a good one from Honolulu—a native diving. Such a shame. Dr. Damfort said, 'Freddie, you ought to have those photographed. People will want to see them, some day.' And I did think of it. No use now."

That log rolled and sighed again in the fireplace. This silvery room with its black furniture was crushed full of a silence. Newton Wood stared at her. Let him stare. Let him stare. This silence packed the long room.

"You couldn't have let me print any of them?"

"Very few," she said.

"You mean—just what do you mean, Mrs. Damfort?"

"I wish to be perfectly frank. Michael wrote me absolutely nothing he shouldn't have. He never mentioned his wife—directly. Oh, yes! One of them did begin, 'Life is awful, this morning.' Something like that. I don't think it was worse than that. But he took to calling me Olympia, and—" "Olympia?"

"That Manet picture. The woman on the couch."

"This is one of my dumb days. The Olympia, of course." He wrote. "Please go on, Mrs. Damfort."

"Oh, that's all about it. He did write things that would look—look odd in print. I had very pretty feet. He used to write, My compliments to your adorable feet. Things of that kind. I . . . there was a wonderful sketch of a Japanese temple. Shame that's gone."

The lean man was not writing. Yes, she would be in his book. He said, "Funny to be talking to you. So many photographs of you in society rags back then." He paused. He was thinking in the silence. "Hope this isn't offensive. Did Majendie write to you after he came back from Japan? He met this Mrs. Hilliker in Honolulu. She was on an army transport. They were coming from the Philippines. Did he mention her?"

"Not directly—no."

"Indirectly?"

Mrs. Damfort let there be a pause. "Please smoke. I forgot to tell you to."

"I don't smoke, thanks."

"Amazing young man!"

"I'm thirty-six, and discreet. I've a theory about Mrs. Hilliker. Did Majendie ever mention her to you?"

She let there be another pause. "What is your theory?"

"That he wasn't much in love with her. They let me read her statement to the police, in San Francisco. Only parts of it were printed."

"I don't think he was much in love," said Frederica Damfort. "About a month before he was killed . . . Oh, first! Michael was handsome, you know? I used to tease him about it. Well, about a month before the—the end, he wrote me, 'My fatal beauty has got me into a tiresome mess, out here.' I—it worried me. It was such a funny note, Mr. Wood. Tired and *distract*. Dr. Damfort said, 'That's a woman, Freddie.' But you haven't any right, have you, to say he—he really didn't care about her much? You've no proof."

"A biographer has a right to state his theory, Mrs. Damfort. And you've confirmed it. Oh, he liked her. Handsome and someone to sit around in a restaurant with. Like the Albin girl in Paris—Thérèse Albin."

"I never heard of her."

Mr. Wood said, "Naturally."

Mrs. Damfort was glad she had never known Michael Majendie except at that dinner. She was going to be in a book about him, but it was nice not to have known him. Must have been all wrong. One of the Americans you saw in Paris, sitting with cheap girls in bad restaurants. Oh, she would be in this book though! People would talk to her about it at Southampton. It would not be a book like Selene's memories of being an ambassadress. People would buy a book by Newton Wood, four or five printings. But thank God, she had never known Majendie!

Then the room packed with silence again. Mr. Wood put away his notebook. The room was very silent. Newton Wood's gardenia turned brown at the edges and the scent flowed. He was going to ask her something. In a minute. After a little more silence. Yes. In a second. He stirred.

"I'll have to risk being ordered out of your house, Mrs. Damfort. Did

Majendie ever make love to you?"

If she could flush. If she could just flush a little now. And then she was flushing. And it would be right to roll the handkerchief in her hand. So she rolled the handkerchief in her hand. "Mr. Wood, any intelligent woman can avoid being made love to," she said. "That's all—I am sorry I haven't a good memory of conversation. I can't remember phrases well. I'm not being much help to you, am I? And, of course, he never discussed painting technically with me."

"I'm sorry to have been offensive, Mrs. Dam—"

"No. You had a perfect right to ask the question. Michael admired my appearance, I know. But—we simply stayed very good friends. He liked my husband tremendously and Dr. Damfort liked him. Please leave it at that."

"Of course," said Newton Wood.

He paced off to the fireplace, once more. Oh, yes, she was going to be in the biography of Michael Majendie, this brilliant man who had been killed over a woman. It would be better than having been an ambassadress. Nobody cared about *Memories of Two Embassies*. But they would care about a book by a man whose novels sold sixty thousand copies.

"Can I have this photographed, Mrs. Damfort?" he asked. "The Sargent."

"Why?"

"As an illustration."

"An illustration in your book? But that's making me too important, Mr. Wood!"

"Are you sure you weren't pretty important?"

Mrs. Damfort stared at the floor. She would be important in this book, with "Sargent" in fine print under the photograph. She would be there. Selene had said in *Memories of Two Embassies*, "our father's Civil War diaries were destroyed when my twin



sister's house on Long Island burned in 1920 . . ." and that was all there was about Mrs. Joel Damfort in the long book. Mrs. Damfort remembered Grandfather Blake cackling, "Freddie always gets the best of it!" in the garden at Nyack when she got the rake away from Selene. Yes. She would be in a book about a man killed over a woman, about a brilliant artist who was shot about his woman. People would read the whisper of her importance to him. Whisper and whisper.

"I must think. When does the book come out, Mr. Wood?"

"In May. Please?"

"Oh, yes. Oh, perhaps I was of some importance to him, Mr. Wood. A little!"

"You're a brick," he said.

When he was gone she strolled down the room for a cigarette. It had been so right not to smoke. It had been so right to be the beautiful Mrs. Joel Damfort in white satin on the yellow Empire couch for him, whitehaired

but still slim and still beautiful. Selene was distinctly thick now. Her white skirt whispered on the maroon rug. Whisper and whisper. The book would be out in time for summer. People would read it at Southampton. Young men would ask to be brought to tea. Whisper and whisper. A famous man had loved her a little, they would whisper. More than a little. You should have seen her when she was young. That's Mrs. Damfort. You should have seen her in 1900. He was insane about her. Whisper and whisper.

"How'd you get on with Wood, mother?"

"Very nicely, Gordon. He seems very agreeable. Tactful, too."

"Tactful about what?"

She touched his nose with the cigarette. "About not asking awkward questions, sonny."

"Bout what?"

"You'll see it all," she said, "in the biography."





# AFTER RELIGION, WHAT?

THE PROBLEM OF A SKEPTICAL GENERATION

BY FRANK SNOWDEN HOPKINS

AS A MEMBER of the much maligned generation which grew up during the postwar decade, I wish to protest against two points of view which have found expression in magazine articles in recent years. First, let me warn those who have given the irreligion and immorality of the younger generation a bombardment in the past that they would do well to cease firing for a while and give us a careful hearing. I have a wide acquaintance among honest, intelligent young people, mostly from twenty-five to thirty years old, in many parts of the United States, and I believe I speak for a large group when I say that we ourselves are more weary of the moral confusion of the 1920's than our elders could possibly be. The old spirit of rebellion has given way to the need for a positive philosophy; we are striving to-day to achieve a new order and meaning in our lives.

Second, I must complain of the complete lack of understanding of the spiritual needs of our age which most magazine articles on religion disclose. Older people do not seem to realize how far American youth has traveled in the years since 1918. One would think that we might expect guidance from those older and wiser than we, yet in magazine after magazine we find discussions which assume that religious impulses must find their way to expression through the medium of Christian ideas. As examples, I cite three essays:

"Universities and Religious Indifference," by Bernard Iddings Bell in the September, 1932, *Atlantic Monthly*; "The Future of Religion," by Paul Hutchinson in the April, 1933, *Forum and Century*; and "Religion for a Scanty Band," by T. L. Harris in the August, 1933, *Harper's Magazine*.

Mr. Bell, deploring the cultural cheapness of a materialistic age, would have colleges teach more religion and theology. He apparently feels that irreligion is largely ignorance of what Christianity means to a mature and cultured person. Mr. Hutchinson appears to look forward to social revolution motivated and guided by a revolutionary form of Christianity, which will become identified with the new social order. This religion of the future will hardly be what we now call Christianity, he thinks, but at least it will be theistic and supernatural. Mr. Harris sees a temporary swing of the pendulum toward traditional faith, with a great religious conflict looming in the future between Catholicism and Communism. (Is not Communism, despite its professed atheism, largely primitive, revolutionary Christianity in modern dress?)

These articles are all liberal, sincere, and thoughtfully written, but they have one great defect: they are irrelevant to the real problem of our generation. The serious-minded among my contemporaries are completely baffled



by any point of view which does not give full weight to the flaming skepticism of our time. We who are in our late twenties are simply not interested in religions, social or supernatural; we have outgrown the dilemmas of our parents. Our problem is not how to make Christianity palatable, but what to put in the place of the Christianity we have rejected.

This statement is made in no spirit of bravado, but is a simple assertion of fact. The Rev. Albert C. Dieffenbach in a recent essay stated that, contrary to claims, there has been no increase in church attendance in this country during the depression years, and asserted outright that organized Protestantism is in a state of collapse, partly due to financial disaster, but mainly because of an inevitable process of disintegration. Mr. Bell, in the article mentioned above, finds that "Religion as a subject for serious intellectual concern enjoys no vogue among the great majority in university halls. . . . University alumni are not commonly to be found among those who support . . . the religious bodies of America. These are facts to be faced by honest men."

Yet while our generation is admittedly irreligious, we are by no means so cynical, iconoclastic, and immoral as we have been painted. We were reared in a period of religious skepticism and moral laxity, but it was, after all, those now in their late thirties and early forties who were the true iconoclasts; they tore the gods from the throne. In riotous defiance of the established order, they debunked religion, heaped scorn on tradition, demolished the old sex taboos, and attacked convention on every side. We completed their work; but we are not now iconoclastic. Facing a new situation in the 1930's, we have executed an about-face.

And yet our attitude toward the

iconoclasm of the postwar period is not reactionary. We have no desire to rebuild what has been destroyed, to restore the smug world which disintegrated in the aftermath of Armageddon. The cynical and rebellious spirit which wrought havoc in the 1920's has been supplanted in those of us who arrived late on the scene of battle by an essentially constructive attitude. Our desire is to bring order out of chaos, to build anew from the wreckage, shunning all illusions and hypocrisies.

Because of this desire our problem is a spiritual one: skeptical toward religions, distrusting all romantic ideas, in what can we put our faith in the modern world? To what basic belief shall we relate our thoughts and actions so as to achieve order and meaning in our lives? The most important thing about a man is what he believes; but what has our iconoclasm left us in this day of disillusionment? We ask ourselves these questions because we are wise enough now to know that until we can anchor ourselves to a positive and satisfying philosophy, we are as much a "lost generation" as the unfortunates whose morale was shattered by the War itself.

I think I have always known this subconsciously, but it first crystallized in my mind two years ago, when I stood at the deathbed of my grandfather, an aged Episcopal minister. Rooted in the sturdy simplicity of the pioneer tradition, he was a man of rugged spirit and met death with fortitude. As he lay dying, clinging to the hope of a life beyond the grave, I did not envy him his religious faith; in fact, it disturbed me that he should put childlike faith in so-called "revealed" religion, for beyond the comforts of faith I have always felt the irony of self-deception. Nevertheless, when the old man's life had ebbed away I was left staring into space, for I saw that after all he and

his generation had one enormous advantage over me and mine.

Whatever the ultimate truth of their religion, it at least gave them a definite philosophy of life and a definite pattern to live by. It was the great strength of their era, as of all periods of orthodoxy, that society agreed upon one formula for life happiness and upheld the moral code and personal discipline it demanded. But just as our forefathers found happiness through accepting the traditional code and "doing their duty," as they put it, so it seemed to me, during the long vigil at my grandfather's bedside, that we who have grown up since the World War are living in confusion for the opposite reason. Disregarding traditional religion and rebelling against the morality it supported, we sought during the 1920's to live without discipline and without purpose, taking refuge from our bewilderment in the fantasies of a frantic hedonism.

It is a commonplace among critics of our national life that the postwar decade was a period of restlessness, unhappiness, and disillusion. When established conventions and beliefs, traditional values of all kinds were swept into the garbage can, a rebellious generation found itself in the position of having discarded the ideas of its parents before it had formulated a satisfactory philosophy of its own. Now, however, that the revolution in morals has run its course and rebellion has lost its savor, those who are my age have come to be disillusioned with disillusion itself; we can see the necessity of living by imperatives and we contemplate with some envy those generations integrated by orthodox patterns of thought.

So as I meditated upon my grandfather's life, I felt that he had attained, in his own way, a happy self-fulfillment such as few of us can hope for. He had a philosophy and a moral code woven

into the fabric of his mind; he had the will power to discipline himself and maintain an impregnable integrity; and in scrupulously living up to the program he laid out for himself he had molded the human clay of which he was made into something fine and enduring.

The Spanish philosopher Ortega y Gasset has said that life must be dedicated to a destiny in order to have meaning. If so, then my grandfather's life was rich in meaning, for his career was a solemn dedication to what was to him the supreme cause. Born in 1845 in a pious, frugal, hard-working community on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, he entered the ministry after the Civil War and spent more than sixty years tending obscure country parishes of Maryland and Virginia. Year after year he drove his horse and buggy through rain and storm and axle-deep mud, carrying cheer to the lonely and comfort to the sick. A slight man physically, he lived under constant strain, for sometimes he had as many as six churches at once under his charge. In many parishes he was not only spiritual counselor, but because of the poverty and rural isolation, doctor, lawyer, and dentist as well. Pulling teeth, setting broken bones, and nursing the sick were regular parts of his week's work.

And yet, in all the sixty years of his ministry, he never once received a salary of one thousand dollars a year. The work was for him its own reward, for was he not serving the Lord? It was characteristic of him that he was proud of his hardships and considered himself singled out above other men for exceptional happiness. The greatest disappointment of his life was that not one of his four sons followed the trail he had blazed, for he thought that he had found the perfect formula to live by.

But the next generation was born



into a world already beginning to doubt the validity of the Protestant theology. Scholarship and science had posed new questions in the light of which a literal interpretation of the Bible began to seem ridiculous. College students of the 1890's went through religious turmoil, many of them proclaiming an outright atheism. Meanwhile a subtler decay was in process. Scientific achievements and material prosperity were giving man a new self-confidence, lessening his awe of the supernatural; business was absorbing the energies of the hearty male, and religion was more and more left to women and the clergy.

## II

The American skepticism of the 1880's and 1890's has had its culmination in the complete agnosticism of a large part of our generation to-day. Thoughtful young people of 1934 may not be less religious in essence than their great-grandfathers of 1834, but certainly traditional faith has been replaced on every side by a spirit of doubt and questioning. We no longer believe; and because we do not believe, Christianity, with its claims to supernatural origin and authority, has become meaningless to us.

Agnosticism is what really lies behind the moral rebellion of the 1920's and the confusion in which young people are living to-day. Our parents, though they questioned traditional religion, were firmly grounded in the traditional morality and have managed to maintain some order in their lives through living by its principles. But for us, the compromise which our parents made has split wide asunder. Our generation inherited a moral code without the religious foundation which gave it meaning. The old Protestant morality had a religious motive—the doing of God's will on earth. Hence

man's duty to be moral. But there was no way our parents could impress us with a sense of duty, for unless we believed in the God of the Hebrew Bible, what interest could we have in regulating our lives to please Him?

This logic, emphasized first by our slightly older contemporaries in the hysteria of the War, has required us too to rationalize our beliefs, to justify them on grounds of reasonableness and expediency. From the first slight relaxation of the traditional code, the movement mounted quickly to the widespread revolt of the past decade against "Puritanism" and "Victorian taboos." Like children turned loose from school, we were exhilarated at first; but in the wild rush for freedom we lost sight of the fundamental necessity which lies back of all morality. That necessity is, I take it, to secure our own best welfare, both as individuals and as a society.

Those who attempted to live without restraints in the 1920's did not often find that the new freedom brought them happiness. Spurning the inherited wisdom of the race, most of the rebels against convention had not enough wisdom of their own to manage their lives successfully. We of the younger generation ceased asking ourselves the old questions: Is my conduct religious? Is it *moral*? But disillusioned with the emptiness of living for immediate satisfactions, we have begun to ask ourselves new questions: Is it intelligent? Does it lead to real happiness?

So there is a trend toward sanity, and 1934 finds a good many of us looking for what a recent writer called "a positive and fruitful philosophy." But admitting the need for a pattern to live by, to give shape and meaning to our strivings, where are we to look? Can we hope to find happiness in the cynical naturalism of the past decade or shall we return to traditional reli-

gion, confess our sins, and strive to live like what contemporary clergymen describe as Christians? Or can we formulate a satisfying philosophy of our own, based strictly on human intelligence and adapted to the individual and social needs of our time?

First of all, I feel that most of the thoughtful people of my age-group will want to clear out of the way the wreckage of the neurotic 1920's. The revolt against the conventional mores is a *fait accompli* in all civilized regions; we are through now with all wanton and indiscriminate iconoclasm, through with all negative and destructive doctrines. H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, and others who attacked the smugness, prudery, and hypocrisy of our heritage served a useful purpose, but the muck-raking era is over. We do not want moral anarchy, shallow hedonism, or the cultured escapism of our sophisticates; we want a positive philosophy which emphasizes worthy ends and enduring satisfactions.

Protestantism provided a satisfactory pattern for our grandparents in a more primitive era, but we are a skeptical generation; we have absorbed too much twentieth-century rationalism to take on faith a religion rooted in ancient superstitions. Nor, doubting the religion, will we consent to live, like our parents, by its moral code; for in our skepticism we have come to question the value as well as the truth of much that the Bible teaches. We might be more interested in the teachings of Protestantism if the churches had a definite philosophy to-day; but the churches are themselves a bedlam of confusion, preaching everything from the Voodooism of the Bible Belt to the colorless humanitarianism of the liberal city clergy. In no denomination is any satisfying program advocated with consistency.

The Catholic Church at least has rationalized its teachings in the course

of centuries and stands for a definite concept of religion. Those who find it necessary to believe in a sympathetic God can do so in the Catholic Church and retain their intellectual self-respect. Some of our unhappiest introverts have fled from the cold doubts of agnosticism to the comforting fictions of Catholic dogma, but most of us find this path to heaven as uninviting as any other. There is a feeling among us that no kind of Christianity is psychologically suited to our time and our civilization, that we need less faith in the supernatural and more in the courage and intelligence of human beings.

There is one kind of faith we do not need, however—and that is the romantic wish-thinking of those who neglect Christian beliefs only to put their childish faith in social gospels and political dogmas. The sentimentalities of Rousseau have dominated the thinking of America for one hundred and fifty years; but after the colossal follies of the twentieth century, what sensitive and thoughtful person can believe in the natural goodness of man? The World War and its economic and political aftermath have thoroughly disillusioned us; we have become distinctly critical of the democratic ideal, of humanitarian gospels, of romantic enthusiasms of all kinds.

Irving Babbitt and Ortega y Gasset have eloquently described the dangers to civilization in the unchecked continuance of the naturalistic movement, with its consequent product, the "mass-man," childishly pleased with his mediocrity, while Everett Dean Martin, in his *Civilizing Ourselves*, has exposed the psychological immaturity which lies behind the worship of science as a sort of black magic which will bring about the millennium, behind blind, unreasoning faith in "progress," and behind expectations of achieving immediate utopias through revolutions



and reform movements. America has had too many such mass religions and, while the half-mature may worship Prosperity or yelp for the World Revolution according to their bias, surely civilized people are coming to suspect all idols of the tribe, all gospels of the marketplace.

Our problem, then, resolves itself thus: a large proportion of us who have grown up in the United States since the War rebelled during the 1920's against traditional religion and morality and sought to live for immediate satisfactions. Reacting against the emptiness of this hedonistic philosophy, many of us now seek to pattern our lives by a positive system of values. But we are too skeptical to go back to the simple Protestantism of our grandparents, to accept the weak and competitive liberalism of the modernist clergy, or to take comfort in the rationalized superstitions of Roman Catholicism. We have little stomach now for romantic ideas about humanity, and we are intelligent enough—some of us, at any rate—to distrust social gospels which promise the credulous a shortcut to the millennium. We need a new philosophy and a new faith, compatible with our distrust of dogmas and our desire to lead intelligent lives.

The only philosophy which our kind of mind can accept is one which is agnostic in its metaphysics, yet which stresses the faith of the human spirit in its own capabilities. It must be, in short, a rational and purposeful philosophy, a creation of the human intelligence, a philosophy which, admitting all the limitations of the mortal mind, refuses to compromise with medieval superstitions and wishful self-deceptions. We are skeptical of "revealed" religion, aware of the shortcomings of human knowledge; the natural corollary is to admit the final inscrutability of the universe and to suspect as cowardly fictions all doc-

trines of a personal God and of a life after death. Likewise, since all clear thinking originates in honest doubts, an intelligent philosophy must maintain a realistic attitude toward human nature. In our reaction against the Age of Rousseau, we are inevitably cynical toward our fellow-man; we suspect that man, far from being virtuous when undisciplined by a civilized culture, is selfish, irrational, and unwittingly absurd, and that man-made institutions, churches, schools, governments, and banks, share in his defects.

But when we doubt the validity of all dogmas and become cynical toward the human virtue the nineteenth century took for granted, we arrive at the critical point of a skeptical philosophy. Those who cannot bear to face the stark nudity of a world stripped of its religious and romantic decorations are only too apt to accept defeat and turn for consolation to the realm of fantasy. They are terrified by the results of their doubting; for in doubting everything else they have come to doubt themselves. The high tide of escapism is perhaps receding in America, but the alcoholic, the arty, the bookish, and the faddists are always with us.

### III

It takes bravery to pioneer in an agnostic world. Nevertheless, where the tender-minded shrink back, courageous individuals have been charting out paths for hundreds of years. The starting point of a positive philosophy, when skepticism has wiped the slate clear of unworthy fictions, is a new kind of faith—the belief that, whatever the ultimate realities of creation, there is truth at least in the assumption that man, denied supernatural aid and avoiding self-deception, still can find happiness on earth through what he can create for himself by his own courage and determination.

Many of my contemporaries still long for comforting illusions, but more and more we are finding that we have to be tough-minded, that we must strike out boldly for human truths in a world in which we know little else. The disillusion of the 1930's is such a phenomenon as the world has not seen for many a weary day; it metaphorically strips the clothes off us. Myth after myth and illusion after illusion have been brought out of the caves of superstition and thrown upon the ground to shrivel in the sunlight of modern knowledge. What can a man be but skeptical and where can he turn but to himself at such a time?

The Greeks turned to their own minds twenty-four centuries ago, when their faith in religion had decayed, and by questioning all doubtful beliefs, reasoned out rational systems of thought to live by. Rationalists in all ages have followed their example, but never until our time has a generation been forced, by cultural pressure, to turn to reason. Religion, science, and romanticism have all been debunked for us, and if we are to use our minds at all we must do so with uncompromising bravery. Man never needed faith in himself more than now when civilization, badly demoralized, cries out for constructive leadership.

Accepting reason as our guiding authority, yet bearing in mind always the biological needs of abundant human vitality, we of the postwar generation can, if we will, dedicate ourselves to ends of our own choosing and lay down the moral imperatives our choice demands. We do not need to live in confusion, bewildered by the many gospels of materialism and hedonism, nor do we need to flee from reality to such escapist faiths as Buchmanism and Barthianism. As surely as my grandfather had a life program and a moral code, based on the hypothesis that Christianity is true, so can we discipline

ourselves on the assumption that the universe is indifferent to us and that we are responsible for our own destiny.

Generally speaking, we need to set up three goals for ourselves, to replace those we have abandoned in turning away from traditional Christianity. We need, first of all, a goal of personal attainment—an ideal of the ancient Greeks which Christianity, emphasizing the after-life, has always cried down. Not to be confused with morality in conduct, personal attainment has to do only with what the individual makes of his own life in achieving spiritual stature. It involves courage, aspiration, and perseverance; it involves both the choosing of a program for one's self and the fulfilling of one's potentialities by living up to that program. Whether one be an architect or a surgeon, a business man or a farmer, he can strive for wisdom and excellence.

One needs, in the second place, a sense of social responsibility in place of the indiscriminate love of one's neighbors which has been preached in the name of Christianity. We have a badly diseased social order, daily threatened with war and destruction, to show for this absurd fraternalism, which has emphasized sentimentality at the expense of critical intelligence. It takes no great perspicacity to see that if we are to preserve the civilized values man has sweated for through the centuries we must abandon false ideals of human equality, reinstate the aristocratic principle in society, and seek to educate for leadership. Qualified through strenuous self-discipline, superior minorities must rule and do so with justice and wisdom. It is by all means up to our generation to prepare itself for intelligent social action; for the uncurbed naturalism of the wish-thinking masses drives society steadily toward barbarism.

Third, we need a new moral code,



based on human will power and intelligence, to replace the traditional code replaced in the revolt of modern youth. Certain aspects of an up-to-date morality are implied in the above paragraphs, but we need more than ideals of personal excellence and social responsibility. We want to live intelligently and fruitfully, and to that end desire definite principles, in harmony with the needs of modern life, to become established in society as guides to moral conduct.

In general, Christian morality has emphasized what Irving Babbitt calls "the will to refrain," which he describes as the veto power of the higher ethical will over the lower appetites of the individual, over the lusts of the body, of the mind and of the imagination. Any morality, of course, must stress the will to refrain, since the power to renounce what is unworthy is a necessary prerequisite to the attainment of what is excellent.

The new morality, however, must correct the over-emphasis which Christianity put upon negative virtues at the expense of positive achievement. The Christian refrained so that he might achieve a sort of bloodless humility which qualified him for the after-life. The modern man must refrain in order to attain the basic integrity necessary for wisdom, character, and leadership.

Thus the new code must stress discipline of the natural man, but no such complete denial of life as Christianity preached. Moral standards should not confine too severely the vital energies of the human race, but rather should direct them into fruitful channels leading toward higher levels of accomplishment. Room should be left in the system for biological fulfillment of the individual through family life; for the economic prudence and planning necessary to obtain release from overburdening worldly cares and

bring a measure of spiritual freedom; and for expression of the creative impulses through æsthetic experience in the realm of the arts, in the realm of ideas, and in the realm of personal relationships.

At the same time there must be great emphasis upon truth and honesty; upon Aristotle's four great humanist ideals, temperance, fortitude, wisdom, and justice; and upon consideration for those with whom one shares this earth in common. The very existence of civilization implies intelligent regard on the part of each individual to the ultimate consequences of his conduct. Pure-hearted intentions must be supplemented by practical wisdom; alone they do not suffice.

More important than any single moral principle is the training of the individual will, particularly in childhood, for character must exist before intelligence can function, and self-mastery is the essence of character. No personal philosophy is worth its salt which does not exalt the role of the will above other human qualities, for society owes every advance from barbarism to its functioning. Where the higher will is asserted there is civilization; where it is lacking there is either primitivism or decadence.

No set of ethical principles can become an accepted code immediately. There is always a long period of trial and adjustment for new ideas, a period of gradual dissemination. Ceasing to live by faith in the supernatural discredits one moral code, deduced from religion, and leaves society for a time chaotic; but learning to live by faith in human courage and reason involves the gradual building of a new morality, which is, after all, not necessarily new, for it too must have its roots in the wisdom of the race.

In the United States religious authority has been slipping for several decades. The rationalization of the

traditional moral code involved the iconoclastic confusion of the postwar era as the old restraints were discredited and cast off. But it must, sooner or later, involve a constructive phase if our civilization is to endure. It may be that we shall be a long time yet living without the discipline of an established set of principles. However, individuals cannot ignore the imperatives of conduct in a complex society without eventual distress. With thoughtful people pointing this out on every side, there is at least a hope that the reaction has already set in and that Americans are learning once more to incorporate the principle of discipline in their lives.

At any rate we who have grown up

since the World War stand to-day at the crossroads. The great disillusionments of our time are our strength as well as our weakness; for no other generation was ever so free of ancient delusions, so strong in intellectual self-confidence. We are beginning to sense our destiny in problems of the spirit; it is ours to build and go forward or to fail our trust as the leaders of the future. The agnosticism of the twentieth century has brought about the downfall of the old Protestant morality. But amorality is a heresy against civilization; there must and there shall be a rugged new philosophy, based on will power and aspiration, character and intelligence, to lead the world through the dark days ahead.

## CRY ACROSS LETHE

BY SELMA ROBINSON

**T**HIS is your name, but no matter how I try it,  
 No matter what note I cry and how I call,  
 No matter how I assail the indifferent quiet,  
 There is never answer at all, no answer at all.

*Oh, you, behind the dead, behind the undreaming  
 And soundless dead, come out, be quick and escape  
 From that pitiless dark, and see how I stand here screaming  
 With my fingers cupped to my mouth in a trumpet's shape.*

*The spear of my voice is sharp, and my aim is certain,  
 It will skim the river of pitch and the woods of tar,  
 It will tear the thick, the black and sundering curtain  
 Until it will find you there, wherever you are.*

*Forsake the land of the dead. The living clover  
 Is white, and the grass is green, and the sun is high.  
 I shape your name and I call it over and over  
 Till my voice is a whispering voice and my tongue is dry.*





## BRIEF ITEM IN TIME OF PEACE

A STORY

BY MORRIS MARKEY

ALL right, you can call it tough luck. There were forty-eight of them in that turret when she blew, and they went out like chalk rubbed off a blackboard. But listen to me. There were two gobs on that ship who had tougher luck—they had tougher luck than anybody in the world ever had, and I was one of them. Even this is better than being in the Navy after taking that one on the chin. Have a drink.

*(This was in a town called Crescent City, in California. He was the barman in a dreary little speakeasy that looked out over the dreary gray of the Pacific Ocean. Two old men were playing checkers in the corner. The lamplight sparkled on a nickel slot machine, close by the bar. It was a crumbling wooden building, painted yellow, and the Pacific wind squealed through the cracks. I hope you understand this is the gob talking from now on. If you have seen as many sailors as I have, you know when to keep your fingers crossed. But I believed nearly all of this one, and damn' near cried. You don't have to cry. You don't even have to believe any of it.)*

We were on target practice, you remember, down off San Pedro. Nearly everything in the whole Battle Fleet was there, the big wagons and the destroyers, a whole flock of cruisers, and even the old *Langley*. Every morning and every afternoon we let loose a few rounds from the big guns at towed tar-

gets. It took forty-four men to handle the routine in the main turrets when the guns were going, but that left space for four more to jam themselves in somehow, and those four were called the bystanders. Every day they would pick the bystanders from different sections of the ship—let them go up and see how the loading and firing was done.

This day I am talking about they came round to my section and said one of us could come up and be a bystander in Number Three turret. I carried a rating of Chief Yeoman and was detailed in the paymaster's office on that cruise. I had five men to help me—my Chief Yeoman's Mate, who went by the name of Jeff Starke, and four sailors. We had to keep a lot of accounts and do a lot of bookkeeping, but it was a good berth anyway.

I said we would match to see who would be the bystander from our section, but one of the sailors put up a howl at that. He said he never had seen one of those fourteen-inch guns sound off, and he didn't intend to leave his chances to any sort of gambling game with me, after what had happened the last payday. He was a fellow named Purdie Hunter, but we called him Goldilocks on account of his yellow hair.

This Hunter thought a while and said that we would have a game of skill. Whoever could kick the highest against

the bulkhead in three tries would be the lucky sailor. He was six foot four. But I called off the arguments and told him to go ahead and kick, because I was sick of all the jawing. He didn't need but one kick. He put a heel mark on that bulkhead twelve inches higher than any of us could reach, and so I told him to swarm away up topside and get his belly full of gun shooting.

I see him now, with those long legs of his, piling up that ladder and turning round half way to give us a loud razzberry. The turret blew about ten minutes later.

I knew what it was all right. I didn't have to wait for the fumes to come down the hatchway or for the Z Emergency to sound off. You could tell from the way the ship vibrated after the detonation that it was something more than a gun firing, or even a whole broadside salvo.

We hit the deck without much gab. My post in emergency was that same Number Three turret, and I had the hunch from the minute I left my quarters that she was the one that had gone. It was a right hunch. The deck was full of sailors, with the Exec in command and calling orders quietly. It was a thing to make everybody steady the way he called his orders. The sea was calm, and off on the starboard quarter we could see the *Idaho* standing by and taking our signals from the bridge.

I went to my post by the turret. The door was still tight shut but we could see the black fumes seeping through, and they were bad on the eyes. The Exec called out, "Get that door open," and five or six of us jumped to it.

When she swung wide the black smoke was like a gas attack, but the wind cleared it in a minute, and we could see sailors piled up in there like fish in a market. Lying right in the door was that tall boy Hunter. It was

natural for him to be there, seeing he had been a bystander. I reached down and caught him by the wrist and the bark came off. It was lucky for me then that the Exec called out, "Stand back all hands there." I went over to the rail and in a few minutes felt some better.

Now so you can understand what a spot we were in on that battle wagon, I'll have to explain to you how a turret can blow like that.

Each of those turrets serves two guns, and it is so crowded that everybody has a tough, fast time of it. Right in the middle is the hatchway leading down to the main magazine. It's an opening about eight feet square, and the elevator comes up through it, bringing the projectiles and the powder from below. Every sailor has his job in the routine—one particular job that he has to do just right and on the split second.

The first thing that goes into the breech of a big rifle is the projectile. It comes up to the breech from the elevator on a little carriage, and the boys stationed there slide it home. The next thing is the powder, several bags of it. Now the bags are silk, because silk burns up quickly and doesn't leave any smoldering bits in the chamber of the rifle after the discharge.

Those bags weigh four hundred and fifty pounds apiece, and that's a lot of TNT. After you've put two or three of them in behind the projectile you ease the breech shut, make your signal, and stand by for the command to fire.

Now as a general rule, nobody ever can tell exactly what makes a turret blow up, because none of the eye-witnesses, so to speak, come out to give their testimony. But this time there was some evidence. There was a little ensign standing by on one of the guns, and a split second before the explosion came he dived head first down the ammunition chute. He broke a leg and an arm, but after a while they got him



up in the sick-bay and he told it all in about ten words. "I saw them signal the breech closed on No. 2 gun. I saw the turret captain begin his signal to fire. Then I jumped. Because I could see that the breech was open about an inch."

You see?

As near as they could figure out afterward, about four of those big bags were lying on the carriages in the turret, all ready for the next round. They went when the backfire came, and the inside of that place, in a count of two, was just like the inside of a rifle chamber when you've pressed the firing button.

I told you about the open hatch leading down to the main magazine. I went in the turret after a few minutes, when the Exec had already looked it over, and pieces of burning rag were falling down through that open hatch as leaves fall off trees in November. They were from the other bags, and from the uniforms of the men. A crew was working down below, putting the rags out when they came down to land, but it was such a little distance between the burning rags and all those tons of explosive in the main magazines that none of us was having a very good time.

I was working over the dead and trying to stamp out some of the burning rags when I heard them sound the signal to open the seacocks. They were going to flood everything—sink the ship if they had to. That was better than blowing up like a firecracker, which we might do any minute. I heard the alarm go, "Stand by to abandon ship."

It didn't take long to have her bows well down, when the water began to pour in through those seacocks. But it didn't seem to be doing much good. For all the sea that was pouring into the hull, they couldn't get water up high enough to flood the magazine. The boys were still working on those drifting bits of fiery rag that seemed

to keep coming down as fast as they were put out. They started getting out the lifeboats, and we could see them getting out the lifeboats on the *Idaho*, a few hundred yards off. The whole fleet had quit steaming and everything was standing round waiting for us to make one big sound and then just not be there any more.

I went below to my quarters. When you abandon ship like that everybody has to take something with him. Somebody is supposed to take care of the instruments, for example. Somebody else is told off to take the Captain's files, and the Exec's files—all the records.

Down in my quarters Starke and I started packing a suitcase full of the payroll records, the ledgers and bales of paper that go with that job. There was a big lot of stuff, and we were stowing it away pretty fast when I noticed that Starke had quit working and was looking at me sort of funny. I said to him, "What the hell? If she blows she blows. Hold your breakfast, sailor."

But he kept looking at me. I thought he was jumpy about the blow-off we expected any minute, because that was the way he looked, but then he said in a low sort of voice, "You going to open the safe?"

I didn't say anything. I knew by now what was in his head. There was about two hundred thousand dollars in the safe, in currency. More than that.

Starke said, "There's going to be a lot of excitement when we clear away in the boats. We're going to be sorry as hell that we forgot all this money and let it sink to the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. We're going to tell them how sorry we are and then quit answering questions."

I said, "If only she don't blow up, maybe we could get away with it."

"Get the safe open," he said.

I got the safe open and there were

the little packages of money, just like I had counted them out and put the little paper bands around them. Starke reached past me and grabbed a handful and started packing them in a little black bag he had. There was too much of it to stow in our clothes, and anyway that would have been a give-away if anything went wrong and they nailed us. In the bag, that way, we could always back down and say we were bringing it off with the rest of the paymaster's stuff.

I said, "They won't pay any attention when we climb aboard the *Idaho*."

He said, "We can hide it some place when we get aboard there."

We could feel the water pouring into the ship. The bows were so far down now that the floor of our quarters was on a steep slant. We could hear men yelling all up and down our deck—not excited, you understand, but just making everything clear to abandon ship, and sitting sort of nervous with all that fire and high explosive so close together.

When we had got all the money packed in the little bag we went ahead and finished stowing the records in the suitcase.

I said, "If they try to check too close on us, we'll haul out."

"Sure," he said. "My hitch is up in another month anyway. I can stall until then."

"With that much jack," I told him, "even a fool could get away safe. I'm heading for Mexico the first time there ain't anybody looking."

We didn't talk much after that. All the time the ship was going deeper and deeper in the bows. I went over and stood by the garbage chute for a minute and there weren't six inches of daylight between the end of the chute and the sea. The water was boiling up from under the hull as we settled. The deck was heaved over to such an angle we could hardly stand up.

The junior officers were shouting

orders down the hatchways, but I went over to that little bag and opened it up and just stood there for a minute or two, looking at all that money, picking it up in my hands—twenties and tens and fives—trying to figure how I felt being that rich, rich as Rockefeller. I thought of the things I was going to buy, and I can remember I sort of prayed—you know—Jesus, don't let that magazine blow now—not *now*! I thought about all the broads in the whole world, and every single one of them having plenty of time for me. I thought about the things I would get for them, diamond rings and necklaces and red dresses and shoes made out of snakeskin, buying everything that any of them ever had a notion for. Starke must have been thinking about the same thing because I saw him looking hard at the money. But all he said was, over and over again, "My God, boy! My God, my God!"

We didn't dispute who was going to carry it. There wasn't any need of that. He could carry it, and he knew better than to try anything. He knew me pretty well.

A sailor came up and said, "You're wanted above decks. Detail to transport the dead." He didn't see the money because I dropped the lid of the bag.

I said to Starke, looking hard at him, "You take care of it, Mate." He nodded his head.

The sailor asked me whether I thought the ship was going to blow up before we could get off, but I didn't pay any attention to him.

When I got up on deck it suddenly came to me that I hadn't thought about those dead sailors for a long time. But they had them in sheets by now, and I said to myself that there wasn't any use getting soft in the throat about a lot of sailors that were dead and gone anyway. Still, I couldn't help feeling sort of thankful to them. You know what I



mean. One poor gob there had made a mistake about that breech-lock, and the turret had gone. Just like that, and he had made a millionaire out of a dumb Chief Yeoman. He had knocked off himself and forty-seven other men at that same time, but what the hell? That wasn't my fault, was it? I didn't do it. It was just a sort of fate, knocking off forty-eight dumb sailors so that two dumb sailors could get rich. Somebody always has to suffer, and if that was the way this fate business worked out, well, did I have anything to do with it? It was easy enough to get my mind off of those fellows, with that ship likely to blow apart any minute, and with all those greenbacks, piled up one on top of another, all belonging to me.

The *Tennessee* was off the port bow, getting down her boats. Three or four destroyers were running around us like terrier dogs around a hurt bear, speaking us through their trumpets and getting our calls back.

Then they nailed me. They nailed me tight down to the deck so I couldn't move one foot, couldn't lift a foot or a hand or even take a breath. They called, "Close the seacocks."

The Lieutenant Commander in charge of the magazines came running up to the Captain and said, "All under control now, sir. All fires extinguished." And the Old Man shouted, "Close the seacocks."

When I could move, after a minute or two, I dropped below decks to where Starke was coming out of our quarters, a gob carrying the suitcases and himself with the black bag under his folded-up peajacket.

I said, "The bastards have crossed us."

He just looked at me. I said, "They're not going to let her go down. They're saving the ship."

Starke turned black. I guess I was looking black too. He said, "Don't

try to be funny, Mate. I don't like it."

I said, "I told you, didn't I?"

He turned around and went back to the safe and told the gob to put the suitcases down and get out. He looked at me. "The bastards," he said. We stood there calling them all the names for a minute or two. We looked at the money, and threw it back in the safe a bundle at a time throwing it hard enough to break the paper wrappers and spread the money in a jumbled pile. Starke kept saying, "It's my money, the rats. Taking it away from you when it's already yours."

I said, "It's our money. They're a lot of god damn' thieves."

A gob came through. He was looking silly, like he'd had a drink. He said, "Yow! Ain't it great they're saving the old tub? I'd be losing a home if this wagon went down."

Starke slogged him in the mouth and slid him away down the deck, which was still slanting at a steep angle.

After a while we had to go up topside again and we took a look at the forty-eight bodies all lying out in a long row. I felt a little different about them now. I guess it was dumb to be sore at them, but dumb or not, I was sore. They started the whole business by fouling a load routine. They put me in the money and then, like it was a good joke to somebody, they snatched the money back again.

When my hitch was done I lashed up and cast off. No more Navy for me after that. Starke left before I did but he didn't even bother to come around and say so long. The thing left him kind of bitter and he acted like every man in sea-going clothes was his enemy. I never have heard of him since.

Maybe you understand now why I said it wasn't the forty-eight that had the tough luck, but me. And maybe you understand why even a dump like this is better than the Navy after the break I got. Have one on the house.



## THE *NEW* NEW TESTAMENT

BY F. A. SPENCER

ONLY yesterday the science of physics was transformed by the discoveries of Albert Einstein. Conservatives at first found the Einstein theory a bitter pill to swallow. Many will recall that certain die-hards among both scientists and clergy accused this gentle scholar of everything in the book, from subtle hypocrisy and deception to downright immorality. When the new physics is mentioned a few academicians of my acquaintance still mutter in their beards, deplore the degeneracy of the times, and hope that a savior will arise who can explode an hypothesis so inherently vicious.

A somewhat parallel situation has recently developed in New Testament exegesis. Long ago the second-century writer, Papias of Hierapolis, as quoted in Eusebius' *Church History*, said that Matthew wrote his Gospel in Aramaic, that is, the vernacular spoken as far back as five hundred years before Christ, when Hebrew became mainly a literary tongue. This statement has never been able to carry conviction as literal truth, but it may now be regarded as a hint in the right direction. For internal evidence has been brought forth which shows, so far as such demonstration ever can, that our Gospels were not *composed* in Greek, but *translated*, sometimes rather badly, from Aramaic originals based on ultimate sources which date in part from the lifetime of Jesus himself. The corollary of this hypothesis

is that, far from being a precipitate of Greek influence, committed to paper at the end of the first or the beginning of the second century, the *original* Gospels were all written before the destruction of Jerusalem in 70 A.D.

This theory, only recently published in fuller form, has been held by Professor Torrey of Yale and has been known to those on the inner circle for about thirty years. During all this time conservatives have been uttering half-choked cries of protest or have occasionally brought out articulate objections. It is not pleasant to confess a major error, and still less so to admit that the whole basis of a lifetime's work is wrong. Yet this is precisely what now confronts conservative New Testament exegetes, who have not only clung to the notion that the Gospels were composed in Greek, but have accepted it as a truism that the Pauline epistles were the first bit of Christian literature ever set down on paper.

Classical philologists, I venture to say, are more reluctant than natural scientists to abandon a cherished hypothesis. In the domain of New Testament criticism there are added doctrinal complications. A fundamentalist, of course, will reject with horror the notion that the Greek which he has so painfully acquired is not the last court of authority on all matters, doctrinal and otherwise. If he lacks the intelligence to master Greek he will probably remain content with the



English version which he has been using all along. Even a liberal churchman or exegete, who has a good knowledge of New Testament Greek and a nodding acquaintance with Hebrew, is likely to shy at the thought of admitting that in the old familiar text he has not after all "the very words of God." Such a shaking of the foundations of authority is well nigh intolerable to one who has devoted a lifetime to preaching and teaching on the basis of a minute interpretation of the Greek text. This minister or teacher may confess that in many spots he must twist the Greek out of its normal sense, he must dodge, paraphrase, emend, or excise in order to obtain any tolerable meaning. He may admit that there are passages in the Gospels where the ethical teaching of Jesus seems curiously lower than the standard generally set. But for the most part he will worry along with the "explanations" which have satisfied generations of scholars.

Everyone doubtless is familiar with the story of the Kentucky preacher brought up on his King James Bible who brushed aside the study of foreign tongues with this classic pronouncement, "The English language was good enough for Jesus and Paul, and it's good enough for me." One hesitates to bring the parallel home too closely, yet in essentials it applies. A prime reason for the opposition to Professor Torrey's thesis is downright ignorance of Aramaic. The study of Greek, not to mention Hebrew or Aramaic, has almost died out as a compulsory feature of the curriculum in our theological seminaries. Only a few men now living possess sufficient acquaintance with Aramaic, the Greek of the Septuagint Bible, and the language of the Gospels to pass judgment on an hypothesis of this kind. But when these invaders come over into the New Testament, conservative Greek

scholars cannot help feeling that the whole affair is mutiny. When honest exegetes profess their willingness to collaborate with expert professors of Semitics in a new interpretation of the New Testament they may mean what they say, yet in their heart of hearts they cannot help resenting those bold, bad Orientalists who threaten to break up the meeting.

And yet scholars in the orthodox camp have not been insensible to the difficulties and peculiarities of the Gospel language. The character of New Testament Greek has, in fact, been long disputed, and has been estimated in ways that differ astoundingly. The very oldest view may be designated as the "God's Greek" hypothesis. This is all of a piece with the notion, still presented in certain hinterland seminaries, that one fine day, a few hundred years ago, Yahweh himself sat down and, calling for a stenographer, proceeded to dictate word by word in Greek the Gospels as we know them. Obviously a divine tongue of this sort would not need to conform to any human literary standard.

Toward the beginning of the twentieth century it did seem that a definite mortal norm had been brought to light. A number of non-literary papyri, couched in Hellenistic or Common Greek, were discovered in Egypt. The New Testament, like the translations from Hebrew or Aramaic which we call the Septuagint Bible, was plainly written in Common Greek. New Testament exegetes, therefore, came gradually to hold that a full comparison between the language of the papyri and that of the Gospels would solve almost all difficulties. Workers in this field were able to shed light on single words and phrases, but they could not produce any extensive parallels to the prose of the Septuagint or of the Gospels. And from the very

first the wide divergence in the views of those who exploited it most successfully pointed to a fundamental lack in the thesis itself. For the adherents of the "papyri school" appear even yet unable to make up their minds just how natural and easy, or how awkward and uneasy, just how literary and refined, or barbarous and unpolished, they must term the language of the Gospels. Their theory, however interpreted, will not explain all the difficulties at hand, that is to say in summary, the presence of a wide and subtle vocabulary handled with masterful skill, but used to clothe idioms which are demonstrably awkward and un-Greek.

It is a rule of elementary common sense to compare like with like. The only extensive parallel to the prose of the Gospels which can be brought forward is that of the Septuagint, which is admittedly translation Greek. By any standard of composed Greek, the language of the Gospels simply will not fall into any other category than that of translation. This fact the followers of another school were almost on the point of recognizing. About the same time that the papyri were discovered the view developed that the writers of the Gospels, accustomed as they were to speaking Aramaic in the home, blundered at times when they attempted to use Greek as a literary language. Hence they wrote a Jewish-Greek *patois*, or to put the matter a little differently, they thought in Aramaic and wrote in Greek.

The difficulty with this hypothesis is that no parallels to such a jargon can be found anywhere in a literary context, unless one admits such jocose barbarities as the ramblings of the Thracian policeman in Aristophanes' "Thesmophoriazusae." The speech of this barbarian illustrates precisely what the Greek of the Gospels is not.

He gets his vocabulary, case and verb-endings, as well as syntax, hopelessly mixed in the well-known manner of all raw foreigners. But the translators of the Gospels are patently masters of Greek vocabulary. Their diction is distinguished by its uniform excellence and subtlety. It is their *idiom* which is Semitic. And that is exactly what one would expect of a translator striving to render faithfully, word for word in Greek, Aramaic documents which he considered essential to his own and the world's salvation.

Variations of the Jewish-Greek hypothesis have in time past brought several scholars—Wellhausen, Burney, and Montgomery among others—close to the view of which Professor Torrey has the honor to be first champion. A number of research men, dallying with the notion that the Gospels are based on Semitic sources, have pointed to evidences of mistranslation. But the prevailing conception that, based on Semitic documents or not, the Gospels were composed freely in Greek has prevented these corrections from leading to the logical conclusion that the Gospels are in their entirety translations from Hebrew or Aramaic.

## II

As a proof at the outset that the translation hypothesis does indeed create a new New Testament, I cite two examples where our Authorized Version, closely following the Greek, makes Jesus quote Scripture which does not exist and, what is worse, advise his representatives to be downright rude in a fashion which no courteous Oriental would dream of following. It should be said in advance of more detailed explanation further on that the Aramaic of the Gospels was written in continuous, unpointed script, only the consonants



(not the vowels) being represented. One word, therefore, could easily be mistaken for another and distinctions in gender might slip the attention of the most careful translator.

In John 7.38 Jesus declares, "He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." Now modern translators are likely to soften this down, though they can do nothing to relieve the inherent absurdity of the quotation attributed to Jesus, by rendering "belly" as "heart." But the same Aramaic word means both "middle of a man" and "midst of a city." A slight change of pointing makes the assumed Aramaic original read "midst of her," that is Jerusalem, instead of "midst of him." The reference is to Psalms 46.4-5: "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God . . . God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early." As Professor Torrey translates, the pertinent part of the sentence runs, "Out of the midst of Her shall flow rivers of living water." According to Luke 10.4, Jesus counsels his seventy disciples to "salute no man by the way." Modern exegetes wriggle round the difficulty by saying that Jesus meant only to stress the urgent nature of the mission on which he was sending his disciples. The truth lies elsewhere. Two Aramaic verbs, as even the monolingual can see, are quite hard to distinguish from one another in a continuous script. "Sh'lem l'" means "join oneself to, take as a companion." "Shallem l'" signifies "greet, speak to." The translator of this passage chose the second alternative when he should have read the first. Professor Torrey renders, "enter into fellowship with no one on the road."

Examples such as these, conservative exegetes may "explain," though they

cannot refute. Their method is rather to disclaim all knowledge of Aramaic and yet to say that New Testament scholars who *know* no Aramaic must accept the translation hypothesis before it can really be considered sound! Before we go on to define the term Aramaic more closely and to give further examples of how Professor Torrey's demonstration restores sense in crucial passages of the Gospel text, the arguments of the enemy, which constitute the theory's best defense, must be answered. The process incidentally may supply a certain amount of background which the lay reader does not possess.

Those on the other bank maintain that the whole thesis, with its corollary, is psychologically improbable. They proceed first of all on the assumption that the Gospels were produced when the Church had already cut the umbilical cord of Jewish tradition. More than that, some of them astoundingly maintain that there was never such a thing as Jewish Christians. We cannot point to any first-century Christian literature extant in Aramaic originals. Therefore, there was never an early group, set apart from normal Judaism, for which writings of this type could have been designed. Hence, these supposed documents are merely a figment of the imagination. How, they ask, could the Gospels have been composed at an early period, when the Church was not yet conscious of its wider mission and importance, when its horizon was definitely Palestinian, when the divinity of Jesus was not yet fully recognized?

Back of these objections lies an initial point of view so naïve that it ought to have perished in Edward Gibbon's time. There is involved here a totally wrong conception of intellectual and religious life in Palestine during the first century A.D.

That the Greek world outside was illiterate those in the enemy trenches would certainly not affirm. It is in fact admitted that the opening centuries of our era were more literate than any other until the modern period of compulsory education. Of this there is solid proof, contemporary letters written on every subject under heaven by men and women of all ranks and professions. In a period somewhat later than the first century the laborers of Britain amused their leisure by scribbling verses from the *Aeneid* on the bricks they made.

But when it comes to a judgment of Palestine, the case changes. There was forsooth no Hellenistic, no specifically Greek influence in Palestine during the early part of the first century A.D. and its inhabitants, according to the opposition, must have been a pretty illiterate lot. A certain Irishman knew better than that, as his novel, *The Brook Kerith*, gives evidence. Here, as often, a mere novelist has gone straighter to the truth than professors, who have grown slightly muzzy from being locked too long in their own compartment and who will admit no guesses except their own.

Jesus and his disciples spoke Aramaic. Of this there can be no doubt. Whenever Mark quotes a saying of Jesus *directly*, the language is always Aramaic transliterated into Greek. Yet we are asked to believe that Jesus and his disciples, addressing a public which spoke the same tongue, would create no demand for the preservation in vernacular of their notable words and deeds. About two hundred years before Christ the author of *Ecclesiastes*, in a quotation known wherever the Bible is read, had declared that book-buying was an endless business and that close study was a weariness to the flesh. This at a period when parts of *Ezra* existed in the Aramaic original, when Aramaic

was the recognized speech of Jews and had been for more than two centuries past.

Nearly six generations previous to the birth of Christ the revolt of the Maccabees, under Judas the Hammer, was brought about and the development of the Pharisees, the "Separatist" group, came to a head because of the pervasive character of pagan influence in Jewish life and thought. And had not Jerusalem for years been a veritable trading-ground of ideas as well as material goods? Her very festivals were a Mecca for philosophers and thinkers as well as for merchants. Egypt, and especially Alexandria, always remained in close touch with Palestine. Yet presumably such "Alexandrian Greek philosophy" as one finds in John's Gospel could not permeate to Palestine before the end of the first century or the beginning of the second! The Church, having remained in a Judaeo-Christian or, not to beg the question, a Palestinian vacuum for nearly a century, emerged at last with a shout and cried: "Lo, here is Greek culture!" A curious vibration of opinion which denies that there were Jewish Christians and yet maintains that the Church during this pre-Gospel period had a specifically Palestinian outlook.

If one examines the Gospels with minute attention, one finds that the point of view is distinctly Palestinian. The writers admit of course that Gentiles must enter into the scheme of salvation. The good news must be preached to the ends of the earth. But this was nothing more than they could discover in the writings of Second Isaiah. At crucial points one expects to find that the vision of the Gospels, written as they presumably were under Greek influence, has expanded to a cosmopolitan range equal to or surpassing that of Paul. But the contrary is true. Jesus commands the



Twelve not to go among the Gentiles, but rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. They will, he says, not have covered the towns of Israel before the Son of Man arrives. The Jewish children must be fed first. It is unjust to take bread from them and throw it to the (Gentile) dogs. One expects Jesus in his interview with the Greeks in the twelfth chapter of John to outline a wide and tolerant missionary program for the Gentiles. But there is not a word of this—only some lovely verses which sound like a paraphrase of the central doctrine of the Eleusinian Mysteries.

Two things become quite clear when such an examination is made. In the first place, the Gospels take a much narrower view of missionary work than does Paul. Consequently their sources must be earlier in date than the Pauline epistles. Secondly, there is no historical allusion in any of the Gospels which forces us to date it *after* 70 A.D. On the contrary Mark makes a reference, what looks startlingly like a contemporary reference instinct with horror, to Caligula's attempt in 40 A.D. to place his statue as Jupiter Olympius in the Holy of Holies—"But when ye shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, standing where it ought not. . . ." Supposed references to the destruction of Jerusalem turn out upon close scrutiny to be literally and without exception repeated from Old Testament prophecies, where it is foretold that foreign armies will surround Jerusalem, that city and Temple will be destroyed, and that two-thirds of the people in the land will be butchered. The activity of that quasi-Nazi party, the Zealots, culminating in a revolt which did eventually bring about the destruction of Jerusalem, began while Jesus was still very young. Reverberations of its plots and propaganda

could be heard, and oracles regarding the possible issue when the inevitable clash came would be invoked, long before underground work broke out into open mutiny.

The argument that Jesus would not have been acclaimed as divine during his lifetime will not hold for a moment. In the fifth century B.C. the Greek poet Empedocles said that he was honored as an immortal god, not as a mortal, in his native island of Sicily. Men followed after him by thousands, asking the way to wealth, demanding oracles and cures. Empedocles claimed, moreover, that he could teach his disciples to control the weather and even bring the dead back to life. Lysander, the Spartan general who took Athens at the end of the Peloponnesian War, was deified during his lifetime. So was Alexander the Great. In the East Augustus was hailed as a god before ever Jesus of Nazareth was born. It was the custom of enthusiastic Orientals to deify their rulers and salute their prophets, not a generation after their death, but in their lifetime. Such was and such has remained the custom of the Orient, where a religious movement runs from Dan to Beersheba almost overnight and a new healer quickly obtains recognition. If the audience who saw Jesus work and heard him preach recognized him as divine, literary men would not refrain from canonizing him until after his death. Neither Xenophon nor Plato waited a century before embalming Socrates in prose.

### III

The opponents of Dr. Torrey's theory invoke the sacred name of science. To admit such a theory, they contend, lets loose a brood of conjectural emendations in the field of scientific textual criticism. Well, textual criticism is perhaps a science

when it dates handwriting or plots the family tree of manuscripts, estimating mutual relationships within the family, and noting variant readings where tribes among the clan disagree. When the subjective element enters—and it does to a certain degree when one attempts to choose between the “better” and the “worse” reading, or to emend, exclude, or in any way trifle with the Greek—then the only verdict must be: “Interesting, if true.” Would anyone maintain that New Testament exegetes always agree on crucial points of reading and interpretation?

Then, they say, there is confusion and lack of agreement in the Semitic camp. Lists of Semitisms thus far noted in the Gospels do not at all coincide. Naturally, for the subject is new, cases thus far examined have often been ambiguous or doubtful, and the amount of Aramaic possessed by previous investigators has varied widely. Competent professors of Semitics would hardly disagree about individual Semitic idioms. But to recognize the individual words lying behind a given passage in Greek requires not only constant study of Aramaic but wide familiarity with translation Greek and the Gospel language as well. To these tasks Professor Torrey has given more time than any other man living. The test of his method is whether it solves difficulties without presuming anything unnatural or improbable.

An excellent proving-ground is offered by the Septuagint, a Greek version of the Hebrew Bible which according to tradition was made in the third century B.C. at Alexandria by a rabbinical committee of “seventy” (hence the name Septuagint), but which most probably was done by men from various regions over a period of about four centuries. Our Massoretic text, the one “handed down” by Hebrew scholars from the second cen-

tury A.D., is of course not so old as that used for the Septuagint and does not always coincide with it. But by comparison of the two, and by careful study of the various translation methods, we can be sure in literally thousands of cases what Hebrew reading was used. In simple narrative or discourse the wording of the original is to a large degree unmistakable, though synonyms afford some range of choice and error. With regard to poetry or prophecy a judgment is much more difficult to form and conjectures will sometimes vary. However, a competent Hebrew scholar can take as a test case some section with which he happens to be rather unfamiliar in both the Greek and the Hebrew texts, such a passage, say, as the twentieth chapter of II *Samuel*, and, translating a few verses, can hit 72 out of 80 words exactly right and in the precise order of the Hebrew original. The remaining eight will be synonyms. Any mis-translation in the Greek will probably guide him at once to the precise wording of the Hebrew.

I say competent Hebrew scholar, for the dabbings of amateurs here are more likely to afford amusement than information to specialists in the field, who have not only mastered the Semitic tongues but also given careful consideration to the methods of Septuagint translation. The results may be stated as follows. In general the older versions, though in the main sticking close to the Hebrew, are freer than the late ones, which become increasingly rigid and literal. Now the Gospel translators followed the same method as those who made our later Old Testament versions, and competent scholars can identify the resulting phenomena with a great degree of accuracy. In one celebrated case the cleavage between composition and translation is earmarked by the author himself. The preamble to his grand-



son's version of Ben Sira's Hebrew proverbs, our "Ecclesiasticus," resembles in the quality of its Greek the prologue to Luke's Gospel. With the actual beginning of the proverbs Ben Sira's translator lapses into the same stiff medium employed throughout the remainder of *Luke*.

To be sure, translation from Aramaic into Greek is not so easy to recognize as a similar rendering from Hebrew. The word order of the Aramaic was more flexible and varied, while its idiom was less archaic, obscure, and less markedly poetic than that of the literary language. In the Gospels, moreover, another important guide to translation and mistranslation is lacking, for their originals, unlike the Hebrew, had been very little corrupted by the passage of time. Yet examples taken from both will show that scrupulous fidelity of rendering produced in either case an identical quaintness, an identical union of Common Greek vocabulary with Semitic idiom and word order.

The seventeenth chapter of *Judges* yields this specimen: "And there was a young man from Bethlehem . . . and he a Levite, and he dwelt there." Luke in his nineteenth chapter renders thus: "And behold a man by name called Zacchaeus, and he was a chief publican, and he rich." Both versions in their distribution of the superfluous pronoun exhibit plainly the result of following an original with painstaking literalness. Such instances could be multiplied indefinitely. When scholars approach the subject of translation Greek in the Gospels they do not shy away from the test of the Septuagint, as opponents of the Torrey hypothesis seem to think, but proceed to their task on the basis of detailed research, which has made abundantly clear the main characteristics of translation Greek in the Old Testament.

Lesser adherents of the Greek origi-

nal school often speak as if we had no literature in Aramaic, while amateurs on the other side frequently let patriotism outrun their knowledge. One should distinguish between Western Aramaic, the dialect spoken throughout Palestine, and Eastern Aramaic, which we now call Syriac. The latter helps to illuminate the former, because it has a very extensive literature, mainly religious. The vocabularies of both are similar; their idioms are identical. Just here a mine of comparison exists in the Syriac versions of the Greek Gospels. These include not only older ones, but also the Peshitta or "Simple" translation made at the beginning of the fifth century A.D. by Rabbula, Bishop of Edessa. The date deserves emphasis, for news stories have recently appeared in which the Peshitta is confused with the *lost* originals of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

Taken as a whole then, Aramaic possesses a far larger body of literature than does classical Hebrew. And during the first century A.D. the literary language was uniform throughout Palestine as well as the Jewish Dispersion. For the benefit of his scattered countrymen Josephus wrote his *Wars of the Jews* originally in Aramaic, and only later furbished it forth in Greek. A circular letter such as that dispatched by Rabbi Gamaliel II shortly after Paul's death could be sent from the Black Sea to Upper Egypt, or from Cilicia through Arabia and Mesopotamia as far as the bounds of India and, if opened anywhere along the line, would seldom lack understanding readers.

#### IV

There are two broad answers as to why the Aramaic originals of our Gospels have not been handed down to us. Generally speaking, the cate-

gories of preservation are permanence of material (or the exceptional saving of a flimsy material like papyrus in the soil and climate of Egypt, so different from those of Palestine) and the universality of interest which the writings in question are able to arouse. Thus, for one example, we have brick tablets from Assyria and Babylonia, but no literature on skin or papyrus. And, on the other hand, an extensive Phoenician literature has perished, seemingly because not enough people cared to preserve it. A fluent journalist, sitting up at night with coffee and cigarettes, could duplicate the bulk, if not the quality, of our Bible in little more than a year. Yet that Bible hands down to us all that is left of more than a thousand years of Jewish literary activity. Whole continents of classical Greek literature have sunk without leaving much more than a ripple on the water, let alone complete translation into another language. We should never believe that they once existed had not industrious compilers and gossips told us so.

In regard to the Aramaic Gospels, they must largely have disappeared when the Romans devastated Palestine and took Jerusalem. Some of them would be carried away by Christian refugees. But, as worn Jewish synagogue rolls were destroyed to prevent contact with profane hands, so cherished copies of the Gospels may have gone into the flames when Christians girded themselves and took staves in hand to set out for the mountains. But, most important of all, the leaders of the Jewish-Christian church, when they met increasing hostility from the Jews, and turned to the Greek-speaking branch, would let their Aramaic Gospels go the way of all manuscripts in which people have lost interest.

The mention of Jewish Christians leads us directly to a consideration of

how the Aramaic sources were probably developed, edited, and translated. A flood of popular literature on Messianic themes had evidently been poured out, both in Hebrew and in Aramaic, generations preceding the birth of Jesus. A whole program of epithets and activities was ready at hand when Jesus began his public teaching and was first recognized as *the* Messiah. How soon these epithets would be applied to Jesus, how soon his forerunner would be identified as John the Baptist and his entire program of teaching and healing squared with that of the prophesied Messiah we cannot know. Certainly much of it would be done informally during his lifetime. At any rate, in the face of Messianic literature already let loose before Jesus' birth concerning a vague Messiah to come, in face of the fact that neither before nor since Jesus has the *whole* Messianic program ever been pinned to one Jewish savior, let alone a peasant carpenter, it is inconceivable that there were no early "Jewish Christians," recognizable by religious authorities of the time as a special phenomenon in Judaism, or that a vernacular Messianic literature regarding Jesus which would appeal specially to such a group was not in some degree created before his death. The only answer to those who contend otherwise, and on this ground reject the translation hypothesis, is a popular injunction against folly couched in three short, sharp words. Nor can one believe that the rabbis, who defined heresy as a setting up of another authority in addition to that of God, who refused always to believe in a pre-existent, a superhuman Messiah, who in fact ignored apocalyptic literature completely or spoke of it only to condemn it, would very long regard the Nazarenes as a mere conventicle within Judaism.

After the death of Jesus, the tragedy



of the cross and the universal belief of Jewish Christians in his resurrection and second coming would, with an increasing appeal to Old Testament oracles, be superimposed upon the documents concerning his life and teaching as *these*, floating about orally or written down in part (and thus doubly diffused), were collected and edited. Aramaic Mark (it is necessary to distinguish editor and composer from translator except in the case of Luke) made a careful abridgment of such scattered documents with some attempt at chronology and form, apparently around the year 40 A.D. Shortly afterward Matthew produced a finished Gospel, using Mark and Mark's sources as well as additional documents. Luke not only drew from Mark and Matthew and their first originals (especially the one employed by Matthew, which scholars have long designated as Q, short for German *Quelle*, "Source"). Rummaging about in Palestine, he also discovered other Aramaic writings and the Hebrew narrative of Jesus' infancy as well. These he collected, edited, and translated sometime before 60 A.D. with a special eye to Gentile Christians. About the same period Aramaic John, doubtless a resident of Jerusalem, produced mainly for Jews a highly polished narrative, based on Matthew, Mark, their sources, and other documents.

Among this group the translator of John, who perhaps made his version outside of Palestine after 70 A.D., makes most errors, averaging nearly two blunders for each page (of Professor Torrey's English translation). With about one error to the page the translator of Mark, who did a rather hasty piece of work, nearly parallels Luke, who appears to have been somewhat unfamiliar with specifically Palestinian Hebrew and Aramaic. Matthew's translator makes the best record,

having a little more than one error to every other page. Such blunders as arise (they number in all about 250) have to do usually with single words or letters or a wrong punctuation, and flow naturally from the character of the rather confusing Aramaic language as well as the continuous script in which it is written. They are the sort that any man might make who, although a master of Aramaic, yet owned Greek as his mother speech. anyone whoreads what now follows in just this form will have some notion of the difficulty inherent in a script which bears no indication of clauses and sentences which contain two letters that are identical and others that are ambiguous unless meticulously written. In Aramaic too there is a basic root which makes it possible for a given word of three or four letters to be a noun or one of several nouns, an adjective, adverb, or verb active or passive. The vowels of course are never indicated. It is much as if, having written in English the four letters *grnd*, one should then proceed to open them up successively into *grand*, *grind*, and *ground*.

From this last source of blunders, the existence in Aramaic of an ambiguous root, spring a number of glaring mistranslations. The case I choose illustrates not only the confusion of active with passive voice, but also yields a version which is in flat defiance of known Jewish custom regarding divorce. According to Jewish law a woman could not "put away her husband." If he was impotent, frigid, or afflicted with a loathsome ailment, if he had a nasty occupation such as tanning, or kept her from attending funerals and weddings (the woman in turn who scorched her husband's food could be herself "put away")—for these among other causes she could sue in the courts for a divorce, which the husband was then ordered to give her. Yet Mark 10.12, reading

*pāt' rā l' gabrah*, the active, instead of *p' tīrā l' gabrah*, the passive which is here correct, renders, "divorcing her husband."

Other errors into which the Greek versions fall give flat nonsense, which modern renderings soften by paraphrase, dodge by omission, or get around by themselves mistranslating and straining the Greek. According to our text, Mark 7.3 reads: "For the Pharisees and all the Jews, unless they wash their hands *with a fist*, will not eat . . ." Moffatt renders the italic words "up to the wrist"; the American Revised, "diligently" (the revisers anticipate Moffatt and go him one better in their alternative translation, "up to the elbow"); Goodspeed, "in a particular way." The Aramaic read *ligmār*, "at all." The translator into Greek saw *ligmod* (confusion of the identically-written end letters *daleth* and *resh*), which is to say, "with a fist." The point, then, is not that the Pharisees before meals scrub their faces childlike with their fists, but that if they have not washed, they will not eat *at all*.

Failure to recognize a perfectly familiar Semitic idiom, always appearing in the same form, has produced such a Mad Hatter time sequence as one finds in the English versions of Luke 23.54: "It was the Preparation Day, and the sabbath was just beginning." The Greek says "was dawning," not "was beginning." How could Saturday morning be dawning when it was still Friday, Preparation? The idiom, correctly rendered as in Professor Torrey's translation, means: "It was now the night between Friday and the dawn of the sabbath." The same criticism applies to such versions as the American Revised rendering of Matthew 28.1: "Now late on the sabbath day, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week." This should run: "In the night between the close of the sabbath

and the dawn of the first day of the week."

Other examples in the same category range from a recommendation of blasphemy to a prediction of universal roasting. In Matthew 5.48 we are exhorted to be "perfect," as is our heavenly father. Here the Greek translator has mistaken an active for a passive. He should have rendered: "Be therefore all-including (in your good will), even as your heavenly Father includes all." The present Greek and English versions do not run with the context and hardly stop short of advising man to seek the prerogatives of God. Luke 8.27 makes a naked man who did not live in a house but in the tombs hail *from the town!* Luke thus rendered according to the usage of outlanders; but in Palestinian Aramaic, with which the translator Luke was not intimately acquainted, the word could only mean: "a man from the open country." As Mark 14.68 tells the story, Peter is supposed to deny his Lord thus: "I neither know nor understand what you are saying." What he actually replied to the maid who accused him of having been with the Nazarene was: "I am neither an acquaintance of the man of whom you speak, nor do I know him at all." This is something like a denial, the other certainly is not. The mistranslation involves a wrong rendering of both a pronoun and a verb. Mark 9.49 reads: "For everyone shall be salted with fire." The translator, since Hebrew had been quoted in the context, assumed that citation continued and rendered the Hebrew "*hā' ēsh*," which does mean "fire," instead of Aramaic "*bā' ēsh*," participle of a verb signifying "become spoiled." The verse should go thus: "Whatever would spoil, is salted."

Much more serious is the case of those passages where Jesus behaves or speaks in a way not consonant with his



usual actions and standard of ethical teaching. Perhaps no part of the Gospels has troubled modern commentators more than the verses which represent Jesus as giving way to bursts of anger. The classic instance of course is John 11.33. There at the tomb of Lazarus Jesus beholds Mary in tears before him and the Jews who have accompanied her also lamenting. His feelings, as toned down by modern translators, are thus described: "he chafed"; "repressing a groan." But the Greek, heaven save the mark, means "snorting in anger" (like a horse). This it means and this alone it can mean by what we thus far know of its lexicography. The Aramaic word at the base usually did signify "anger." Here, however, as in some other exceptional cases it denoted "agitation, deep distress of soul."

If we credit Luke 16.8 ff. in its present form, Jesus actually seems to say that one should take a parasitical attitude toward "rugged individualists," and should use them for all they are worth. I refer, of course, to the famous verses, "And the lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely: for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." In Aramaic *ironical questions* are clearly indicated by the context and this is a case in point. The whole, as Professor Torrey translates, should run, "Did the lord of the estate praise his faithless manager, because he had acted shrewdly (for the sons of this world are more sagacious than the sons of light, in the dealings

with their fellow men)? and do *I* say to *you*, Gain friends for yourselves with base lucre, so that when it is gone, you may be received into the eternal abodes?" This simple explanation avoids the necessity for emending, pruning, and generally disarranging the Greek of the whole section, as commentators so often have done.

Briefly, then, the translation hypothesis restores dignity and sense to about 250 passages which have long puzzled interpreters. It creates substantially a new New Testament that must be reckoned with by all future editors and translators. And it dates at long last in their proper period the Gospel versions which many historians have felt must be early, contemporary sources. Surveying this new solution of old difficulties, one finds it remarkable that the Gospels should have stood up so superbly under all the misunderstanding, mishandling, and misquotation which they have sustained up till now. They have been superstitiously consulted as proof-texts by saints and sinners of every hue. They have weathered the romancing of novelists and the wrong-headed exegesis of specialists probing with needles or slashing with knives; yet even to-day they stand out in pristine freshness. Classicists know to their joy that students who have never felt the reality of ancient Greek often come alive when they reach Lucian and the Gospels. Here is something modern and spontaneous. What we need now to reinforce that feeling is a friendly union of classicists and New Testament exegetes and Orientalists who do not disdain anything either old or new which will throw light on perhaps the most fascinating series of books in all of ancient literature.



## FACULTY HUSBANDS

BY GEORGE BELANE

THOUGH all Faculty Husbands are professors, some professors are not Faculty Husbands. Even some of those that are married. For some married couples—few it is true—are able to walk arm in arm without one's leaning on the other. Such are individuals and need not be referred to as either husbands or wives. By "husbands" I mean married men whose characters can be understood only by knowing their wives.

In Chapter II of my unpublishable *Social Flora of the United States* I have discussed the lot of women in this country, pointing out the most favorable environment for the non-Pauline wife (*Ephesians* V: 22). It was there suggested that if she wishes her marriage to endure, her husband must either be so in love with her that he gives in to her completely for carnal reasons, or be put in a position of such dependence—material or spiritual—upon her that he is afraid to leave her. I cannot reproduce this very important chapter here, but it is proper to recall that the main material means are the kitchen and the pocket-book; the spiritual are the Church and the art gallery.

There are of course a number of professors who married for love. That indeed would be an excellent reason if love were durable. But like every other appetite, it either grows weary of the same diet or weakens with age or both. Hence when the only tie that binds a man to a woman is love, it inevitably slackens a few years after mar-

riage. A sensible woman seeing the tie slacken would begin making herself more appetizing, even if she had to resort to love philters to do so. But tradition in America is against such things, and an effort is made to transmute the love of the body into the love of the soul.

Even a sociologist is not in on the secrets of Heaven, but I venture to suggest that God did not waste Adam's rib on a soul. If He had wanted Adam to dwell in rapt contemplation of a spiritual essence He would have dangled before his eyes an angelic phantom and called that marriage. But it is true that a certain type of man can be trained to believe that marriage is like that. And there are plenty of women whose evangelical background and self-esteem make them very happy to concur. Such cases are not rare in faculty ménages.

Nothing is more sadly familiar than the poor devil who married on Commencement Day, took a job as assistant in English or Chemistry or History and, after a brief grapple with the *ars amatoria*, settled down to get a Ph.D. and never succeeded. How could he succeed? Within a year after marriage appeared Baby I, two years later (they know all about "spacing") Baby II. Babies are expensive. Money is needed. An extension course, a summer course, an extra lecture or two, an occasional essay for a mild magazine, reading a MS for a publisher, a textbook—all supply necessary funds. Our



man is made an instructor, then assistant professor, perhaps associate professor. He is now forty. The game is over. *Requiescat in pace.*

Such a person is the very quiet specimen every student knows. He may be a good teacher, he may be a bad one. But the chances are that if you can make him talk you will learn that only the man with pull gets along in this world. He is just as good as So-and-so who has a full professorship, only So-and-so went to Harvard or Johns Hopkins and stands in with people who count. He himself could write books, but he has so much teaching to do, so many papers to read, or so many committee meetings to attend. Shakespeare himself couldn't get a promotion under such conditions. Well, he supposes he's a failure. You assure him that he isn't, but you know that he is. Nor has he even that consolation which so many other failures have had: that he was a perfect devil with the ladies. He has nothing to recall with longing and nothing to anticipate with cheer.

Now the one trouble with such a man is his marriage, which of course was the result of a deeper trouble. Yet even in the most intimate conversations with him you can't make him admit it. He will say that he has had hard luck, too much illness, an uncomprehending Dean, a malevolent department head, anything so long as his initial stupidity is not confessed. This looks like wondrous chivalry. It is sheer pig-headedness and ignorance. Yet it keeps alive a person's self-respect to think himself weak enough to have been a victim of others, and I am told that human beings ought to respect themselves whether anyone else can respect them or not.

The Faculty Husband caught in such a situation is a great admirer of his wife. (When a man's love has turned to gratitude he says it has been

raised to a higher plane.) Accordingly, you will find that his wife has a Wonderful Mind: does she not read his proof and make his indexes? He is always talking about what Mary says, and doing it too. Maybe he can convince others of her wonderfulness, and then they will think he has not been a failure. Mary has complete charge of the household, children and all, including John. John doesn't mind; it gives him something to do which will distract him from college affairs and serve as an excuse for his intellectual sterility.

This type of Faculty Husband may be called *The Lowly Creeper*. He is a type of professor frequently caricatured, with an apron tied round his neck, dish mop in hand, washing the dinner dishes. He is thoroughly domesticated and does very well in captivity. Indeed, like the canary, he would probably perish if let loose. He is an expert on folding diapers, making beds, correcting themes, setting a table, making a card catalogue, doing anything in which neatness is a prerequisite. He knows all about running a house, the best toothpaste, baking powder, washing machine, gasoline, flour. The critical insight he has deflected from himself he turns upon commodities, and he becomes more indignant over a mouth wash which is a fake antiseptic than Patrick Henry was over George III. He subscribes to many more magazines than he can afford, for he believes in being well informed, by which he means knowing what other people think of books, plays, pictures, laws, and scientific theories. In conversation he is always referring to his reading, and I learn so much about other people's ideas from him that I never have to read a magazine myself. Were one to ask him his opinion one would be met by a stare of surprise. Opinion to him is a series of appropriate quotations.

## II

Antithetical to the Lowly Creeper is the Red Blooded He-man (*Maritus durococtus belani*). The Red Blooded He-man married not for love but for general housework. He is the modern equivalent of the goliardic friars of the Middle Ages, their gaiety turned to bluster, their polygamy to fanatical monogamy. Whereas they sang of love, he sings of business and sound common sense. He is often a member of the National Guard or the Officers' Reserve Corps, and wears his uniform on Armistice Day with much swagger. He votes Republican in the North, Democratic in the South, is prominent in the American Legion, thinks the war debts should be collected even if we have to go over there and get the money ourselves. He usually goes in for political science, but when he has the brains, for economics or history. His lectures on the American Constitution are a mixture of paraphrase and eulogy. The document itself takes less than an hour to read; his course takes eight months—three hours a week—to excrete. The students love it. They say he has a swell line. And then it is so clear—they mean simple. So easy to take notes on. It is a triumph of diagrams, Roman numerals, A's and B's. It is fine, American, clean cut, two-fisted, single-minded. There's no nonsense about it.

I once, as a student, heard a hardy specimen, a professor of history, deliver a lecture which showed conclusively at one and the same time (a) that the United States had never, and, please God, would never, engage (the grammar is not mine) in an offensive war, and (b) that it ought to annex Mexico and Central America down to the Canal. One of my fellow-students, less lethargic than I, asked how this annexation could be carried out without at least an illusion of offensive warfare.

The professor came down from his platform, making vertical slices in the air with his index finger. "People like you," he said to my neighbor in his red-blooded *basso profundo*, "don't deserve to live in a country like ours . . . (pause) If you don't like it here, why don't you go back where you came from?"

I was very frightened. I've always been frightened by any note two octaves lower than middle C. But my friend, now a professor of philosophy, was quite unmoved.

"That would be difficult, Professor Smith," he said in a tone which aimed to please, "you see I was born right here in this room. My mother used to be college charwoman."

Instead of being rewarded for his self-control, he was suspended for his insolence.

I myself have always been very patriotic. I fought and would have bled for my country if the enemy could have found me. But since I am making a scientific study in this article, as indeed in everything I have ever written, I must not let the similarity between my ideas and Professor Smith's prejudice me in his favor. I have noticed that every Red Blooded He-man is vehemently patriotic, social-minded, parochial; a good joiner, member of fraternities and clubs and teams, a hater of anything done in solo, such as the arts. He is always talking of the superiority of social rights over individual rights and is like a Buddhist in his apparent yearning for self-annihilation.

No one would rush into the arms of his country, State, parish, college, fraternity if he could rush into the arms of his wife. People other than Americans have married to have a home rather than a wife, but their social systems tolerate their having a wife to whom they are not married. Ours does not. Man must love something,



I suppose, just as he must hate something, to keep up the illusion of his importance. You can't love a housemaid unless you are a butler or a dog. The Red Blooded He-man is neither. So he loves institutions. Loving institutions, he never has to think about himself. That is his salvation.

A third type of Faculty Husband is the professor who has married for money. Money is a fine thing to marry for, because it eliminates so many of the sources of friction in marriage. A man who marries for money is at least assured of physical comfort, and if he can make his wife think he is in love with her he will have more than physical comfort. For she will then give him books, pictures, music, travel, which will broaden his horizon, deepen his vision, improve his taste, and, for all I know, perfect his smell. It is wonderful, the boundless possibilities which lie open to a man who has married money. The children can have a nurse and never have to eat meals with their parents; there will be plenty of servants, and he will never know the odor of cold coffee grounds; there will be two cars and, when necessary, he can slip off by himself and go fast and think of nothing. Best of all, he will never need his spare time for teaching extra courses to earn extra money; he will be able to study and write as he wishes and become a really great scholar.

But he forgets that one doesn't simply marry money; one marries also a wife. And a woman who doesn't see that she is being married for her money has usually very little more than money to recommend her. This appears clearly enough as soon as the honeymoon is over. For even were there nothing wrong with the woman, her husband would immediately feel the sting of gossiping tongues. And gossip always hurts more when it is justified. How often have I observed such a husband trying to be one of the

boys and succeeding about as well as Little Lord Fauntleroy. His clothes are too good; his brief case is not shabby enough; his adoring wife has all his books bound in red morocco; his office has curtains and a rug. He can't wash off these stains. Soon he doesn't come round to the Faculty Club so often, then not at all. He has built a new house and entertains there.

Husbands of this type, the Gold Bugs, frequently go in heavily for collecting, as if to show that the money is theirs. No one ever refers to the Mrs. Mary Smith Collection if Dr. John Smith is alive. He becomes the Medici of his town, and the fame that he might have acquired as a producer is now acquired as a patron. He has fine first editions or etchings or perhaps even MSS, and he lends them on appropriate occasions to museums, libraries, and the College. Then begins that metamorphosis which is the almost infallible sign of a Gold Bug. As the pupa of a moth goes to sleep and slowly develops wings and color, so he after a few dormant months, spent at the tailor's and boot-maker's, emerges, a fine figure of a man with a pointed beard. The man who marries for money inevitably grows a beard, since beards are, as he thinks, signs of manliness. In this Gold Bugs are like Prince Consorts. It is perhaps for this reason, too, and not from Anglomania that they gurgle in their throats while speaking. One always has an inclination to tell them to swallow what they have in their mouths before speaking, until one wakes up to the fact that they have nothing in their mouths but their pride, and they can't swallow that. This manner of speaking is their closest approach to a masculine roar, and they cling to it as to their beards with childlike and desperate trust in its advertising value.

They are, to be sure, Anglomaniacs, largely because Anglomania gives one

a certain prestige in a land where tradition demands that the upper classes be ashamed of their country and the lower, vainglorious about it. They are careful to serve sherry before meals rather than cocktails, and port after, rather than liqueurs. They go in for haunches of beef and Yorkshire puddings and have even been known to import vegetable marrow, though a boiled cucumber would do as well. They would think it degrading to serve an apple pie for dessert but uplifting to serve a gooseberry tart with that liquid which looks like purée of caterpillars and is called custard, soiling the plate beside it. They invariably talk about their collections after dinner, especially if their guests have none of their own, and as their collection seldom contains anything other than association items, they tell you about the difficulty of bagging each.

They always have some one item for which their collections are especially famous, like the Medici Venus or the Rospigliosi cup, and which is shown as if it were the Holy Grail which only the virtuous could behold. I remember one Gold Bug who owned a snuffbox which had belonged to Queen Elizabeth. I called upon him once with a vulgar friend from New York. Our host, after the preliminary sniffing was over, showed us his collection of swords, daggers, and boxes.

"And now," he said pulling out a beautiful Spanish reliquary which had once held a very holy bone, "I must show you the treasure of my collection, Queen Elizabeth's snuffbox."

He showed it.

"We value it very highly," he said with a reverential sigh.

"I know just how you feel," said my ill-bred friend, "I know a man in Brooklyn who has a pair of Moses's garters and he wouldn't take a million dollars for them."

The Gold Bug is not without schol-

arly interests. Each specimen has a little field he is cultivating. It is usually in the history of English literature or politics. He will take a forgotten writer or statesman and try to know more about him than anyone else wants to. He is very gallant toward the forgotten and is always rescuing them, as he calls it. But like many other scholars, he overlooks the fact that the collective memory, like the individual, has often good reasons for forgetting things. From the point of view of God nothing is or should be forgotten. That I understand only too well. But if God is willing to remember these things, I propose leaving it to Him. I am not a ghou, and believe in leaving the dead in their graves. There is still a wide enough ignorance of Shakespeare to justify our reading him instead of the men he imitated and those who imitated him. Such is not, however, the attitude of true scholars, who feel that humanity's indifference to a man is sufficient evidence of his importance. And so they stake out their claim and dig.

Fortunately when such a scholar is a Gold Bug, nothing ever comes out of the mine. When I was a soldier in 1917 I was entertained by such an individual whose specialty was Joshua Sylvester. One would think that Grosart's edition of his works in the *Chertsey Worthies Library* would suffice to keep his obscurity alive and that no more need be said about him. But, alas, there is a possibility, a possibility mark you, that John Milton may have been influenced by him. For Milton was born only four years after Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas appeared—does your pulse begin to throb? Therefore, anything Milton wrote may very well have been influenced by anything Sylvester wrote. And since Sylvester's translation and Milton's epic both deal with Biblical subjects, who can tell but that the Puritan poet



would never have dreamed of writing on a Biblical subject had not an English translation of a French Protestant's poem on another Biblical subject appeared four years before his birth? The scholar cries, "No one," and proceeds to point out possibilities which beget in his mind probabilities which beget certainties.

But to return to my Gold Bug. He had in May, 1917, been at work for ten years on Joshua Sylvester and hoped, once the War would stop impeding scholarship in that thoughtless way, to bring his labors to an end. But though the War was over a year and a half later and scholarship went unmolested on its way, he never published a word on the subject. This Christmas I had a card from him saying that he hoped to go to press soon with a revised edition of Sylvester's works, but he must first consult a copy which was said to have belonged to John Dryden and which now belonged to a Western apple king who refused to let him consult it or have it photostated or copied.

His excuse was typical. The Gold Bug, like every other failure, has an excuse. In a universe where causes have effects excuses can always be found. But a tooth hurts just as much whether we know or do not know what caused its decay.

### III

The next type of Faculty Husband, and the last we have space to consider, is the Cold Intellect. The Cold Intellect works according to plan, lives on schedules, and never converses but always discusses. His favorite question in debate is, "What do you mean by such and such?" And by trapping his interlocutor into useless definitions, *i.e.*, definitions of things which could better be pointed to, he postpones a decision until the patience of the other

fellow is exhausted. Now of course terms should be defined when definition is possible and useful. But everyone should know that some terms cannot be defined and some terms need no definition, just as some ideas must be taken for granted and not proved. (I have discussed all this in my *Sophist's Handbook*, which should be required reading for all but congressmen.) The Cold Intellect seldom admits this elementary truth; he would have every proposition proved and every term defined. Hence he is practically impossible to live with.

One specimen I know got into a crowded subway in New York and tried to wedge his way into the interior, only to be rebuked by a Tough Guy from the Bronx.

"Well," remarked the Cold Intellect coldly and intellectually, "I'm entitled to my fair share of room."

"Wah dya mean, *room*?" answered the Tough Guy, and proceeded to compress him still further.

The Cold Intellect got out in disgust at 72d St.

This was the making of him. He was observed to check himself consciously in the future each time he was on the point of saying, "What do you mean by—?" and soon he developed into a normal healthy human being. (The Tough Guy eventually was sent to Sing Sing.)

There are Cold Intellectuals among celibates, but those among Faculty Husbands are a peculiar variety. For the celibate, having no one individual to sharpen his teeth upon and inescapably tied to him, is much more human than his married compeer. If he is not, he shuns his fellows and they him, and all is as if he were not. But the married Cold Intellect, having a wife to scratch and bite and a wife who may be fairly agreeable in her own right, is both more zealous in his way of living and more frequently seen.

After all, you can't penalize her because of him. The question has often been put to me why such a thin-blooded fish should want to marry and why anyone should want to marry him. The questions are very naïve. He early in life sees that he is not usually the center of an admiring group but that, on the contrary, he acts as a repulsive force and that people scatter at his approach. I know of one Cold Intellect who used a whole case of Listerine before he suspected the truth. Such a person knows that if he were married there would be someone upon whom he could always count for admiration. If he is wise he will court a girl much younger than himself and without much experience. She will be flattered by his attention—young girls are always flattered by the attentions of older men, for they confound age with wisdom rather than with desperation—and he will park the car and talk of Einstein and Whitehead in the moonlight. Since she doesn't understand a word of what he is saying, her observations will be mere commas and semicolons put in as he comes up to breathe, and she will think he must be terribly profound. He on his part will think her gravely understanding, and upon this thin platform their house will be built.

Such marriages are sometimes very successful, if the woman is stupid enough not to understand her husband's conversation or grateful enough not to care. Under those conditions the Cold Intellect can begin scratching at his wife in front of others, and she will think he's tickling her. Even when she comprehends dully what is going on, not being entirely anæsthetized, she will smile in a patient manner, as the husband of *Uxor Spinosa* smiles, feeling it better not to make a scene. Husbands and wives will stand a considerable amount of punishment from each other in public, for most of us have been brought up to save appearances.

Now of course there is something fundamentally wrong with the Cold Intellect, and he of all the Faculty Husbands has the least to blame on his wife. His parade of superiority, his inability to find any theory consistent enough to discuss as it stands, any idea clear enough to attract his support, any emotion sincere enough not to be called "mere sentiment" (as if the word "mere" made it any less important), any deed noble enough not to have sprung from ignoble motives, his incapacity for admiration—all are symptoms of some horrible mutilation in his soul which could only be visibly symbolized by the loss of a face. When one thinks of such people one shudders at the incompleteness of their experience. One should be deeply compassionate of these mental cripples, but one finds it hard, O Lord, not to wish to kick them.

The Cold Intellect is a wonder at schedules, outlines, plans, resolutions, catalogues, indexes. As he rules his wife by ordering her existence according to his superior methods of organization, so he tries to rule everything else. The secret of all this is that by dissecting and sorting out the pieces he has the illusion of rebuilding the world as he likes it and thus conquering it. That he has but a paper victory doesn't seem to bother him, for at least he has a real victory over his spouse. Her he allows to do nothing illogical except live. She must make the best of an existence confined to necessities, and he is the judge of what is necessary and what superfluous. And should she but peep, "But, John, I *need* a new hat," his answer is, "What do you mean by 'need'—'want'?" Hereupon ensues a lesson upon restraining one's desires, upon learning to reject the superfluous and to demand only the necessary. I heard one Cold Intellect tell his child who wanted a bag of peanuts that he must strive to rise above the animal.



He is incredible, I know. I cannot make him real. It is he who never gives a nickel to a beggar for fear of pauperizing him, as if he weren't already pauperized; it is he who refuses to countenance any reform until every word in the statement of it agrees with his own bright lexicon; it is he who excuses every selfish action on grounds of principle, forgetting the simple principle of brotherly love. Everyone knows the Cold Intellect; everyone thinks him an optical illusion.

#### IV

I have by no means exhausted the varieties of Faculty Husband. But the Lowly Creeper, the Red Blooded He-man, the Gold Bug, and the Cold Intellect represent the main divisions of the genus. Professors, as I have said elsewhere, should really be celibate. They are engaged in a kind of work which demands monastic devotion if it is to be done well and if the doer is to be happy at it. But even among the celibates there are queer fish, very different from those which are commonly met in our social waters. Like the deep-sea creatures the piscatologists describe, some have eyes on long antennæ waving about to penetrate the darkness of the profundity in which they live; others are phosphorescent like rotten wood; others swell up and explode with a pop when brought into the open air. Few are normal. How then can it be expected that the married man doing the work of a monk will escape the grotesque fate of those most fitted for such a life by nature? Over-sensitive, as are all people who suspect their queerness, they can gain nothing either from friendly suggestion or from satire. They expect their fellows to share and to approve all their eccentricities. Woe to him who does not! He is a traitor to his cause and should be ostracized. So strong

is that feeling that no penetrating criticism of university faculty life has ever been attempted in this country.

Let me end this brief study with a letter from a Faculty Husband to whom I submitted this paper for criticism. "I have read your paper," he writes, "as you requested and since you ask for frank criticism, I shall give it to you. It is a gross libel on the profession to which I have the honor to belong and upon their [*sic*] wives as well. No more noble group of men and women exists in this country than its teachers, and no one owes them more than you, in spite of that air of mockery which you seem to have retained from your adolescence. This constant levity I find very annoying. You should have outgrown the need for it by now. But if you must make fun of something, why must you choose your own friends? I venture to predict that if you publish this article you will only succeed in befouling your own nest. It is you who will be ridiculous, not we, the professors and our wives. Consequently I beseech you before it is too late to destroy this manuscript. Not that I personally have anything to fear from it. I am saying this for your sake not mine. There is one other thing. You, for all your smartness, fail to see the pathos in the lives you satirize. If these men are as you say, it is because of a fate over which they have no control. A little human kindness would have been more in order than your persistent sneering. I hope you do not mind my saying such things, but you asked for frank criticism. I am not worrying, however. I have known you all your life and am sure that I can count on your sense of the fitness of things to do what is right."

The reader may determine for himself to which category this Faculty Husband belongs.



# THE GRANDEUR THAT IS WASHINGTON

BY WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

PICK up any shiny piece of Washington booster literature of the type that the Chamber of Commerce is so expert at issuing, and you will be fairly sure to find a reference to the capital as "the Paris of America" or "the city beautiful." If you fail in that you will at least find references to the newer public and semi-public buildings of the city abounding in such phrases as "monumental," "fitting in grandeur," "awe-inspiring in magnitude," "imposing," "impressive," "imperial," and "worthy of the dignity of." And, if your local Baedeker have a rhapsodic streak in him, he may go so far as did an especially lofty analyst recently, and describe Pennsylvania Avenue as "the Via Sacra of the Great Republic."

Grandiloquent as it may sound, this æsthetic excitement is not misplaced. For at present the city of Washington is watching a great government building program, after several decades of delay, finally nearing a rapid completion. And this program has been no picayune one of setting a few office structures here and there; if one estimates the amount spent by the federal government on buildings just finished or still in the contractor's hands, one gets a total of about \$100,000,000. If one adds to that the government buildings erected in the previous decade, together with parkways, approaches, bridges, extensions, and so on, one gets about \$200,000,000. If one adds the flock of semi-public or privately endowed structures that have recently

gone up in some degree of relationship to the government plan, one reaches a grand total of far beyond \$300,000,000.

In view of the magnitude of this architectural growth and the nearness of the program to completion, would it not be well to look at it from a position more objective than that of local pointing-with-pride? It seems a good time now to analyze, first the general forms which this highly prized civic beauty is taking and, second, the staggering expense which is being incurred to attain them.

The history of architectural Washington is the history of an attempt to return from modern turbulence to classic unity and harmony. It is as if the American people, even so far back as Revolutionary days, wishing to escape from their rough, uncultivated western surroundings, had tried to make of Washington a sanctuary of ancient order and repose. The White House, begun in the year of George Washington's inauguration, itself broke away from the free and colorful manorial style which was then being so widely applied in the surrounding Maryland and Virginia; James Hoban built it as a copy of an Irish county seat, which in turn had been copied from buildings of the Italian Renaissance. Thus, at the very start there asserted itself the tendency toward abandoning contemporary or American styles and toward reviving antique forms. The Capitol, whose center



pavilion was built in a free classical manner by Charles Bulfinch in the 1830's, became more strictly joined to classical and Renaissance manners when in the middle of the century the wings were added and a cast-iron dome imposed on the whole. At the same time the Treasury building was being finished, in which the more quiet and serene manner of the "Greek revival" was used to house the multiplying dollar.

And then the great lapse occurred. For a short time in the seventies and eighties Washington with amazing freedom forgot its commitment to the classic mode. It indulged in a feast-day of building in the most radical and fantastic contemporary styles, playing with all sorts of innovations, and apparently having a grand time of it. The State, War, and Navy Department building went up, a lumbering and disjointed structure which, with its several hundred miniature columns stuck all over it as onto a wedding cake, seemed to be a hilarious burlesque of all doctrines of classical order. The Smithsonian Institution was tossed in a reddish heap on the Mall—a reckless structure of neo-Gothic and neo-Romanesque bits thrown together and topped off by parapets, tabernacles, and crenellations. The Georgetown University building, a rugged combination of Rhenish, Romanesque, and General Grant styles, appeared on the edge of the city. Going in for pure neo-Romanesque under the influence of the famous architect Richardson, the authorities put up the Post Office Department building and its vasty tower; the "Gothick North" thus boldly conquered Pennsylvania Avenue and virtually ruined the vistas of the Classic South.

And then occurred the great reaction. In 1893 a group of leading architects, headed by Daniel H. Burnham, put over their conception of what the

Chicago World's Fair buildings should be. America's national coming of age was to be marked by a spread of dignified and gorgeous white palaces in the style of Imperial Rome.

The American people came to Chicago and found the grandeur good. A profound revulsion took place in popular and architectural taste. All the dark, angular, clumsy work of the Gothic revival was discredited, together with the Victorian *Gemütlichkeit* of plush and bric-a-brac. The new note was spacious order and illustrious pomp: the country broke out in a rash of Roman fora. Those who could not return as far as the empire of Augustus at least returned as far as the world of Palladio and Christopher Wren, ably assisted by the great architectural firm of McKim, Meade, and White.

In Washington they had stopped building. But people, now looking askance at the results of the Gothic interregnum, decided that the restoration of the classic style must be made definite and absolute. So in 1901 the Senate appointed a commission to prepare plans for the beautification of Washington. The man called in to head that commission was none other than Daniel H. Burnham, the director of works at the World's Fair. He was assisted by Frederick L. Olmsted, Charles F. McKim, and Augustus St. Gaudens—all World's Fair men. And in allowing this little group of Roman-minded men to work out, all by themselves, an artistic plan for Washington, the government practically committed itself to copy throughout generations to come, and at vast expense, the particular ideas worked out in the show buildings of Chicago.

The chief recommendations of this commission involved the reviving of the extremely formal Washington city plan which Major L'Enfant had mapped out in 1792. Specifically then

it was proposed to build a vast array of government buildings in the triangle formed by Pennsylvania and Constitution Avenues, the base of which rests along the Executive Grounds of the White House. Flanked by a Mall that extended from the Capitol to the Washington Monument and beyond, the whole group was to be monumental, reposeful, and, above all, dignified.

For a decade nothing was done about it, and then in 1910, the year the first appropriation was made, Congress established by law the national Commission of Fine Arts, a permanent body of seven "well-qualified judges of the Fine Arts" who were to be appointed by the President to serve for four-year terms. The Commission was vested with dictatorial power in all questions of art: plans for all public buildings must be approved by it before being accepted by the government, and it was to "advise" on the choice of architects, artists, and designers for all manner of government projects. And who were made members of this Commission? Why, Daniel H. Burnham and Frederick L. Olmsted, the World's Fair men. The Chicago idea now began to close in on the government with a death-grip.

Still all the plans remained on paper; it took the World War and the sudden overcrowding of Washington, when over 30,000 employees of departments and war bureaus had to be housed at great expense in rented offices or temporary structures, to bring home the need for new buildings. Then, in the middle of the next decade, the appropriations began to tumble forth, and they did so with increasing rapidity until in 1929 they had passed \$200,000,000. The Coolidge era opened all the flood-gates; \$25,000,000 alone was voted to buy up the "triangle" land which was to be the location for the giant structures, and \$17,500,000 for one single building, Mr.

Hoover's Department of Commerce. Altogether it was a project of such magnitude as to surpass probably the entire combined Imperial Forum, Baths of Caracalla, Versailles, and Escorial. But before we look at the individual buildings and see how the millions of dollars were used, we must get an idea of what lesser buildings had already been erected in the new classic manner, and what inspiration they gave to the larger ones to come.

We shall do that most simply if we set down a little list of the leading semi-public or privately endowed buildings completed in Washington after 1893, when the great new architectural dawn burst upon this country and banished the horrors of the night of Victorianism. We shall set down those structures that were built in reaction against the previous chaos of styles, and dedicated to consistent beauty and tastefulness of classic art. So, in the order of their dates:

*Library of Congress* (1897): huge block in the style of the later Italian Renaissance; design chiefly influenced by Sansovino and other Venetian architects;

*Corcoran Gallery of Art* (1897): stated to be in "neo-Greek" style, but studded with Renaissance windows and tending, with its round end or apse, very much to the older opera-house style;

*Franciscan Monastery* (1899): strict Byzantine church in the form of a five-fold cross;

*Washington Cathedral* (begun 1907; incomplete): pure English Gothic style, of the middle or geometric period;

*Union Station* (1908): vast Imperial Roman structure: central pavilion of façade copied after a Roman triumphal arch, the wings a deep Roman colonnade. Built with assistance of the federal government, and designed by Daniel H. Burnham; central statues above the entrance depict Freedom and Imagination;

*Pan-American Union* (1913): combination of Spanish and French Renaissance details with classic treatment;

*Scottish Rite Temple* (1918): erected by the Masonic Order and modelled after the tomb of Mausolus at Harlicarnassus.



Fronted by two sphinxes, with Egyptian and Phoenician hieroglyphics;  
*Freer Gallery* (1920): pure Florentine Renaissance façade, by Charles A. Platt;  
*National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception* (begun 1920; incomplete): Byzantine tradition, with dome and campanile; modern mosaics supplied by the Ravenna Mosaic Co. [Affiliated with Catholic University: other buildings of that institution include Caldwell Hall (Romanesque); McMahon Hall (Renaissance); Maloney Chemical Laboratory (Tudor Gothic); and the J. K. Mullen Library (classic)];  
*Continental Memorial Hall* (1920): built by the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution; a *pastiche* of the White House across the way;  
*Chamber of Commerce of the United States* (1926): described in an official city guide-book as a building of the "modernized classic Greek type." Heavily faced with Corinthian columns; situated on Lafayette Square, tending to dominate the White House opposite; and (to quote the same volume) "typifies the present period in national industrial and commercial development";  
*Folger Shakespeare Library* (1932): Façade a free adaptation of classic forms; exhibition hall in English Renaissance or Jacobean style; reading room in Tudor Gothic, with stained-glass Perpendicular windows and a hammer-beam roof. Paul P. Cret, architect (for other evidences of Mr. Cret's versatility, see under "Pan-American Union").

Of such, then, is the far-famed classic beauty and purity of Washington, as expressed in its endowed or semi-official buildings. Almost every architectural style seems to have been covered by the designers; but there are a few notable omissions, such as the Louis XIII style, the French 18th Century, the English classical, and perhaps the neo-Egyptian. These omissions—as we are now about to see—are almost all being filled in by the great new government buildings themselves.

## II

The first public building to be completed under the federal program

which grew out of the 1910 plan is that of the Department of Commerce. In view of the \$17,500,000 which it cost the nation, let us look at it more closely. We may learn a little about how this singular architectural beauty of Washington is achieved and why it runs into such big round figures.

Situated at the foot of the triangle and along the Executive Grounds, it is an imposing pile over one thousand feet in length. In form it is a solid-seeming cube, although one is quite right in suspecting that it must be cut up internally by several courtyards. The internal shape and function of the building were not, however, the main concern of the architects; what they were seeking was a monumental classic façade.

How did they go about it? First they sank their concrete foundations and went ahead just as they would have done on any normal office building. They ran up steel girders and hung the transverse beams. But then, instead of attaching a light masonry mantle to the steel, as is done in all modern buildings not designed in a "style," they got to work with heavy rock. The lower two floors, clear round the building, they sheathed in rusticated stone in the old Florentine manner. The next three floors they walled in with material of lighter appearance, but still seeing to it that the windows should be small and the masonry deep. Then they proceeded as follows: the central section of the east front they turned into a great colonnade, somewhat after the manner of the Perrault façade (1665) of the Louvre. Twenty-two columns were erected, with flanking pilasters, and the whole topped off by a huge entablature decorated with Doric motifs. The south façade was adorned with a similar colonnade, but with a diminished number of columns: only sixteen were allowed to this side. The same treatment was given to the

north façade. And finally—as if the builders were afraid that the steel structure, supplemented by the heavy walls and the half a hundred columns, might fail to support the roof—they added on the west front sixteen more columns, grouped in ponderous Doric porticos of four columns each. Not yet exhausted by the grand total of seventy solid stone columns almost fifty feet in height, they punched great entrance arches into the wall, and finished off the whole structure with a Renaissance balustrade above the cornices.

So, by the time they got finished with it, the architects had succeeded in putting away into this one department building no less than 700,000 cubic feet of limestone, furnished by the Indiana Limestone Corporation at a total cost of \$2,700,000. Another contract had been let for exterior granite, covering 135,000 cubic feet of stone and amounting to \$450,000. To round out the little job, interior marble was bought at a supplementary cost of \$500,000.

It sounds almost fantastic. The building erected in co-operation with Secretary of Commerce Hoover, the Great Engineer, simply threw to the winds all the achievements of modern engineering in order to make itself over into a Roman-Renaissance palace. The fact that the monumental cubical shape imposed upon the building from outside forced the great majority of the employees to work in offices opening on any one of six small, ugly, and poorly ventilated interior courts, was apparently of no concern to the men in charge. Nor did those men, after having made space for almost 12,000 employees, take cognizance of the fact that the majority of Washington government servants depend on their motor cars for transportation, and are, therefore, in imperative need of parking facilities. It is possible to park about two hundred cars in the courts and

round the sidewalks of the Commerce Building; the other thousands of employees, if they want to avoid paying a daily fee at a commercial parking concession next door, have to leave their cars sometimes a quarter of a mile away.

As a matter of fact, nowhere else in the great triangle is it yet apparent that parking facilities even remotely adequate for the endless stream of employees will be provided. The money is there, but it is probably not supposed to be used for such mundane and undecorative purposes when there are further porticos still waiting to be built.

Let us continue our pilgrimage through the government's architectural wonders, and see how the money goes as the gorgeousness grows.

The general plan of the triangle is so complex that it would require diagrams to explain it here: for, embedded in the already difficult triangular arrangement are two plazas—the first an expansive one with a semi-circular end, and the second a smaller one that is completely circular. It is the rather uncomfortable lot of the huge unfinished Post Office Building to form part of both of these circles, and to contribute to one of them a deep arcade and several French Renaissance pavilions of Louis XIII influence and to the other a great rounded classic façade with a whole battery of columns. Thus one side of the building is treated in an open, graceful style for which the Place Vendome or the Palais Royale may have been the inspiration, and the other in a pale and ponderous style of severe classicism. This piece of architectural dexterity was contributed by the firm of Delano and Aldrich.

Next to it, the Labor Building features as its center attraction a complete Roman temple portico, with room for heroic sculptures in the pediment and flanking columns on the side; it is all mounted on a heavy Renaissance base



two floors high, and—despite the fact that the bill for stone here alone ran to \$2,500,000—backed by steel construction. Some observers are awaiting with breathless interest the emergence of the sculptures from behind their chrysalis of scaffolding, and wondering whether their relation to the interests of Labor could possibly be more remote than the relation of the building itself.

Farther down the line on Constitution Avenue is the Internal Revenue Building, a lesser matter of not quite \$10,000,000, whose steel construction is adequately held up by twenty-four more classical columns on one front alone, brightened by porticos on the sides. Very similar is the Justice Building next to it, although here a change has been made from modified Doric columns to modified Ionic ones. It would be only logical, then, that our progressive education in the classic orders should lead us after this to the Corinthian—modified.

And so it does. We come upon the Archives Building, the last in the long procession. On first thought, of course, one might assume that a structure erected for the sole purpose of storing old government records would not have to be much more than a good fire-proof warehouse, designed in a simple and functional manner. But far from it! Washington's warehouse is actually the most artistic ornament of the entire triangle, and whatever simplicity it has is a purely classical one, produced by the use of precisely seventy-two Corinthian pillars, grouped in colonnades and, on the Constitution Avenue side, unified by a great pediment with all the customary decorations. Out of this many-sided temple there arises a center shaft which will hold the records proper; but the steel construction which has been used throughout does not prevent even that shaft from being fashioned of ponderous stone blocks in classical assemblage. Apparently no

one ever thought of housing the government records in the simple way that they are housed in the rest of the world; no one thought of questioning the artistic taste of erecting a Hellenistic temple round them; and the result of this apathy is a bill to the taxpayers of \$8,700,000—which will probably be supplemented by numerous extras by the time the "warehouse" is completed.

But this series of buildings, grandiose as it may seem to the gaping pilgrim, falls into decline when he finally discovers the Supreme Court Building, which is now being put up on a rather remote promontory on Capitol Hill. For, no matter how splendid the stretches of limestone and granite in the triangle may seem when hewn into classical perfection, they are as nothing indeed compared to the glittering white marble of the new home of the Supreme Bench. In form this building is a Corinthian temple, possessing a much purer, larger, and more elegant façade than that of the Corinthian Archives Building down in the valley. Not quite pure, however. For the sides of the temple are perforated by a transverse building that is nothing if not a Renaissance pavilion. (The scene does not lend itself to prose description; it must be seen to be appreciated.) This supplementary structure, which juts out in the form of wings from the temple proper, is to constitute the office space for the Justices and their secretaries. The central portion will be devoted to the actual pronouncement of justice, with a huge entrance hall, buttressed by thirty-six Corinthian columns, to prepare the petitioner for it. Let us see how the structure was made.

Remember always that its function is to house only the nine Justices and their small staff. Its dimensions are 385 by 305 feet. Into the exterior of the building there were put 265,000 cubic feet of Vermont marble. Into the interior there went 120,000 cubic

feet of Alabama marble. The four courtyards of the building were faced with 45,000 cubic feet of Georgia marble, which rounded out the cost of exterior stonework to \$2,500,000. And, in case the Justices might not yet be marble-minded enough, some special foreign marble was put into the courtroom: twenty-four columns were erected of Old Convent Siena marble, and a classic frieze round the walls made of Spanish marble, bringing the total imported cubic footage to 25,000.

The layman may get a clearer idea of the overwhelming volume of marble used when told that, to construct the building, including the towering porticos at each end, a total of over 75,000,000 pounds was taken out of the earth.\* The layman may get a still clearer idea of the matter, however, when told that the total cost of the building, originally figured at \$7,500,000, has already passed \$8,500,000, and will probably reach \$10,000,000. Ten million dollars to house nine elderly gentlemen! That makes over one million dollars per man!

### III

Who is responsible for all this? The agencies in charge of carrying out the government program are complex; but they lead back to one source. The immediate control is exercised by the Supervising Architect, whose large office is under the authority of the Treasury Department. The Public Buildings Act of 1926, which provided the first of those great appropriations needed to carry out the building plan, placed the whole program specifically in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury,

who appointed a board of Architectural Consultants for expert assistance. In Congress the body representing the building campaign is the Public Buildings Commission. But, behind these organizations, and towering over them in its authority in regard to the actual evolution of the plan, is the Commission of Fine Arts. If there was any doubt about the efficacy of this body, that was dispelled in 1930 when the Shipstead-Luce Act gave it control even over the style and alterations of all private buildings bordering or fronting on public buildings. (The Commission immediately decreed that all buildings facing the square on which the White House stands must henceforth be "neo-classical" in design.)

It is the Commission of Fine Arts, then, which is responsible for the evolution of the entire Washington program from its start in 1901 to its fantastic outcome to-day. That body is responsible for the fact that well over \$100,000,000 of taxpayers' money is being used, not to provide the modern, efficient, stripped-for-action office buildings which every federal department has been needing so badly, but to provide a parade of monumental structures that are copies of French palaces when they are not reconstructions of pagan temples. When in 1917 the Commission wrote an open letter to appear in the important Public Buildings Commission report of that year, it said: "This commission therefore advises that the same ideas of good order and convenience which were the guiding principles in early days be followed in future buildings and that the precedents established by the chief structures of the earliest days determine the architectural styles for new buildings. The commission has confidence in making this recommendation, because the style selected by the founders is the universal architectural language for the expression of ideas of perma-

\* Mr. David Lynn, who as Architect of the Capitol is now in charge of work on the Supreme Court Building, has kindly supplied the following information: the 20 columns in the two porticos contain 34,745 cu. ft. of Vermont marble; the pediments (including architraves, ceilings, friezes, cornices, and tympana) 38,200 cu. ft. The amount of stone used all over these two decorative abutments reached a total of 75,000 cu. ft.—nearly a third of all the stone used on the outside of the building.



nency, dignity, and grandeur." Where did they provide for "good order" and "convenience" in the great plan they developed, since they ignored all modern technic in orientation, ventilation, and common-sense city planning, and squeezed in all their buildings to fit the preconceived pattern of an awkward triangle?

It is to be doubted whether the gentlemen meant that word "convenience" at all; the key words of the statement are "dignity" and "grandeur"—grandeur above all. That point of view was made clear when the Commission later recommended that "the courts [of the triangle buildings] should not be used for the parking of automobiles, or for the erection of subordinate structures, which disturb the serenity of the courts themselves." That is the excuse for the vast jumble of colonnades, porticos, arches, and arcades: they are all useless, but they are all "serene."

The Commission of Fine Arts is responsible for the fact that no opportunity was afforded to have those buildings designed and decorated by architects and artists who are trying to bring forth an American idiom rather than carry on the Beaux-Arts tradition of miscellaneous imitation. The big commissions have gone to men like Cass Gilbert and John Russell Pope, who design equally brilliantly in all styles that are safely dead, or to Delano and Aldrich, famous for their "period" residences in Westchester and Long Island. There was no place for the decorative ideas of a Frank Lloyd Wright; for the progressive technic of a William Lescage; for the more conventional but vigorous metropolitan design of a Hood or a Corbett; there was no place for the dozens of striving architects and planners who have understood the great Louis Sullivan's statement that "form follows function," and who might have applied that philosophy as it has already

been applied in the newer public buildings in Sweden, Germany, Russia, Holland, and Austria. There was no place for anyone who might have conceived the buildings as organic expressions of what was in them and the great work they were being used for, rather than as ancient mausoleums to hide that work.

But what else could one have expected of the Commission of Fine Arts? Right at the time of its establishment, as we have seen, it was captured by the neo-classical enthusiasts who had made the World's Fair buildings. And the fundamental point to realize is that in all these years it has never been rescued from the hands of that group and its sworn disciples. Typical among the architects appointed during the two decades are Cass Gilbert, Charles A. Platt, John Russell Pope, William Adams Delano, and Henry Bacon (who designed the Lincoln Memorial). The present members are Charles Moore, Edgerton Swartout, Gilmore D. Clarke, Lee Lawrie, John M. Howells, Eugene F. Savage, and Charles A. Coolidge. And if the names of painters carry more popular significance than those of architects, the following names—the painters appointed during two decades—will speak for themselves: Francis D. Millet, Edwin H. Blashfield, J. Alden Weir, H. Siddons Mowbray, and William Sergeant Kendall.

The members of the Commission are appointed by the President; and therein lies the cause for much of our æsthetic derailment. To assume that a man elected to that high office should automatically have an interest in living art and a critical understanding of it, would betray—especially in view of the three late incumbents of the White House—an awful ignorance of political personalities. Naturally the President is always advised "expertly" on whom he shall name to the Commission; but

it is far easier for rich and conservative architectural firms, with all their interests, to get their candidates appointed than for progressive groups or unattached individuals to make any impression at all.

#### IV

Thus has Washington realized its dream to become, at all costs, "the Paris of America," "the city beautiful." From the very start the theme of its architecture had been to get away from the styles then current in its country; but while, in the first years of the Republic, the escape was always a moderate one, preserving in its classicism the informal and unpretentious touch of western democracy, in the latest years the escape has become an extreme one. Under the present program and fashion of building Washington has deliberately set out to transform itself from the executive seat of a democracy to the Rome of an empire.

The whole tendency then is an artificial one. Perhaps indeed one should not condemn it for that. For one might argue that the very nature of Washington is an artificial one. No city, not even the suggestion of a town, lay there in those Potomac flats opposite Georgetown until Congress by law placed a city there. Washington, unlike almost every other city in the world, was without natural birth; it was created by surveyors who staked it out according to the terms of a political compromise.

But that fact, suggestive as it may be, does not explain the curious course which our capital architecture has taken throughout the generations. The far-famed beauty is artificial, yes; but one wonders whether it is not in some inner sense a very native thing, and expressive of the aspirations of the American spirit at various stages in its development.

In the first era of Washington build-

ing we see the story of America's early cultural awakening, its dissatisfaction with mere exploration, its urge to give to itself the older, gentler classic traditions of Europe. The movement has its counterpart in the literature of the era, so dependent on the genteel forms of English writing. But then, after a long pause, and beginning after the middle of the century, comes a time of disordered revolt against the imitation of those fine forms: a rush to romantic, Gothic, innovations, to new combinations of colors and materials, to the garish and bizarre. The forms, in all their confusion and ugliness, are vigorously American; conscious of its own separate power, the young nation shakes off its bondage to Europe. (Compare the best buildings of the "jig-saw era," with all their disorder, their tastelessness, and their great daring, to the poetry of Whitman!)

Then comes the time when America, achieving the comparative maturity of the late decades of the century, steps upon the world stage, and exchanges the open shirt of democracy for the high collar of imperialism. That is the time of the Chicago Fair, and the great revival—not of classic forms—but of Roman and particularly Imperial Roman forms. At the end of the eighteenth century America had gone back to Europe to find culture; now at the end of the nineteenth she goes back to find civilization—to copy not what is distinguished, but what is magnificent.

The Gothic jumble of Victorian days is frowned upon as adolescent error; our wealthy maturity tries hurriedly to gild itself with a shimmering European finish. Unfortunately we cannot import the best Roman remains; but we can, nevertheless, make a Pennsylvania or a Union Station which is an "authentic" copy of Rome—and do that in the name of good taste. We can build a \$3,000,000 Lincoln Memorial in which the plain American of



log-cabin birth is celebrated by vast Ionic and Doric lines of columns, memorial festoons, reflecting pools, and other shows of almost Oriental splendor—also in the name of good taste. Filling the general ear of Washington with the din of our calls for “awe-inspiring magnitude,” we go about setting up a city of buildings in Babylonian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Romanesque, English Gothic, and Louis XIV styles—certain that the older world, seeing itself so outdone in its own fields, cannot fail to be impressed.

This is the final period—the present one. It is difficult to say whether the economic frost of our latest years has killed it or whether this all too gener-

ous country will perhaps give it another chance to flower. It is a very definite period in American life: one of pride, abundance, and luxury, but one which never learned how to discipline those impulses. Its tragedy was that during its accumulation of riches its culture inevitably lagged far behind, and thus could place no controlling hand upon its rush for grandeur. It made fervid attempts to achieve dignity, but since it would not give up its cherished irresponsibility, those attempts could not raise it clear of the plane of gilded vulgarity. The buildings of the newer Washington may seem artificial and false; but are they not a true reflection of the age that produced them?

## THE PERJURED

BY A. E. JOHNSON

**L**ET Pilate and let Judas holy be,  
 White-robed and listed with the blessed throng,  
 Not for their mercy-bearing infamy,  
 But that they killed Him, Christ, heart-whole and young;  
 While yet His mind and heart were rich and keen  
 In irony and hopefulness and zest;  
 While eagerness of bitterness was clean,  
 And, tired, He did not see the World a jest.  
 We too were little christs brief years ago;  
 “Saviours,” they called us of the very World;  
 Death passed us by—ungenerously so;  
 We live to see the banners still unfurled  
 Of shallow men, flippant in what they said,  
 Perjured with us, and traitors to the Dead.



## MYSELF, WHEN OLD

BY REXFORD JORDAN

IN THE year 1959, by the grace of God and a sound constitution, I shall attain what the insurance companies call age seventy. The children will be grown up and gone away. I shall be sitting in front of the fire with mother, the firelight playing upon our silvered locks. Shall we in that scriptural climacteric of life be "financially independent"? Shall we be living in a home of our own or shall we be inmates of an institution, or will mother be in one institution and I in another? Or shall we have space in the big new State housing project and be recipients of old-age pensions?

For years I have been thinking and planning about this period. For years I have been discussing it with insurance agents and salesmen of securities. For years my wife and I have been creating reserves out of comparatively ample income to provide for this sunset period. I have looked at all the pictures of the dear old couple sitting there waiting for the postman to bring the check that spelled financial independence. I have walked past the local savings bank which adjures me to save. I have urged clients to save. As an attorney I have tied up trust funds to support and educate the children and the children's children. Thrift was inculcated in me not merely as a measure of financial prudence but as a precept of the moral law. The wasters and the profligates who squandered their substance were not going to any kingdom of heaven

conceived of in my youth. I can remember my father coming home from funerals and saying with a sad shake of the head, "I'm afraid the estate will be very small." This was an expression not merely of sympathy and commiseration for the widow, but was in a sense a judgment on the merits and capacities of the deceased. Sound characters left sound fortunes.

That was my background and training. That was the tradition of the sturdy old New England town where I was born and still live. That was what animated me when I first began saving money in the early years of our married life. If my wife, who was not of the New England tradition, wanted some luxury or pleasure I felt it my duty to caution and restrain her. So we saved money and made investments.

I did not realize in those days to what extent the saving of money—the foregoing of a present pleasure for a future security—was an act of faith. It was a principle of conduct with me. I scorned people who laid nothing by. It did not occur to me at the time how many assumptions underlay my investments. I did of course assume subconsciously: (1) That the particular investment which I made was good, *i.e.* if a bond, that the obligor would pay principle at maturity and interest in the meantime, if a stock that the corporation in question had a reasonable chance of operating at a profit; (2) That the political society of which



I was a member would continue to permit me to own property, and that my property would not be confiscated or subjected to confiscatory taxation; (3) If the investment were a bond, as it generally was in those days, that the currency of the country would be "sound" and that a dollar when the bond matured would bear some fairly close and obvious relation to the dollar that bought the bond. I knew of course that prices would fluctuate to some extent anyway and quite a lot in the event of wars. But great movements of inflation and deflation I never thought of because I had barely heard of them. I knew that some scarcely civilized states failed to balance their budgets and so sacrificed their currency. But I apprehended that in America no more than I apprehended the election of Parley P. Christenson to the Presidency.

Now I stand at middle life with no specific convictions about what the future is going to be like. I have seen so much happen that nothing would surprise me. The hundred thousand odd dollars that we had saved is gone and I am heavily in debt to banks for "investments," of which more anon. But I do not care so much about the past. I am blessed with excellent health. I have worked all my life and have no undue craving for idleness. My wife earns money regularly. The lost money could be re-earned and re-saved. My banking creditors could be paid. But the prerequisite to my starting anew is gone. The prerequisite is what the financial world calls confidence. Confidence is lacking. Oh, boy, how my confidence has failed me in these dark years! The splendid investment house with generations of honorable tradition, which (in perfect good faith) sold me *Kreuger & Toll* and *International Match* stock, the great New York bank which got me to buy its stock and recommended the

purchase of *Anaconda* which it was able to get for me at 119 flat, the President of the United States who told me from the front porch of the White House that brokers' loans at six billion or so were not too big, the celebrated professor of economics who told me in October, 1929, that stock prices had reached along with commodity prices a "permanently high plateau"—all these have contributed to my present nerveless state. But their utterances were all before the crash. Things are different now. The unhealthy inflation which made me rich is over and I have now reached the wholesome position of insolvency whence I seek to gaze into my future. The New Era is gone and we have a New Deal. Now I have a President who admits that things aren't quite O. K. but he "seeks the kind of a dollar which a generation hence will have the same purchasing power and debt paying power as the dollar we hope to attain in the near future." Perfectly bully, but how do I know that he is going to find it? No one ever has found quite such a dollar. I know Maynard Keynes thinks you can manage an inconvertible paper currency, but lots of economists think you can't.

I don't know anything about economics but I know what I like. I like a job and a living and the ability to look ahead with some confidence and say, "I shall save some money for a cruise to the West Indies next March and some more for Billy's college in 1938," to say nothing of our sunset and fireside period commencing in 1959. I like to go to my friends' houses and hear them talk about their jobs even in the dull way that people do talk about their jobs, instead of having to listen to colorful stories about their disasters. Lots of people in this country are like me that way. They aren't so hot about the recreation of society on new patterns as they

are about getting their victuals regularly. What we crave is no kind of novelty, even in dealing, but some kind of certainty.

I look about me. To the west I see striking farmers who wish to print more greenbacks. To the east I see Benito Mussolini bestriding the dead corpse of liberty and Adolf Hitler thinking about the new Tag. To the south they are plowing the cotton under. Do these prospects give me a feeling of security for 1959? Shall I run out to the man who has taken over the investment house that I used to deal with and make a long-term investment with the thousand dollars that has cost me far more toil and tribulation in the earning than three times that amount in 1929? If I do, he is pretty certain to tell me that he is having to close up because he can't run his office at a profit under the National Recovery Act. And he doesn't dare recommend any bonds for sale under the new Securities Act.

With my confidence in the processes of investment thus restored, I return to my fireside—the fireside by which my wife and I had hoped to attain financial independence in 1959—and I pick up one of those entertaining books written by our best contemporary thinkers and read that saving money is all a mistake, that the saved money does nothing but mischief to our economic life, and that I ought to be spending it, though honestly there isn't anything I need very much to buy. Then I read in the recently published work of a philosopher that the profit economy is fated to pass away because the "basic motivation involved is too low for what we have come to expect of civilized life."

Troubled by these disturbing concepts, I drop round to the church men's club (Friday nights in the Parish House), and hear a bright young professor of economics from a nearby col-

lege lecture on "Paths to Prosperity." No, I don't sneer at college professors. I find that their ideas are fully as practical as those of my bankers and are generally better considered and documented. This particular college professor is just back from Washington where he has won the confidence of the Administration and the Brain Trust. He assures a healthy audience of Congregationalist Babbitts like myself that the new society will solve the economic problem, that there is no point in saving money, and that in the new world at which we shall arrive shortly all men will retire at forty-five on ample government pensions and can devote their remaining years to travel, study, and research. Awfully jolly, of course, but although I am forty-four, I don't really want to retire next year and I never did want a government pension. I wanted my own money and my own house and my own income flowing in to me from my own life's efforts and I wanted to be let alone. I had that kind of individualistic pioneer mentality. I thought that this kind of mentality was all right. I thought that my ambitions were reasonable and that they would be fulfilled. Now it appears that I have got to modify not only my economic conduct but my childhood conceptions of morality, based on the propriety of the acquisition of capital, coupled with a sort of ascetic exercise in foregoing present enjoyment for future good. I must not expect "islands of safety in a changing world" to which to "retreat clutching certain sterile goods" representing "gains got from the sabotage of recovery." I must outgrow those ideas since the people's "mandate of repudiation" in 1932.

## II

It is all right. I shall not invest. I am no longer willing to make any of



the assumptions upon which investment is predicated. I do not now believe that any private enterprise is going to survive. I have no particular faith that our managed currency is going to be anything in particular. And, above all, I construe the planned economy to involve such drastic future restraints upon the individual ownership of property that, at least until I can see the outlines of the new morality, I am not going to try to do very much about age seventy.

But I do not like it. I am not resigned. I shall scream to the south and clutch at the north.

Well, the trouble is I am not enough socialized yet. I have still the raw crude hankering of the profit motive. There is *auri fames* in my metabolism. I ought to go on a sippy diet, foregoing the ulcerating acids of ambition. If we could eliminate the profit motive from our economic life and the sex motive from our social life, oh what a most particularly pure young society our pure young society would be! Dear, dear, isn't there some lady or gentleman in the audience who would care to get up and say something kind about individual initiative and not having the federal government run everything and everybody having a government job or a government pension? I used to think those things were platitudes. Now they are heresies.

Yes, gentlest of readers, I admit that the profit motive got me into a peck of trouble. I discovered along about 1926 that I could have anything I wanted by buying stocks on borrowed money and selling them at a sufficient profit to pay for what I bought. This worked well. My wife and I both liked it. I should never have bought stocks on a margin or done anything that the contemporary public opinion of the period considered, or that I considered, as mere speculation. But

when I borrowed from banks the banks welcomed me with open arms. I planked the securities down on the counter and asked to borrow five thousand, and the obliging gentleman at the window in his best ribbon-counter manner inquired, "Is that all you wish to borrow on that collateral, Mr. Jordan?" Generally I was man enough to say yes, but sometimes I weakly yielded and took another thousand. Looking back on it, I realize now that in those days even banks had the profit motive. I was thought to be an honorable young professional man with a good earning power; the collateral was ample and deemed at that time to be of high quality. Interest rates on demand loans were higher than on the best grade of mortgage bonds and could be raised at the will of the lender. The profit motive was making goats of us both.

I never had done any thinking in those days about banking or the function of credit or the structure of our economic society. I didn't dream that in four or five years' time the nice cashier with the ribbon-counter manner would glower at me as a reckless young man. From his point of view no one was reckless but I. Let me speak here and now a word for those who borrowed up to their ears in 1926 to 1929 to buy "securities." I remember how Philip Snowden, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, hurt my feelings in the summer of 1929 by saying that we Americans were engaged in an orgy of speculation. I took that rather personally. I happened to be in England that summer and I told my friends there that it wasn't so. I explained to them that sound credit policies had made it possible for even the humblest citizens in America to become participants in the great prosperity of our future. Hadn't our greatest financier told us never to sell America short? Weren't all our finan-

cial and political leaders believers in our national future? It is sometimes said that these were materialistic years, that our thoughts were on money. Nonsense. I have thought of money a thousand times since 1929 to once that I thought of it in those bright years. In those days I thought of spiritual things. I gave money to colleges. My wife was above the mean circumstances of daily scrimping. I was not worrying my grocer to supply me only the cheapest brands. I gave men jobs. It was a fool's paradise no doubt; but just as a paradise, it certainly impressed me more than the planned economy and retirement with an old-age pension at forty-five does now.

In our town the banks hadn't the heart to sell out our collateral loans and the borrowers hadn't the brains. So that we are all insolvent now, the banks and the borrowers. My relations with the conservators are friendly. The most serious difficulty is the one bank that for some odd reason didn't fail. The open bank views one's insolvency with more alarm than the closed banks. They think it almost unaccountable that I no longer pay interest on the loans at five and one-half per cent. If the banks would reduce the rate of interest on the loans (which they won't), and I could keep my health and could live in a society which permitted work and earnings and savings, I could in fifteen or twenty years pay my loans in full. With luck I might do it in a great deal less. Should any honorable man contemplate the alternative? I suppose not. But the prospect of age seventy begins to look a little grizzly, and meantime I cannot "buy now" because the banks would seize on mesne process anything that I bought. I am even a little nervous now about the milk bottles on the back doorsteps. Billy may have to give up col-

lege in 1938, though he is a bright boy and might in time learn to sublimate the profit motive better than his father. Still honorable men do not avoid their obligations. Corporations reorganize to conform their capital structures to the new conditions. They buy in their bonds on the depressed market. Nations step nimbly off the gold standard or emit a few debentures without sinking funds, but *integer vitæ scelerisque purus*, that noblest work of God, an honest man, pays in full. Will he in the next year or two? Shall I?

Yes, that was the profit motive and it was bad. But somehow I am not so much allured by the idea of reforming capitalism by having the profit motive run like everything else by the federal government. I don't think the president of the National City Bank should have borrowed ten million dollars personally to support the market in his own bank stock. But when the United States of America borrows money and yet more money to run a pool and support the market in its own obligations, it seems to be quite all right. Do the sins of capitalism become virtues when practiced by a sovereign state?

Don't misunderstand me. I have no grudge against having my economy planned. If they would plan away at least three of the five big filling stations at the foot of my street I should like it, and the planners can play fast and loose with all the hot-dog stands. But before I rally round the flag, boys, and rally once again, shouting the battle cry of a planned economy, I want to know just who is going to do the planning and why, and where I get off if they plan wrong. Because as I read the present record, my current difficulties and my misgivings about age seventy are not so much due to *laissez-faire* and rugged individualism as they are to the fact that



what planning we had was bad planning. If credit and tariff and monetary policies are bad, it may not necessarily result from an over-competitive and under-planned society, but from planning done in the wrong way and very probably by the wrong individuals. In other words, it looks to me as if the present mess were the result not of adherence to the accepted technic of capitalism but of not adhering. It was the clamor for novelty then. It is the clamor for novelty now.

It may be said that I was credulous and gullible about prosperity and that I am now in an unregenerate and unreasonable state of doubt. There is a good deal in that. Like Mr. Babson, I believe in action and reaction. Looking back over my life however, I discover that its prevailing characteristic has at all times been its credulity, its meek acceptance of many currently popular ideas of government, economics, and even beverages. In my day I even liked jazz and drank gin. But from all the illusions there stand out two which shaped my life and fabricated what my obituary notices, if any,

will refer to as my career. One was the illusion that I was performing some definite service for the good of mankind when I enlisted in the army and went to France in 1917. The other was when in 1926 to 1929 I made myself a participant in the future prosperity of America. Those were acts of major subjection to mass emotion and I am ashamed of them. Financial independence at age seventy, or a cubicle in the State housing scheme, I should like at least in that evening of my life to have preserved my self-respect. To do so, I am going to be wary of new ideas and new emotions, however generally indulged by scientists, economists, statesmen, writers of editorials, and however much, in the language of Wall Street, they can "attract the outside public." I think perhaps I shall even be just the least bit wary of the authoritarian state, the planned economy, and the subjugation of the profit motive.

I wonder what it is going to be like at age seventy. And will there in the meantime be any fun? If so, will the good time be had by all or only by the Planners and the Chiefs of Bureau?



## WHY ISN'T RADIO BETTER?

BY MERRILL DENISON

THE question might be put another way: Who is to blame for the mediocre quality of most radio entertainment—the broadcaster, the advertiser, or the public? Most discussions on the subject end by placing the onus of responsibility on either the advertiser or the public. The advertiser, for having such a low opinion of public taste; the public, for accepting the advertiser's estimate of its mental age. As the harassed middleman, the broadcaster usually comes off best. To anyone with an intimate knowledge of American broadcasting the soundness of these conclusions is debatable; but whatever the correct answer may prove to be, it seems probable that the near future will see the whole question of radio threshed out more thoroughly than it has ever been before.

The conviction is growing that our air-and-ear entertainment is not all it should be. As yet no larger than the proverbial hand, the clouds of discontent are already numerous enough to give warning of the storm which soon may be raging. For radio to be a storm center is no new situation. Whatever its problems, it has never suffered from a lack of whole-hearted criticism. But in the past few months the criticism has assumed a different character. In place of being the expression of individual opinion, it has begun to emanate from organized groups with proven political power and a known capacity for political action. That immeasurable section of

the radio audience, the so-called intelligent minority, stone-deaf to countless pleas to express its preference by fan mail, appears to be making ready to seek action through Congress rather than through the Post Office.

Concurrent with the gala opening in Radio City of the newest broadcasting plant, a national convention of women's clubs enthusiastically applauded a speaker who served warning on the broadcasting industry that the club women of America were growing weary of being considered morons. Coming from an individual, the statement would have possessed neither novelty nor importance. Received with every indication of approval by an immensely influential body of women, it acquired both. Of equal moment are complaints made by the parent-teacher groups against the majority of children's programs. Of greater significance are the forty thousand high school debates on the relative merits of the British and American systems of radio control, which are taking place during the present winter. And, fortifying these unrelated evidences of dissatisfaction, are the surveys undertaken by magazines and newspapers in increasing numbers, to determine exactly what the public does think of the radio fare it now receives.

It would appear that radio, having grown in a single decade from a fascinating toy to occupy the position of a fifth estate, is about to enter its third



phase: that in which it will be examined as a social force, instead of a combined vehicle of advertising and entertainment. In spite of impressive mechanical advances and many exciting achievements in broadcasting, there has been little improvement in the quality of programs for the past four or five years. The names may change, but the old acts continue. Programs which once delighted because of their freshness grow monotonous. Having reached substantially the same stage of development as the movies in 1911-12, the broadcasting art seems to have congealed at that point. Having been content to absorb the talent developed in other fields of entertainment, and having at last consumed the available supply of proven good material, radio now seems at a stalemate.

At the moment, there is no prospect that radio will follow the road traveled by the movies. In their worst days, there was always some visionary to insist that the movies were an art. However feeble his voice, however scornful his reception, he remained to pipe his faith and to maintain that nucleus of creative talent which steadily developed higher artistic standards. Nowhere inside the broadcasting industry can one find a similar point of view, nor can one find any reason to suspect that those who provide our radio entertainment are not completely satisfied with it as it is.

Under such circumstances, it is likely that radio will be elevated from the realms of personal controversy to those of political action. With the Canadian experience in government control of broadcasting to guide one, no great prophetic gift is needed to predict the lines along which the battle will be waged. On the one hand there will be demands for a drastic curtailment of advertising and an increase in the number of deliberately cultural programs.

An ocean of ink will flow to extol the superiority of British broadcasting. Many fine things will be heard about the Canadian experiment in which a government commission is attempting to combine the features of the British Broadcasting Corporation and an American chain. And there will be a concerted effort to institute government control and operation, to be financed in the European manner, by license fees levied on set owners.

On its part, the broadcasting industry will produce an impressive body of evidence to prove its devotion to the public interest. It will point out that its educational programs have been superior to those broadcast by purely educational stations. It will marshal the facts concerning the broadcasting of grand opera and of great symphony orchestras. It will draw attention to the thoroughness with which all important events have been covered. It will show that it has served, with a commendable lack of interference or censorship, as a forum of public debate. It will stress the fact that under its stewardship radio in America has escaped the political interference common to other countries. It will insist that only through the existence of some six hundred freely competing stations could listeners have enjoyed the prodigal variety of entertainment provided in the past. And it will underline this point—the American radio owner has no nuisance tax to pay.

Should the advertiser—who pays for every syllable and every grace note shot daily through the air—become involved in the discussion, it can only be to point out that his sole concern is to give listeners the kind of programs the greatest number of them seem to want.

To weigh the relative merits of these conflicting claims one must have some knowledge of the economic influences which affect radio and of the effect

these influences have had throughout the entire range of broadcast entertainment. With such knowledge, however, the inevitability of the present situation becomes apparent and, of greater moment, a clue is obtained as to the means whereby the broadcasting industry might revitalize itself in time to prevent public opinion accepting the doubtful alternative of government control.

## II

The growth of radio has been almost incredible. In 1920 the first radio broadcast was made from Station KDKA. By 1924 there were over 1400 stations on the air. In 1920 the receiving sets were numbered by the hundreds; fourteen years later, over 17,000,000 sets are said to be in use. Starting with a few hundred dollars, costs have risen to a sum estimated to exceed \$100,000,000 annually. In the early years, costs were a minor consideration. The stations were low-powered, the thrill of broadcasting and the bait of free publicity made talent available, and even when no talent appeared the limited audience did not greatly care, for its interest was not in programs but in dialing new stations. With the mass production of receiving sets operated by electric current, both the size and the demands of the radio audience increased by leaps and bounds. No longer were listeners content to hang on ear-phones, waiting for the call letters of remote stations. They began to demand bigger and better programs. With the growth of a known public, artists would no longer donate their services for the fun of going on the air. Costs began to mount alarmingly, and as yet no one had the slightest idea who could be made to foot the bill.

An appeal was made to the manufacturer of sets. It seemed reasonable

that he should be asked to bear the costs of broadcasting, since without programs there could be no market for his product. Sensible though the scheme appeared, no backers were found. Next, WEAf and probably other stations invited listeners to help defray the expense of programs they enjoyed, by sending donations, however small, by mail. The public showed no inclination to contribute. Not until 1925 was the solution hit upon. In that year, Station WEAf announced that its facilities could be hired for broadcasting purposes by any reputable person. Slowly, but in appreciable numbers, cash customers appeared at the wicket. The burning question, "Who is going to pay for radio programs?" had found its answer, and in addition there unfolded a glittering vision of profit-making possibilities if broadcasting were established on a national basis.

So quickly was the significance of this vision grasped, that within a few months the elaborate system of network broadcasting which we know today had been evolved and put into operation. To attempt to minimize the scope of this achievement or to belittle the imaginative genius of those who, with nothing to guide them, organized chain broadcasting would be foolish. But up to this time radio had been an absorbing adventure, and little more, for those connected with it. In receipt of trifling salaries, its workers had found their satisfaction in the development of a new, exciting medium and in their hopes for its future. Artistic standards had been sought and efforts made to observe them. With the creation of the networks, these working conditions and the attitudes they had fostered disappeared. Radio was no longer a series of disjointed experimental laboratories, sharing with the public the exhilaration of each new achievement. It had become a private



profit-making industry, heavily capitalized and burdened with enormous overhead expenses. Industrialized radio assumed the industrial point of view and the era of factory production of entertainment soon followed. Quantity became of more importance than quality, and the profitable exploitation of a marketable commodity the principal concern.

Revenues, however, materialized with disconcerting slowness. All that had seemed necessary was a sufficient number of sponsors who would include radio in their advertising appropriations. But in the search for sponsors an unforeseen obstacle was encountered. It was discovered that sponsors who had thought lightly of spending a few thousand dollars on a local station hesitated to commit their companies to the hundreds of thousands involved in chain hook-ups. Now industrialized, radio was no longer a worthy object of charitable donations, to be made in the interests of science and public amusement, but had become a costly advertising medium. Not unnaturally, sponsors turned for advice to their advertising agencies—the specialists who plan, create, and place most of the advertising in the country. And not unnaturally, the agencies showed no signs of enthusiasm for this new way of spending their clients' money. Dependent for support on the discounts received from publications in which the agencies bought advertising space, radio was a serious threat to their very existence. Not only had radio made no provision for the agency, but there seemed to exist a tangible possibility that the broadcasting industry might easily usurp the agency's function and become the largest of all advertising agencies itself.

Without the good will of the agency, there seemed no hope for radio's economic future. Under the terms of their agency contracts, many advertis-

ers could not appropriate sums for radio, even had they so desired. Others refused to go against the advice of experts who had served them brilliantly in the past. It would seem that the infant industry had no alternative but to adopt the trade practices of newspapers, magazines, and trade publications—the payment of a fifteen per cent commission in the form of a discount to agencies buying space from them. The principle of rebating fifteen per cent of station and network costs was accepted. The agencies were welcomed into the scheme. In certain instances commissions were forwarded to agencies which had fought bitterly to keep a client off the air. As the sales of time increased, radio's control of its own destiny decreased. In order to build an economic structure that would permit its survival, it was forced to subject itself to influences which may in the end prove its undoing as a private enterprise. At the time there seemed no choice but the one that was made.

Having given radio its blessing, many factors tended to increase the agency's influence. Although the broadcasting companies were prepared to build and sell programs of any character, this arrangement soon proved unacceptable to the agency, which assumed a function for which it was never designed and for which it has doubtful qualifications—that of the impresario. The broadcasting companies themselves were in part to blame for this step. Had they had a more able personnel it should have been possible to retain control of this most essential phase of broadcasting—the choice and creation of entertainment. On the other hand, the agency saw clearly that it must play a more important part than merely writing advertising continuities, if it was to play any part at all. Radio departments were developed in the larger

agencies. Staffed by youngsters with little background and with no theatrical experience, these production mills began to create most of the important commercial programs. The broadcasting companies, so far as this type of program was concerned, were relegated to a position where they often did no more than rent studio space and transmit the sounds made in them.

Once behind the scenes and vested with all the authority and power of a paymaster, the agency quickly molded radio into its present pattern. With no responsibilities either to the public or to the broadcasting companies whose facilities it rented, the agency had but one interest in radio—to satisfy its individual clients. Any lingering idealism concerning the larger significances of the broadcasting medium vanished. It was recognized as a mass medium of entertainment, whose effective exploitation for advertising purposes demanded programs which would interest the largest number of listeners. The experience gained in the pseudo-scientific analysis of a thousand markets was used to determine the probable likes and dislikes of the audience. The clues offered by the movies, newsstand thrillers, and popular fiction gave direction to the search for the lowest common denominator of public taste. The sole criteria for judging the worth of programs became the number of listeners and the quantity of sales. A good program sold goods, but a better one sold more goods. To radio's attitude that it was an industry was added the agency's theory that it was a midway.

In defense of the agency may be mentioned certain things. In most cases it does not have a free hand in the choice of program material, but has to satisfy some single individual in a client's organization whose opinion of his company's radio efforts may be determined by the reactions of his wife, the maid,

the chauffeur, the stenographer, or the office boy. With no appeal from arbitrary individual judgments, as may be made in the case of books, music, the theater, or talkies, to informed critical opinion, the agency must strive to keep the sponsor contented no matter how inferior may be the program it is supplying for him. To this discouraging influence on the desire for finer things is added the truly appalling lack of discrimination on the part of the radio audience. One reason why radio programs are no better than they are is because there is no need for them to be any better. Improvement in quality may easily defeat the very object for which programs are designed—to attract the mass audience. Stupendous efforts have been made to secure concrete evidence as to the actual opinions of this audience. Fan mail was highly regarded until the discovery was made that supplying it had become a racket,—that any interested person could buy letters to New York at so much a ton. To-day the broadcasting companies and larger agencies judge the relative popularity of programs by the statistics gathered through an elaborate and continuous telephone survey to which they contribute. Whatever method of analysis is used, this much is certain: the taste of the radio audience does not differ materially from that of any cross section of the public. It is neither cultivated nor discriminating. This is the explanation of the quality of radio most commonly heard when the agency boys lock the door and put their feet on the table.

Granting the difficulties of satisfying both an amorphous audience and an opinionated client, the agency may still be held accountable for certain unfortunate developments. In the fiercely competitive search for sensational programs, talent costs have been driven to heights where comedians are paid five thousand dollars for a thirty-minute



appearance before the microphone. By any sane standards, such fees are preposterous and would never have been possible had not competing agencies, lavishly scattering someone else's money, established them. Lacking any desire to experiment or any interest in the welfare of the broadcasting industry, the agency has always played safe by imitating established success. In life, imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, in radio, it is a slow form of murder. While the agency has helped give listeners a variety of entertainment possible under no other system, and has induced sponsors to spend prodigious sums to broadcast the most popular stars of stage and screen, it is very questionable if it has made one single creative contribution to radio. Its triumphs have consisted in bringing to the microphone talent which has perfected its art and made its reputation in some other field. And so the stars from the adjacent skies of Broadway are being rapidly used up. No more great comedians are left. Burlesque and vaudeville no longer exist to develop new ones, and radio has made little effort to establish a training school to replace the material it consumes so quickly. Since no program can retain the charm of novelty for forty weeks running, and no comedian can make the same gag seem fresh and sparkling for two successive years, the triumphs of to-day make to-morrow's triumphs more difficult. One news commentator a night was interesting, two were tolerable, six may easily become obnoxious. The agency could, if it would, induce sponsors to assist in attaining a better balance in the pattern of an evening's programs; it might, if it had the foresight, aid in developing the creative forces radio so greatly needs. Under the present conditions it would be fatuous indeed to expect the agency or the commercial sponsor to do either.

### III

But, someone reasonably interjects, "What of the sustaining programs? Are these not entirely free from commercial interference and completely under the control of the broadcasting companies? And if this is the case, why should not sustaining programs be of such outstanding merit that they would do much to help counteract the effect of tedious, commonplace commercial ones?"

These are pertinent questions, but ones for which no single answer can be found. The networks would probably answer that many sustaining programs are of outstanding merit. They would only need to cite opera, symphony orchestras, world series, political conventions, inaugural pageants to prove the point. But the question would remain unanswered. Although ninety-five per cent of all worth-while advances in radio have been originated by broadcasting companies, the run-of-the-mill sustaining programs are no better, but particularly outside the networks, are generally worse than those paid for by advertisers. The reasons seem to be in part due to economic necessities and in part due to the attitude which considers broadcasting an industrial operation. This attitude has made radio studios into factories staffed for quantity production.

There are, roughly, three types of programs. First—The commercial program, paid for by the advertiser, which provides the broadcasting companies with by far the greatest portion of their revenues. Second—Programs originated by such bodies as The National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, which pays the cost of speakers or actors, but which receives the use of the broadcasting facilities free of charge. Third—Sustaining programs, the cost of which is borne entirely by the broadcasting com-

panies. The third type can be subdivided into: a.—Special sustaining features: programs of exceptional public interest. b.—Ordinary sustaining features: run-of-the-mill programs designed to keep the station on the air for the hours allotted to it, as required by the regulations of The Federal Radio Commission. Over fifty-five per cent of all broadcasting time is devoted to sustaining programs. Outside the key network stations, the talent appearing on such programs ordinarily goes unpaid. Of the sustaining programs over half are put on the air in the hope that they may attract a commercial sponsor. The others are designed to widen the popular appeal of radio, to promote good will, and to assist in building a body of evidence with which to refute the criticism that national broadcasting under the present system has been derelict in the discharge of the obligations entailed in a private and semi-monopolistic control of a great medium of public education and improvement.

It is evident that sustaining programs, designed for sale to advertisers, must inevitably follow the pattern set by advertisers, so that we find the same point of view which produces commercial programs influencing a majority of sustaining programs. But the question still remains unanswered: "Why are there not numerous sustaining programs of a quality so outstanding as to establish standards for all radio entertainment?" The explanation must be sought in the economics of broadcasting. Costs are enormous. The only important source of revenue is from the sale of station time. From this revenue must be met operating costs, unreasonably high rental charges assumed during boom days, heavy telephone tolls, the not inconsiderable costs of covering outstanding events and arranging for spectacular hookups, and lastly, the expenses of provid-

ing sustaining programs. It may yet develop that the present structure of chain broadcasting is economically unsound. We may find that the advertiser cannot carry the entire burden of providing the American public with its radio entertainment. It is certain that the revenues received from the sale of time are either not large enough or are not administered efficiently enough to permit the experimental work which should be a primary undertaking of the important broadcasting studios or to pay salaries large enough to attract workers of proven creative ability from collateral fields of endeavor. This reference is not to highly paid stars but to the permanent staff workers who serve the entertainment-assembly lines in the larger broadcasting factories—the writers, directors, and performers.

When we write "factory" instead of "studio" we are only being precise. The industrial attitude has evolved the system of mass production common to all forms of American technology. The application of factory methods to the creation of entertainment has done away with artistic standards and has established an atmosphere in which artistic desire or integrity is impossible. Quantity, quantity, quantity, is the never-ending demand—quantity at a minimum expenditure of time and money. Only the writer, musician, or actor who brings to radio the standards of his own profession and who has a sufficient reputation to insist that these standards are respected, can hope to surmount the callous indifference to good craftsmanship which permeates the great broadcasting plants. Organized, staffed, and operated on factory lines, it is not surprising that these plants should tend to stultify the imagination, atrophy every creative impulse, and offer a level of uninspired, slovenly sameness.

Much of radio's raw material is



pounded out by staff continuity writers, who grind out whatever is required of them—sketches, playlets, drama-logues—day by day and week by week. They are not particularly well paid and are never accorded the respect paid writers in other fields. The “by-line” which inspires the cub reporter to do his best is a rarity, for seldom does the writer hear his name mentioned on the air along with the announcer, the orchestra leader, the product, the cast, and any visiting fireman. The writer is not considered a literary worker but an advertising worker. No advertising is ever signed, therefore no radio program is signed. Radio reserves its laurel wreaths for the Cantors and the Wynns; the men who write their gags are unknown. With their egos kept on a starvation diet, and no compensating rewards in the weekly pay envelope, is it surprising that radio writers should regard their work much as they would shovelling snow?

The next cog in the machinery is the director. His exact status is nicely illustrated by the fact that he is not known as a director, but as a production man. Even the terminology fits. Exactly the same influences affect the director as those which insure a poor performance from the writer. Many radio directors have been recruited from the theater, many seem to have drifted into radio by accident; but whatever their background, or their initial enthusiasm for a new, strange medium, insufficient rehearsal time, the unceasing pressure to get programs on the air, and the complete indifference of everyone concerned to anything more ambitious than an easily attained competency make thoughtful, conscientious effort on the director's part a fabulous impossibility.

In any form of dramatic art the actor plays an important role. He is the vehicle by which drama comes to life. In radio the actor is little more than a

reader of lines, equipped with some simple tricks of voice to indicate movement and some elocutionary voice changes to suggest emotional upheavals. Acting before a microphone, even for the most intelligent actors, requires more painstaking direction than does either stage or screen. At the microphone the actor can have no knowledge of the effect of the words he speaks. He must be guided. What happens to him? Trained on the stage, where acting is regarded as an art and the theater its temple, the actor soon realizes that he is in a foundry where entertainment is cast in a few worn molds. He is handed a script with dialogue that would make the editor of a penny dreadful wince. He is subjected to a production man who is either too indifferent or unskilled or too pressed for time (probably all three) to give more than a few perfunctory instructions as to where to stand and how loud to speak. Is it astonishing that the actor soon conditions himself to the shoddy standards already accepted by those about him? In the theater four to six weeks are spent on the rehearsal of a play. In the talkies shots are taken and retaken. In radio the rehearsal time for a half-hour program is ordinarily two and a half to four hours; very seldom is it more than six. There is never time for anyone to sit down quietly and think about it. The production man has seldom had a chance to study a script before arriving in the studio for the rehearsal. He has probably been able to do no more than glance over the material, choose his actors, and make requisitions for the necessary music and sound effects.

The hour appointed for the rehearsal arrives. The studio to be used may have been on the air for the preceding period. Anything from five minutes to half an hour may be spent clearing the studio of the outgoing program. Finally the director and his

cast assemble, ready to commence work. Neither the musicians nor the noise makers have put in an appearance; they will not arrive until the dress rehearsal. Casting, considered in the theater of such paramount importance, can occupy but a few minutes: hardly longer than it takes the director to read out the list of characters and allot parts. If a role is miscast, well then it is miscast. The inexorable march of the red second-hand on the clock face above the control booth is a continual restraint on artistic procrastination.

The reading rehearsal begins. This first reading of a thirty-minute script may take from fifty minutes to an hour and a half. Since neither the director nor the players have been given any opportunity to study the program, the rehearsal accomplishes little beyond familiarizing everyone with the printed words. An hour and a half to two hours have been consumed. The director then retires to the control booth and listens to the program as it will sound on the air, but still without either musicians or noise makers. This rehearsal before live microphones enables the director to clear up any glaring faults and, of more importance to him, gives him some indications as to whether the playing time is going to be over or under the estimate. At the end of the first "mike" rehearsal, having read the script at least twice, the cast is considered to be pretty well prepared for the artistic ordeal before them. Forty-five minutes or so before the program goes on the air the noise makers and musicians arrive. In all probability the musicians will be prepared to go to work as soon as they set up their instruments. The noise makers, however, being the temperamental plumbers of broadcasting, are always discovered to have forgotten some essential tools. While they are off making good the omissions, the director has a chance to go over the music

cues with the orchestra leader. If the music proves to be badly chosen there is little or nothing that can be done about it. The second-hand is marching on. With thirty-five to forty minutes left, the dress rehearsal begins, and the director hears his program as a complete entity for the first time. A few minutes later it is on the air.

This is a restrained description of the preparations involved in a majority of sustaining programs. While there are exceptions, most of these belong to that type of program which comes to the microphone already prepared such as symphony orchestras, operas, scenes from current stage plays, dance bands, and so forth. In these cases radio is simply a transmitting device. When called upon under the prevailing system to create its own material or to modify existing material to the peculiar limitations of the microphone, radio simply has no creative capacities whatsoever. One conversant with the processes of broadcasting wonders why psychologists have always limited their investigations of mental ages to the radio audience only.

#### IV

Perhaps the wonder is not that radio is no better than it is; the mystery may be that it should be as good. Its virtues are the direct outcome of high-pressure competition; its vices lie in the mass-production methods such competition has evolved. A youthful industry, it is engaged in a hybrid undertaking which overlaps the fields of communication, publishing, and the theater, but which has no positive analogies to any of them; certainly no analogies close enough to serve as an absolute guide. Most of radio's knowledge has been self taught and it faces one complication which is unique. Instead of serving one master, radio serves two. Dependent for



its support on the patronage of the commercial sponsor, and dependent for its very existence on retaining the good will of the public, the broadcaster's lot is not a happy one when these two come in conflict. Faced with the conflict, it was not unreasonable for the broadcasting companies to accept the dictation of those who were prepared to sign the checks. Whatever its duties and obligations to the public may be, broadcasting in America is a profit-making enterprise whose first necessity is to pay its way. The broadcasting industry has a definite commodity to sell. The most elementary law of merchandising requires that the seller remain on good terms with the customer. Where there is but a single customer the law assumes the force of self-preservation. Under the circumstances is it to be wondered at that the commercial sponsor exerts the dominating influence in American radio? He pays.

Having reached this point in analysis of radio's shortcomings, the conventional solution of the problems posed is to evade the issue by placing the entire blame on the listening public. It is usually done in one of two ways. Either the public is accused of having the intelligence of baby snails or a plea is made to cultured listeners that they become chronic letter writers in order to convince broadcasters, sustaining and commercial, that a vast, eager audience is waiting to appreciate and applaud better programs. To blame the public is like blaming the rank and file of the armies in the late War. While privates could have stopped the fighting at any time by laying down their arms, the objective conditions were all against them. So are the conditions against the radio audience doing anything about radio by appealing to the broadcasters. If action is taken, it will be along other lines.

The crux of the matter seems to lie, first, in the position assumed by the

advertising agency and, through it, that assumed by the sponsor; second, in the contemptuous attitude which exists throughout the broadcasting industry, both toward the entertainment it provides and toward the public it serves. The fact that the advertiser pays for the support of radio is no reason why he should have been permitted to become the entrepreneur of the country's entertainment. He also supports most of the magazines and newspapers, but he neither writes the editorials, chooses the illustrators, nor decides what fiction and what articles shall be published. No one would pretend that he is fitted either by temperament or experience to discharge these functions capably. He is no more fitted to be the arbiter of radio entertainment.

The fundamental error was made when the sponsor, through the advertising agency, was permitted to assume a dominating position. Since then, the broadcasting industry has seen its only equity, the good will of the public, continually threatened by the commonplace quality of most advertising programs. If radio is to improve, the broadcasting companies must reassume control over their own medium, providing not only the facilities but the programs broadcast through them. The sponsor and his agency should occupy the same relation to radio as to the magazine and the newspaper. Given this change, given the removal of the commercial point of view and the return to the broadcaster of control over his own destinies, other necessary changes would follow. The broadcasting plants would no longer need to be factories dedicated to mass production. The experimental work that is so urgently needed could be undertaken and the creative elements within radio discovered and fostered.

The broadcasting industry seems to be facing three dangers at the present

moment. Unable to derive sufficient revenues from a maximum sale of commercial time, the chain system may vanish within a few years, to be supplanted by transcriptions or by a few high-powered stations, located at strategic points for coverage. The second danger arises because of the dearth of fresh entertainment material and the possibility that the audience, trained to expect sensational new novelties every few weeks, will lose interest. Should the radio audience grow appreciably smaller, it seems likely that commercial support would rapidly diminish. If this came about there would be every probability of private enterprise withdrawing from radio and allowing the Government to assume the profitless burden. The third danger lies in the active, reformist minority, mentioned at the beginning of this article, organizing an effective movement for government control.

No one who has made a thorough study of the American, British, and Canadian systems of broadcasting, can contemplate government control in this country without profound misgivings. If commercial sponsorship and quasi-control have developed objectionable features, political sponsorship would develop features infinitely more objectionable. From the standpoint of the average listener particu-

larly, variety and interest would be replaced by monotony and uplift. The entertainment features of radio, however, although they are most talked about, are of less importance than its power to create and influence mass opinion. With government control, in place of six hundred stations, each operated by a different personality, there would be a single group of stations, controlled by a single personality, in the form of an individual or a commission. Under such circumstances, as the experience of European countries has shown, nothing could prevent radio becoming an instrument of special interests. That any great number of listeners wish government control is extremely doubtful. On the other hand, there is a growing dissatisfaction with radio as it is. If this dissatisfaction is organized and gains appreciable strength, the only alternative that can be offered will be government supervision and control. Unless the economic structure of radio collapses, the road it is to travel must be chosen by the broadcasting industry itself. Either the industry will acknowledge the responsibilities of its position and will develop the courage to lead both sponsors and the public or it will continue its present policies until they bring about the eventual destruction of private enterprise in radio.





# MÉNAGE À TROIS

A STORY

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

HE CAME into the wide central hall of the house in a hurry. The scene which greeted him was, for the time of evening, somewhat bizarre. A huge crate stood in the middle of the hall, while a small, black-haired creature in a red dress and sweater lectured and gesticulated.

"Lili! What on earth are you doing? Isn't it time we were both dressed?"

She stopped talking abruptly, bewildered. She frowned under her bushy black hair, trying to adjust herself to this voice from another world.

"Hello, darling," she said. "Have a nice game? Isn't this lovely? The piano has come."

She allowed herself to be kissed, but her eyes scarcely left the crate.

"What piano?" the man asked, staring over her head. "And anyway, what's the difference? Isn't it high time we were both dressed? I can make it in ten or fifteen minutes, but it always takes you hours."

She patted his arm gently.

"There, there, Martin, don't be annoyed with me," she said. "I honestly forgot all about dressing, and I can't remember what I'm supposed to dress for anyway. I'm terribly excited about the piano. What party is it now? Must I go?"

"It's the Mitchells," he said, his words chopping out in crisp little clicks. "I've told you a dozen times.

They're going away to-morrow. And we've got to drive all the way to Nice by eight o'clock. It's seven now."

She made a little dissatisfied noise through her nose, a mere phantom of sound, but one which he knew too well.

"Darling, darling," she said, still watching the silent blue-bloused workmen, "I don't want to see the Mitchells. I never want to see the Mitchells. You know perfectly well that they are the dullest overstuffed ornithological specimens we've ever known in our lives, and they make me absolutely ill."

"You accepted the engagement," said Martin coldly, moving toward the stairs.

"I accepted?" she echoed in surprise, staring after him. "My dear, you must be mad. I couldn't possibly have accepted. You arranged it and informed me that we were going. I wasn't ever consulted in the matter at any point. In my entire life I have never gone to dinner with such stuffed owls and jaybirds of my own free will."

Martin turned around at the foot of the stairs.

"The stuffed owls and jaybirds," he said, "are my friends. I went to school and college with George Mitchell. I know he's no great brilliant figure, like your friends, but he's a good fellow and he's an important man in the motor business. I might remind you that I still have some kind of business and social interests of my own."

"Oh, Martin!" she said, coming over toward him; for the first time her eyes left the crate and the silent workmen. "Don't let's quarrel about such a silly thing. I'll dress and go to the stupid dinner if you absolutely insist. But do let me off, just this once. I've tried so hard, and I can't get on with people like that. They don't like me and I don't like them. And besides, I can't bear to leave the piano like this. I must get it out of the crate and put it up and try it. Please, Martin."

In his old golf clothes and sweater, standing angrily there by the foot of the stairs, Martin Eggleston was a handsome figure of a man. His wife had to look up at him to get his eyes.

"You can do exactly as you please," said Martin. "You will anyway, so what's the use of talking? You are the great Lili Strauss, and of course it was wonderful of you to marry me at all, so what right have I to complain? I'm going to drive to Nice and dine with the Mitchells, that's all. I suppose I can tell them that my celebrated and charming wife couldn't come because she has a new tin pan to practice on and can't bear to wait until morning. The situation will be nothing new to me."

Lili's dark brown eyes shone suddenly with the tears which were always so near their surface.

"Oh, Martin, dear!" she said. "Please don't talk like that!"

"How do you expect me to talk?" he asked. "Do you think it's pleasant for a man who, after all, amounts to something in his own way—"

"You know perfectly well that you're talking nonsense—"

"—to be put in the position of a prima donna's poodle-dog?"

Lili suddenly stamped her foot.

"Oh, I can't stand such talk!" she said. "Do you think I have no feelings, no resentments, nothing to complain about? You go off and play golf

all afternoon with a stupid Scotch professional who doesn't know a thing about anything but strokes and clubs; and when you come in you don't ask a single question about me. How have I spent the day? That's of no consequence. My piano—Borisoglebsky's piano, willed to me in his will, the most perfect piano in the world—is just a tin pan! You don't care what it is! You don't care anything about me! All I'm good for is to dress up in silly clothes and load on jewels and sit and be wretched all evening with your ghastly friends, just to impress them! Just so that they can tell all their horrible little banker and broker friends that they had dinner with Lili Strauss, and she was this and she was that, and why does she wear that awful bang over her eyes?, and what Martin sees in her—"

Martin broke in. His voice was slower now, in a calm frigidity which covered Lili like cold water.

"My friends need not trouble you," he said. "I don't want you to go to the dinner. Not now. You would simply insult them all, in one way or another, before the evening was over. You would address not one word to your host and you would refuse to answer the simplest question about your plans or your work. I know that high and mighty manner. My friends may not be world wonders, but they're too good to subject to that kind of treatment. You can stay at home. With your piano."

He turned to go upstairs, but before he had taken three steps she was after him. She was crying now.

"Oh, dearest!" she said, throwing herself in front of him. "I'm sorry—I'm so sorry! I don't want to be nasty. It's just that temper of mine, you know. And you know you really didn't ask a single thing about me or the piano. I thought it would be such a lovely surprise for you."



He took her in his arms and kissed her.

"That's all right, ducky," he said in a softer voice. "I'm sorry too. It can't be helped. I just got angry. I'm afraid my temper's worse than yours, if it comes to that."

She was crying desperately into the soft wool of his sweater.

"There, sweetheart," he whispered into her bushy black hair. "Don't cry. Please don't cry. You know I can't stand seeing you cry. You don't have to go to the dinner. It's foolish of me to want you to. I wouldn't have you go there and be miserable, not for the world. Please, dearest."

She lifted a woebegone face.

"Oh, Martin darling," she said. "I'll go. I'd l-l-love to go, only please don't be angry with me! I'll go and I'll try to be nice, and answer questions and talk to that awful Mr. Mitchell. You'll see, dear, how nice I'll be."

"But I don't want you to go, sweetheart," he said, running his fingers through the bushy fringe of hair over her forehead. "It ruins your nerves for twenty-four hours to go to that kind of party. I know it does. It's stupid of me to want you to be like any little suburban housewife. You aren't that sort of person at all, thank God. And I love you the way you are."

"Do you, sweet?" she asked of his woolen sweater. "But I love you too and that's why I'm going to go; you'll see."

She lifted her head tragically, exalted by the thought of the sacrifice she was about to make.

"I'll send the workmen away at once," she said. "The piano can stay in the crate until to-morrow morning, and then I'll get it set up."

She extricated herself from his arms with one swift movement and ran down to the hall. He followed her.

"But I don't want you to, darling," he protested. "I know you're dying to

see the piano and play on it. I want you to stay and do it. I don't want you to go to the dinner, honestly I don't."

"You don't want me to go to the dinner?" she demanded, turning back to him again. "Then what on earth has all this been about?"

She paused, fixed her eyes on him, and frowned.

"Oh, I see," she said. "You don't want me to disgrace you. That's it. I've done it too often, I suppose. You think that because we had this little disagreement I'll be rude and nervous at dinner, and your precious Mitchells will wonder again what Martin sees in that awful Lili Strauss. Is that it?"

"No, that isn't it," he said impatiently. "Will you never get anything straight? I don't want you to go because I realize that you'd be miserable. I don't want to make you miserable. If you'd rather be here with this damned piano, then I think you ought to stay."

"This damned piano!" she echoed. "Do you realize that this is one of the most beautiful pianos I've ever heard in my life? It was built for Borisoglebsky, and his hands were almost exactly the same shape and size as mine, and . . . Oh, Martin, what's the use?"

She leaned her head against the side of the crate, and the tears shone again on her cheekbones.

"All right, dear," said Martin quietly. "Please don't be disturbed. I'll run up and dress and get off to the dinner. Don't worry. Everything's going to be all right."

He kissed her tears away and left her there. She did not speak again, and until he disappeared at the top of the stairs she stood with her head leaning against the side of the crate.

Then, as if for the first time, she became aware of the four French workmen. They had gathered in a clump, stolid but fascinated, watching her.

Nothing in this house was likely to surprise them, since its inhabitants were not only American but musical. Their interest was none the less keen, and Lili realized what a pretty story would be told in the village cafés that night.

"*Eh, bien,*" she said. "*Débrouillez-vous!*"

She began to move about briskly, giving directions, ringing bells, sending for newspapers to put down on the floor, impressing upon the workmen the need for great care. When Martin came downstairs ten minutes later, dressed for dinner, she was too busy to give him more than a glance.

"Quick work," she said absentmindedly, extending her cheek to be kissed. "You dress quicker than anybody in the world. Should have been an actor. Have a nice time, dear."

He was gone, and as she supervised the first blow of the hammer on the framework of the crate she heard, out in the courtyard, the roar of his motor getting off in a great hurry. She did not think of it, or of him; she was almost breathless with anxiety lest a careless blow might somehow injure the precious freight inside that wooden box.

"*Oh, prenez garde, prenez garde!*" she said to the workmen, standing on the tips of her toes as if to see better what was directly before her eyes.

In less than an hour the work was completed, and the lovely thing emerged from its straw and cotton wool, intact, exquisite, its smooth lovely walnut legs lying on the floor, ready to be put on. She ran her hands over the surface of the wood, and the mere touch of it sent a thrill down her back. The beautiful, beautiful thing!

"You must be very careful," she said. "We are going to move it now, into the music room, and set it up. Jean, you will have to help the workmen. Now do be very careful. If you drop it I shall bring the house down on

your heads. Careful! Careful! Move slowly!"

At last it was set up. She was almost out of her mind with delight. Jean, her butler, respectfully suggested that she might now have some dinner; it was already ten o'clock and Madame had eaten nothing since noon. But Madame was not hungry.

"Clear out all the *débris* in the hall," she said, "and pay these men. Perhaps later on I may eat. You might have some sandwiches made; Monsieur might like them when he returns. And put a pint of champagne on ice. If the piano is all I hope it may be perhaps I shall drink a glass of champagne. That is all, Jean."

She approached the lovely instrument almost in fear. It seemed too good to be true that this piano, which she had touched once years ago in Borisoglebsky's studio and dreamed about ever since, was now to be her own for ever. Borisoglebsky had been a virtuoso with phenomenally small hands, almost exactly the size and shape of her own. For him, before the War, a famous German piano-builder had constructed this perfect instrument. It had a slightly shortened keyboard without any loss of beauty or power. The tops of the black keys were slightly rounded, so as to make the rapid movements of brilliant passages somewhat less difficult for a small hand. A pianist with a different sort of hand would have had trouble playing on it. But for Lili Strauss . . .

She unclasped her fingers nervously and sat down at the instrument. It had been placed at the end of the huge room she used as a studio. Martin Eggleston did things well; when he decided to spend his and his wife's vacation on the Riviera he had taken a château. This was the largest room in the house, and with a proper disposition of rugs and furniture the echo from stone walls had been conquered,



and all music sounded clear and round within it. The other piano—Lili's own piano, a very good one too, in its way—had been moved to the side of the huge room, where it stood gloomily now like a discarded lover. It was mahogany, and its warm shining surface had not the majestic beauty of the black, black walnut.

Lili tried the pedals first. They felt all right. The piano had not had far to go—Borisoglebsky's place was near Monte Carlo. With luck the instrument might be in almost perfect pitch. Lili thought nothing of tuning a piano herself; she had always held that a pianist ought to be able to do anything short of actually building an instrument; but she would never have dreamed of attempting to tune this one. She would get the man up from Nice in the morning and stand over him while he worked.

She stretched out her hands over the keys, held her breath for a second, and then struck a chord. It sounded full and strong, exactly in tune. Then another and another, rhyming the octaves, while her head was ringing with the beauty of the sound. There were a few notes in the extreme bass and a few in the extreme treble which seemed to have slipped a bit, but only a bit. For the greater part of its compass it was nobly, splendidly, precisely right.

She drew a long breath and shook her hair back.

"Divinel!" she said out loud, addressing the instrument. "Divine, divine piano! Oh, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!"

For a long while she sat there contemplating it, thinking of Borisoglebsky and the things he had played on this keyboard and of the marvelous hands this keyboard had known. A weird creature, Borisoglebsky—rude, self-satisfied, almost impossible for any human being to endure, but a superb

pianist; how like him to leave his perfect piano to Lili Strauss, whom he had scarcely known and never liked! It was because of her hands, she knew; they had measured hands once, and hers were almost exactly like his. He had resented this bitterly at the time, because she was a woman—denied it even, in the face of the plain fact. But in his last illness he had been too good an artist to deny the truth. A piano belongs to the hands that can play it, she thought; Borisoglebsky on his deathbed had known this fact. Nobody else in the world could rightly inherit this piano, whatever the laws or conventions of mankind might say. A piano belongs to the hands that can play it.

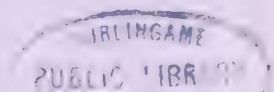
She rubbed her hands together and began to play. At first she played hard, brisk modern things, and the staccato was a delight. Then, to see how its tone accommodated itself to other moods, she played romantic music, Chopin and Liszt and Schumann. She had no idea how long she sat there playing. Toward the end she began to pay her devoirs to the master she loved above all others, Bach. She had worked her way nearly half through the "Well Tempered Clavichord" when a cough behind her brought her to a stop. She looked up, frowning. Martin had come into the room and stood looking at her.

"Oh, hello, dear," she said. "Doesn't it sound divine? I couldn't believe it at first, but it's scarcely out of tune at all. I think a few notes high up have slipped, and maybe a few in the deep bass, but all the rest . . . What's the matter?"

"Have you been playing that thing all night long?" he asked. "It's damn' near two o'clock. Do you know that?"

She rose hastily, moved toward him.

"Oh, dear," she said. "That's silly of me, isn't it? Perhaps I ought to eat something. I had some sandwiches put



out and a little champagne. Did you have a nice evening, dear?"

"No," he said, taking off his coat and scarf and dropping them on a chair. "It was all right, but they all missed you and asked a lot of questions. I do think you might have made an effort this once to come. There were two or three men there who count a good deal in business at home, and their wives all wanted to see you."

"What's wrong with the man?" she asked, addressing the furniture. "I offered to go to his stupid dinner, and he wouldn't let me!"

"Well, it was only because you obviously would have hated it," he said. "But just the same, it was a disappointment to them. There was a woman who plays the piano, wife of one of the directors of the company. Nice woman, too. She was crushed because you didn't come. Where are the sandwiches?"

"In the dining room, I suppose," she said, leading the way. "Oh, I know these wives of the directors of the company! I know just how they play the piano too. If you'd wanted to convince me I was right to stay away, that was the thing to tell me. Ugh!"

The sandwiches, instead of being in the dining room, stood on a table near the shadowy door of the studio. Beside them was a bucket of ice with a pint bottle in it.

"Open the champagne, Martin," she said. "Will you please? I want to christen my piano. I can't tell you how lovely it is. I never dreamed I could ever have anything so lovely."

"I suppose so," he said. "But you can't expect me to be in a state of high fever about it. After all, a man does expect certain common or garden social things from his wife, and it's pretty hard to be cheated by a wooden box with some strings in it. Here's your wine."

She took the wineglass and walked

dreamily over toward the black piano.

"Here's to you," she said. "My beautiful piano!"

She drank the whole glass of champagne and held it aloft, as for a toast.

"Honestly," he said, "you are absurd, Lili. Don't you know you're absurd? Have you no sense of humor? You talk to that thing as if it were human. 'My beautiful piano,' indeed! My beautiful fiddlesticks! You musical people all talk like impossible characters in a bad play."

"Oh, yes, of course," she said. "Pose. Is that it? Pose. A handy word to use for something you don't understand. My dear, have you made the slightest effort to get it through your handsome wooden head what that piano means to me? This is one of the happiest days of my life. Perhaps the happiest."

"Thank you," he said.

"You've no idea what a difference it will make in my playing," she said. "I shall take it on my American tour next month, and to Australia after that."

"Oh, so you're going to Australia?" he said. "I thought we had decided against that. After all, Lili, you're married to me."

"I know," she said. "You remind me often enough. And I'm glad I'm married to you. But does that mean that I've got to sit in New York or Detroit and go to dinner with the potentates of your business for the rest of my life? The Australian offer is a very good one, and I've never been there."

"I thought I had been reasonable enough," he said. "I have always agreed that you should continue your career. For three months out of every year you go on tour and play for everybody from Maine to California who can buy a ticket. Isn't that enough?"

She stood, head down, munching a sandwich. Her hair was dishevelled and there were smudges on her face. She still wore the red skirt and old



sweater of the afternoon. He watched her through a long silence.

"Lili," he said, "why did you marry me? We've been married four years and I still don't know."

She looked up and smiled.

"Oh, Martin," she said softly. "You're an idiot. Why did I marry you, is it? Well, how do I know? I loved you, I suppose—and still do. I don't know why we have to quarrel all the time."

He shook his head suddenly; she thought he might have done it to keep tears from coming in his eyes, and she marvelled. Such a thing had never happened before.

"Lili, dear," he began in a rather clouded voice. Then he cleared his throat and turned away.

"Where the devil's the whiskey?" he asked irritably. "Why can't that man learn to put out whiskey and soda at night? I can't drink champagne—hate the stuff, as I tell him every day."

"It's in the dining room, dear," she said. "I'll get it for you."

She ran into the dining room quickly and was back in two minutes with a bottle of whiskey and a siphon.

"Here it is," she said. "Now how's that for the dutiful wife? Aren't I the little woman?"

"Yes," he said, "except that I can't drink out of the bottle. Are there no glasses in this house?"

She put the bottle and siphon down on the table and reached for her wine-glass.

"There are," she said coolly, "and you know where they are. You can get one yourself. I'm not used to being spoken to like that."

He was out of the room in a moment, with one furious glance at her. She sipped a little wine and went over to the piano. She heard him come in behind her and mix his drink.

"Martin," she said, "I realize that it's two in the morning and you're tired from golf and that stupid party, and

you don't like music much anyway, and you hate my beautiful piano, but you used to like to hear me play. Wouldn't you like to hear something—just some little thing, so that you'll know what it sounds like?"

"All right," he said after a pause.

She sat down and played. After she had passed the first few notes she had forgotten Martin completely. She was no longer playing for him at all; she was playing as she had played all night, for her piano.

After a time—it must have been rather a long time, since she had actually played a Chopin waltz and two movements of a sonata—she became conscious of Martin. He was standing beside the piano, looking at her, with his hand gripped on the edge of the instrument just above the strings. She stopped at once.

"I wondered if you were going on all night," he said grimly. "Had you by any chance forgotten that I was here?"

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," she said, stretching her hands out toward him over the top of the piano, over the strings. "Martin, what is it? What's the trouble?"

There was plain misery in his eyes.

"How do I know?" he said. "It's this—this piano. It's everything. Us. It's terrible, Lili. It's terrible."

Martin was not given to gestures, but unhappiness touches strange springs; his arms flew out suddenly, wide, hopeless. And his right arm, sweeping into the prop which held up the top of the piano, knocked it away in a second. The whole black top of the piano crashed at once, just as he recovered himself and jumped to hold it. He did not dare look toward Lili: her fingers had been stretched out there, over the strings, directly under the top of the piano . . . He groaned, lifted his head, and looked at her.

She sat very quietly, looking at her hands. They were spread out on the

edge of the front-piece, untouched. She had jerked them away in time. Now she sat looking at them contemptively, frowning. He did not dare speak. After a long time she got up.

"I think that will do, Martin," she said. "I think that will do."

She walked down the room, holding her hands one with the other. They had not been touched; he knew that. But they might have been, and he could see she was walking almost like a somnambulist, strangely, rigid with horror.

"Lili," he said in a whisper. He did not dare raise his voice. She turned round and looked at him as if a stranger had addressed her in the street.

"My hands," she said, "might have been broken. Smashed. I think that we have nothing more to talk about, Martin. You can arrange the details as you please, but that is that. Finished. All over. It was a mistake anyway. I know that now. Good-by."

"Lili!" he said, but she did not stop. She went out into the hall and up the stairs. He dropped his elbows on the piano, and held his head tight with his hands.

In the morning Martin came downstairs fresh, shaved, bathed, a little defiant. It was nine o'clock; the great salon was filled with sunlight. At the end of the room Lili sat, dressed in a brown wool skirt and bright blue sweater, playing the piano. Her black bushy hair tossed as she finished what

she was playing, finished with a great thundering crash of octaves across the keyboard.

"Hello, Martin!" she called, jumping up. "Isn't it wonderful? It's just as wonderful this morning as it was last night! Have you had breakfast?"

"Yes, darling," he said. "What's wonderful?"

"The piano, you goose! Now don't begin to be tiresome again. What are you going to do this morning?"

"I thought I might get in a little golf over at the club," he said. "Scotty is pretty good, you know."

She made a slight dissatisfied noise, a thread of sound through her nose. He was watching her. His calm gray eyes were curious.

"Lili," he said, "what about that momentous decision?"

"Decision?" she echoed, wrinkling her brows under their fringe of black. "Oh, that! Now, really, Martin, you shouldn't begin to argue so early in the morning. You know it makes my head ache."

"All right, pigeon," he said. "Give us a kiss."

Half an hour later he was off to the golf club. She heard the roar of his motor as she turned back into the room and walked toward the piano. It stood black and proud there under the morning sun. As Martin's motor grew inaudible in the distance she touched the gleaming surface gently—touched it with hands of love.





## SAVAGES ARE PEOPLE TOO

BY DESMOND HOLDRIDGE

**I**N EXCHANGE for several gallons of perspiration, a good many bouts of fever, and innumerable bites from innumerable bugs, I have had the privilege of observing the home life of some of the primitive groups that still survive in the Amazon Basin. Not the hysterical hurrah-here-comes-the-circus life seen by big expeditions but the easy, placid, day-by-day monotony of savage existence scarcely disturbed by the presence of a lone traveler and his few native companions. During several years of that kind of thing I have been forced to abandon both the noble-savage and the depraved-brute attitudes toward the people who have entertained me; they simply do not fit the observed facts. About the only generalization I have left with me after considerable contact with them is that they are much like people everywhere; they do the best they can within their limitations.

But if I, who have lived among them, have but one surviving generalization to make, there are any number of people in New York and our other large cities who do not share my diffidence. I am constantly being amazed by the exceedingly definite opinions concerning primitive people that are expressed by persons who have never, as a rule, seen anything wilder than a Harlem night club. Everyone who is bored with the machine age longs for the "happy, carefree life of the savage" and they have no hesitancy in painting the pic-

ture in glowing though wholly imaginary colors. Almost any conversation among any fairly large group bristles with an implied knowledge of ethnology.

"The trouble with business is that it is still using jungle ethics." "He behaved like a savage." "They were decent, happy people until the white man deprived them of their lands." "Aboriginal women have no trouble with childbirth; they have the child and in an hour they are back at work." "We have too many doctors and too much medicine; primitive people get along well enough without all these things." The list of ethnological bromides is endless.

Of course the person speaking of jungle ethics has no more notion of jungle ethics than he would have of how to go about getting himself a meal were he suddenly dropped down in that presumably terrifying place, and the lady who indignantly accuses some roisterer of behaving like a savage does not realize that most primitive people are governed by a more rigid etiquette than we are. True enough, the white man took their lands, but he established no precedent when he did so; not a tribe in the New World was subjugated and pauperized that had not acquired its land by exterminating other and earlier tribes. The matter is perfectly obvious to anyone who has devoted even a slight amount of study to tribal migrations and conquests. Primitive

childbirth may sound very pretty when described as a mildly irksome chore, but the maternity death rate is frightful, and as for getting along without doctors and medicines, I know of a Pauishana woman who crawled round on her hands and knees for a year after she broke her leg and finally died because none of her kinsmen knew that a broken bone mends if wrapped in splints and allowed to rest.

Any discussion of the disappearance of Colonel Fawcett provokes the display of an extraordinarily intimate acquaintance with primitive psychology, a realm into which men who know something about it venture with the utmost caution. If one replies to the theory that the lost explorer is held by a tribe of Indians who regard him as a god with the perfectly true statement that the tribes of Amazonia do not have the god-concept, one is thought to be something of a professional dissenter. And if, to emphasize these psychological differences, one adds that these same Indians are utterly incapable of conceiving of death from natural causes one is accused of telling travelers' tales. That it is entirely true makes no difference.

In the writings of men who should really know better, I have often seen elaborate theorizing about primitive people used to bolster some pet economic, political, or social scheme, when it is quite obvious that the writer has not even troubled himself to the extent of reading up on the subject much less observing it himself. It is too easy to assume that savages are what we should be were all restrictions on our behavior suddenly removed. Unfortunately for this naïve belief, the savage is hedged about with quite as many if not more restrictions than we are.

They are not noble, these primitives. They are not brutes. They

are not treacherous. They are not like children. They are not lazy. They are not stupid. They are not eternally happy and careless of the morrow. They are men and women who love their families, have traditions and manners, know poverty and plenty, are happy and unhappy, have their own little dreams and ambitions and small quarrels and jealousies, and they are horribly puzzled by a huge and bewildering world.

They are people like ourselves, and in support of this thesis I offer these three little stories. The people in them live in the northwest quadrant of the Amazon Basin, between the Rio Negro and the Venezuelan frontier. The land is a vast unexplored forest cut through by rivers marked as dotted lines on the vague and unreliable maps. Civilization as yet has made but small headway against the endless blanket of chlorophyll, and so that the tribes of the region may be spared meeting people who know all about them, I hope the price of rubber will never rise to a point where the penetration of the country will be practicable.

Then perhaps for a century more the Pauishana, who are a remnant of the roving, fighting Carib horde, and the Uaika, who belong to a very ancient and as yet unidentified branch of the native American race, will be safe from overalls and influenza. And the adventurous spirits of the mixed blooded Brazilian population in the big rivers, the Jayme da Costas and the Manoel Dantos, will have to return to the simple tilling of the fertile earth. But that all depends on the price of rubber.

The stories, I might add, are true ones.

#### ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES

During 1928, when the big bull market was getting under way, there



were numerous gentlemen in offices, yachts, and the club cars of commuting trains who were entirely "sold" on the new economic era. Prosperity was to be permanent and, believing this, they had no hesitancy in ordering, among other things, machinery and equipment replacements for their factories, mines, and mills. Inconspicuously sandwiched between tractors, generators, and whatnot were very essential but by no means spectacular items such as machine belts and heavily insulated electrical wiring: little matters that had in common the fact that they were made from balata, a kind of low-grade rubber.

These orders for things made from balata caused a boost in the price of the raw material, and the numerous cables arriving in the offices of J. G. Araujo & Cia., Limitada, at Manaus, requesting larger shipments of the round brown balls made the ruthless old Portuguese gentleman who is the moving spirit of the commercial house that dominates Amazonas do things that he ordinarily would not have done. For instance, had Manoel Dantos, a burly mulatto rubber *patrão* from the Rio Branco, come into the old monarch's office to wangle a grub stake in 1921 he would have been allowed to cool his not often shod heels in the anteroom for hours, and then a secretary would have told him that the *chefe* could not see him; for Manoel was unreliable and not particularly lucky. But with cabled orders for an increasingly valuable balata arriving daily, it was very good business to advance Manoel an outfit of ammunition, trade goods, gasoline, *farinha*, dried fish, and rice so that he could make his proposed trip to the high Catrimany.

Six weeks later *Seu* Manoel and his tatterdemalion crew of halfbreed ruffians invaded the muddy Catrimany. The Catrimany is a ridiculous little river that rises in the mountains

of the Venezuela-Brazil frontier or, at any rate, was supposed to. It is the kind of river Alberto Rangel had in mind when he wrote his famous *Inferno Verde*. A brown torrent pours between banks clothed in an obscene kind of vegetation—not the clear beautiful forest of the river whose water is black, but an uneven wall of rioting green that somehow suggests leprosy.

The party of twenty-one men ascended the river for thirty-four days and met a rude suspension bridge erected by a forest tribe so primitive that they knew nothing of canoes. The *balateros* destroyed the bridge and ascended one day more, whereupon they made camp and settled down to the man-killing labor of gathering balata.

For long distances little parties of four and five men ranged the forest hunting the big, gray-barked tree whose blood made to turn machinery of which they had never heard. And one day such a party met a small horde of the forest dwellers.

They whipped up weapons, and there in the unexplored forest of an unexplored river less than a hundred miles from the equator, wide startled eyes looked down the sights of rifles made in New Haven and beheld big, painted savages with stone axes and bent bows in which were seven-foot-long arrows that were aimed at their chests. For a full minute they faced one another and then something snapped. One of the savages relaxed his bow slowly and as his fellows followed suit the *balateros* lowered their rifles. In a moment they were all babbling together, trading little articles of steel for bits of smoked meat and listening to the forest people's description of the location of their village.

Within a week some of the balata men had paid their first visit to the

village, had been hospitably entertained, and had watched the idyllic existence of a faraway primitive life beside which their own base slavery seemed hell.

Now, if we examine the situation at this point, we find that there is a certain inevitability about what happened. A long series of economic pushes, beginning with clever American industrialists who banked on the continuously expanding market, shoved the ragged, mongrel balata bleeders up the Catrimany and into close contact with Stone Age men—men as they were in the beginning, if we are to believe the theorists. According to some, primitive man in his pristine innocence is nature's nobleman, possessed of every virtue. According to others he is a beast. I am afraid that what happened confounds both parties, as is to be reasonably expected; for no one who has seen primitive man—man with fire-hardened wooden weapons, a bone in his nose, and as many wives as he can steal from his fellows—would make either statement.

Anyhow this is what happened. On the second visit to the village one of the tired, stunted bleeders approached the wife of the chief of the village and, although the stark hunger in his face frightened her, she gave in to him. Afterward he gave her a piece of cloth as payment, for he had been to Manaos and knew how to play the gentleman as well as the next man.

Later she told her husband of the incident. If the "noble savage" school of ethnological thought were anything more than mawkishness, that chief would have seized his bow, sounded the tocsin, and led the clan forth to destroy the intruders. Unfortunately for that point of view no such thing happened. The chief asked if she had been paid, and when she exhibited the piece of red cloth he

told her that it was perfectly all right. And as he registered his approval he dangled a crude stone axe from the fingers of his right hand.

The fortunate *balatero* told the story, and before the season ended the whole camp was being supplied with women by the chief of the village, who invariably retained a part of the payment as his commission on the transaction. There are a number of names for men who engage in such a traffic, and I can see no reason for not calling it prostitution.

The merry game went on for several seasons. The primitive community amassed an interesting and useful collection of articles made in New England and they did it by renting their willing women to the newcomers. The *balateros* taught the savages to use raw, white rum, but the savages taught the *balateros* to use dope, for they possessed a white powder which when sniffed up the nose induced the wildest hysteria.

Then in 1930 it became apparent that the market had truly collapsed. The little boom of the spring which for a while bred the belief that prices would go still higher burst into a feeble flame and went out. The setup, it developed, was not fundamentally sound and everything was not right.

Those same gentlemen whose sanguine belief in the new economic era had caused the price of balata to rise now discovered that no man knew what the future might hold. Men were laid off, machinery stopped, and replacements are not made on inactive machinery. The demand for balata grew less and less as business grew worse with a kind of arithmetical progression. Finally a point was reached where no one wanted balata at any price.

Naturally all of this news reached the offices of J. G. Araujo & Cia., and



the balata-cutting policy changed. Henceforward, old J. G. decided, he would grubstake small crews that were willing to put up with starvation while they worked and their balata he would store against the day when the world was once more normal.

So when *Seu* Manoel came in for his pre-season advance he was told that he could expect but the barest necessities and no more. The barest necessities consisted of a bit of dried fish, *farinha*, a very little tobacco, and a small quantity of powder and shot with which shotgun shells could be loaded. As for trade goods to please some unheard of tribe in the upper reaches of an unimportant river, they were not to be thought of: Manoel could take it or leave it and J. G. rather hoped he would leave it.

There really was no choice; neither Manoel nor his men had ever planted a garden. If they refused the proffered advance, poor as it was, they would starve. Manoel accepted and was glad of the chance, but in the back of his mind there must have been some uneasiness over the prospect of meeting the Indians with no presents. His men were in an unpleasant frame of mind. They were sure to all but starve to death, and if the price of balata fell still farther, they might return to find that the perennial debts which made them slaves who could actually be bought and sold had increased to a point where they never could rid themselves of them.

Since several men ran away rather than face the hardships of the trip, Manoel's eighteen-year-old nephew, Eduardo, was pulling a paddle in the largest canoe when they left. It was the first time he had ever left his thatch-roofed home in the Rio Branco.

By this time an interior camp near the primitive village had been established and at once old friendships

were renewed. But the savages soon discovered that things were different and that the men from some distant world which they could not quite conceive of, try as they would, were poor—poor with a poverty that even they had never seen. Prostitution as a commercial undertaking ended.

Most of the older men had the wit and caution to realize that it would be very dangerous to press the matter, but young Eduardo, full of the yarns he had heard, attacked the same chief's wife who had inaugurated the relationship of other years. Afterward she fled crying to her husband.

And, unfortunately for those who believe that the men of the old stone age were next to animals and without morality, the chief was outraged and vowed to kill the young *balatero* and drive every last one of them from the forests of the upper river. A friendly young fellow from the village hastened with the news to the balata camp.

"*Manoel! Manoel! Nuninko apai-aparu shirikaua!*"—"Manoel! Manoel! Nuninko is going to kill you with arrows!"

"Damned nonsense from this filthy forest rat!" cried Manoel and he struck the boy across the mouth; it would not do to let the bleeders be frightened.

But next day as they moved through the forest there were the sounds of axe blows somewhere along the trail that led from the interior camp to the waterside camp. Said a tame Pauishana Indian from the lower Catrimany:

"Now the wild people are preparing an ambush for us. They make scaffolds clear up a big tree and then eight or ten bowmen stand one above the other on the scaffolds and anyone who comes down the trail dies like a bush pig."

They were all frightened. Not even Manoel could control them, and

probably he did not want to; they talked of the threatened attack until four in the morning when the dark, still forest is especially menacing, and their nerve broke. Hurriedly they loaded the heavy blocks of balata and their hammocks onto their backs and then, like little gnomes from some horrid race-memory legend, the terrified party started for the river side, lighting their way with lanterns.

Daylight came soon and terror lost some of its formlessness, but there seemed to be sly figures behind every tree. The Pauishana boy volunteered to walk ahead and "scatter arrows" as he put it; for the long, deadly arrow of the Amazonian tribes has a slow, graceful flight for all its tremendous shocking power, and anyone who is accustomed to use it can, given a chance, brush one aside with a stick before it touches his body. The *balateros* assented and the boy walked ahead.

For nearly an hour he walked ahead, knowing that they were drawing near the point where the ambush must have been made. Then a half dozen of the men sufficiently regained their courage to thrust aside the despised Indian boy and take the lead themselves. It began to rain.

The little group that had taken the lead soon drew ahead, and the Pauishana found himself well behind them and somewhat in advance of the others. After a few minutes of solitary wading through the flooded forest, something made him look up and from high on a giant mora tree a pair of fierce eyes watched him.

He flung his pack to the ground and, making his work-worn body a tight little bundle round his frantically pounding heart, he ran past the death-charged tree. No one molested him, but from the corner of his eye he noted six tall, golden bowmen standing on scaffolds that ran far up the side of the great tree.

Next in line was Eduardo Dantos, hunched under forty kilos of balata, and as he neared that deadly tree an arrow struck his belly and tore into his bowels. He began to fall backward and as he did, another struck his right eye, broke through the skull, and sped a foot and a half out of the back of his head. A third pinned his left leg to the ground. He tumbled to the wet earth, the tropical rain washing the fast flowing blood into the nearest puddle, an obscure morsel of humanity crushed beneath a heavy load and skewered with arrows that were seven feet long.

The rest of the party soon found him but the bowmen on the tree had disappeared—apparently they had wanted only young Dantos.

Now if some all-seeing god were to have interested himself in these widely separated but closely connected events at this moment, he would have seen scores of tired, worried men high in skyscraper offices, thinking that the outlook for the year was bad and wondering why their wives always filled their houses with dull people who talked of divorce, bridge, and the Grand National while their brains were kaleidoscopes of disjointed patterns—the continual dipping of the line on all those newspaper graphs of prices and consumption, the calls for more margin, the newly laid-off men in the huge industrial plants, and the mobs at the afternoon communist meetings in Union Square.

And the god would have seen a naked horde squirming westward like tapirs through the thick tangle of vegetation, for they were fleeing what they believed to be the certain reprisal of the *balateros*. Each one of them was sad as he fled, for they left behind them their homes and they were going forth to a great world that, in all probability, held extermination for them.



And, finally, he would have seen a tattered, sorrowful little band of ignorant mixed bloods darting frightened glances into the depths of the surrounding forest as they disentangled the unpleasantly dead body of stupid little Eduardo Dantos from his load of balata and laid him in a grave so damp that the water had begun to seep in and fill the bottom before they could cover it up.

If he were a wise god he would be able, perhaps, to point a moral or make a generalization but he would have to be a very wise god.

#### ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS

Jayme da Costa and his woman, Rita Oliveira, paddled their new canoe above the first cataract in the Rio Demini because they thought that there above the Shiriana village the fishing might be even better than down below. The Shiriana, several of whom were so tame that they spoke enough Portuguese to be understood where simple matters were concerned, said that they had better not go above the Auatsinaua rapid; the Uaika sometimes came out there and they were as likely to drive a long arrow clear through Jayme as not. Furthermore, they would deprive him of Rita, for she was young and strong and had fine, full breasts.

But Jayme was not afraid; he had a new Winchester and had lived with Rita less than a month, so they dragged their canoe through the fast water and fished.

Three days later, as they tried a narrow spot in the river for fish, a Uaika horde appeared on the left bank. Now the sudden appearance of a Uaika horde is enough to make small cold currents run across the stoutest of stomachs, and Jayme, for all his Winchester and new woman, was not the man his Portuguese grandfather had

been when he had taken a Bafuana woman for his wife. The Uaika go stark naked—not even loincloths do they use and by a peculiar device they contrive to accentuate their nudity. The crowns of their heads are shaven and painted red, bright feathers are thrust through holes in their ears, cheeks and noses and even the wooden tips of their arrows are painted red.

Jayme and Rita had ample opportunity to note that detail, for a dozen young males raised their bows and covered them with the terrifying arrows. An old but still vigorous male stood out before the horde and waved them into the bank. There was no choice; those bowmen had but to release their holds on the bow strings and they would be dead. Jayme paddled slowly toward the waiting forest people, horribly conscious of Rita's low moans, for she was remembering how Josefa Franco had been captured by the Uaika and raped by forty-two men in one afternoon before she had escaped.

The Uaika took them from the canoe in the greatest excitement. Several women were present and they immediately tore off the loose cotton gown that was poor Rita's only garment. The shirt and breeches were taken from Jayme by the men, and there they stood, as stark naked as their captors. A silence fell on the savages as they surveyed the miserable couple, both of whom were thinking that they would now be made dinners at one of the cannibal orgies which rumor said the Uaika were accustomed to hold. Then the old male they addressed as Umiasu removed the huge maligate of tobacco that had made him look like an ape and commenced to speak. Repeatedly he pointed to the two captives who were all but fainting.

At last he finished and then the

horde gathered close. Umiasu gently raised one of Jayme's eyelids and, having peered beneath it, he directed the others to look in. With the greatest excitement they looked at his eyeballs. Then Umiasu thrust the little finger of his right hand into one of Jayme's nostrils. The rest followed suit. The experiments seemed to excite them and they repeated them, using Rita as a subject.

Their mouths were then opened and their teeth and tongues carefully examined. The texture of their skins was felt by all and they ran exploratory fingers through their hair. Not one single fraction of an inch of their bodies escaped the closest but always gentle scrutiny and at each new item there would be an interminable discussion. You would have thought that those big savages had never seen people before.

When it was over Umiasu once more addressed the horde.

"Our kinsmen farther down the river," he began, "have fought with creatures like these. They said that they captured a female and that she was not really human but an ape of some kind, unable to talk and with a strange striped skin that she could take off. It seems that these striped skins are merely the hides of some animal unknown to us with which they cover themselves—probably because they live among the gnats and mosquitoes of the river and have to protect themselves.

"They have mouths for eating, eyes for seeing, and it would seem that they are capable of reproducing themselves as we do; if they were not so frightened we could soon find out. They do not speak our language but they have some language of their own, for we heard them talking together before we made them come into the bank.

"Our kinsmen said that these creatures were not human. We have

carefully examined them and it seems that they are really people. They are like ourselves. They have to eat and sleep and they can have young even if they do not speak the language of ordinary people. It may be that long ago some of our tribe were lost and that these are their descendants who have forgotten their proper language. But they are human; that is certain. This one is a man and this one is a woman. They are our brother and our sister, different from all the other beasts of the forest.

"These people are afraid at night and like to draw close together and feel the warmth of each others' bodies just as we are afraid on the dark nights with no moon and keep close to each other. They are afraid of us because they do not understand our language and we are afraid of them because we do not know what they say.

"Let us give them presents and let them go; perhaps they will tell their kinsmen that we are not bad, and then maybe they will come up the river and trade those sharp thin knives and those fine axes for bananas, because it is easy to see that they do not get much to eat. So give this man, our brother, bananas and give this woman, our sister, cotton cord and let them go."

And the Uaika put them back in the canoe and gave them back their clothes and two big bunches of ripe bananas and a thick ball of cotton cord that the Uaika women make and then they let them go, fading, themselves, like ghosts into the forest.

As I subsequently talked about this incident with the Uaika chieftain who made this pretty speech, I know what he said, but neither Jayme nor Rita did, and the drift of events was quite incomprehensible to them. They drifted for an hour, hardly able to believe their good fortune, and then they paddled as fast as they could to get below the rapid and back to their own



kind. But next day they began to consider their experience. Jayme said:

"Those Uaika were not bad to us; they took our clothes and made free with our persons but they did not hurt us. They gave us presents too when they let us go."

"Yes," said Rita, "they were good to us; it's just that they are wild, ignorant, unbaptized heathen and know no better that they took our clothes. I think they wanted to see if we were people like themselves. And when they put us back in the canoe one of the women smiled and patted me on the shoulder. If the padre from Barcellos would only come up and baptize them and give them clothes they would seem like people."

"And teach them to speak Portuguese," added Jayme. "If they only spoke a Christian tongue they could tell us where the rubber and balata is in the forests of the upper river. Yes, they were good to us; perhaps Padre José is right when he says that we were created in God's image and that all men are brothers—even the heathen."

#### ALL MEN ARE HUMAN

There are in existence many fat volumes that tell of the innumerable devils, spirits, and ghosts with which the tribes of Amazonia have peopled its dark forests and slow, black streams. Since these fat volumes succeed in giving a hopelessly inadequate idea of the multitude of supernatural beings which the forest dwellers firmly believe dog their footsteps and meddle with their affairs, there is no point in enumerating them. It is much better to say that all this is so, and that so perfectly does the environment suggest the supernatural, that even you who know how to read and have seen New York from the top of the Empire State would, if left alone for three nights in

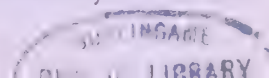
the forest, probably come to share the beliefs of the aborigines.

So forcibly are these beliefs thrust on you by the gloom of the forest that even if you do not come to believe them you, in any case, are perfectly willing to concede that only the most extraordinary of skeptics could look askance at primitive demonology were he brought up in the midst of it.

But just so extraordinary a man was my friend Joaquim, a Pauishana who lives on the lower Catrimany. At some point in his youth Joaquim performed one of the supreme feats of the human intellect and, thrusting superstition and the teachings of his elders aside, he thought for himself. As a result of his dispassionate examination of the matter he said to himself: "Spirits, indeed! I don't believe a word of it, but as long as my gullible brothers believe it I'm going to turn their simplicity to account."

Joaquim has a wife who has given him several fine sons and daughters. She works hard in the garden. She makes good beer. She washes his hammock and she does not quarrel. But she is surpassingly ugly and, like most philosophers, Joaquim is passionately fond of beauty. From time to time his appreciation would get the better of him and he would have trouble with other men about his goings on with their wives. So, after one particularly tight squeak, he announced that he had reformed and that no man need eye him with suspicion again. And for a time it seemed that his reform was actual, but somehow news of his behavior got into the spirit world, and before anyone knew it a powerful devil was trading on Joaquim's not too good reputation.

Joaquim's nephew, Kerino, told me about it. We had entered the Rio Shiriana, a pleasant little stream that flows into the Catrimany and for some



reason is not marked on any map. It is quite deserted, and from the fearless behavior of the animals in it, it is not hard to deduce that men are a rare sight there. Toward evening on our second day in the river we passed a number of grown-over clearings, and Kerino remarked that when the Paishana had first come to the lower Catrimany they had lived up here in the Shiriana. The place had been abandoned—and here Kerino hesitated—owing to a particularly obnoxious devil that had infested it.

"That devil," Kerino related, "is really why we got out of this river. Otherwise it was a good place. The soil is fertile. The water gives fish, and the hunting is good. But a man could not call his wife his own on account of that devil."

The devil, it seems, first appeared to the wife of the now deceased witch doctor, an honest old boy who believed everything he had been taught. Her husband was off fishing and she was alone before the hut, making cassava bread. A cracking twig caused her to look up and there was Joaquim striding down the path that came from the garden.

"Why, I thought you were away on a hunting trip," said the unsuspecting girl in surprise, for everyone had heard Joaquim declare that he was off to the forest for a six- or seven-day hunting jaunt.

"Oh, I came back sooner than I expected," her visitor replied. "The hunting was poor and there is no point in staying back there if you get no meat for your pains. But I'm tired and I want to rest."

The girl gave him food and drink and then, having swung a hammock for him, she returned to her interrupted work. Joaquim flung himself down in the hammock and closed his eyes, but a moment later the girl looked over her shoulder and found

him regarding her with eyes now wide and appreciative.

"What a pretty girl you are!" he remarked. "Your husband cannot think a great deal of you to go off and leave you all alone in this fashion. You must be all worn out grating that cassava; come over and rest with me. There's room for two."

The girl joined him with some misgivings, for she suspected that he was more interested in lecherous adventure than in her weariness. It turned out that her misgivings were well founded; afterward her lover walked up the path and disappeared.

He had not been gone long before it occurred to her that it was very strange that Joaquim should wander in without warning when he was supposed to be two days' journey away. Curious, she followed up the path, and to her surprise the footsteps seemed to end suddenly and there was nothing to show where her visitor had gone.

At once she was victim to the darkest forebodings. It could only have been a forest devil disguised as Joaquim, she reasoned, and as the idea took hold she was seized with a violent ague. Her limbs shook and she felt feverish, so she returned to the water front and lay down in a shallow puddle of water where her husband found her at nightfall.

She at once gave him the details of her adventure and he upbraided her for a fool for getting into a hammock with goodness knows who *without even looking at his feet*.

You see, there is only one way to tell these forest demons who take on the appearance of human beings: they have but two toes and, be the disguise ever so perfect, this one detail they cannot change. So her husband made her eat a handful of fiery red peppers and walked up the path to see if he could find the tracks of the demon. He did a little better than his wife, for he



managed to pick the trail up again, but finally it led into a little brook, and man or devil, once a trail goes into a brook no one can say where it will come out.

On the following morning he went fishing again and upon his return his wife told him that she had again been visited but this time she was much less anxious to discuss the matter, probably because she had not liked the red peppers he made her eat to ward off the consequences of having an affair with a forest devil. He inquired whether Joaquim, the devil, or whoever it was had had two toes or five but she was not sure and seemed much less anxious to go into details than before.

So the deceived witch doctor gave her a good beating and made medicine the whole night long. In the morning he proceeded to Joaquim's house, about a half day farther up stream, and there was informed that Joaquim was still hunting. The story created a great stir, but everyone agreed that as long as Joaquim was still hunting there could be no doubt but what the mysterious visitor was a forest spirit.

Returning to his wife, the witch doctor informed her that they were going to leave the Shiriana and go to the Catrimany to live. Strangely enough, the girl was not any too keen on the idea, but preparations were made and just before they left, Joaquim returned from his hunting trip. Apparently he was alarmed by the stories he heard for he hurried down to the little witch doctor's place to assure him that he had had no hand in the recent happenings.

He nearly got shot with an arrow when his canoe came round the bend above the house but he managed to convince the people that he was a human being in time to avoid unpleasantness. Landing before the suspicious witch doctor—and so that you may better see the picture let me point out

that the witch doctor among the tribes of Amazonia holds much the same position as the vicar in novels about the English countryside—he explained that he had been hearing stories of strange doings and wanted details.

He got the details and expressed the profoundest astonishment.

"You followed the tracks?" he asked. "Did it have two toes or five?"

"The cursed thing wore sandals!" the witch doctor replied indignantly.

"Oh, dear," said Joaquim, "it is clear that we are up against an extraordinary devil!"

The witch doctor carried out his resolve and bag and baggage he moved to the Catrimany. You would think that that would have settled the business but it did not. After a while Kerino's pretty sister began to meet Joaquim while she was working in a far corner of the garden when everyone knew that he was upstream fishing. Kerino was especially mystified by this, for he had followed her to the garden one day and with his own eyes had seen the devil step from behind a tree and commence to make love to his sister with a devilish competence.

"You know," he said while telling me about it, "I couldn't possibly tell that devil from Joaquim, his disguise was so perfect. You could even see that little wart that Joaquim has on his cheek!" I nodded my sympathy and understanding; there was no dealing with so capable a devil as this one.

Kerino's brother-in-law soon got in a stew about it all, and after a month or so decided to go to the Catrimany too. And he did. That family had not been gone long before the one remaining family beside Joaquim's own began to have trouble. The two grown women of the household began to meet the Joaquim-devil here, there, and everywhere. But that affair scarcely had a chance; the head of the family loaded the lares and penates

into a dugout and down stream they went.

The whole yarn impressed me as being strange, for one feature stood out in sharp relief—the devil always appeared when Joaquim was hunting, fishing, making arrow poison, working in his garden, or engaged in some activity that took him from his home and the possibility of witnesses to his whereabouts. But it simply did not occur to the Pauishana to check up on him; to the primitive mind a forest devil is infinitely more likely than a man with the courage and skepticism to turn the tables on the supernatural and impersonate a devil instead of letting the devil impersonate him.

Still I may exaggerate their acceptance of Joaquim's alibi. When Joaquim found himself all alone with his wife and small children he became lonely and somewhat afraid, for one day he saw the tracks of men in the forest and wondered if they might not have been made by Uaika. The thought worried him so much that he finally confided in his mother, a sagacious old dame who had lived long and used her sharp eyes to some purpose. She counselled leaving the Shiriana and going to join their devil-plagued kinsmen in the Catrimany, and after some thought her son announced that they would indeed move.

Arriving among the other Pauishana families, Joaquim commenced to build a house. He had not been at the job long when a deputation composed of all the grown men in the village called on him. The little witch doctor acted as spokesman.

"Joaquim," he began, "up there in the Shiriana we fellows had a lot of trouble with that devil that was impersonating you and getting after our womenfolk. We don't blame you and we feel very bad about it and know that you do too. But we've decided that if that devil doesn't see

you he won't be able to impersonate you.

"So if he appears just once down here in the Catrimany we are going to kill you. He will not have your features to copy then and that, we feel, may discourage him."

Joaquim said he saw the point and that he hoped the devil would not reappear. He went on building his house but he worked slower, and a good deal of the *joie de vivre* seemed to have gone out of him.

The devil never did reappear and the people decided that he had not been able to find his way down to the Catrimany, for it is two days of good paddling in a canoe.

The affair interested me very much and when I next saw Joaquim I opened the subject of devils in general and gradually worked up to the exploits of the one that had impersonated him.

"Joaquim," I said, "you and I are nice tame fellows. We wear clothes and speak Portuguese. We understand each other. What about this business? Are you sure you were always where you said you were when that devil paid his calls?"

Joaquim looked pained and started to make a strenuous denial of any knowledge whatsoever of that or any other devil, but even as he started he caught my eye and stopped. Then his eyes began to twinkle and he said:

"White man, give me some of your tobacco—that nice kind you keep in the little pouch with that 'zipper,' as you call it. I want to make a cigarette. All this talk of spirits makes me nervous, you know."

He rolled the cigarette with a competence learned from balata bleeders along with his Portuguese, lighted it, and sighed gustily.

"I was a young fellow in those days," he remarked irrelevantly and then he sank into a reverie from which no prod of mine could recall him.





# WHAT AN OLD GIRL SHOULD KNOW

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

FROM the ranks of those who are always saying suavely that the Younger Generation is basically all right, I have definitely withdrawn. I am tired of lying about it to prove how broadminded I am. To the Younger Generation I could address, in all sincerity, the words Mr. Peter Arno put into the mouth of the ham actor denouncing the manager: "Sir, I consider your conduct unethical and lousy!"

But if we are going in for Naked Truth, let's have her naked indeed. When the last shred of illusion is stripped away it becomes plain that, while there is plenty wrong with the Younger Generation, many, if not most, of its rotten spots are attributable to a single cause, to wit, a bad ancestry. So henceforth whenever anyone says the Younger Generation is all right I intend to dissent in a loud voice; but if the declaration is confined to an assertion that, after all, the young hellions are really no worse than their parents, I shall probably be constrained to take time out to consider. To deny that statement would necessarily be to attribute to the Younger Generation a capacity for hellishness astounding in its extent; and I am reluctant to admit that it possesses any astounding capacity.

Specifically, I doubt its capacity to absorb much of the good advice being thrust upon it through many agencies, among them the columns of HARPER'S. There, for example, in the December number is set forth a list of things

which a girl of seventeen ought to know. It includes twenty-one items, all based on common sense and shrewd worldly wisdom. Not a suggestion in the lot is without merit and most of them clearly are of high importance.

But, after all, why should any young girl learn the twenty-one things which the writer says—and I admit—she should know? I know that the right answer is because knowledge of these things will improve her physical, mental, and moral health. But I am on the wrong side of forty and have, therefore, developed that appreciation of the value of health characteristic of the senescent. A young girl hasn't begun to worry about her nerves and viscera, so my answer has no validity for her. Now you think up one that will seem valid for youth. The obvious thing to say to the girl would be, "You must learn, in order to be as wise as your mother when you reach your mother's present age." But if that is to be effective in making a flapper learn what she ought to know, then it is obvious that the old girl must know what *she* ought to know. Which brings on more talk.

It is curious that in all the clamor about the Younger Generation so little consideration has been given to what an old girl ought to know. It is basic in any intelligent discussion of what to do with the youngsters, and yet it is almost always ignored. Foreigners who come to examine Americans in their native habitat occasionally comment on the astonishing lack of knowledge

of their own business that American women display; but I am not aware that any foreigner has analyzed the situation successfully, while most citizens of the United States let it severely alone. This is without doubt due to prudence rather than to stupidity; for the old boy knows all too well what he is up against in handling the old girl—but he knows, too, what he will catch if he ventilates his knowledge.

However, let the angels quake in their sandals—here is one who is going to rush in where it is too hot for them.

Probably what the American old girl needs most to know is that there is absolutely no *a priori* reason why she should live. If she once gained a clear comprehension of this fact, all the other requisite items of information might follow naturally and inevitably. This goes for the old boy too, but in the average case someone is pretty sure to hammer it into his head before he reaches the age of forty. This salutary drubbing is much less likely to be inflicted upon the old girl, and in countless cases she arrives at middle age with no inkling of the fact that she owes society some reasonable excuse for cluttering up the world and occupying space that might better be devoted to some object of value—a petunia plant, say, or a jimson weed.

The most useless thing in the world, notwithstanding Mr. Clemenceau's opinion that the choice lay between the vermiform appendix and Poincaré, is a woman who is just a woman and nothing more. She is worse than a worthless man, for the same reason that a wounded soldier is a worse handicap than a dead soldier—the wounded soldier and the worthless woman require the attention of others who are really effective. A young girl may be completely worthless *in esse* and yet possess some value as a gambling chance. But a woman past forty is of value only for what she has done,

what she is doing, or what she is. If she has done nothing, is doing nothing, and is nothing, then all she is entitled to in this world is enough chloroform to put her out of it with the least possible fuss and bother.

Before going farther, let me insert for the record an emphatic statement of the obvious. Many of the most valuable women in the world are so old that their activities ceased long ago; but out of what they have done and what they have been they have distilled a wisdom that is the very elixir of life to the middle-aged and balm of Gilead to the young. To suggest that such women are worth nothing because they no longer go rushing around would be incomparable asininity. God forbid that I should be thought to identify value with noise and bustle.

These remarks have nothing to do with wise old women. They refer exclusively to females who are still physically vigorous, but too old to be classified any longer as young girls. If one of this class once manages to get it through her head that the question the world asks of her is not, "Fair lady, why do you condescend to honor us with your presence?" but something much more like, "What the hell are *you* doing on earth anyhow?", and if she brings herself to admit—oh, no, not publicly, but to herself—that the world has a right to ask that question, then she has a chance to escape that fate which is worse than death, the dreadful doom of becoming a typical American Woman. To be sure, no one suffers that fate in its entirety, for the American Woman, like the purple cow and the Economic Man, possesses the one merit of not existing in real life. But she is approximated by thousands, perhaps millions, closely enough to make the United States notoriously the saddest nation in the civilized world. If you doubt it, spend an hour in any big department store in any American



city when the Christmas holidays are approaching. You will be lucky indeed if you come away without having seen a dozen examples of that compound of arrogance, dishonesty, boorishness, and yellowness that many foreign observers have held up as the typical American Woman. If a crowd of men at a burlesque theater, a prize fight, or a baseball game found distributed through it a tenth as many swine as are in every department-store crowd, the police patrols and the ambulances would be run to exhaustion. That is, of course, the reason why the old boy is more virtuous, in this respect, than the old girl—he knows that if he deliberately rams the person ahead at an elevator door or attempts to elbow someone else out of place the chances are that presently he will find himself spitting out his own teeth. So he is polite.

The thing penetrates far below mere manners, however. The most completely objectionable types of womanhood are not to be found on the lower economic levels. An ignorant, slatternly, drunken housewife in the city slums or in a tenant farmer's house is unmannerly and unlovely; but she is not valueless, for she does plenty of labor to pay for her board and keep. She is driven to it by sharp necessity, to be sure, but for all that she does furnish a reason why she should be allowed to remain on the earth.

But necessity, to many women as to many men, is economic necessity and nothing more. Let that be removed, and they feel no other urge to justify their existence. This accounts for the curious phenomenon observable everywhere in America of wives who become more and more worthless as their husbands become more and more worth while. The old boy gains a foothold in the economic world and then a handhold. Little by little, he heaves himself up out of the ruck, until presently he arrives at the place where

there is no more need to worry over how the family shall be fed or where-withal it shall be clothed. A house is bought and paid for, or at any rate financed so that it is carried easily. The cook is supplemented by a maid, and then by a gardener-chauffeur. And right there the old girl quits, although frequently the old boy is just hitting his stride and goes on doing better and better work for twenty years or so.

There may be some justification for her quitting if the woman is already past fifty and her children are pretty well grown. Even so, to quit is foolish, but at any rate, there is some color of reason for saying she has done a fair life's work. But when the old boy's success is swift the old girl frequently lies down on the job while she is still in her thirties; and in such cases she isn't much good.

Among these are recruited the vast armies of incessant bridge-players, tea-drinkers, and gabblers of the suburbs, the people who devote themselves to the vapid, empty existence to which they have the effrontery to apply the great name of "society." Here are the most worthless women in the world. The prostitutes, the female crooks, the professional gold-diggers are not half so destructive socially, because they are universally held in fear and contempt as soon as their true characters are known; while these other lives, although equally empty of any sort of value, are rated among the admirable, and the young are permitted to believe they should be imitated.

## II

I do not cherish the delusion that every woman can become a Madame de Sévigné. Nor do I think that many women can assist their husbands by meddling with their work. But I do believe that any woman whose mental

age is above that of a ten-year-old, if she realizes that she owes the world an excuse for being in it, can contrive to furnish that excuse. If she once abandons the notion that she graces life merely by existing (some rare women do just that, but not enough to invalidate the generalization) and looks at the facts from that point of view, I do not believe she will have much trouble in finding means to effect the end.

If an old girl once learns that she ought to furnish some reasonable excuse for her presence among us she will soon learn—or recollect—many, if not all, of the other, lesser things that an old girl ought to know. Most of them are not only obvious, but have been obvious for several thousands of years; honesty, sportsmanship, tolerance, and thrift I forbear to discuss. But there are a few that do not arise from the basic conditions of human existence, being necessitated rather by modern ways of living and modern ways of thinking. Some talk of these may not be altogether hackneyed.

For example, the old girl—and by that I mean anyone above thirty, perhaps above twenty-five—ought to know at least one of two things: either how to drink or how to refuse a drink gracefully. This isn't a matter of setting an example to the younger generation but of looking after them. Unhappily we have spent fourteen years carefully forgetting the principles of civilized drinking. Having made it impossible for any but the most barbarously explosive compounds to be sold, we have of necessity let down the bars to barbarous conduct; and we have brought up a generation inured to such conduct and incapable of being shocked by it. We have to contend with youngsters whose idea of drinking is to send rockets, Roman candles, pin-wheels, and Very lights whizzing and roaring through their innards.

Naturally, when you speak to such people of a mellow glow they think of a conflagration; and when you speak to them of temperance they think you mean sour fanaticism.

That old girl is a valuable citizen who can do something toward combining and currying these shaggy wild colts. But she cannot do it by pursing her lips, and she cannot do it if the critical moment finds her, in the language of the Academicians, plastered. The experience of men through many generations has taught them that he who puts a souse to bed at night with neatness and dispatch gains a psychological dominance that enables him to do effective preaching the next morning. It is an item of information that women will be wise to acquire quickly.

A second thing the old girl in this country ought to try to learn is that Apollo is a very great god, not a Pekingese pup. He may be served, and he may be worshipped, but he really ought not to be patted on the head.

One of the most appalling effects that useless old girls have had upon American life is their success in gelding the arts, music in particular. If the rise of an American family on the economic scale meant releasing the energies of the woman so that she might apply them to study of the arts, the beneficial effect to the country could hardly be overestimated. But instead of releasing her energies, it more frequently extinguishes them, and she doesn't study; she plays art as she plays bridge, merely to kill time. Her husband in consequence, lacking leisure to give to the matter himself, acquires the notion that the arts are pretty much like bridge—very well as a pastime for women, but hardly worth the serious attention of a man.

In thousands of American cities concert halls in the afternoons are filled with women. In the smaller cities



evening concerts as well are largely populated by women. Whenever a celebrated artist comes to town silly old girls make a clatter over him that is unendurable to masculine ears. As a result it is very hard, even for a man who likes music, to endure the atmosphere in which it is played. The small-town American must have a really great passion for music if his interest in it is to survive. The old boy may not know anything about music but he knows the old girl. He knows what a fraud and faker she is, and his natural assumption is that anything she grows enthusiastic over is a fraud and a fake as well.

As soon as they attain a certain economic level the old girls swarm to the concerts; but how many of them ever think of employing a competent musician to teach them something about music? To how many does it occur that there is anything to learn about music except how to play it? If you said to the old boy that the distribution of the stresses in Hell Gate Bridge is no more ingenious and at the same time severely logical than the distribution of the stresses in one of Sibelius' symphonic works, he would probably think you were lying, but he would admit that it was a comprehensible lie. But tell it to the old girl and you might as well be repeating *Mene, mene, tekel upharsin* to her. It isn't music she likes. It is concerts and gabble and meeting people whose names are always appearing in the newspapers and who are received by the local squirarchy. But by swarming round musicians and other artists she makes the old boy feel that he risks his manhood if he goes anywhere near them; and as for taking up one of the arts as an avocation, devoting to it as intense, concentrated study as he gives to golf, fly-casting, or stud poker, he cannot endure the thought. He would as soon take up embroidery.

At first blush it may seem that by inducing Mr. Babbitt to keep his paws off the *beaux arts* the old girl has done them no small service. But it is true, whether artists like to admit it or not, that just when Mr. Babbitt has butted in, art has flowered into its most brilliant periods. Let us not forget that Pericles was the Greek equivalent of a Tammany politician, that Augustus Cæsar was remarkably like the late Wayne B. Wheeler, both in his political technic and in his outlook on life, that Pope Alexander VI was fundamentally a gang leader, and that Lorenzo the Magnificent was—God save the mark!—an investment banker. Phidias and Praxiteles were told what to carve, Leonardo was told what to paint, Mozart, in his formative years, was told what to write by men who were not themselves artists, but who understood art well enough to know when a job was well done and were resolute enough to fire promptly an artist who couldn't handle his medium.

Art in America greatly needs the masculinity of Mr. Babbitt, not to assist the real artists, but to give the bum's rush to the hordes of pseudo-artists. For these fellows, clumsy though they may be with brush or burin or chisel, are marvelously adept psychologists; and they can take the old girl for a ride with a deftness far beyond the capacity of their betters, who have never learned to be tame cats. But Babbitt, unfortunately, is too unsure of his own judgment to give them the boot. He exhibits marvelous skill and precision in bouncing off the job an incompetent salesman or engineer or plant manager; wherefore good salesmen, good engineers, and good plant managers flourish prodigiously in the republic. But the elimination of bad artists he has left to the old girl; and she, unfortunately, doesn't know her business. She ought to learn it.

## III

Another field in which the old girl ought to know a great deal more than she does is that of sex education. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that what she needs is not more information but different information—less Freud and more Rabelais. I am not denying the importance of Freud any more than I am denying the importance of liquor. But I would apply the same rule—the old girl should be able to carry her Freud like a gentleman or never touch it at all. But she can carry it if she has a sufficient ballast of Rabelais or his equivalent.

The point is that the old girl should know that, while sex may be a ritual informed with beauty, it ought to be, at the same time, a lot of fun. Perhaps it may be, in the words of Dr. Logan Clendening, "the master joke of the universe. It is so magnificent a joke that the very stars rock with laughter which it arouses." If this information is once acquired then it becomes immediately apparent that, whatever else it is, sex cannot possibly be either a creed or a commodity. The commodity idea is as old as the oldest profession, and it is still going strong. Owen Meredith might have described spring in London in 1934 as characterized by

Strawberries on sale under all the house  
eaves,  
And young ladies on sale for the straw-  
berry leaves,

without doing violence to the truth; for plenty of the old girls, not in London only but everywhere, are still consummating monstrous transactions in their own flesh and blood, aided and abetted by archbishops and governors. Sales of youth for fortune and position are still everyday occurrences. They should, of course, be stopped by the morals police; for prostitution is prostitution whether the bargain be made on the sidewalk with the roar of traffic

as an accompaniment or in a cathedral to the strains of "The Voice That Breath'd O'er Eden."

However, if the commodity view is old, the creedal idea of sex is relatively new. It is due largely to the Viennese psychologist, with the able assistance of Havelock Ellis and others. To be sure, the last thing these scientists would have dreamed of was establishing a new religion; but their doctrines are peculiarly subject to misinterpretation. They have served to dissipate a number of old superstitions and to snap many ancient bonds—just the things its believers expect from every new religious creed. Perhaps it was inevitable that we should presently find numbers of women of mature years subscribing to the doctrine of salvation by sex. They give it a great deal of attention, but they do not so much talk about it as chant about it; and when they encounter anyone who is frankly bored by discussions of the *libido*, its use and abuse, they are as shocked as is a Fundamentalist at encountering an atheist.

Yet where is the essential difference between a group of old girls, mothers and grandmothers, discussing sex *sotto voce* in a drawing-room, and a group of small boys discussing it *sotto voce* in the alley behind the garage? I fail to see any unless indeed there is more chance of some useful information being distributed by the small boys. They do at least regard the subject as a practical matter rather than as dogma, and sometimes they are capable of laughing at it. Now if there is anything the old girl ought to know about sex, it is when to giggle over it. For laughter and lust are two complete incompatibles; like oil and water, they never really mix but always tend to displace each other. Modern psychology has shown that the old idea that we must sometimes act and always talk as if we were sexless beings is not



only silly but positively dangerous to mental health. But it is not much sillier, and perhaps it is no more dangerous, than the new idea of trying to pretend that sex is not really sex at all but a group of axioms and principles embodied in the gospel according to Freud and to be discussed only as an older generation discussed theology. There is a difference, of course, between laughing and leering. The leering attitude toward sex is nauseating; but at that I doubt that leering is any worse than kneeling. The virtue of the great comedians is that they have accepted sex jovially; and if Aristophanes, Rabelais, and Cervantes were alive to-day, and instructed in all the modern learning, they would accept it, if anything, more jovially than ever.

Finally, the old girl ought to know that feminism has not emancipated women any more successfully than Lincoln's proclamation emancipated Negroes. When the Negro's chains were struck off the first thing that fell from him was his happy certainty of three meals a day, sufficient clothing, and a place to sleep. The first effect of the emancipation of women has been to compel them, as it compelled the Negroes, to take up the white man's burden. But some of the old girls seem to cherish the notion that they can effect a merger of slavery and freedom, retaining the best features of each. Their aspiration is to be men at the pay-window and women everywhere else. They insist on having a man's salary and a woman's deference and consideration from the men with whom they compete.

The result of this effort is that they get neither. A woman frequently gets a man's job but rarely a man's pay. The reason is that there is no conceivable form of daily labor that cannot be done better by some man than by any woman. The greatest dressmakers and milliners are men, or were until yes-

terday. The greatest cooks are invariably men. The dangerous cases in the psychiatric wards are usually nursed by men and the job is as well done as it is in other wards where nursing is monopolized by women, with the addition that the male nurse can restrain the patient. The greatest interior decorators are men, and there is, of course, no comparison in the other arts.

This may be due to the relatively short time women have had to work at the outside jobs. The time may come when they will surpass men in some, perhaps in many, occupations. But right here and now it is a fact that any employer is willing to give a man more money than he gives a woman for the same work because he has reason to believe that the man will do it better. It isn't any conspiracy against women, as some feminists apparently believe. It is due to the plain teaching of experience that the old girl is worth less than the old boy. But when she takes a man's job and does it badly it does not behoove her to demand exemption from the roughnesses of life to which men are subjected.

These are some things that theoretically the old girl ought to know; but as a practical matter and, speaking as a man, I am not at all certain that I really want her to know everything she ought to know. After all, some of them do know it, and they are formidable people. To encounter a woman who knows that she must justify her existence and who, therefore, justifies it by making herself economically, morally or intellectually—not merely emotionally—of value to someone other than herself; one who can turn down her glass graciously, or empty it and remain graceful; one whom fig-leaves amuse but neither enthrall nor dismay; one who can enter the business world demanding nothing that she is not willing to accord to all her fellow-

workers, male and female—to encounter such a woman is a privilege indeed but not pure delight, by a long shot. For no man who ever walked in shoe-leather can cope successfully with a woman like that, because her sex's long slavery has developed in her a finesse and subtlety that men seldom attain. Before a man has time to deploy his forces he finds himself cut off, surrounded, and subjected to enfilading fire from a dozen heights commanding his position.

Only one course of action is possible to an intelligent man in such an encounter. Combat is madness. Flight

is ignominious. The thing to do is to apply that greatest and most comprehensive of all the maxims of strategy: "Ef you can't beat 'em, j'ine 'em." That is to say, the obvious recourse in such circumstances is to marry the first one met and leave it to her to take care of any others encountered subsequently. But even this is useless advice; for whenever an old girl who knows what she ought to know decides that a man should marry her, advising him to do so is as futile as advising a seasick man to do what *he* ought to do. He'll do it all right whether anyone tells him to or not.

## AWARE OF SPRING

BY LIONEL WIGGAM

**N**OW things are green, if I seem blinded  
Do not believe me autumn-minded,  
Seeing the spring athrob and moving,  
The young worms creeping, the shy birds loving.

*I am aware of every womb  
Shielding its own peculiar creature,  
The syllabled leaf, the imminent bloom,  
The frail anemone's fluted feature.*

*The flesh is quick upon the bone  
Of every flowering skeleton;  
My breast is false and my lips have lied,  
If I appear preoccupied.*





## CAN PACIFISTS BE PATRIOTS?

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

WE (members of the general public) have been much beset in recent years with requests to internationalize our minds. Understandably, we are more beset than ever just now, when so many economists are declaring that without a little more internationalism we shall grow still poorer. The average citizen of the United States, I fancy, never took internationalism very passionately until people told him it affected his pocket-book. It was only a minority that worried, ten years ago, five years ago, over our not having joined the club in Geneva. We have been, mentally speaking, fairly "self-contained"—to borrow from the title of Mr. Samuel Crowther's latest work of propaganda. (Why does the American Chemical Foundation shower us with these gifts? I have always wondered.) Latterly, however, we have been living in a blizzard of argument. Our ears are deafened by the storm, and the printed matter has drifted to record height. Councils, committees, conferences teem. Women's organizations are presenting resolutions of appalling yardage to the harassed members of the League of Nations. Pledges not to take up arms in any circumstances are being offered for signature to the undergraduates on various campuses. Not only are international relations prominent in university curricula: the phrase has entered the most restricted vocabulary. Your taxi driver while the red lights are on is

pleased to discuss them. The brakeman on the railroad up the valley has very definite ideas about disarmament. Manchuria perhaps led the average man to suspect that we might again be troubled by events overseas—and recently, of course, Hitler has become the big, bad wolf. Every one, that is, knows about *him*.

Most of us can only listen to the experts. What we think about the Chinese Eastern railway and the Polish corridor—about any specific case, I mean—simply does not matter. We do not, and never shall, know enough. What does matter is the general attitude of the private person, for its and his own sake. Patriotism, for example, is a subject on which we must all make up our minds, an intimate matter, like love and immortality, concerning which, for our own peace and inner equilibrium, we must know where we stand. It imports little whether the sensible citizen is a Democrat or a Republican, an Episcopalian or a Presbyterian; it imports a good deal whether he is nationalist or internationalist. (A quibble like "enlightened nationalism" will not get him anywhere, for you cannot straddle.)

For many years the only decision I had been able to make on these grave matters was never to sign anything. All those resolutions and petitions and pledges would have to go to Washington or Geneva or Mars without my name. I will make my cross on a bal-

lot for what it is worth (and it is worth so little that I always feel like apologizing to the pencil for using it), but I keep my signature for my personal use. I believe that I should have refused to sign the Declaration of Independence. My refusals, however, are in no way enlightening. They mean only that I am no more a signer than I am a joiner. They are born of prejudice, not of conviction. And though I will neither arm nor disarm (in a petition) surely I ought to know what I think. When all one's acquaintance, young and old, are brought irresistibly to discuss these subjects, Mrs. Facing-both-Ways is a bore, to herself and to them.

It is perhaps unfortunate that the dollar and the gold standard and tariffs and debts and quotas have to color all our political and civic thought. For it is probably not the duty of most of us to develop independent economic opinions. It is not our job. Moreover, economics, like politics, are matters of pure expediency. Militarism *vs.* pacifism, however, nationalism *vs.* internationalism are real conflicts; they are oppositions within the mind and lie deeper than circumstance, inaccessible to expédients, insusceptible of compromise. Between the statement that some wars are justified and the statement that no war is justified, there can be, to the end of time, no truce. Between the conviction that it is a man's duty to set the interest of his country above that of other countries and the conviction that it is never a man's duty to set one country's interest above that of another, there can be no truce. Can we wait for catastrophic events to determine our attitude? Hardly; for we cannot afford to let sudden fear or enthusiasm or greed make up our minds for us. One must struggle with these antinomies betimes. Why? asks a cynic; since fear or enthusiasm or greed will do the deciding in the end.

The important thing, surely, is not to let them; to be ready beforehand with one's own calm decision. Does it matter, asks another cynic, what any individual thinks? Yes, I believe it does matter what you and I think. If a hundred million citizens had decided inwardly that nationalism was a mistake, their representatives in congress assembled would be afraid to take advantage of even the weakest nation. If a hundred million citizens had made up their minds that it was wrong to fight, the most militant government could unsheathe only a rusted sword. You can perhaps conscript conscientious objectors, but they will not make a victorious army.

Pacifism *vs.* militarism would be easy, comparatively, to settle, if it were not for nationalism *vs.* internationalism. No sane and honest citizen of any country to-day really wants war. If the dangers of war were confined to spontaneous outbursts on the part of people who really enjoyed war we should not have to worry. There may be a few individuals unconfined in asylums who think war in itself desirable or glorious, but one suspects that even in Prussia they are very few. Hitler himself cannot bring back Valhalla. The peril of war, as we all know, lies in men's appraisal of it as a means to an end. So long as men can ask themselves soberly: is it better to fight than to lose this or that—territory, markets, autonomy, "face"? there is peril of it. Now I honestly believe that the civilized world is coming to suspect that war is a very poor way to end war; a poor way even to redress grievances. I know some people who can face without trembling the next war, but even they will turn green if you can induce them to contemplate the next post-war decade. Still, there remain great agglomerations of people who can be led to believe that only by fighting can they



get the things they need. There is always danger that such people will fight.

## II

For us Americans the pacifism *vs.* militarism conflict would be less important than the other if the two could be successfully disentangled. (Alas! they cannot.) Apart from the last one, which we did not start, most of our foreign wars have been, according to historians, fairly ignoble in purpose and not too creditable in execution. When we won it was usually our opponents' fault—their stupidity or their weakness. We really do not care enough about war to protect and cherish our instrument in times of peace; and *pace* the Navy League and the D.A.R. and other trouble-seekers, that is probably a fortunate and healthy fact. It has been our good luck that most of what we wanted we could take without fighting very hard for it. We do not need land or a place in the sun, and no large groups of Americans have been caught outside the United States by the shifting of official boundaries. We incline to pacifism if only because the causes of militarism are absent. As for getting into other people's wars—once-bit, twice-shy, seems to be the present feeling. Americans, however, are human though isolated—as the other nations of earth realize only too well; and what the average American citizen means by patriotism may make all the difference in the immediate future of the race.

The question cannot be too definitely posed. Mr. Beverly Nichols, who writes more charmingly than any man alive about getting crocuses to grow out of doors in January, says in *Cry Havoc* (which has, alas! nothing to do with crocuses):

I believe with every fibre of my being, that the hour has now struck in the world's

history when every man who wishes to serve his country must realize that "patriotism" is the worst service he can offer it. . . . It is (also) ludicrous and puerile to suppose that patriotism is "instinctive." It is utterly artificial. A product of education only.

He says further:

The boundaries of many nations are the result of pure caprice, the consequence of a turn in the political wheel, or the proverbial nail in a horse's shoe. And yet, because of this completely artificial and frequently sordid chapter of accidents which decides the limits of national territory, millions of men are trained, from infancy, to regard a strip of land as sacredly as they regard their "mother."

Mr. Nichols does not like Fatherlands and Motherlands; he does not like personification of any sort, even the "Uncle Sam" kind.

Mr. Nichols, no doubt, is thinking of lost provinces and buffer states and "corridors" and "promontories." He is thinking of Poland's outlet to the sea; he is thinking of the prow of Czechoslovakia's ship nosing into Germanic territory; he is thinking of banats and sanjaks and littorals and hinterlands, which have in their time been bartered too easily across green tables. The contemplation of the same facts has led Mr. Frank Simonds to say, if I mistake not, that another war is absolutely inevitable—because when you redraw a boundary you cannot help leaving some people on the wrong side of the fence. When you are on the wrong side of the fence, you sulk—and not infrequently go out with a gun.

About actual fighting, I can go pretty nearly all the way with Mr. Nichols. I agree with him that non-resistance would usually be cheaper in the end and that, as between peace without honor and honor without peace, a truly sane man would probably choose the former. Indeed, after wars are over the honor that one

thought one was defending is often revealed as not having been honor at all: not even a good synonym for it. In the light of star shells most pretexts wither. I am willing to close all the armament factories, even if it means being taxed to support the Du Pont family. Rather than see the flower of our youth suffer unspeakable pangs, I could almost consent to be ruled from Geneva. Yet I find stirrings within myself, even after I have made (in my imagination) so abject a gesture of surrender—stirrings of something that I am afraid Mr. Nichols would call patriotism.

Fifteen years ago, in the midst of war, I registered in print an opinion that I have never been able to alter. In discussing Mr. Rudyard Kipling, I said, I believe: "Granted, for the sake of argument, that it would be good for you to love all men and all countries alike, the fact remains that you do not. If that is your duty, most decent people do not perform their duty; their fathers did not, and their children will not." Mr. Ford Madox Ford has recently said (so I interpret him) that he personally went to war with joy to save France for the world, and that he thinks it was worth while. To a Frenchman, who sees his country as the sole exponent of civilization, that must appear an entirely reasonable statement. Though I am as Francophile as they come, it does not seem to me a reasonable statement. For it implies an admission that it is worth while to fight for something that does not belong to you: more accurately put, for something to which you do not inescapably belong. For your clan, that is, not your race; for the home of your spirit, not your real home. Reluctantly we must, I suspect, let it go—the home of our spirit: the elective affinities for which, in youth, we are so willing to forsake father and mother, brother and sister.

Any romantic must sympathize with that perverse and lovely loyalty; but middle age teaches one that it is not a safe loyalty. Not safe, because not enduring; because you are not sure of being able to stick to it permanently. Your blood and your sinews, your skull-formation, your moral metabolism, even the coercive verities of inherited speech, get you at last. Religion is probably the strongest of non-natural ties. What, that is, could be more binding than a common faith? Among elective affinities, co-religionists must be, one would say, the closest. Yet when it comes to living with people—and a nation means people living together—other things count more for peace and comfort than a common theology. Should we be happier, as Americans, to amalgamate with Russians of the Orthodox Greek church, or with Nestorian Syrians, than with English or Bavarian Catholics? I think not. Do we get on better socially with the members of our own church than with other sectarians—or even with our more free-thinking intimates? Honesty compels one to say "no." Is the widespread prejudice against the Jewish race due in any great measure to religious difference? If it were, would not the average anti-Semite forget his dislike (or at least temper it) in the case of the non-orthodox or the converted Jew? Which, notoriously, he does not. Our social adherences are not dependent on our religion, though religion, as we said, should logically be the strongest of non-instinctive ties. If religion is too weak to make co-nationals of non-nationals, what is strong enough?

The late Vachel Lindsay once told me that he believed, if the United States and Great Britain ever went to war there would not be enough jails in the country to hold the men who would refuse to fight England for any cause whatsoever. It was no effete



Easterner who was speaking, but the man from Sangamon county. Yet we have a natural tendency to quarrel with England, as anyone will realize who looks back on our later as well as our earlier history. There is even, I fancy, more Anglophobia in the United States at large than there is Francophobia or Germanophobia. Partly because Americans are more continuously conscious of England than of other foreign nations, partly because of the groups among us of non-British origin—but largely because, when a relative is annoying he is always more annoying than any friend. Why? Well, because it is harder to make an open break with him; and because, hang it all, we see something of ourselves in him even when he is most outrageous. The misunderstandings that are rooted in understanding are the most agonizing of all. But they do not, usually, lead to blows. . . .

Your true internationalist would place England in the same category with Russia, Brazil, and Japan. According to him you must mark no difference among the nations of earth. He loathes defensive alliances and most favored nations and common spheres of interest and reciprocal agreements, and all other manifestations of preference. He is the complete idealist. He is (or thinks he is) really willing to renounce father and mother, brother and sister for the sake of humanity. On the point of international relations, he is fundamentally Buddhistic, fundamentally Christian. He tries to think of the terrestrial globe as a unit, and forces himself to listen, day in and day out, to the pseudo-planetary voice of the League.

### III

Very well. Many of us who are not complete internationalists are still

faithful rooters for the League. A little matter like the League need not separate idealist and realist. The League has never managed, apparently, to kill patriotism, and it is patriotism we were talking about. Patriotism, in the sense of invincible preference for the land of one's birth and the co-heirs of one's tradition. Not patriotism in Mr. Nichols' sense of artificial boundaries. If it comes to boundaries—look at North and South America. We were Siamese twins until they operated on us. But even before the canal was cut our feeling toward South America was rather different from our feeling toward Canada. In spite of the love-feast at Montevideo, I suspect that it still is. Our feeling toward Mexico is also different from our feeling toward Canada, though the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes do a much more drastic job of demarcation than the Rio Grande. And if, in spite of all aids to internationalism, we favor certain peoples, not ourselves, in our hearts, what will efforts toward internationalism achieve against our natural favoring of our very selves?

Let us be quite bald and frank. The clearest way of putting what I mean is what years ago a friend of mine was told in China: that Chinese people do not like the smell of white people. White people, as is well known, do not like the smell of black people. (Mr. Carl van Vechten once hinted that the dislike was mutual.) A well-known Englishman chose exactly the same words to express his dislike of Jews. There you are. The representatives of our State Department cannot go about the world letting their noses decide their policies—or holding their noses while they sign treaties. Smells must be largely disregarded. Yet I do believe that the fundamental preference for one's own race and breed and history neither is wholly educated into one nor can be wholly educated

out of one. With that preference goes its inseparable corollary of indifference or aversion to other races and breeds. The aversion is so unformulated, profound, instinctive, that not liking their smell is as accurate a way as any to express it. Such prejudice, some will protest, is pure ignorance. I do not say that people are wise or noble or judicial: I say only that they are like that—and that to be like that is natural beyond the need of apology or the possibility of shame. The stated reasons for dislike or distrust of other peoples may be frivolous. It is not easy even for psychologists to define in words instincts that function, you might say, sub-verbally. But the fact so ill expressed by the stated reasons is not frivolous at all. "They are all horrid over there, any way" was how one woman of my acquaintance dismissed, in 1914, the beginnings of the World War. There is no point in laughing at her, either then or to-day. If that feeling were not basic our present immigration laws could not have stood for an hour. True, there was a time when industry wanted cheap labor brought in, and the time has now come, for one reason and another, when cheap labor from outside is no longer desired. But it has never occurred to either American capital or American labor that the immigrant was not inferior. Perhaps you call him un-American rather than inferior. It means, to most citizens, precisely the same thing. M. Bernard Faÿ has recently emphasized the prevailing Englishness of the United States. Most Americans, in fact, when they speak thus contemptuously of immigrants, are tacitly excepting the rare British immigrant from their generalizations. But as far as other immigrants go, they lump all non-Americans together.

You can of course hear great argument any day about the superiority, in this regard or that, of Frenchman, Ger-

man, Italian, or Scandinavian. We praise them for knowing how to paint or make music, how to enjoy life, how to educate their young, how to cook. When the praise is genuine and informed, it is very pretty to listen to, and one begins to dream dreams of true internationalism. A comity of races, like a league of nations. . . . But one does not dream long. Even the keenest Francophile, Germanophile, Italo-phile, Russophile, Sinophile, if you test his faith too far, begins to make reservations. He seldom, for example, wants to live in the country he says he has given his heart to. For practical purposes he prefers his own. (The few die-hard expatriates hardly count.) I was shocked once to hear a friend declare that the whole Roman Empire kicked the beam when weighed against American plumbing. Plumbing, I think, was a word she picked up for effect: what she really meant was that she preferred the American mode of life to any mode that patricians of another race had been able to invent. Though one can argue such a point for hours, in the end the defender of his native civilization will win—because he is right. It is easy to prove the age of Pericles lovelier than our own—but you and I do not belong in the age of Pericles, and probably only the most besotted classicist would prefer the smell of ancient Athenians to the smell of his compatriots. The imagination can be happy in places where the whole man is not. Failing Utopia, we are best off at home. The immigrant's relief at the removal of economic pressure (when it occurs) is not to be confused with preference, though I fear we have taken the volume of immigration as sheer compliment. Not an immigrant eastward or westward, I believe, but would prefer his own place if he could find there equal economic ease. Even those who migrate for nobler than economic reasons (as we



had occasion to discover in the war years) keep an abiding sentiment for their origins. We know how hard it is to substitute the use of English in the homes of our foreign-born. It takes the second generation or the third to bring it about; and they are bent on bringing it about because they learn with bitterness that the fairest fruits of this land are for "Americans" only. The law of self-preservation makes them accept the standards of the dominant group and look askance at their own differences. It takes stern drilling, a continuous process of "education," to persuade the average man to internationalism. Left to himself, uneducated, he will be simply—stupidly, if you insist—patriotic.

Some of the pacifist organizations are frankly admitting that only by education can they kill the kind of patriotism that may lead to war. A few of them are now talking about "moral disarmament" and saying that school children must be morally disarmed. (I suppose there will be charts—like those striated and spotted before-and-after-alcohol pictures of the human stomach which used to be thrust before our innocent eyes by the W.C.T.U.) It is a magnificent proposal: to kill war in the hearts of the young. Perhaps you can isolate the fighting germ and destroy it. One suspects, however, that war is a symptom rather than a disease, and that to destroy the possibility of war involves destroying the man. To put it beyond his power to run a temperature, you must make a corpse of him. Civilized people do not fight for the sake of fighting; they fight to get, or keep, something without which life is not worth living. The pacifist that I am would prefer non-resistance at almost any cost. Yet when (short of war) I am invited to love all peoples—including my own—alike, or even to behave as if I loved all peoples alike, to pretend that the integ-

rity of Abyssinia or China is to me as American integrity, I feel that these gentle solicitors go too far. The only proper answer is "bosh" or one of its synonyms. When German Nazis, Italian Fascists, Russian reds, Ukrainian reactionaries riot in the streets of New York or Chicago, the average American puts down his newspaper with dismay. He is not frightened—he has confidence in the police; but he is faintly disgusted that any American city should be the arena for quarrelling so irrelevant to all its concerns. The place for Ukrainians to riot in is the Ukraine—not Chicago. He feels as if a strange dog had entered his house and been sick on the floor.

Not, of course, that we Americans are not as prone to mob-madness as anyone else. Ours is the only civilized country that has in times of peace a lynching problem. Our lynching problem indeed has become so acute that one of the women's peace organizations, I understand, has turned its attention to lynching, and wants more laws made to curb it. (As if we had not already plenty of laws against murder! But "woman's work is never done.") Now, the lynching of negroes suspected of raping white women—which is the typical case, the case that makes lynching a perennial problem—is more disgusting than any amount of breaking heads in a street fight. Most sober citizens would admit it. But, you see, it is different when your own dog is sick on the floor. The real reason why lynching is not stopped is—what? The real reason, alas! is that it is negroes who are being lynched, and white Americans who are doing the lynching. In spite of the peculiar horror of the crime usually thus avenged, the fact remains that even in our lawless land that special lawlessness could not run unchecked if it did not have its origin in race-conflict. Good citizens,

North and South, deplore lynching, but they do not rise in irresistible numbers to stop it, for the over-simple reason that it is something white men do to black men. They cannot—not enough of them, that is—get sufficiently excited about it. I do not believe that natural sadism (though some people think it is increasing among us) can be held to account for our little habit of roasting folk alive and making a party of the occasion. Men's sympathies, unfortunately, are dulled, their imaginations hampered when it comes to another race and breed. All one's research leads one to believe that Sacco and Vanzetti would be alive today if they had been native Americans.

#### IV

What has it to do with patriotism? It has this to do with patriotism: that you will not easily make internationalists of men and women who consider all Africans, all Asiatics, all eastern Europeans, and most western Europeans inferior to themselves and hardly worthy, even when they are resident among us, to reap the full benefit of our economic and social institutions. Patriotism need not involve despising the alien, but patriotism does definitely involve preferring mentally, emotionally and, therefore, practically, one's own land and people. It cannot, I repeat, be dealt with in terms of geography alone. Imagine the United States drained of its native population, with millions of individuals brought in from the antipodes to substitute. Would those rocks and rills, those woods and templed hills still be the objects of our choral praise? I think we should discover that latitude and longitude do not suffice for passion; that when their human implications changed, their sacredness was for us destroyed. Stephen Decatur, I believe, was responsible for the exclamation,

"My country, may she always be right; but my country, right or wrong!" Such emotional expression is not so popular as it used to be. The "Jelly-bellied Flag-flapper" (in Stalky's immortal phrase) flaps his flag less freely than of old. Intelligent people have become too finicking in their taste for raw jingoism. Yet, though Decatur was wrong as a matter of morals and manners, did he not bear fairly accurate witness to something lodged within men's very marrows?

It should not be impossible, the pacifist sometimes reflects, to teach the whole world that war is the greatest of evils, the least defensible of activities, since it represents the maximum of human suffering and economic waste. If we had only to decide between war and peace on their own merits, I should have hope. But pacifism is not so simple as that, because it is, as we said, inextricably knotted into the question of international relations, and international relations are difficult. They depend, unfortunately, to some extent on smell. There is a women's conference, or committee, national in scope, on the Cause and Cure of War. I have more than once attended their meetings and have been edified. Yet I have not been able to refrain from wondering whether these ladies investigate the cause as thoroughly as they do the cure. They tend to account for war geographically, politically, economically, rather than biologically. Never, never do they admit not liking other people's smell. When Secretary Hull says that he is an optimist about the two Americas and a pessimist about Europe, is he doing more than pay a compliment to the Atlantic and Pacific oceans? It is not to be assumed that our Latin-American neighbors and we have a monopoly of the will to peace. Simply, we are fortunately situated. Europe and Asia are unfortunately situated. Almost



every country in those two great continents offers easy opportunities for invasion. If you do not like the smell of the invader you will probably resist him; and unluckily the peoples of earth do not like the smell of any but their own nationals. Pacifism, to be perfect, must meet the possibility of invasion, of being governed by aliens. Now pacifism—in practical terms, non-resistance—is an act of the will, like any other great refusal. Patriotism, on the contrary—that unquenchable inner preference—is an instinct, and it must function until you cease to breathe. When you let the alien in and subject yourself to his rule, you deny the instinct. It is not vanity, it is not even pride, it is not even greed (since armed resistance is always more expensive than tribute) that makes a people resent invasion physically; it is irresistible nausea at the thought of being forcibly and intimately re-fashioned according to an alien ideal. To be thus forcibly and intimately re-fashioned seems to the average human being not simply unpleasant but actually impossible. The consciousness of that impossibility is the essence of patriotism, and it is the justifiable, because inevitable, cause of war. It takes a great saint to make the will prevail over the blood-stream, and great saints are rare. Nor can the perfect pacifist and the natural patriot co-exist within one skin, though the skin be a saint's.

As for the internationalism the idealists preach, whether it be desirable or undesirable matters not, since it is impossible. The complete internationalist is not a human being. He is a laboratory invention, and was never born of woman. No amount of Muscovite or Genevan phrase can make him real. A man must prefer one race and its ways to another in his heart, no matter how consistently, for his dream or his advantage, he may lie about it. While the nations worship different gods, speak different tongues, make different laws, eat different foods, exude different odors internationalism must remain a term of restricted meaning. For the international mind can perhaps exist—but not the international nature. By all means, let all nations disarm, if they will. It is far better to leave our emotions unimplemented. Let us devise together, if we can, economic measures that will give all races relief. Any amount, that is, of mutual agreement, of generous concession, for the common good. It is within our power to refrain from insult and to restrain our greed. Some things, however, being contrary to nature, are not within our power. Even at Geneva, we must remain what we fundamentally are, because we cannot get away from it. Though we strain to the utmost (and rightly) to contribute to the peace and prosperity of the globe, let us not confuse matters meanwhile by talking nonsense.

## The Lion's Mouth



### THE PERFECT CARVER

BY EDWARD FITCH HALL

WE HAD roast lamb for dinner the last time I was at my Aunt Emma's. My cousin Herbert did the carving, both the poise of his body and the expression of his face giving that seal of authority to the performance which is an attribute of all that Herbert does.

Before he placed knife to flesh he ran his thumb along the edge of the long and rather murderous-looking carver. The result was not very satisfactory. It never is. The refinements of carving are a mystery to me. In fact, I always feel when I am with Herbert that the refinements of any department of life are distinctly not my forte. I have seen Herbert's thumb glide down the edge of the carver a great many times. I have even, in a vain effort to appear to the manner born, run my thumb along the edge of our carving knife when we had guests for dinner at home. But it was a failure. The gesture, the true baronial gesture, simply is not in me. In the first place I am scared to death that I will cut my thumb. That hardy digit, therefore, does not glide down the blade at all. It proceeds in a series of leaps, lightfooted as Titania, yet altogether lacking in her grace. Certainly at the conclusion of the ges-

ture I have no idea whether or not the edge is sufficiently sharp.

But with Herbert it is very different. His thumb pursues its perilous course with careless assurance. He bestows upon that zealous servant, risking all in his service, but a fragment of his attention. And yet precise information is conveyed to his brain: he is informed of the exact condition of the blade.

I cannot say just what evidence leads to what conclusion, for it so happens that I have witnessed but one side of the picture. In all the many times I have sat at table while Herbert carved I have never seen his thumb signify to his brain that the knife was sharp. Therefore, my observations are incomplete. It may be that if the knife is sharp it cuts the thumb, and the sight of blood is proof that the ceremony of carving may proceed. But this has never happened, so I cannot say.

From a purely practical standpoint I could even suggest that the formality of imperilling the thumb be dispensed with altogether. I have watched it perhaps a thousand times. Since the knife did not prove to be sharp on one of those occasions, it would seem mathematically justifiable to assume dullness and proceed from there. But I realize that the realm of social grace, from which I am barred not so much by my humble birth as by my insensibility to refinement, is not governed by mathematics. So my suggestion is timid and tentative, and only mentioned at all because, despite Herbert's own equanimity during the progress of the perilous gesture, I myself am at that time acutely uncomfortable, sub-



ject to the most disagreeable shivers along the spine.

"Why," Herbert remarked when he had discovered for the thousand and first time that the carving knife was dull, "you women cannot keep a knife sharp I'm sure I don't know."

The women referred to included, besides Aunt Emma herself, the cook, and those two persons comprise the vassals of Herbert's domain. This character of the household may have something to do with Herbert's firm conviction that women are much inferior to men in all practical as well as intellectual matters. I do not mean to reflect upon Aunt Emma or even upon the cook. But if anything is amiss in the household it goes without saying that the fault cannot be Herbert's. Since the only other members of the household are women, a woman must be responsible. So you see Herbert's unswerving, although courteous, conviction of the inferiority of women is, under the circumstances, not only logical but inevitable.

"Well," said Aunt Emma, "that's all right."

To a stranger it might appear that Aunt Emma could have done better in the matter of repartee. But with Herbert she has long since foregone the audacity of attempted refutation. She already knew what his next remark would be, and that nothing which she might say would alter it in the slightest. In such a situation she could hardly have done better than utter a categorical assertion of the rightness of things, thereby increasing the sense of well-being of her guests and, so far as was possible, fortifying them against the continued disclosure of Herbert's dissatisfaction, a condition to which she herself never grows insensitive.

"I know," Herbert resumed as he strode to the sideboard for the steel, "but I have told you so many times.

You can't keep a knife sharp if you drop it into a drawer with a lot of other knives. I shouldn't think it would be too much trouble to keep it separate, where its edge would be a little protected."

"Well, we don't seem to manage," said Aunt Emma.

"I should say you don't," said Herbert and then, turning to me with an expression of tolerant resignation, "Honestly, did you ever know anything like women?"

"I never did."

I concurred with an eagerness that might have been interpreted as less than perfectly courteous to Aunt Emma. But it was only because I am so sensitive to friction between people, of which I am a witness but in which I am not directly involved. To be a sedative influence was to me so important at that moment that it dimmed the need either of truth or politeness. Even though the heavens fall, was my attitude, I must rub Herbert the right way.

But no more was said on the subject, for Herbert poised the knife over the meat, and a hush fell upon the table. It was replaced, after the shortest silence, by irregular and indistinguishable mutterings from Herbert. It presently became apparent that the cause of these sounds lay in the leg of lamb, which was not submitting to dissection with proper humility.

Now I envy and admire Herbert. To do the correct thing in the correct place and to do it correctly is a gift which, because it is so alien to my own character, inspires in me unreserved awe. To be at home in the saddle, at the head of the table, in the shooting field, at the tailor's, in the wine cellar; to be, in short, a repository of good usage, seems to me almost superhuman. There are few such left. So when the flesh of the lamb fell away in chunks and gobbets rather than in thin

and expert slices, I could have wept. Herbert the Impeccable was tottering.

But I reckoned without Herbert. I simply cannot grasp the sublimity of the true aristocrat. Base groundling that I am, I was trembling because I thought that Herbert, who never before had faltered, was carving badly. I was writhing, tortured, afraid to express to Herbert the sympathy which I felt, when at length he laid down the carving knife and looked about him.

"It beats me," he said, "how the Lord managed to make such a botch of the job when he made lambs' legs."



### CAVEAT VENDOR

BY JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

**M**R. WILBERT D. SIMPSON, or Wilbie-Dee, as he was called by his stout, amiable wife, was a typical Party of the Second Part. All his life he had been on the short end of leases, deeds, agreements, indentures, contracts, bills of sale, and all and every type of legal paper of every kind or nature whatsoever whether hereinbefore specifically mentioned or not. Once, in a sublease, he had dropped to Party of the Third Part, eating at the last table and getting nothing but the neck and gizzard. But he had put his shoulder to the wheel and fought himself back to the circle from which he had fallen.

Like millions of his own class, Mr. Simpson had never actually seen a Party of the First Part. But, through the latter's agents and representatives, he had suffered all the stings and humiliations which have been the lot of Second Part Parties since Adam lost his lease and was compelled to vacate.

A constant fixation on his wrongs

finally developed in Mr. Simpson a burning obsession to become a champion of his class. The chance came sooner than he had anticipated. The lease on his apartment expiring, Mr. Simpson decided to move. A new apartment was quickly found.

"I'd like to add a little clause to the lease," Mr. Simpson said.

"Sorry," snapped the agent of the Party of the First Part, "you'll have to take it or leave it."

"Just a little change," said Mr. Simpson persuasively. Inwardly he boiled, but he was playing a part and the stakes were worth a little acting.

"What is it?" the agent inquired irritably.

"It's here," Mr. Simpson explained, "where it says 'To have and to hold the aforesaid premises,' I'd like to add the words, 'during good behavior.'"

"But we have a good behavior clause somewhere else," the agent objected.

"I know," said Mr. Simpson, "but I'd like it here. Just a little whim, I guess."

The agent pondered. He had looked up the references and they were excellent. What difference did it make after all? If the poor sap wanted it that way, let him have it.

"Oh, all right," he said ungraciously, "have it your own way." So the clause was inserted and Mr. Simpson signed.

Three months later the manager of Danforth & Co., Real Estate and Insurance, was shocked to receive a letter from Mr. Simpson stating that since the good-behavior clause had been violated, he was moving out of the apartment at the end of the month. The manager consulted the Party of the First Part on the telephone (he had never seen one either), and at the latter's direction began a suit for specific performance to compel Mr. Simpson to remain and live up to the terms of his lease.

The trial came at last. Never had



Mr. Briggs, the attorney for the Party of the First Part, been so sure of a case. "Your Honor," he began, "the contention of the defense is ridiculous. As you know, there is a good-behavior clause in the lease, and Mr. Simpson seeks to take advantage of that clause. It is obvious that it is not for him to say whether his conduct has been good or bad within the meaning of the clause, but for us. And we have no complaint to make. His conduct has been excellent. He neither drinks, smokes, chews, swears, nor consorts with lewd or lascivious companions to excess.

"He has not torn, defaced, mutilated, destroyed, hacked, teased, beaten, kicked, stung, bruised, or bitten the premises. He has paid his rent promptly. His deportment generally has been entirely satisfactory to us and we ask that the lease be enforced."

Mr. Simpson arose. The big moment had come. "Your Honor," he said slowly, his voice quavering a bit in spite of himself, "I ask you to look at the plain wording of the lease. It says, 'To have and to hold the aforesaid premises during good behavior.' Not the good behavior of the tenant, Your Honor, but the good behavior of *the premises*."

The First Part attorney gulped. He adjusted his glasses and stared at the lease. Was it possible that that worm—?

"The premises!" His Honor was saying.

"Yes, Your Honor, the premises. For years," he went on, "we Parties of the Second Part have put up uncomplainingly with the bad conduct of our apartments. Not when the agent shows them to you, Your Honor. Oh, no, they're always on their good behavior then, just like wives when you're courting them. *Then* they're always quiet and neat and charming. But after you're once actually living with them it's different. These Par-

ties of the First Part make *us* behave. Why shouldn't we have an equal right to demand that their apartments behave?"

"What's yours been doing?" inquired His Honor, interested in spite of himself. He too was a Party of the Second Part.

"Living with bad companions, Your Honor, a screeching parrot, two piano players, an electric sign which flashes in and out of the bedroom window all night long, a tenor, an elevator boy who whistles off pitch, an actor who—"

"I object, Your Honor," interrupted the First Part attorney, jumping to his feet.

"Overruled," said His Honor tersely, thinking of the number of times he'd been awakened at three in the morning by that damned commission merchant's alarm clock. "Proceed, Mr. Simpson."

"Well, Your Honor, the rest is the usual story. The conduct of the apartment got worse and worse the longer we lived with it. Its companions became more and more intolerable; a new speakeasy where they sing 'Down by the Old Mill Stream,' an old building being demolished at seven in the morning, three violin students, a neighbor who tunes in the loud speaker on Amos 'n' Andy every night while we are at dinner, and a dancer who practices in the apartment above. Then there are six clanking radiators, an amateur orchestra, a shower which suddenly runs hot, a typewriter which clicks far into the night, two women who yell across the court, and a man who slams electric bulbs at the cats. Then there are—"

His Honor raised his hand. "Enough," he said briefly, his mind on the pasty-faced half-wit across the hall who was constantly throwing those wild parties. "What do you want?"

And here the bigness which, under the proper stimulus, often makes itself

manifest in the smallest of us, arose to the surface in Mr. Simpson.

"It is not for myself alone that I am here, Your Honor," he said impressively. "This is but a trial case. On your decision, Your Honor, rests the happiness and peace of countless millions of Parties of the Second Part. Too long have they submitted to all indignities. Too long have they put up with—"

"Yes, yes," said His Honor, "But what do they want?"

"They want you," said Mr. Simpson, "to uphold my apartment behavior clause so that it will set a precedent."

"Precedent for what?"

"Companionate leases!" shouted Mr. Simpson, "so that we can live with an apartment on trial, so that we can come into the heritage so long held from—"

"The decision will be so rendered; court's adjourned," interrupted His Honor.

He hurried into his chambers and grabbed the telephone. "Argus Realty Co.?" he demanded. "Yeh, well this's Judge McCabe. I'm signing that lease and sending it back to-day. By the way, I've added a three-word clause on the first page. Won't make any difference. Just a li'l whim of mine, I guess. G'bye."







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## *Editor's Easy Chair*

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### WHAT COLLEGES CAN TEACH

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

A THOUGHTFUL person once said, "Knowledge is power," an assertion that has been much applauded. But what kind of knowledge is at this time the most important? Doctor Conant, the new President of Harvard, has made his first report and it goes in very strong for increase in scholarship: high-grade scholarship pursued by selected aspirants. He wants more fellowships so that good scholars may study more. He applauds the advance in that direction which was made under the guidance of his immediate predecessor in office. That accords with prevailing sentiment for more schools and bigger ones, more years of study in them, free meals, transportation, and text books for students, but as far as possible at the expense of someone else than the parents or even the local taxpayer. If this amount of teaching, carrying, feeding can be acquired in whole or part gratuitously, it becomes one of the most popular devices for saving the country. It gets the children out of the house and does them good, though there are cases where they are taken from homes in which their help is needed. But if our national salvation does lie in the direction of more school and college education, why carp about the cost of it! If in the end it is going to save us the expense of armament, bring us various forms of good government, keep the

banks from breaking, restrain the money-hungry of the grab-it-alls, of course it will be an economy. And after all, the most demanding advocates of increased public education do not at present want more for all the children than well-to-do parents think it expedient even now to provide for some of them.

Education makes for order, but how much? A little learning is a dangerous thing; half knowledge does not reach to the relations of things, and that often makes for disorder. The percentage of revolutionists is high among students. They don't know what they've got, nor the true value of what they want, nor what it will cost to get it. The percentage of well-educated persons in state's prisons in this country is probably small, though the illiterates are probably fewer still. But how much can be taught in colleges; how much can be learned in colleges under instruction? Our country, is now being conducted largely under advice of professors. There was a big job to be done and the best-instructed talent was called in. How good it is we do not know yet. The experts do not agree about that. At the top of the whole job is a gentleman of no great renown for scholarship but with a considerable gift for using men. Napoleon had that gift. He knew what he wanted done and employed men who

could do it, and much that was done by men he put to work outlasted his conquests and his personal collapse. The mind that secretes knowledge is not necessarily the mind that stimulates and directs action, but it is, of course, important to have somebody that knows, somebody that has learned what there is to learn on any subject under discussion. But the truth is that nobody knows the whole truth about anything. Ordinary students only know as far as the contemporary mind has reached and often enough not that. The minds that pioneer are seldom academic. Some of the greatest doers have been men who did not know what all informed persons were well aware of, that what they wanted to do was impossible. Probably the vice of the academic mind is to be static, to stand still, fail to get the news, and what it does get to reject as foolish. There are enormous truths about human life and the powers of men that are neglected or rejected at this present time by most of the best scholars—enormous powers that are not used; the mass of humanity is not intelligent enough to receive them or to be trusted with them.

After all, the big job of the scholars is to raise the level of human intelligence. Harvard was founded, as Doctor Conant recalls, "to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity." That is the true function of universities. Scholars are interesting, more so than the less instructed. Whatever their limitations, whether their beliefs are right or wrong, they talk and think on a higher level than persons less well taught. They are useful critics. The wisdom of the wise has its limitations, but it makes at least for good talk, good reading, good literature, good music.

But what will the high scholars do besides checking disease, fighting insects, and possibly contributing to the regulation of economics, solving the

puzzle of the gold standard, checking other powerful corporations and such matters—how far will they help to save the world? Mainly, one may surmise, by creating an atmosphere in which the cultivated minds may live and move and have their say. The English universities in their courses seem to have had all the faults that institutions of learning can well incur, but for all that they have been nurseries of thought. They gave training to Wesley though no encouragement to the use he made of it. Studies are held to increase the powers of mind. Moses was learned in the lore of the Egyptians. St. Paul seems to have studied to good purpose somewhere; at least he was a competent psychologist. Calvin knew more than his letters; so did Luther. Knowledge may be digested information. Wisdom may be digested and illuminated knowledge. They are all stages of growth in understanding, and that presumably is what enthusiasts for better scholarship wish to see cultivated and produced.

DOCTOR CONANT was quoted as saying at the Harvard Club Dinner in New York in January that the success or failure of the civilization we are building in America to-day depends on the new recruits enlisted by the universities to carry on this never-ending adventure. Therein is evidence of a spirit suitable to the undertaking in which Doctor Conant is enlisted. He does well to think it important.

But is he right? Does the success of our civilization depend on what sort of students the universities enlist? Out of the universities and colleges will come useful men, but the great school of life also produces useful men without intervention of college faculties. The biggest factor in a man is what was born in him. Often the next most important element is his home raising. If he goes to college and acquires what



it interests him to acquire he may get it out of books, teachers, lectures, and academic apparatus, or he may not. Some of the most important things connected with human life the colleges cannot touch at all. In their curricula you get a lot of young people together; they can think about anything they like and inquire, absorb, investigate as they go along in class rooms or not, under supervision or not. The man-to-man in colleges, human intercourse, is vastly important. The noblest study of mankind is man, was in Alexander Pope's day, is now, and probably always will be. It is a course in colleges a little outside of the regular program.

The men who seem to have done the most conspicuous jobs for the civilization we now live in, who made the greatest discoveries or the greatest applications of discoveries, the best writers, the best read poets, were not university men at all—not Edison, not Wright the flying man, not Graham Bell, not Henry Ford, not Kipling, not Mark Twain; Dickens was not an academic product; Thackeray, only slightly; Stevenson, yes, in moderation; Walt Whitman, no, and this, of course, is a mere haphazard roster. But is it not true that entrenched or cloistered knowledge is hostile to innovations, more busy with making exact records of old thoughts than of investigating new ones? That is in the nature of things. Learning in the Middle Ages was kept alive in monasteries secluded from the world. No doubt there is a lot of learning in colleges and to have it there is useful, and helps the discoverers and writers and inventors whose training was not academic. Does everybody nowadays know Mark Twain's story of "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" who lost a bet of forty dollars for his master because the adversary got access to him and filled him full of quail shot?

Maybe the imaginative persons who have the big ideas and are able to put them across do better in their employment if their minds have not been filled too full of something else. Probably you can fill a mind so full of mental quail shot that it can't jump.

There are things that universities can teach and things that they can't. They can teach chemistry. President Conant is a brilliant example of a university's usefulness in that direction. They teach physics, they teach science of various kinds and probably a good deal of what they teach is so. They can teach history, such as it is; possibly with imagination enough to detect some of the lies, possibly not. No doubt they can give good guidance in mathematics and would not hold back anybody that was qualified to be proficient in that pursuit. They teach languages so you can read them but not so that you can speak them. As for religion, and the things that pertain to it, one would not send a boy or a girl to college to get that. The communication of it is very individual. One would say it is seldom accomplished by organization, which may be true or may not. One would say that it did not lend itself to mass production, but various revivalists, much respected, seem to be evidence to the contrary—Wesley, Whitefield, Moody, Finney, Peter Cartwright—a long list of them.

There is going on now a curious reaching out for spiritual things or things of a spiritual nature. There are spiritualists, a lot of them, who are convinced of a future life and believe they are in communication with persons who have moved over into it. Then related to the invisible world and powers that concern it are the Christian Scientists, the Unity people, the New Thought people, the Buchmanites, and various other active groups, some very large, some earnest in advertisement, all in a way concerned

with powers that may be said to do miracles of one kind or another because the way they do what they do when they do it is not understood. All these groups go in more or less for healing. They are concerned with the power of thought and the projection of that power. Presumably they are all running on the same trail, though probably no two of them would admit it.

Out of all that pursuit we shall probably see large and important returns: increase of faith in some things, better understanding of much that is important; but of all that, how much shall we owe to the colleges? It will come to them because they are in the world and a part of it, but it will hardly be of academic origin.

Doctor Conant wants more money to provide more leisure for more study by more promising scholars. All the universities always want more money and, of course, they can use it in ways that look important. But possession of it is not without its drawbacks. One recalls that great story of Pope Urban and Thomas Aquinas. Thomas came to Rome to visit the Pope who got up for him a gorgeous show. They stood together and watched it go by.

"Thomas," said the Pope, "the Church can no longer say silver and gold have I none."

"No," was the answer, "neither can it say 'Take up thy bed and walk'."

Rich universities are fastened to definite responsibilities that handicap them in spiritual adventures. They can experiment in laboratories, try out anything in a test tube, experiment with any kind of working hypothesis that concerns material elements; but with spiritual adventures they have to be more cautious. Such things are for individuals. St. Francis gave away his money and went barefoot, thinking himself less impeded on that basis.

What is the greatest power-house in the world? Undoubtedly the New

Testament, an imperfect record of the sayings and doings of a man without property; but we owe that record, such as it is, largely to scholarship. Universities have contributed to it. When various experiments in application of spiritual powers that are now proceeding reach a more definite status, the universities may do something which may be helpful about them, but it will be done more, as indeed it is being done already, by the minds which universities gather than by the organizations which gather them.

THE other day (on the 8th of January to be accurate) Doctor McBain, Dean of the Graduate Faculties of Columbia, made an address at the annual university commemoration service in St. Paul's Chapel. According to the reports in the papers, he said scientific discoveries had "unquestionably made vast inroads upon man's traditional beliefs in immortality." He thought immortality was a "wholly unproved fact" and inclined, himself, to believe that it was better that it should be, and that "for thinking man certainty of an afterlife would have graver and perhaps more devastating effects upon us than certainty of extinction."

Maybe he has not happened to read Booth Tarkington's story about the "Smiths of Topeka" who believed in education, prosperity, and clean politics; knew a great deal about chemistry, mechanics, modern jurisprudence, and music, but on one point were curiously provincial, and that was geography. Neither Smith nor his wife had been outside of Kansas or wished to leave it and they brought their children up without knowledge of geography and taught them to avoid mention of travel. If Doctor McBain hasn't had so much quail shot fed into him as to anchor his spirit, he would surely be edified by that story.





# Harpers *Magazine*

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## A BLOW AT THE FOUNDATIONS

ROOSEVELT AND HIS AIR MAIL POLICY

BY ELMER DAVIS

**B**Y THE time you read this the great air-mail controversy may be ancient history. The private companies will probably have come to some sort of terms with the government, the Army will have returned to its regular job, and the uproar aroused by what Mark Sullivan tearfully called the "wholesale crucifixion" of an industry will have died down. This leaves an opening for some moral reflections that were overlooked in the excitement of the moment. The cancellation of the air-mail contracts stirred people up on one side or the other of a specific issue; but no commentator except Will Rogers seems to have grasped the profounder general significance of the episode. If it means what it seems to mean, it is the most revolutionary (and perhaps the most Utopian) of all Mr. Roosevelt's gestures. More than anything else

he has done, it justifies Mr. Hoover's assertion in the 1932 campaign that the Roosevelt program "would destroy the very foundations of the American system of life."

Some of the details of the air-mail controversy remain to be elucidated at this writing; there are contradictions, not yet ironed out; but the essentials can be summarized without unfairness. Aviation is—or was a few years ago, when the policy now reversed by Mr. Roosevelt was adopted—a new and speculative industry; it required a heavy capital outlay, with returns in the way of consumer business problematical for years to come. At the same time it was an industry whose up-building, against the possibility of future wars, was a vital national necessity. Accordingly it both needed and deserved a government subsidy; and in pursuance of a policy which may have

been mistaken, but had at least the sanction of precedent in dealing with the merchant marine, the subsidy was given not directly, but in the form of payment for carrying the mails—payment considerably greater, in most cases, than the return to the government in postage, to say nothing of the cost to the operators of carrying the mail.

The consequence was the building up of what ex-Postmaster-General Walter F. Brown has truly called "the finest air-mail and air-passenger service in the world," and without the taxpayers' money we should never have got it. The taxpayer paid for the development of airways and air-weather service; and he has also paid, altogether, some \$86,000,000 for carrying the mails. Senator Hugo L. Black, chairman of the committee investigating aviation, has estimated that about two-thirds of this was pure subsidy as distinct from payment for service rendered. Naturally this was most important in the early years. C. B. Allen, writing in the *New York Herald Tribune*, reports that last summer the operators submitted a plan, ignored by Postmaster-General Farley, for elimination of the subsidy in from three to five years; but it may be suspected that already they saw the handwriting on the wall. Operators of lines which managed to get along well without mail contracts seem to have been regarded by other operators as traitors to the working class, as a manufacturer might be who told Congress that his industry no longer needed a protective tariff.

But at any rate we had the finest commercial aviation service in the world; and that was not the only fruit of individual initiative assisted by the taxpayers' money. We had also the finest lot of mergers, and holding companies, and stock pools, and preferred lists of insiders. Senator Black has

ungenerously said that "much of the government subvention went to profiteers, stock manipulators, and political and financial groups who never flew a plane, never invented an engine, and never improved an airplane part." Certainly fantastic profits were made in aviation stocks. Mr. William E. Boeing, chairman of the board of the United Aircraft and Transport Corporation, pulled out the biggest plum reported to the Senate committee; on an investment of \$487,000 he made an actual profit of twelve million, and at one time had a paper profit of more than fifty million. But others did better in proportion; there were men who put in mere hundreds and took millions out. Out of what? Out of the people who bought aviation stocks at 1928 and 1929 prices.

These men at least had something to do with aviation; they were officers of companies, they contributed their executive ability to the upbuilding of the industry, even if they built it up mostly in Wall Street and not in the open air. Other pullers-out of plums—for instance, gentlemen on a preferred list who bought stock at \$30 a share that was selling in the open market at \$97—had no connection with the industry except that perhaps they had a friend in it; or they were persons of consequence, the sort of men it pays to have on your side—especially if the cost of attaching them to you can be shifted to the general public that was in those days all too eager to pay \$97 a share.

How about the technicians—the men who invented engines, improved parts, and flew the planes? They came out better than sometimes happens to the men who do the work; the aviation industry did not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn, even if most of the harvest went to men who contributed nothing much but ownership of the corn crib. Competition made a



brisk market for inventive and technical talent. Air-mail and passenger pilots are well paid, though not so well as they deserve; particularly able or particularly lucky ones, who have had good publicity and have caught the popular imagination, rise to well-paid and well-advertised executive jobs. Most conspicuous, of course, was Lindbergh, who became technical adviser to two companies, and was cut in on the stock on terms which enabled him to clear nearly \$350,000 (much of which he reinvested in aviation stocks) without putting up any money of his own. But at that time he probably did not have any money of his own to speak of; the practice of letting in new executives on stock purchases at favorable rates was not only common, but not unreasonable; and the favorable publicity that Lindbergh had given to aviation as an art was worth many times \$350,000 to aviation as an industry.

It was perhaps unfortunate that the Senate and the newspapers got hold of a letter from C. M. Keyes, president of one of the companies that let Lindbergh in, advising him "not to put much of the stock in your own name, because either delivery or transfer would excite a lot of attention, which is quite unnecessary." Naturally the price of the stock would break if word got round that Lindbergh was unloading. But that is no reflection on Lindbergh or on Keyes; it is merely a reflection of (and on) the then current standards of financial ethics.

## II

All that, of course, is irrelevant to the specific issue, the alleged "collusion and connivance" in the letting of air-mail contracts, except as it builds up a background which explains the feeling of the administration and of part of the public. Equally irrelevant except

as background are other matters that the Senate committee dug out—aircraft manufacturing companies that made seventy, eighty, ninety per cent on government contracts; staffs of highly paid lobbyists maintained in Washington; former Army and Navy officers employed to make contacts with the Army and Navy, former civilian officials and presently active politicians on the payroll; and the customary little generosity of interlocking directorates—your company in which I am a director handing something fat to my company in which you are a director, and so on.

Irrelevant to the most important point is even the question whether there actually was that collusion and connivance which Mr. Farley asserted in cancelling the contracts; the point is that the administration believed, and acted on the belief, that the air-mail appropriation had been "expended for the benefit of a few favored corporations, which could use the funds as the basis of wild stock promotions," and had also been "used as a club by great corporations to force competitors out of business." Whether that belief is right or wrong is less important than the fact that sudden and sweeping action was taken by an administration which believed it to be right.

Mr. Farley's predecessor, Mr. Brown, naturally challenged that interpretation of the evidence. He had laid out the air-mail system of the United States, in person, with a view to building up the service and fostering the industry. Nobody denies that he built up the service; under him its mileage almost doubled. A good many of the extensions were hardly justified by the amount of mail carried, but for some of them he had a plausible excuse. An unprofitable line was extended up through the Dakotas because a South Dakota Senator and Representative

"were making life miserable for me." Mr. Allen, above quoted, remarks that a good many routes were established under similar pressure from Congressmen and Chambers of Commerce, and observes that "half or two-thirds of the mileage could be cut off without slowing up the country's business tempo."

Still we had the finest air-mail service in the world, even if a good deal of it served no purpose but the flattery of civic pride. Mr. Brown also fostered the industry or, to be more exact, parts of the industry. Certain operators were not invited to the meetings at which those present were asked "to agree among themselves as to the territory in which they had a paramount interest"; and some of those who were not invited had later to go out of business. Competitive bidding was ignored in the leasing of some contracts, Mr. Brown frankly admitting that there were operators who would not have got a contract if they had been the only bidders; he was looking for people who could do the job, and he got them, as the quality of the service proves. If they also had the right connections, that apparently did not hurt them any. But intimations that Mr. Brown had a personal interest in lines to which he let contracts have up to this writing seemed quite unconvincing. He owned a little stock in some holding companies which owned a little stock in some of the lines that got contracts. You are hardly going to be able to escape that sort of thing in the dealings of a man who has any money at all, unless you pass a law requiring high Federal officials to invest all their money in government bonds. That might be a salutary reform; but no-body has seriously proposed it.

So here you have the picture that was before the eyes of the Administration, the situation which moved it to violent action. The finest commercial aviation service in the world—a

magnificent technical achievement built up largely by the taxpayers' money. Government aid given to help an infant industry to self-sufficiency, and continued to units of that industry long after they were self-sufficient. Government aid given to some and withheld from others, with those favored cleaning up huge profits, in Wall Street if not from operations, while those who were excluded often went to the wall. The letter of the law disregarded for the benefit of insiders, and God help the outsiders. But still a magnificent technical achievement; which was used as the basis for stock promotions that brought millions to men who had had little or nothing to do with the technical achievement—while the men who did the work got rather better than a living wage, and the sucker investor held the sack.

That is the history of the American aviation industry. When Roosevelt, through the fist of Farley, cracked down on it, he dealt a parricidal wallop at Uncle Sam, and menaced the very foundations of the American system of life. For that is also the history of the United States.

### III

The earlier part of our national history has been correctly described by Dr. Moritz Bonn as a huge real-estate boom, or rather a series of real-estate booms. The story of some of those early land companies, favored by the government, or at least by certain officials, is a pretty close parallel to the biography of the aviation industry. After the Civil War industry, rather than real estate, was the favorite nephew of Uncle Sam; for "subsidy" substitute "tariff," and the history of aviation is the history of a dozen industries—flourishing, till the late misfortunes of all industry, like a grove of green bay trees, but still officially re-



garded as infants in need of protection. Notably the history of some of the transcontinental railroads differs from the history of aviation only in that it is far more scandalous. Nobody has accused air-transport or aircraft-manufacturing companies of bribing Congressmen; railroads used to buy them by the dozen. True, such matters are managed more discreetly now; there is no hiring for a job, merely the creation of a sense of community of interest. And except in the case of simple-minded antediluvians like Mr. Fall, there is no passing of cash from hand to hand—only a hint dropped by well-informed persons as to what stocks to buy and how to buy them. But not even that has been charged to the aviation promoters, up to this writing.

As for the official behavior of Postmaster-General Brown—even if you put the Administration's interpretation on it rather than his own, there is nothing in it that transgresses the prevalent ethics of his time. Some people were let in on a good thing, others were kept out; where is the novelty in that? The only novelty about the transaction is that Mr. Brown insisted on giving contracts to people who were competent to do the job. To use the power of the government to aid individuals (sometimes rugged and sometimes merely slippery) in an undertaking out of which the government will get something some day (and never mind the profits the individual may be smart enough to take out of it in the meantime); to discriminate, in the use of that beneficent power, between the children of darkness and the children of light—that has always been good Republican morality. Good American morality; for from 1865 to 1929 the only genuine hundred-percent Americans were Republicans. Democrats, mugwumps, reformers, radicals were all disqualified by various eccentricities; their chief eccen-

tricity being a habit of being out of office, out of contact with the sources of power. When they got into office they very often behaved like Republicans.

One can understand then the injured innocence of Mr. Brown when he appeared before the Senate committee. In challenging his official practice, Mr. Roosevelt was challenging the ethical code that has dominated this country since the Revolution—what campaign speakers call the philosophy that has made this country great (and in the sense of technical achievement, that is true enough). He was saying, in substance, that all we like sheep have gone astray; and he made what looks like the first move in an endeavor to bring us back.

This was implicit, no doubt, in the whole idea of the New Deal; but most people did not realize it, did not perceive what it meant, till the cancellation of the air-mail contracts dramatized the issue. Till then the Administration had been concerned (to employ the Aristotelian distinction) with distributive justice. Now it turned to corrective justice; and millions of people discovered, with a sudden shock, that on the principle on which Mr. Roosevelt was acting there was a great deal to be corrected. Will Rogers struck straight to the point when he said, "I hope they don't stop every industry where they find crookedness at the top."

He was thinking, first of all, of the injury done to the innocent by sudden chastisement of an industry; of the numerous and efficient personnel of aviation whose jobs may possibly be imperiled—since the industry either is or pretends to be dependent on government sustenance—men who were in no way to blame for the practices of the president of the company and the chairman of the board. He may even have been thinking of the investors in

aviation securities, who saw what equities the depression had left still further reduced by the administration's action. But corrective justice usually falls on the innocent as well as the guilty. The Paris mob of 1792 made no distinction between liberal aristocrats and reactionaries, nor did the Cheka and the G.P.U. Such instances are too extreme for fair comparison; but there is a more apposite case nearer home. The political and economic practices of a good many American railroads in the seventies and eighties roused a fury of resentment against railroads in general, which flowered some twenty years ago into strict and even vindictive regulation. If you regard corporations as persons, the railroads no doubt deserved punishment, even though it was belated. But the people who took the punishment were natural persons, the operators and security holders of the railroads. And they, in the main, were innocent. Of the men who had stirred up the resentment some were dead, others had unloaded their railroad stocks, still others were so rich that a decline in the value of some of their holdings did not hurt them much. The aviation affair has come to a head in years instead of decades, so the guilty receive some punishment; but so do the innocent. So will they always, when an ancient wrong is to be corrected.

But Rogers' comment hits a more important point. If they are going to stop every industry where they find crookedness at the top—crookedness as it is now defined, and as it was not defined in the century and a half preceding—they will have to stop them all; all, at least, that are important enough to have a political connection. If you doubt that, ask yourself—no matter where you live—how much chance an outsider has to get the contracts that are handed out from the City Hall. If

he has any chance, you probably live under a reform administration that will be turned out at the next election.

The philosophy that underlies the conduct of the aviation industry is that men who are powerful enough to get something have a right to all they can get, and have a right to call on public officials to help them get it, to the exclusion of outsiders. All through American history this has been the philosophy of virtually all the men at the top in economics, and of enough men at the top in politics to enable the promoters to get away with a great deal of the national wealth. And it was implicitly accepted by the people at large, because we all hoped that in a land of equal and unlimited opportunity we too could get to the top some day, and get in on the pickings. Nor is this any peculiar offense of the rich and great. All through American history down to the last couple of years it has been the general conviction that the primary responsibility of a bank is not to its depositors, but to the local speculators for whose benefit the savings of the community have been mobilized. This has been truer in the main of the small banks, in small towns, than of the big ones; and it springs from the same habit of mind that begat the misdeeds of the aviation industry. It is the natural flowering of our whole system, political, economic, social, and emotional; and it is far from certain that what has happened since 1929 has discredited it. Consider the first "recovery boom" on the stock exchanges in the spring and early summer of 1933, and the eager participation in it of everybody who had money enough left to margin a few shares. The sucker investor knew that he was not one of the insiders, the big boys who were going to clean up; he was only a dog, but he hoped that he might pick up a few of the crumbs that fell from the children's table.



This is distinctly not a contention that this nation is dishonest. So far as I can gather from history and the observations of a traveler, we are about as honest on the average as most other nations, possibly more so than some. The sort of thing that the aviation promoters did has always been considered perfectly honest by the majority of the American people; criticisms of the moral standard were usually dismissed as the squawks of soreheads who only wished they could get in on the pickings. Plenty of men have used political influence to get what they wanted and shove competitors to the wall who would not have robbed a cash drawer, and not merely because there might not be enough in the drawer to be worth the trouble. The American people, up to and including most of its political and economic leaders, has always been honest enough, by its standard; it merely happens that the standard, from certain points of view, was a rather low one.

The late W. O. McGeehan, one of the most realistic and most useful thinkers of his time, once remarked in a moment of discouragement that "it would be easier to assume that there is bound to be a reasonable amount of larceny in our business, our politics, and our sports, and let it go at that." It certainly was easier, in the days of million-dollar gates and billion-dollar holding companies; though Bill McGeehan never retired to cultivate his garden, but spent his life putting the finger on larceny wherever found. But it may be doubted whether American business and politics can afford even a reasonable amount of larceny from now on. Successive frontiers, geographical and then internal, have been exploited; now we have to find a new way of getting along, and if we are going to take care of everybody who is ready to work there may be no margin left for larceny.

Mr. Roosevelt is trying to find a new way of getting along; and if in the process he is trying, not to make us more honest, but to give us a higher standard of honesty, that is an essential part of the New Deal. If the industrial and business codes, the farmers' crop-restriction program are to work, it will have to be mostly by voluntary co-operation; which implies honesty, and a better grade of honesty than has been generally prevalent hitherto. Compulsion can deal with an occasional chiseler; if the people inclined to chiseling are no more numerous than those who are inclined to burglary and robbery, the penalties of the law can keep them fairly well in line. But if the impulse to grab an advantage, especially if you have political connections that enable you to grab it with ease and apparent safety, is still as prevalent as it was before 1929, the NRA and the AAA will not work. You may indict a whole people, but you can't send them all to jail.

If the Roosevelt program fails, it doth not yet appear what we shall be, and every man can make his own guess. Mine is that the majority of the people will want something still more radical—some sort of collectivism for industry, and Heaven knows what for the farmer. But here we collide with the same obstacle. A collectivist democracy would work if enough people tried to make it work—that is, if enough people were more concerned with the general welfare than with any immediate personal advantage they might snatch out of the new order. Are there enough people like that in the United States? If there are not, an experiment in collectivism could be made to work only by one mechanism—the Commissar and the firing squad.

I do not believe we are ever going to come to that; yet anything less than that will entail more co-operation, more unselfishness, more good will

than have yet been generally practiced in this country; it will entail a higher standard of honesty—not merely for the other fellow, but for you and me. Unless we went back to the old system, which with all its faults had one advantage—it could swallow a considerable amount of larceny and still keep going. That is, it could up to 1929; I doubt if it would be able to hereafter.

Not being privy to the thoughts of the great, I cannot say that all this was in Mr. Roosevelt's mind when he decided to make an example of the aviation industry. But that was the logical implication of his gesture, the logical requirement of his whole policy. And when the air-mail issue has been settled the major question will still remain—has the object lesson had its effect? Has any large number of people been persuaded that things which were generally considered

proper if you could get away with them, up to 1929, are not only improper but potentially disastrous?

Another Roosevelt, twenty-five years ago, preached a higher public morality, but never succeeded in doing much about it. The current Roosevelt, fitting the deed to the word, is striking at the very foundations of the American system of life. That particular system ought to be destroyed; it accomplished much, though at heavy cost, in its time; but times have changed, and if we continue it we are likely to have the cost without the accomplishment. But it may be that its destruction is beyond the power of government or of any other human agency. For the devout it would seem eminently a time for prayer; the rest of us can only hope that from the events of recent years the American people may have learned a lesson.







# THE MENACE

A STORY

BY DON MARQUIS

"THERE'S too much salt in my broth," said Miss Maisie Robinson. She flounced her great bulk about in her canopied bed and picked crossly at the neck of her wrapper. "You know the doctors say that salt increases my blood pressure," she continued in a peevish whine.

She flounced again, deliberately disarranging her bed covering and kicking a rubber hot water bag to the floor. "It looks as if you wanted me to die, Elvira," she said, on the verge of maudlin tears.

"Of course I don't want you to die, Maisie," said her sister Elvira patiently. She cried a little herself at the imputation. "You're all I've got left," added Elvira.

"Except Planty," said Maisie. The two words were accompanied by a glance which carried some sort of threat with it, a threat which Elvira understood and responded to. Planty was her husband, Mr. Plantaganet Brown, and had been for a good many years. She cowered under Maisie's look and mention of Planty's name.

"Yes, you're all I've got except Planty," she breathed. There was a kind of appeal, an appeal for mercy, in her tone and manner. She picked up the hot water bag and put it back at her sister's feet.

"If I told Planty . . ." said Maisie, the invalid, and kicked the hot water bag to the floor again.

"Don't!" choked Elvira and crossed her hands on her breast, as if there might be some protection to the heart beneath in their thin feebleness.

"Some day I will!" said Maisie, watching the quiver which always shook the other woman at the menace. They were both old women—the fat old invalid woman in the bed and the worn gray old sister over whom she had tyrannized for years, who stood beside it meekly and listened to continual complaints and replied with disregarded apologies. Presently Mrs. Plantaganet Brown got enough courage to say hesitantly:

"It was only day before yesterday, Maisie, when I made chicken broth for you, that you said there wasn't enough salt in it."

"There wasn't, Elvira," replied the invalid. She lifted her eyes to the canopy above the bed and remarked, as if making an impersonal comment to some recording angel who might have perched himself up there, "You'd think that in all these years a person might have learned a little thing like putting the right amount of salt in soup—just enough, and not too much nor too little."

Mrs. Plantaganet Brown sighed. She ventured again, greatly daring, "You could salt it yourself, you know, Maisie. I could cook it without salt, if you'd let me, and you could put in just the right amount."

"Of course I won't let you cook it without salt," said Maisie. "Salt should be cooked *with* food, and not put in afterward. Everyone should know that. There's a chemical difference, which has a great effect on the patient's metabolism. But what do you care about my metabolism?"

Maisie had at her command many such words as metabolism, which she had picked up from generations of physicians and specialists, and which she used now and then to lay her sister flat in the dust.

"I *do* care about your metabolism, Maisie," said Elvira.

"No you don't," affirmed Maisie. "And you don't *know* anything about it, either. I should think you'd have learned *something* about metabolism by this time! But you never read anything. You don't keep up with the times. I'm left at the mercy of your deliberate and willful ignorance."

"Not deliberate," said Mrs. Plantaganet Brown humbly. "Not willful."

"Deliberate!" insisted Maisie. "Willful!" She was so explosive that the tom-cat, who was lying in the sun in the window-seat, stirred and looked over at the bed. He had been hearing just such conversations ever since he was a kitten, but there was no way of finding out in detail just what he thought of them. His air was one of general disdain of humanity. He regarded it aloofly, loftily, from the heights of an animal and feline aristocracy. Human beings, he seemed to consider, were common. They ministered to his needs, and that was all they were for, and otherwise they were not very interesting. Generations of tom-cats had inhabited the house with the sisters through the long stretches of the years, and they had all sooner or later acquired this air of careless disdain. Mrs. Plantaganet Brown had to cook and wait upon these cats also. Maisie was particular about the way

in which her cats were cared for. There were servants, but Maisie made Elvira wait on her and the cats with Elvira's own hands. And if things were not just exactly right out would come the threat, "I'll tell Planty!" And instantly Elvira was more abject than ever.

Planty, Elvira's husband—Mr. Plantaganet Brown—usually sat in the same room also; but as nobody could ever be quite sure whether he was asleep or awake, neither the sisters nor the cats took the initiative in calling themselves to his attention. He sat dozing in his chair, generally with a walking stick in his hand, and his head held upright by a high, stiff white collar. He looked rather like a sculptor's idea of An Old Gentleman Who Did Not Want To Be Disturbed. The fact that he was somewhat deaf was a help to him in keeping from his consciousness anything which threatened to be agitating. He wore a sort of telephone arrangement, with tubes plugged into his ears and a receiver lying flat on his chest. Whenever he heard anything which threatened his mental calm Planty pulled the plugs out of his ears, closed his eyes, and either went to sleep or pretended that he was asleep.

The house in which they lived was a very large one situated on Brooklyn Heights, overlooking a part of the harbor where the East River merges with it and, beyond that, lower Manhattan. Planty had been born in the house and had inherited it, far back in the Nineteenth Century, along with a great deal of money. He had not added greatly to his fortune; and on the other hand he had lost none of it. Planty had never been very active. He had always been a very conservative man even as a young fellow; solid, on the side of law and order and the conventions, a respectable citizen. Being that, and writing letters to the newspapers, which he signed "Tax-



payer," "Pro Bono Publico," and "Aroused Citizen," had taken up most of Planty's time.

Although there were dozens of rooms in the house, Maisie's sick room was where the three of them usually sat. Maisie did not like to be alone, and she considered that she was persecuted if she was left alone. Planty, even with his deafness and his somnolence, could scarcely escape the knowledge that there was a good deal of bickering always going on over by Maisie's bed. But he had no idea of the terrible, petty little drama which lay behind it. And no faintest notion that he himself existed at the very center of this drama, was the pivot about which it revolved. These intense and passionate episodes of domestic tyranny and terror were enacted daily, hourly, before his very face and he did not realize them.

These old people were now living in the fourth decade of the Twentieth Century. Some time during the last decades of the Nineteenth Century, Elvira—Mrs. Plantaganet Brown—had committed an indiscretion. Her sister Maisie knew all about it, and she had used the knowledge to make a trembling slave of her sister.

"I'll tell Planty!" Maisie would say. And Elvira would blanch and quiver. Sometimes the threat would be in a whisper. Often Maisie would accentuate it by raising her voice a trifle. Then Elvira would suffer agonies. For there was Planty himself, not twenty feet away, looking out at the Statue of Liberty.

Of late years they had been having frequent quarrels as to just when Elvira's scarlet sin had been committed.

"It was at the time of the Philadelphia Centennial, in 1876," Maisie would say.

"It was not. It was at the time of the Chicago World's Fair, in 1893," Elvira would return, firmly—or with as much firmness as she ever dared to

exhibit in any controversy with Maisie.

"It was the time of the Philadelphia Centennial. I remember very well when you came to me, in an agony of remorse and contrition, and told me all. You said you could no longer bear the knowledge alone; that it was killing you."

"It was at the Chicago World's Fair. I guess I know when it was!"

"Your memory is failing. You are getting so old."

"I am two years younger than you are!"

"It was at the Philadelphia Centennial, and the man was from Kentucky."

"It was the Chicago World's Fair, and he was a Virginian."

"Don't keep contradicting me or it will bring on one of my spells. And if you bring on one of my spells I'll tell Planty!"

"Listen, Maisie—it was at the Chicago World's Fair. In 1876 I was only twenty years old, and Planty and I had only been married a year or so. Why, I was a bride, and of course nothing of the sort happened then! Don't make me out worse than I am, Maisie!"

"You were still young and flighty in 1893—you were only 37—and there may have been a repetition of your deadly sin, for all I know."

"Oh, Maisie! You talk as if I were a . . . a . . . a Bad Woman!"

"I shouldn't know what else to call you, whether it was the Philadelphia Exposition or the Chicago World's Fair!"

"Why don't you go on and bring in the Buffalo Fair, where President McKinley was shot? That was in 1900."

"It was in 1901."

"Very well, then; have it your own way—it was in 1901."

"I know it was 1901, because it was the same year that Queen Victoria died."

"Queen Victoria didn't die in 1901."

"I guess I know better than you do!"

And pretty soon Maisie would begin to cry and say, "Don't bully me this way just because I'm a helpless invalid. I'll tell Planty."

Often Maisie would send Elvira to the branch of the Public Library near them for books, and Elvira would blush when she asked for them. For they were all books about lively and iniquitous ladies—memoirs, biographies—the DuBarry and her sisterhood. Mrs. Plantaganet Brown was aware that the genteel assistant at the library desk had been looking at her askance for some years. These things get about in Brooklyn. More disconcerting even was Maisie's insistence that Elvira read the books aloud to her. She used to discuss which adventuress was most like Elvira.

"Don't blush so when you read," Maisie would say. "Planty will see you and begin to suspect!"

Elvira, if she had ever looked like one of these flaming ladies, had long ago lost the look. She was a sweetly gentle old soul, faded and subdued. But perhaps she might, after many years, have missed it a little if her sister had ceased to threaten her with telling Planty. Maisie was acute. She suddenly perceived one day a new possibility of torture.

"I think," she said, "you *like* being an adventuress!"

"Maisiel"

"As long as Planty doesn't find out, you hug your secret to your breast in glee!" Maisie's diction occasionally resembled the style of some of the cheaper works which she habitually perused. "You love to flaunt your sins!" She had a way of speaking to Elvira, when they were both well along in their seventies, as if Elvira were the heroine of some current affair. "I don't know why I have protected you from Planty for so long. It makes *me* guilty, too—protecting you! What I have sacrificed to you—and all the

gratitude I get for it! Besides the moral degradation of living with a woman of your character all these years."

Elvira went to luncheon one day at the St. George Hotel alone, and Maisie pretended to think she had probably met a man there. In fact, Mrs. Plantaganet Brown could not go to the street and come back again but that her sister would say to her, with a tone and look of meaning, "Did you meet anyone *interesting*?"

One day Elvira looked out at the great bulk of the Statue of Liberty and it rather reminded her of Maisie. The right arm is drawn back as if to throw something, and the hand holds a torch. There would be an explosion somewhere, Elvira thought, when that torch was thrown. Maisie had been standing poised, brandishing her thunderbolt, for a long time. There was something in Elvira which began to ache for the explosion, for the catastrophe. But every time she thought of deliberately provoking it, getting the strain over, perishing beneath the stroke and having done with it, she receded from the idea. Habit was too strong! She had been fearful too long a time. And she feared for Planty too. She thought the revelation, after all these years, might kill him. Shock him to death.

Planty, in spite of his precautions, did not get through the world without annoyances. He was annoyed when the ships tied up at the waterfront, just a little way from his western windows, began to burn oil instead of coal; the smoke left a greasy smear over everything. He had been annoyed when sailing vessels gave place to steam. He could remember when he was a boy seeing the famous old clipper ships out there, their bowsprits thrust up at the windows; some of them had belonged to his father and to his grandfather. He had not been altogether



pleased when the Brooklyn Bridge was built. It made it too easy for Brooklyn people to get to New York, and it brought too many New York people to Brooklyn. Planty did not care for New York people very much. They were a wild set, he considered. But, now, in this Twentieth Century, it was getting so that you could scarcely tell New York people and Brooklyn people apart. It was disconcerting. He didn't know what the world was coming to.

Right next door to him, in one of the old houses, lived an artist; and Planty had been careful not to make this gentleman's acquaintance. The artist gave parties to which other artists came—some of them from New York, Planty suspected. They were not noisy parties; but Planty and Elvira and Maisie lived in fear that they might *become* noisy at any moment. Who wants artists and such people in the neighborhood anyhow? They are the next thing to anarchists. Planty didn't know what Brooklyn Heights was coming to. It wasn't the same. But there was nothing he could do about it. It was all the fault of this Twentieth Century, he felt vaguely. He resented the Twentieth Century as a personal affront. It had taken his family a long time to get used to the Nineteenth Century, but they had, with Planty's generation, finally settled themselves into it very comfortably—and then, suddenly, it had been whisked away from Planty. And what was offered him in place of it? A queer promiscuous kind of era, with its values all jumbled, which he thoroughly distrusted. Planty was in the habit of going over and staring at Henry Ward Beecher's old church, just so as to make things seem *real* again.

Planty had been annoyed in a peculiar fashion—that is, by a peculiar accident—during the first decade of the Twentieth Century. The subway was

extended from Manhattan to Brooklyn—quite regardless of Planty's outraged feelings—and he had been the witness of a strange occurrence. There was an explosion under the bed of the river and a workman was blown up through the river bed, through the river itself, and into the air. Fortunately, he was not much hurt. Between ten and fifteen years later, when a second tube was put beneath the river, an exactly similar accident occurred again—only this time two workmen were blown through the river and into the air above it. Planty witnessed this through his window also, and again he was annoyed. It was very disturbing to look out on the East River and see workmen whirling in the air all the time.

The lapse of years did not register on Planty's mind. The first accident might have been only the day before the second one. He sat down and wrote a letter to the *New York Times*, and another one to the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, in which he wanted to know what the world was coming to. He felt that there was something threatening to the social order when every time a man looked out of his window he saw people coming up out of the river. He signed these letters, "Indignant Tax Payer." He felt that this thing had gone far enough and that an aroused citizenry could be pushed only just so far.

He read these letters to his wife and sister-in-law after he had written them.

"What does he mean," asked Elvira, puzzled, "about men coming up out of the river?"

"If a man came up out of the river or dropped down out of the sky and attracted Planty's attention," Maisie said, with a malicious and cunning leer at Elvira, "I imagine it could be with but one purpose!"

Elvira, not daring to be silent, murmured her inquiry.

"If a man appeared to Planty in any queer way like that," said Maisie, in a half-whisper, "it could only be to tell!" She leered toward Planty, who had gone to sleep again by his window. When he woke up again, not being in complete possession of his faculties, he asked his wife, "Elvira, did you ever see a man come up out of the river?"

"What man?" asked Elvira, alarmed.

"Any man," said Planty.

He sat firmly in his chair, staring out over the river, with the knob of his walking stick grasped tightly in his hands as if he might do something about it himself if it happened again.

"He looks to me," suggested Maisie, "as if he had taken to seeing ghosts! And people who see ghosts can *read your mind* too! So you want to keep all thought of your sin out of your mind, Elvira, or he'll pick it out of your brain!"

"You don't give me any chance to forget it!" cried Elvira in wailing desperation.

The world changed, and Planty and his wife and sister-in-law were only dimly aware of it. In 1902, there was a Roosevelt in the White House, doing things of which Planty did not altogether approve. In 1933, he was apparently still there—or, at least, some Roosevelt was. Planty spent a great deal of time in the autumn of 1933, wondering what on earth was the matter with the Roosevelts. He had heard of them from boyhood as a good old Long Island family; but from what he gathered they weren't acting that way at all nowadays.

In the summer of 1933, when there was much talk about currency inflation, Planty remarked, "But how can Roosevelt inflate the currency? He's in South America or Africa, or somewhere, exploring something!"

"He could come back and inflate it, couldn't he?" said Maisie, shouting into his telephone.

Planty thought for several days about this, and then delivered himself of a master-stroke of intuition: "There's *two* of 'em," said Planty. "Two Roosevelts—you can't fool me!"

Great changes came in the world, in physical science, in economics and industry, in politics and the social order; but they were not great enough to obliterate from the minds of the two sisters their own little personal strife. Marconi got wireless-telegraphy to going; airplanes came along; moving pictures claimed the attention of the multitudes; but these matters were in the outer fringes of their consciousness. The important matter, the center of the cosmos, was that Elvira had been wickedly indiscreet in 1876—or was it in 1893? On the day that it was announced in the papers that the North Pole had been reached, Maisie accused Elvira of having deliberately allowed a hot water bag to leak upon her feet.

"If you're not more careful I'll tell Planty!" she hissed.

"It was a Brooklyn man who reached the Pole," said Planty, from the depths of his paper, with a great deal of satisfaction. Later, when it was revealed that Peary was the real discoverer, and not Dr. Cook of Brooklyn, Planty regarded this as a felonious plot on the part of certain New York interests to take something away from Brooklyn. Or could it be that there were two of them, two discoverers? Things were always doubling up on Planty. Two men had come out of the river, blown into the air; later, after he had thought of this for years, there was the mystery of the two Roosevelts. He talked of this a good deal to Elvira, and she also became infected with this belief of a kind of double vision. Perhaps, after all, she *had* been the heroine of an affair in 1876 and another in 1893, and Maisie was right. Had it been a Kentuckian or a Virginian? She couldn't remember.



The World War broke. From where the old people sat, they could see a part of America's preparation. For months, transports full of troops, ships full of provisions and munitions passed outward with the tides to the perilous ocean, to fare across it into the unknown, and from their windows they could see the ships. War vessels from the Brooklyn Navy Yard went down the water lane so near them that, with the windows open, they could hear and see the men on the decks, and for months the papers blazed and shouted with fragments of the monstrous epic; but they were not greatly stirred by it all. In 1876—or was it in 1893?—Elvira had committed adultery. That was what God was interested in, they thought.

Armistice Day was memorable to them as the day on which Elvira got soap into Maisie's eyes while washing her face.

"You want to blind me," said Maisie. "You want to fix me so that I can't see to write it down for Planty to read! But I can still talk!"

When the depression came and lingered it did not mean much to them. Millions of people were out of work, millions of people were suffering. It never occurred to either Maisie or Elvira that there might be a rough, working sense of proportion in the universe by the measurements of which this vast total of human experience would rather dwarf the significance of Elvira's scarlet deviation from the conventions. They had been brought up in, and conformed to the standards of, a circle in which there was nothing so important.

One day in the winter of 1933-34, just between Christmas and New Year, the worm turned: that is to say, Elvira revolted, and brought down on her head the revelation which had impended for so long. Planty was doz-

ing in his chair. The cat was regarding them from the window-seat with yellow-eyed scorn. Maisie was grumbling in the canopied bed. Elvira was sitting with her hands folded in her lap, looking out across the cold, sun-lit water at the Statue of Liberty. Elvira never looked less like revolt. But it seemed to her, suddenly, that a shimmer went over the water, so that the Statue appeared to quiver a little in the bright air. Was she, at last, going to throw that torch, to launch that thunderbolt?

She laughed. For it had come to her mysteriously that she wouldn't care if both Maisie and the Statue flung their bombs—and now!—that she had, in fact, been craving it!

At the sound of her laughter, unusual and unexpected, Maisie ceased complaining for a moment and sat up in bed, her eyes round and insolent in her round fleshly face.

"Laugh!" she cried, outraged. "What can *you* find to laugh at? Are you laughing at my helplessness?"

"No," said Elvira, calmly, "not at your helplessness."

"What *are* you laughing at?"

"At us. At you. At myself."

She laughed again. Furious, Maisie heaved her great, shaking bulk half out of the bed.

"You know a noise like that disconcerts me! If you laugh like that again, I'll tell Planty!"

Elvira fixed her gaze calmly and quietly upon her sister's working face and said mildly:

"All right. Tell Planty."

Maisie's mouth dropped open. She could not believe what she had heard. Her mouth being open, she screamed.

"Do you want to kill me?" she cried.

Elvira seemed to consider this carefully before she replied; and when she did answer her tones were still mild.

"I wouldn't mind," she said.

Again Maisie did not believe her.

She stared, in a queer incredulous silence. Then Elvira said, "That wasn't what I was laughing at, though. I was laughing because the thought came to me suddenly that I have always been rather like an old maid; and it is you, in your mind, who have been the wicked woman—the harlot."

Maisie gave a shrill cry of rage, and staggered from the bed. "I'll tell him, I'll tell him *now*!" she said.

She lurched to Planty, and shouted into his telephone.

"Elvira is an adulteress!" she cried.

"Huh?" said Planty, coming out of his doze.

"Elvira! She committed adultery! At the Philadelphia Centennial! In 1876!"

Maisie was unused to any exertion whatever. She panted as she spoke, and stood crouched over, her mouth at Planty's telephone. It did not seem to be working so well to-day.

"Who?" said Planty.

"Elvira!" shouted Maisie, trembling and shaking.

Elvira looked past them, out of the window, a quiet smile on her lips, an inexpressible sense of relief beginning to pervade her being. She murmured—but neither one heard her, "Tell him while you are about it, Maisie, that somehow I'm rather glad I did it now."

"What was it she did?" asked Planty.

"Committed adultery!" wheezed Maisie. And then Maisie suddenly collapsed, in a queer heap, and lay motionless upon the floor beneath the window. She never moved after that. Planty stared at her stupidly, at first. Then he said, "There seems to be something the matter with Maisie. Like a stroke, Elvira."

"Yes." Elvira did not move. "She was trying to tell you something and when she couldn't make you understand she got so angry that she had a stroke," said Elvira. She knew that Planty did not hear her.

"We'd better do something," opined Planty.

"I'll send for the doctor pretty soon," said Elvira. "Though I don't think it's much use." And, as it proved later, it wasn't.

"She said something—about somebody—what was it she said?" inquired Planty.

Elvira went over to him, and spoke into his telephone. "What she said was entirely inconsequential," said Elvira. "And it never was of any great consequence. I wish I had realized that sooner."

A few days later, after the funeral, Planty said to her, "Elvira, it must be terribly lonely to you, now that Maisie's gone."

"I bear up under it," said Elvira into his telephone.





# SLAUGHTER FOR SALE

BY JOHN GUNTHER

**I**F I am killed in the next war I hope they will put on my white cross a notation that the bullet which killed me cost a fraction of a cent to make and sold for three cents or more. Someone, I should like it known, made a nice profit on my extinction.

Bullets do not cost much. But if you shoot 1,000,000 rounds an hour at \$30 per thousand, the figures mount up. A rifle does not cost much—perhaps \$25. But equip an army of 1,000,000 men, and you have spent \$25,000,000. A machine gun costs about \$640. The French have about 40,000 of them. A 37 mm. field gun—what the British call a one-pounder—costs about \$1,000, and each shell about \$15. The famous French 75's come to about \$8,000 each. They are expensive and intricate, with fuses built with the costly precision of watches. Their shells cost \$24.95 each and in a single bombardment over 4,000,000 may be fired. The new Christy tanks in America cost \$26,000 each, exclusive of motor and armament. A big tank, complete, costs about \$80,000. A bombing plane may nick your budget \$100,000. A modern cruiser costs \$11,000,000, an aircraft carrier \$19,000,000, and a big battleship almost \$30,000,000.

Thus war, as we have good reason to know, is expensive. It costs us money. We pay taxes. But war also makes money—for some—a lot of money. Thus the munitions business, one of the strangest in the world.

We know who fought the Battle of Shanghai in February, 1932. We remember names like Chapei and we recall the heroism of the Chinese 19th Route Army. The Japanese victory is clear in our minds. We know everything about the Battle of Shanghai, in fact, except the most interesting thing—who made the most money on it.

The world, according to the League of Nations, spent \$4,276,800,000 on armament last year. In one year, mind you. This sum is too astronomical for ready comprehension. Suppose I had that much money and spent it at the rate of \$10 per day. I should still have some left after more than a million years. Suppose it should be transformed into a piece of tape, mile for dollar; it would go around the world 172,169 times.

This four billion odd dollars is a global sum, representing the grand aggregate of all "defense" expenditure. It includes the cost of maintaining as well as equipping armies. It is the grand total of the military budgets of all countries. In the main it is intra-national expenditure. The amount spent among nations in purchase of munitions by one country from another—the arms traffic proper—is insignificant by comparison. But according to normal standards it is quite a tidy sum—perhaps \$300,000,000 per year.

Getting concrete figures on the munitions business is about as easy as breaking out of a federal jail. The

best source is the *Statistical Year-Book of the Trade in Arms and Ammunition*, published annually by the League of Nations. It is woefully inadequate. It gives only the figures that the various governments wish to be published; it is always out of date; it does not include really expensive items like battleships and airplanes; and it takes no account of smuggling, of the crates of guns on Hamburg wharf marked "pianos" or "hardware." However, it is the best thing we have and, despite its deficiencies, it contains some pearls of information.

The total value of *acknowledged* exports of arms and ammunition has been about \$50,000,000 per year since 1920, according to the League's figures. In 1930 it was \$68,831,700; in 1931 \$44,333,800. There are always discrepancies in the amount of total exports as against total imports. Some countries cheat in giving their figures. Total world imports in 1930, for instance, were given as \$64,903,700; in 1931 as \$40,060,400. So both these years about \$4,000,000 worth of arms have been exported somewhere but imported nowhere—"lost."

One can even name the countries cheating. I read in a New York *Times* dispatch recently that France, in 1929, reported exports of 100.9 tons of cannon to Denmark, 559.9 to Greece, 143.9 to Poland, 151.5 to Japan, 132.5 to Paraguay. But not one of these countries acknowledged having received any of this material. Great Britain admits to having sold Spain \$905,000 worth of guns in 1929; but Spain in 1929 records the *total* value of her munitions imports at only \$6,200.

The root of the munitions problem is the fact that only highly industrialized countries can profitably manufacture appreciable quantities of arms. These countries sell to those less industrialized. Over 90 per cent of the total arms exports of the world comes

from ten countries; about 65 per cent comes from Great Britain, the United States, France, and Czechoslovakia, the four greatest exporting countries. Great Britain alone accounted for 33.6 per cent of the total world arms traffic in 1929, 30.5 per cent in 1930, and 38.2 per cent in 1931, despite the fact that it is the only country licensing arms exports. Following Great Britain in 1931, were the United States and Czechoslovakia, each with 11.2 per cent of world exports, Switzerland with 10.6 per cent, France with 7.8 per cent, Italy with 6.4 per cent, and Belgium with 4.3 per cent. The great importing nations are China, India, the British colonies, and the South American republics. China alone bought 11.1 per cent of the world's exports of arms in 1931.

Perhaps the most interesting single disclosure of the Hand-Book relates to Germany. Germany is forbidden, as we all know, to export or import munitions of war. Yet in cold type the Germans themselves officially admit to exports of \$1,624,250 in rifles in 1931, \$1,042,250 in cartridges, and \$1,576,750 in explosives. "Sporting weapons" perhaps?

In 1929, moreover, thirteen countries, including China, Japan, France (!), Spain, and Belgium reported Germany as their chief arms exporter. "In 1930"—I quote from a report of the Foreign Policy Association analyzing the League's figures—"twenty-two countries gave Germany as the first or second largest source of supply." The total imports from Germany were given, incidentally, as \$7,541,544, a sum about double that which Germany admits to having exported. It should be noted in qualification of these remarkable figures that exports from Germany may include shipments from the free port of Hamburg of non-German (presumably Czech) origin.



## II

The great arms firms of the world are Vickers-Armstrong in England, Schneider-Creusot in France, Mitsui in Japan, Bethlehem Steel in the United States, and Skoda in Czechoslovakia. They and their subsidiaries probably account for 75 per cent of the world's arms production. Explosives and ammunition are provided by a different group of firms closely allied to the arms firms, like the Du Pont concern in America and Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. in Great Britain.

Each arms firm closely resembles the others. Each is a huge industrial combine, uniting blast furnaces, steel mills, coal fields, research laboratories, machine shops, fleets of ships, coveys of banks, hundreds of stockholders, thousands of workmen in an agglutinated and complicated structure. Each is subtly and formidably connected with the government to which it pays taxes and in return supplies the means of national aggression or defense. Competition with State arsenals, which also produce arms, is not acute. All the private firms do an international business; but fundamentally they are pillars of their own States; they are as important in national strategy as the General Staff. Patriotism does not mean much to an arms merchant. But the best business is the business done at home.

Skoda in Czechoslovakia, I wrote after visiting the main plant in Pilsen, is several things—an arms firm, a myth, a steel works, a microcosm of the munitions industry, a national institution, a nightmare to pacifists, an idol of patriots, a military necessity to at least three countries, and a whale of a good business. I have met several of the directors of Skoda. They are quite mild-mannered gentlemen. They do not seem ferocious; but their business is the invention and manufacture of implements of death.

In the arms business the iron-and-steel industry reaches its most monstrous and cunning perfections. You see the great lathes turning up shavings of steel as easily as I skin a peach; the giant presses opening their jaws to bite 50-ton ingots as I snap a match; ponderous drills hollowing out solid cylinders of steel for gun barrels; thousands of miles of silky copper wire winding round and round the shapely tubes; the stamping machines quietly singing as they punch out keys, flanges, brackets, chain links, and brass, bronze, and aluminum parts; the laboratories where cross-sections of steel shine under the optician's microscope in forty colors; and the furnaces, which sometimes cook a man. It is quite thrilling and impressive. And it ends in lacerated flesh, suffocated lungs, squashed legs, mangled bodies.

Vickers is the big boy of industrial Great Britain. It is capitalized at about \$80,000,000 and has some 80,000 stockholders. "It depends very largely on armament orders for its existence," its chairman has pleasantly said. Its profits were over £900,000 yearly from 1927 to 1929 inclusive. Even in 1930, with profits down to £775,926, it continued an 8 per cent dividend.

Schneider-Creusot, the great French firm, was founded, it is interesting to note, by a young German, Eugen Schneider, who came from the Saar in 1836. The Schneider concern is a key company in the French steelmakers' association, the celebrated Comité des Forges, which supplies it with its steel. Like all arms firms, it does a general steel business, selling anything from bridges to monkey wrenches; but its fame comes from arms. Schneider, like Vickers, sells all over the world. Its profits in 1930 were 26,000,000 francs.

Skoda is, or was, a subsidiary of Schneider, but such financial matters

are a great secret in the arms trade and no one knows exactly how many Skoda shares Schneider holds. Skoda is the chief arms purveyor to the Balkans. It has also done plenty of business with Japan and China. In 1929 and 1930 Skoda declared dividends of 28½ per cent. The most important political party in Czechoslovakia is believed to control a majority of domestic Skoda shares.

The chief Italian arms firms are Breda in Milan and Ansaldo in Turin. Their markets are chiefly Spain and Greece.

The U.S.S.R. exports no arms, but in 1930 the Bolsheviks, fearing war in the Far East, spent 568,000,000 rubles importing munitions, and in 1931 251,000,000, a serious drain on the Five Year Plan. Russia is building a munitions industry in the Urals. Chemicals are produced at Berezniki, tanks at Cheliabinsk, and guns at the new machine shops in Sverdlovsk, modelled on the Krupp works at Essen.

The arms companies are as incestuous as white mice. They play together and breed. This is because they are, in a signal sense, non-competitive; good business for one means good business for the others; obviously if Schneider, say, gets a big order from Country X, other companies will have better chance of business from Country Y, which is X's unfriendly neighbor. As soon as one country buys a new military invention, other countries must buy it also. Arms firms may underbid one another for a contract in a single state; but internationally they all stand to gain.

You may learn the details in two remarkable pamphlets, which everyone interested in disarmament should read, the *Secret International and Patriotism, Ltd.*, both published by the Union of Democratic Control, London. The *Secret International* in particular did

pioneer research work in the field. Every subsequent writer on the arms traffic owes a substantial debt to it.

The arms firms, extraordinarily interrelated and intertwined, lace the whole world in their net. Schneider and Vickers were connected through Sir Basil Zaharoff, munitions salesman extraordinary. Schneider controls Skoda through a French holding company, the Union Européenne. An allied bank finances a big Hungarian bank, which provides loans for Schneider sales. The Schneider interests are believed to control an Austrian bank also, which is interested in the chief Austrian steel company, the Alpine Montangesellschaft. But the Alpine concern is "owned" by the German steel trust!

Skoda, itself a French subsidiary, has a subsidiary in Poland. Both Schneider and Vickers have interests in Rumania. Vickers has, or had, control of the Vickers-Terni works in Italy, and owns several enterprises in Spain; it is supposed to be connected with various Dutch munitions houses, and in Japan it controls the Nippon Steel Works, which is part of the great Mitsui combine.

Krupp, once the great German arms firm—it employed 70,000 men in its big days—is supposed to control the Bofors Ordnance Company in Sweden, which is affiliated with the Nobel interests. Krupp has also connections in Holland and Switzerland. In Munich is the Bayerische Motorenwerke, A.G. Its stock has risen enormously since it was reported to have received a subsidy of 40,000,000 marks from General Goering's Air Ministry to stimulate production of airplane motors. But the Bayerische concern is partly owned by the Fiat Company of Italy. Rheinmetall of Düsseldorf, one of the biggest industrial plants in Germany, owned partly by Krupp and partly by the German nation, is closely connected with arms firms in Switzerland



and Austria. So international ramifications go.

It has long been known that French and German steel producers had an unwritten understanding during the War not to bomb each other's plants. Lorraine was the quietest sector in France for the whole period of the War. French airmen were forbidden to bomb the holdings of François de Wendel, president then as now of the Comité des Forges, in the Briey valley, although their destruction would have saved many French lives by depriving the Germans of use of their mineral deposits. But de Wendel—bright fellow—wanted his property unharmed when the War should be over. De Wendel's brother, incidentally, was a naturalized German. In return the Germans did not destroy certain French mines—in which German industrialists themselves had an interest. This story was first told by Clarence K. Streit, now Geneva correspondent of the *New York Times*.

The same thing is happening again. A new steel company, Lorsar, has just been formed, of half-German, half-French capital, with monopoly rights for the sale of some Lorraine steel. It was announced that a company associated with Lorsar was awarded an order for 2500 tons of bar steel for use in the new French fortifications on the western front. In the deal were both M. Dreux, the vice president of the Comité des Forges, and the German industrialist Dr. Roehling. So German interests make money on French national defense. Cannon is expensive; cannon fodder cheap.

This brings up another point, the extreme and appalling political impartiality and detachment of the arms companies. They sell to each side in any war. They sell to friend and foe alike. I might add to my modest request if I am killed in the next war:

I hope I shall not be shot by bullets made in my own country.

Look at the British record. Following are total arms sales by Great Britain to both sides in three recent wars:

*	To Japan (1932):	
	Rounds small arms ammunition	5,361,450
	Automatic machine guns	740
	Cartridge cases	19,000
	Lbs. high explosive	549,808
	To China (1932):	
	Rounds small arms ammunition	7,735,000
	Rounds shot and shell	2,000
	Automatic machine guns	61
	Lbs. high explosive	312,256
	Revolvers	580
	Rifles	202
	To Bolivia (January 1932–June 1933):	
	Rounds ammunition	2,130,550
	Machine guns	99
	Tanks	6
	To Paraguay (January 1932–June 1933):	
	Cartridges	16,570,000
	Ammunition belts	50
	To Peru (January 1933–June 1933):	
	Cartridges	139,000
	Fuses	12,000
	Rounds ammunition	9,000
	Aircraft machine guns	12
	To Colombia (January 1933–June 1933):	
	Cartridges	582,000
	Kilograms high explosive	5,819
	Fuse lighters	230

Skoda and Schneider, and also various German firms, have likewise sold with Olympian neutrality to both sides in these wars.

This is, of course, an old story. Pluck a bullet out of the heart of a British boy shot on the Northwest Frontier, and like as not you will find it of British make. Paul Faure, deputy in the French Chamber, is in possession of photographs showing representatives of Turkey and Bulgaria buying arms at Creusot before the War which during the War were used against French troops; he has also a precious

\* *Men Conquer Guns*, an interesting pamphlet published by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Page 58.

\*\* *Patriotism, Ltd.* Page 52.

picture of Eugen Schneider, the present head of the firm, on a yachting party with the Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm. French munition traffickers helped arm Abdel-Krim in his Morocco campaign against the French. The Turks used British cannon to beat the British at the Dardanelles; British battleships were sunk by British mines. I was shocked and pleased, researching through Skoda files, to find that Skoda had built the flagships of both the Russian and Japanese fleets in the Russo-Japanese war. The Greco-Turkish war in 1922 was a jamboree for munitions makers. Again, traffic in arms between belligerents may even proceed during wartime, as it did, through "neutral" imports from Switzerland, between France and Germany in the Great War. Most refreshing of all, if you are sensitive about these things, is a lawsuit brought by Krupp against Vickers in 1920. Vickers had used a patented Krupp fuse on its shells, and Krupp claimed overdue royalty on 123,000,000 fuses. For every shell used to kill a German during the war, Krupp, a German firm, wanted its recompense, in hard pounds sterling.

I have asked who made money out of the Battle of Shanghai. Let us look at Japanese imports of arms in 1930 and 1931. 51 per cent of Japanese imported munitions came from Germany (Czechoslovakia?) in 1930, 30.5 per cent from Great Britain, 12 per cent from Belgium, and 1 per cent each from France and Spain. In 1931 Great Britain supplied 67.1 per cent of Japanese imported arms, Germany 19.4 per cent, Belgium 4 per cent, France 3 per cent. China in 1930 bought arms from Germany (25.7 per cent), from Belgium (14 per cent), from Great Britain (3.7 per cent), from the United States 7.1 per cent—and from Japan no less than 37 per cent! In 1930, 89.2 per cent of all Japanese arms exports went to China, in 1931,

32.4 per cent. China bought more than one-third of its munitions from the country she was fighting, and Japanese troops at Shanghai took a one-in-three chance that if they were killed or wounded, bullets made for profit by *their own countrymen* would do the job.

### III

Day by day I see revealing little items in the newspapers. Export of white rats and mice from Great Britain to France has increased 700 per cent in the past six months; these are the animals most used in poison gas experiments. The Brno Small Arms Manufacturing Co., a subsidiary of Skoda, has just taken on 1500 new hands. Japan recently purchased 600,000 tons of old shipping in England to be broken up for scrap. In 1932 Japan bought from the United States 28 per cent more raw cotton than in 1931, 200 per cent more kerosene oil, 33 per cent more crude petroleum, 16 per cent more lead. Portugal is buying torpedo destroyers, Turkey flying boats, and Colombia river-cruisers. Nickel is of great importance in arms manufacture. Canadian exports of fine nickel increased from 58,000 cwt. to 246,000 cwt. in the six months ending September 1933, as against the same period last year; exports of nickel ore increased from 60,000 cwt. to 220,000 cwt.

Germany is roaring like a furnace with munitions activity. In the British House of Commons in July, 1933, it was announced that German imports of scrap and old iron in the first four months of 1933 amounted to 176,732 tons, compared with 16,216 tons in the corresponding period of 1932. The Germans are theoretically "disarmed," but any munitions expert will name at least forty German firms that are manufacturing arms to-day or are ready to do so at a moment's notice.



The Berlin-Karlsruhe Industriewerke A.G. has just added to the firm the name Deutsche Munitions und Waffenwerke (German Arms and Munitions Works) and announced that thanks to the initiative of the Hitler government business has increased 300 per cent in the past four months. Krupp took on 6,000 new workers in 1932.

According to *Le Temps* of Nov. 16, 1933, presumably quoting the secret French dossier on German rearmament, the whole industrial fabric of Germany is being militarized. Factories potentially able to create arms are being supervised or remodelled by military commissions, and work has begun manufacturing samples and prototypes. It is well known that the time-lag in war industry is uncomfortably important, as Major Lefebure has pointed out in his valuable *Scientific Disarmament*. Despite our immense efforts during the War, hardly any American-made munitions reached France before the armistice. It is always the *first* tank, the *first* new machine gun, the *first* new poison gas that takes months or years of research to invent, perfect, and manufacture. The Germans want to finish this spade-work now; thus their cry for "sample" weapons.

There is money in war. There is money in fear of war. The charts in *Patriotism, Ltd.* show the effect of international events on munition shares. Schneider-Creusot, Hotchkiss (a French machine-gun company partly British-owned), and Skoda stocks skyrocketed on the Paris bourse from the time Hitler came to power in Germany. Previously, on publication of the MacDonald disarmament scheme, they had fallen sharply. Later they wavered when the world economic conference convened; they soared again when it adjourned in failure. Thereafter the climbing line goes almost perpendicu-

larly upward. Schneider shares rose almost 20 per cent in three days following frontier disturbances in the Saar last April.

War scares are good; real wars would be better. The profits of arms companies now are considerable. I have mentioned the high dividends paid by Schneider, Skoda, Vickers. The Seller-Bellot Co. in Czechoslovakia, an ammunition works, has just declared a 20 per cent dividend—in this year of disastrous economic crisis! British aviation companies report their best profits since the War. But this is a pittance compared to what real war would bring. It is estimated that munition makers in wartime count on between 200 per cent and 300 per cent profit. Hiram Maxim tells how he set about inventing the machine-gun which has cost millions of human lives when a friend in Vienna told him, "Hang your chemistry and electricity! If you wish to make a pile of money, invent something which will enable these Europeans to cut each other's throats with greater facility."

Reckless and inordinate profiteering is inevitable in the arms traffic. A German military commission found that private manufacturers charged \$1000 for machine guns that could be produced for \$250. Mr. Lloyd George has revealed that shells for 18-pounders cost 22s. 6d. when his Ministry of Munitions was set up; the price was promptly reduced to 12s. 0d., almost 100 per cent. "When you have 85,000,000 shells, that saves £35,000,000," Mr. Lloyd George said. He added that he reduced the price of Lewis guns from £165 to £35 each, and presumably the makers still profited.

In the three years prior to the World War, we read in *Men Conquer Guns*, the United States Steel Corporation earned \$180,000,000; in the three war years 1916–18 it earned \$621,000,000. In 1914 the Du Pont company pro-

duced 2,265,000 lbs. of powder; in 1915, 105,000,000; in 1916, 287,000,000; in 1917, 387,000,000; in 1918, 399,000,000. When Congress investigated these sales it learned that the cost of production was approximately 36 cents per pound, the cost to the government 49 cents.

Let there be no mistake about it. Arms dealers want war. They are hypocrites if they deny this. War is to them what milk is to a baby. They fatten on it.

Inevitably the arms traffickers have sought to influence secretly public opinion and political behavior. I do not mean that they hire personal publicity agents. Quite the contrary. Arms manufacturers are very secretive. They feel a sense of shame at the business they are in. They do not boast about their trade at dinner parties. In fact, they are in something of the position of the celebrated merchant in Norman Douglass's *South Wind* who manufactured an object not quite politely mentionable; the less said and known about the exact nature of their business the better. If cornered, they say that if they do not sell arms someone else will. Or that they are in the legitimate and patriotic business of providing for the national defense of their countries. Or, more commonly, that they sell arms only as an item in a general iron-and-steel business. And indeed Vickers makes sewing machines as well as cannon; Skoda produces screw-drivers.

Occasionally in the Balkans I have met arms salesmen. Nice young men these, with liberal expense accounts and a habit of knowing ordnance officers in the war ministry by their first names. It may be said with absolute confidence that no big arms contract has ever been given in Eastern Europe without some sort of graft attached. The young salesmen are not as a rule as squeamish as their bosses at home.

They talk quite freely—about the methods of their competitors. They are excellent sources of news. The best way to learn Schneider secrets is to talk to someone from Krupp.

Arms traffickers seek to buy or control newspapers. This is an easy and efficacious way to influence public opinion. A newspaper with a strong nationalist policy may urge "preparedness," foment war scares, and appeal for more and better national defense, *i.e.* cannon orders. It has not been easy for several great French newspapers to resist the steel spoon of the Comité des Forges.

Arms traffickers delight in having prominent politicians as stockholders. Sir John Simon, British Foreign Secretary who makes speeches at Geneva, was a stockholder in Imperial Chemical Industries until recently. Among stockholders in Vickers, as of April 1932, were Lord Hailsham, British Secretary of State for War, and Sir John Gilmour, Minister of Agriculture.

There is no doubt that Thyssen and other great German industrialists and cannon-makers helped to finance Hitler. This was smart business, because obviously Hitler in power means gun orders. It has even been said—but never proved—that French and Czechoslovakian munitions makers secretly added to the funds of the Nazi party. The theory was that the Nazis would bring open German re-armament which would force France and Czechoslovakia to increase their armaments and thus buy more guns.

The arms traffickers have great indirect influence on politics in Central Europe. The steel of the gun merchants is the ribbing of many a treaty. Rumania and Yugoslavia have very little heavy industry; thus their partial dependence on France (Schneider) and Czechoslovakia (Skoda). The French allies are faithful allies not merely because they love the logic and



lucidity of the Quai d'Orsay but because they are crucially dependent for their own national defense on the iron fields of Lorraine. Belgium purchased 80 per cent of its arms from France in 1923, 35 per cent in 1929, 28 per cent in 1931. Poland got 58 per cent of its munitions imports from France in 1927, and 46 per cent from Belgium in 1931. In 1929, 94 per cent of Rumania's military purchases were from France. The French provided 85.8 per cent of Turkey's imports in 1931. But one should not forget the obverse of the picture. In 1931 Yugoslavia purchased 20.6 per cent of its total arms imports from Germany and 34.5 per cent from Austria (both states forbidden by the treaties to export arms!) and 27.7 per cent from Italy, its chief political enemy. One can understand from these figures why Yugoslavia is coming to be considered the French ally least dependable in case of war.

Arms companies are a factor in much of the present political unrest in Austria and Hungary. Czech firms export arms to Yugoslavia and the shipments pass through Austria, some carloads being occasionally "lost" in transit. And consider the Hirtenberg case. On Jan. 9, 1933, newspaper headlines blazed with news of a cache of 50,000 rifles in the Austrian town of Hirtenberg, where they were being "repaired" while en route from Italy to Hungary. Theoretically, Hungary is a disarmed state; and the powers roared, just as they had roared five years before when a secret shipment of Italian machine guns bound for Hungary was intercepted at the town of St. Gotthard on the Austrian frontier. International protests forced the Austrian government to promise to return the Hirtenberg guns to Italy. On Feb. 24 it became known that the general-director of the Austrian State Railways, Dr. Seefehlner, one of the most respected and important officials in the country,

had been discharged because he had offered socialist railway workers a "present" of 150,000 schillings (\$21,000 at par) to route the guns to Hungary *after all*, despite his government's promise to return them. His plan was to send sealed cars, empty, to the Italian frontier, while the actual guns should proceed in dead secrecy to Budapest. The socialist workers, decent and loyal, and also fearful that some guns would be "lost" and would remain in Austria to arm their enemies the Heimwehr, revealed the plot and protested to Chancellor Dollfuss, who squelched the scheme and summarily fired Seefehlner.

#### IV

Difficulties in the way of international supervision or control of the arms traffic are almost insuperable. The non-industrial states must buy arms somewhere. State arsenals even in the industrial states are not sufficient to care for all the needs of the state in case of war. The considerable world trade in sporting guns and ammunition, as well as arms for police purposes, is legitimate enough. Many products useful in the arms trade are useful otherwise. Ammonium nitrate is an explosive; but it is also a good fertilizer. Is cotton an instrument of war because it may become nitro-cellulose? Silk, I learn from Lefebure, may be used as armor. The United States government has listed 3,876 peacetime products mobilizable as munitions in time of war.

There is, moreover, relentless opposition to the control of the arms traffic by governments from the point of view of national defense. The League of Nations has explored the ground toward control by a questionnaire to all nations asking particulars of their state and private munitions works. The answer of the British government is an evasive and hypocritical masterpiece.

"No useful purpose," says the reply, "will be served by attempting to give a list of private undertakings such as is apparently required to answer this question. . . . His Majesty's Government . . . regret their inability to give a detailed answer." France and the United States, in contrast, gave very full and frank answers. Some countries, for instance Czechoslovakia, have made no answer to date at all.

Above all is the fact that the arms trade is indissolubly commingled with the general iron and steel industry, and the electrical and chemical industries as well. "There is only one way to disarm a great industrial state, and that is to destroy all its industries," Gen. J. H. Morgan, of the Inter-Allied Military Commission that sought to disarm Germany, has said. Another writer on arms, Francis Delaisi, points out that "no state is rich enough to immobilize the capital necessary for the needs of its defense." Certainly until private profits in the steel and chemical businesses are eliminated no really effective arms control is possible. It should be clear that the problem of disarmament is basically industrial. War will exist as long as private profits—maybe longer.

Efforts, however vain, to control the arms traffic date back to 1890, when the Brussels Act was signed by 17 states forbidding arms sales to parts of Africa. Of course the main object of this embargo was to prevent sales of weapons to natives who might make trouble for the agents of white imperialism. In 1919 a similar embargo for China was signed by 11 countries, but it was never seriously effective.

The League of Nations began bravely enough in 1919 with Article 23 of the Covenant, entrusting "the League with general supervision of the trade in arms and ammunition with the countries in which control of this traffic is necessary to the common in-

terest." Bad joke this seems now! Also in 1919 the Convention of St. Germain was signed by 23 countries, limiting arms exports to recognized governments of other states. Idealism ran high—in 1919. But the Convention was never ratified by the big producers and never went into effect.

Soon the League established a Temporary Mixed Commission to try its luck, and in 1925 a full-dress Arms Traffic conference met at Geneva. It was attended by 44 nations and it produced a draft convention, which, like the St. Germain Convention, prohibited arms sales except by government license to other governments. But the 1925 Convention is a dead letter because it required ratification by 14 states. By 1932, 13 states had ratified and the United States would make the fourteenth. But both Great Britain and France ratified only on condition that *all* other producing states would likewise ratify, which has not been done.

The League started over again. A Special Commission was appointed in 1926. It produced nothing but pious resolutions. But it was supposed to "handle" the arms traffic and thus the traffic was excluded from consideration by the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference which sat from 1926 to 1931. As a consequence there was *no mention whatever* of the arms traffic on the agenda of the World Disarmament Conference when it convened in February 1932—shocking demonstration of the abject refusal of governments to intrude on the province of munitions making. Not till the summer of 1932 did the Conference, pestered into action by Mr. Madariaga of Spain, set up an arms traffic committee. It is still working. On what it is difficult to say, the disarmament conference as a whole being dead beyond recall.

To the Madariaga committee, how-



ever, came one ray of hope. America had refused to ratify even the St. Germain convention and had resolutely favored non-interference with arms-makers. But in November 1932, Hugh Wilson, American Minister at Berne, announced a sudden reversal of the traditional American attitude. The United States was prepared to accept supervision of private manufacture, provided that state manufacture was also supervised, Mr. Wilson said. Then in 1933 President Hoover asked Congress to ratify the 1925 Convention and urged presidential powers to enforce an arms embargo. The arms lobby fought savagely to defeat the measure; it succeeded. But President Roosevelt, within ten days of taking office, let it be known that he would ask for the same authority. To date final action has not been taken.

In February, 1933, the French, Spanish, Polish, and Danish governments combined to produce a new resolution which, granting the millennium, might have interesting results. It suggests concentration of all arms manufacture in the hands of the state, but with the profits of individual manufacturers safeguarded in that the state would take over their production only at the point "where the product undergoes the first transformation which renders it unfit for pacific purposes and destines it exclusively for military use." It will be noted that all measures planned by the League merely suggest (a) government control of production, (b) restriction of sales from governments to governments. Each state is entitled to pile up within its own borders whatever mountains of munitions for the slaughter of fellow-men it thinks it needs.

# V

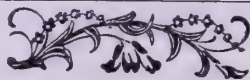
Every writer on the arms traffic I have encountered has enumerated the charges outlined by the League's Tem-

porary Mixed Commission in 1921. The report says that armament firms have:

1. Been active in fomenting war scares and in persuading their own countries to adopt warlike policies and to increase their armaments;
2. Attempted to bribe government officials both at home and abroad;
3. Disseminated false reports concerning the military and naval expenditures of various countries in order to stimulate armament expenditures;
4. Sought to influence public opinion through the control of newspapers in their own and foreign countries;
5. Organized international armament rings through which the armaments race has been accentuated by playing off one country against the other;
6. Organized international armament trusts which have increased the price of armaments to governments.

These charges were made almost fifteen years ago; with increased force they hold good to-day. I do not think that arms traffickers alone can make a war; they simply supply the fuel for politicians, militarists, "patriots." But armament has, one might say, a certain relation to disarmament. And it is plain that no disarmament can be effective in the world if private arms makers are free to ply their trade at will.

Gen. Sir Herbert Lawrence, chairman of Vickers, said on April 4, 1932, "Reductions in armaments, under the influence of public opinion both in this and other countries, have affected adversely your company's trading balance." This strikingly demonstrates the healthy fear of armament makers for disarmament schemes, and the fact that practical disarmament is the one thing which can break the traffic. Yet the traffic itself makes disarmament impossible—a tragic paradox. Two hundred odd firms in the world earning cold cash profits on smashed brains or smothered lungs make it clear that disarmament, fundamentally an industrial problem, is impossible to achieve under the present economic system.



# THE PROVINCIAL LADY IN AMERICA

BY E. M. DELAFIELD

**O**CTOBER 14TH. America achieved. Statue of Liberty, admirably lit up, greets me at about seven o'clock this evening, entrance to harbor is incredibly beautiful and skyscrapers prove to be just as impressive as their reputation, and much more decorative.

Just as I am admiring everything from top-deck, two unknown young women suddenly materialize (risen from the ocean, like Venus?)—also young man with camera, and I am approached and asked if I will at once give my views on The United States, the American Woman, and Modern American Novels. Young man says that he wishes to take my photograph, which makes me feel like a film-star—appearance, unfortunately, does nothing to support this illusion—and this is duly accomplished, whilst I stand in *déagé* attitude, half-way down companion-ladder on which I have never before set foot throughout the voyage.

Exchange farewells with fellow-passengers—literary American, now known to me as Arthur, is kindness itself and invites me on behalf of his family to come and visit them in Chicago and see World's Fair—Ella Wheelwright also kind and gives me her card, but obviously much preoccupied with question of Customs—as well she may be, as she informs me that she has declared two hundred dollars' worth of purchases made in Europe and has another five hundred dollars' worth undeclared.

American publisher has come to meet me and is on the dock. I am delighted to see him, and we sit on a bench for about two hours, surrounded by luggage, none of which seems to be mine. Eventually, however, it appears—which slightly surprises me—publisher supports me through Customs inspection and finally escorts me personally to Essex House, where I am rung up five times before an hour has elapsed, with hospitable greetings and invitations.

Am much impressed by all of it, including marvellous view from bedroom on sixteenth story, but still unable to contemplate photographs of children with complete calm.

*October 16th.* Come to the conclusion that everything I have ever heard or read about American Hospitality is an understatement. Telephone bell rings incessantly from nine o'clock onward, invitations pour in, and complete strangers ring up to say that they liked my books and would be glad to give a party for me at any hour of the day or night. Am plunged by all this into a state of bewilderment, but feel definitely that it will be a satisfaction to let a number of people at home hear about it all, and realize estimation in which professional writers are held in America.

(Second thought obtrudes itself here, to the effect that, if I know anything of my neighbors, they will receive any such information with perfect calm and probably say Yes, they've always



heard that Americans were Like That.)

Am interviewed by reporters on five different occasions—one young gentleman evidently very tired, and droops on a sofa without saying much, which paralyzes me and results in long stretches of deathly silence. Finally he utters, to the effect that John Drinkwater was difficult to interview. Experience forlorn gleam of gratification at being bracketed with so distinguished a writer, but this instantly extinguished, as reporter adds that in the end, J.D. talked for one hour and fifteen minutes. Am quite unable to emulate this achievement, and interview ends in gloom. Representative of an evening paper immediately appears but is a great improvement on his colleague, and restores me to equanimity.

Three women reporters follow—am much struck by the fact that they are all good-looking and dress nicely—they all ask me what I think of the American Woman, whether I read James Branch Cabell—which I don't—and what I feel about the Problem of the Leisured Woman. Answer them all as eloquently as possible and make mental note to the effect that I have evidently never taken the subject of Women seriously enough, the only problem about them in England being why there are so many.

Lunch with distinguished publisher and his highly decorative wife and two little boys. Am not in the least surprised to find that they live in a flat with black velvet sofas, concealed lighting, and three diagonal glass tables for sole furniture. It turns out, however, that this is *not* a typical American home, and that they find it nearly as remarkable as I do myself.

Afternoon is spent, once more, in interviews, and am taken out to supper party by Ella Wheelwright, who again appears in clothes that I have never seen before. At supper I sit next elderly gentleman wearing collar exactly

like Mr. Gladstone's. He is slightly morose, tells me that times are not at all what they were—which I know already—and that there is No Society any more.

Extra-ordinarily kind and competent guardian angel, picturesquely named Ramona Herdman, takes me to the Vanderbilt Hotel, for so-called tea, which consists of very strong cocktails and interesting sandwiches. I meet Miss Isabel Paterson, by whom I am completely fascinated but also awestricken in the extreme, as she has terrific reputation as a critic and is alarmingly clever in conversation.

She demolishes one or two English novelists in whose success I have always hitherto believed implicitly, but is kind about my own literary efforts, and goes so far as to hope that we shall meet again. I tell her that I am going to Chicago and other places and may be lecturing, and she looks at the floor and says, Yes, Clubwomen, Large women with marcelled hair, wearing reception gowns.

Am appalled by this thumbnail sketch and seriously contemplate cancelling tour altogether.

Ella Wheelwright joins us. She now has on a black ensemble and hair done in quite a new way, and we talk about books. I say that I have enjoyed nothing so much as *Flush*, but Miss Paterson again disconcerts me by muttering that to write a whole book about a dog is Simply Morbid.

Am eventually taken to Essex House by Ella W. who asks, very kindly, if there is anything she can do for me. Yes, there is. She can tell me where I can go to get my hair shampooed and set, and whether it will be much more expensive than it is at home. In reply Ella tells me that her own hair waves naturally. It doesn't *curl*—that isn't what she means at all—but it just waves. In damp weather it just goes into natural waves. It always has done

this ever since she was a child. But she has it set once a month because it looks nicer. Hairdresser always tells her that it's lovely hair to do anything with because the wave is really natural.

She then says good-night and leaves me, and I decide to have my own inferior hair, which does *not* wave naturally, washed and set in the Hotel beauty parlor.

*October 23rd.* Extraordinary week-end with Ella Wheelwright on Long Island, at superb country-house which she refers to as her cottage. She drives me out from New York very kindly, but should enjoy it a great deal more if she would look in front of her, instead of at me, whilst negotiating colossal and unceasing stream of traffic. This, she says gaily, is what she has been looking forward to—a really undisturbed tête-à-tête in which to hear all about my reactions to America and the American Woman. I say, What about the American Man? But this not a success, Ella evidently feeling that reactions, if any, on this subject are of no importance whatever to anybody.

We gradually leave New York behind and creep into comparative country—bright golden trees excite my admiration, together with occasional scarlet ones—Ella still talking—have not the least idea what about, but continue to ejaculate from time to time. Presently country mansion is reached, three large cars already standing in front of door, and I suggest that other visitors have arrived, but Ella says Oh, no, one is her *other* car, and the remaining two belong to Charlie. Decide that Charlie must be her husband, and wonder whether she has any children, but none have ever been mentioned, and do not like to ask.

House is attractive—furniture and decorations very elaborate—am particularly struck by enormous pile of amber beads coiled carelessly on one

corner of old oak refectory table, just where they catch the light—and I am taken up winding staircase carpeted in rose color.

(Evidently no children, or else they use a separate staircase.)

Ella's bedroom perfectly marvellous. Terrific expanse of looking-glass, and sofa has eighteen pillows, each one different shade of purple. Should like to count number of jars and bottles—all with mauve enamel tops—in bathroom, but this would take far too long, and feel it necessary, moreover, to concentrate on personal appearance, very far from satisfactory. Am aware that I cannot hope to compete with Ella, who is looking wonderful in white wool outfit obviously made for her in Paris, but make what efforts I can with powder and lipstick, try to forget that I am wearing my Blue, which never has suited me and utterly refuses to wear out. Decide to take off my hat, but am dissatisfied with my hair when I have done so, and put it on again and go downstairs. Complete house-party is then revealed to me, sitting on silk cushions outside French windows, the whole thing being entirely reminiscent of illustrations to society story in American magazine. I am introduced, everyone is very polite, and complete silence envelops the entire party.

Young man in white sweater at last rises to the occasion and asks me what I think of *Anthony Adverse*. Am obliged to reply that I haven't read it, which gets us no farther. I then admire the trees, which are beautiful, and everybody looks relieved and admires them too, and silence again ensues.

Ella, with great presence of mind, says that it is time for cocktails; these are brought, and I obediently drink mine and wonder what Our Vicar's Wife would say if she could see me now. This leads, by natural transi-



tion, to thoughts of television, and I ask my neighbor—gray flannels and flaming red hair—whether he thinks that this will ever become part of everyday life. He looks surprised—as well he may—but replies civilly that he doubts it very much. This he follows up by inquiring whether I have yet read *Anthony Adverse*.

Charlie materializes—imagine him to be Ella's husband, but am never actually told so—and we all go in to lunch, which is excellent.

(Standard of American cooking very, very high indeed. Reflect sentimentally that Robert is, in all probability, only having roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, then remember difference in time between here and England, and realize that beef and Yorkshire pudding are either in the past or the future, although cannot be quite sure which.)

Tennis is suggested for the afternoon, and Ella tells me that she can easily find me a pair of shoes. As I am far from sharing this confidence—every other woman in the room looks like size 5, whereas I take 6 and a half—and think my Blue very ill-adapted to the tennis-court, I say that I would rather look on, and this I do. They all play extremely well and look incredibly handsome, well-dressed, and athletic. I decide, not for the first time, that Americans are a great deal more decorative than Europeans.

Just as inferiority complex threatens to overwhelm me altogether, I am joined by Ella, who says that she is taking me to a teaparty. Teaparties are A Feature of Life on Long Island, and it is essential, says Ella, that I should attend one.

Everybody else turns out to be coming also, a complete platoon of cars is marshalled and we drive off, about two people to every car, and cover total distance of rather less than five hundred yards.

Am by this time becoming accustomed to American version of a teaparty, and encounter cocktails and sandwiches with equanimity, but am much struck by scale on which the entertainment is conducted; large room being entirely filled by people, including young gentleman who is playing the piano violently and has extremely pretty girl on either side of him, each with an arm round his waist.

It now becomes necessary to screech at really terrific pitch and this everyone does. Cannot feel that *Anthony Adverse* motif, which still recurs, has gained by this, nor do my own replies to questions concerning the length of my stay, my reactions to America, and opinion of the American Woman. Ella, who has heroically introduced everybody within sight, smiles and waves at me encouragingly, but is now too firmly wedged in to move, and I sit on a sofa, next to slim woman in scarlet, and she screams into my ear.

Remaining members of Ella's houseparty, whom I am now rather disposed to cling to, as being old and familiar friends, all gradually reassemble, and we return to Ella's house, where I discover that recent vocal efforts have made my throat extremely sore.

*October 25th.* English mail awaits me on return to New York hotel and is handed to me by reception-clerk with agreeable comment to the effect that the Old Country hasn't forgotten me *this* time. Feel that I can't possibly wait to read mail till I get upstairs, but equally impossible to do so in entrance hall, and am prepared to make a rush for the elevator when firm-looking elderly woman in black comes up and addresses me by name. Says that she is very glad indeed to know me. Her name is Katherine Ellen Blatt, which may not mean anything to me, but stands for quite a lot to a section of the American public.

I try to look intelligent and wonder

whether to ask for further details or not, but something tells me that I am going to hear them anyway, so may as well make up my mind to it. Invite Miss Blatt to sit down and wait for me one moment whilst I go up and take off my hat—by which I really mean tear open letters from Robert and the children—but she says, No, she'd just love to come right upstairs with me. This she proceeds to do and tells me on the way up that she writes articles for the women's magazines and that she makes quite a feature of describing English visitors to America, especially those with literary interests. The moment she heard that I was in New York she felt that she just had to come round right away and have a look at me (idea crosses my mind of replying that A Cat may look at a King, but this colloquialism probably unappreciated, and in any case Miss B. gives me no time).

Bed still unmade, which annoys me, especially as Miss B. scrutinizes entire room through a pince-nez and asks, What made me come here, as this is a place entirely frequented by professional people? She herself could, if I wish it, arrange to have me transferred immediately to a women's club, where there is a lovely group of highly intelligent cultivated women, to which she is proud to say that she belongs. Can only hope that my face doesn't reflect acute horror that invades me at the idea of joining any group of women amongst whom is to be numbered Miss Blatt.

Incredibly tedious half-hour ensues. Miss B. has a great deal to say, and fortunately seems to expect very little answer, as my mind is entirely fixed on letters lying unopened in my handbag. She tells me, amongst other things, that Noel Coward, Somerset Maugham—whom she calls "Willie," which I think profane—the Duchess of Atholl, Sir Gerald Du Maurier, and Miss Amy

Johnson are all very dear friends of hers, and she would never dream of letting a year pass without going to England and paying each of them a visit. I say rather curtly that I don't know any of them, and add that I don't really feel I ought to take up any more of Miss Blatt's time. That, declares Miss Blatt, doesn't matter at all. I'm not to let that worry me for a moment. To hear about dear old London is just everything to her, and she is just crazy to be told whether I know her close friends, Ellen Wilkinson, Rebecca West, Nancy Astor, and Ramsay MacDonald. Frantic impulse assails me and I say, No, but that the Prince of Wales is a great friend of mine. Is that so? returns Miss Blatt quite unmoved. She herself met him for the first time last summer at Ascot and they had quite a talk. (If this really true can only feel perfectly convinced that any talk there was emanated entirely from Miss B.)

Just as I feel that the limits of sanity have been reached telephone bell rings and I answer it and take complicated message from Lecture Agent about Buffalo, which at first I think to be Natural History, but afterwards realize is a town.

Continuity of atmosphere is now destroyed and I remain standing and inform Miss Blatt that I am afraid that I shall have to go out. She offers to take me uptown, and I thank her and say No. Then, she says, it won't be any trouble to take me downtown. This time I say No without thanking her.

We spend about ten minutes saying good-by. Miss Blatt assures me that she will get in touch with me again within a day or two, and meanwhile will send me some of her articles to read, and I finally shut the door on her and sit down on the bed, after locking the door for fear she should come back again.



Tear open letters from Robert and the children, read them three times at least, become homesick and rather agitated, and then read them all over again. Robert says that he will be glad when I get home again (am strongly tempted to book my passage for tomorrow), and adds details about the garden. Our Vicar, he adds, preached quite a good sermon on Sunday last, and Cook's sponge-cake is improving. Vicky's letter very affectionate, with rows of kisses and large drawing of a horse with short legs and only one visible ear.

*October 27th.* Arrived in Chicago. Literary friend Arthur has not only gratifyingly turned up to meet me, but has brought with him very pretty younger sister, visiting friend from New York (male) and exclusive-looking dachshund, referred to as Vicki Baum.

Moreover, representative from publishers puts in an appearance—hat worn at a very dashing angle—know him only as Pete and cannot imagine how I shall effect introductions, but this fortunately turns out to be unnecessary.

Am rather moved at finding that both literary friend and Pete now appear to me in the light of old and dear friends, such is my satisfaction at seeing faces that are not those of complete strangers.

Someone unknown takes a photograph, just as we leave station—This, says Arthur impressively, hasn't happened since the visit of Queen Marie of Roumania—and we drive off.

Chicago strikes me as full of beautiful buildings, and cannot imagine why nobody ever says anything about this aspect of it. Do not like to ask anything about gangsters, and see no signs of their activities, but hope these may be revealed later, otherwise children will be seriously disappointed. The lake, which looks to me exactly like

the sea, excites my admiration, and building in which Arthur's family lives turns out to be right in front of it.

They receive me in kindest possible manner—I immediately fall in love with Arthur's mother—and suggest, with the utmost tact, that I should like a bath at once. (After one look in the glass, can well understand why this thought occurred to them.)

Perceive myself to be incredibly dirty, dishevelled, and out of repair generally, and do what I can, in enormous bedroom and bathroom, to rectify this. Hair, however, not improved by my making a mistake amongst unaccustomed number of bath-taps and giving myself quite involuntary shower.

*October 30th.* Feel quite convinced that I have known Arthur, his family, his New York friend, and his dog all my life. They treat me with incredible kindness and hospitality and introduce me to all their friends.

Some of the friends—but not all—raise the Problem of the American Woman. Find myself as far as ever from having thought out intelligent answer to this and have serious thoughts of writing dear Rose and asking her to cable reply if Problem is to pursue me wherever I go in the United States.

*October 31st.* Am called for in the morning by Pete—hat still at very dashing angle—and we walk through the streets. He tells me candidly that he does not like authors, I say that I don't either, and we get on extremely well.

Department store is the most impressive thing I have ever seen in my life and the largest. We inspect various departments, including Modern Furniture, which consists of a number of rooms containing perfectly square sofas, colored glass animals, cocktail-appliances, and steel chairs. Am a good deal impressed and think that it is all a great improvement on older style, but at the same time cannot possibly conceive of Robert reading *The*

*Times* seated on oblong black-and-green divan with small, glass-topped-table projecting from the wall beside him and statuette of naked angular woman with large elbows exactly opposite.

Moreover, no provision made anywhere for housing children, and do not like to inquire what, if anything, is ever done for them.

Admirable young gentleman who shows us round says that the Modern Kitchen will be of special interest to me, and ushers us into it. Pete, at this stage, looks slightly sardonic, and I perceive that he is as well aware as I am myself that The Modern Kitchen is completely wasted on me. Further reflection also occurs to me that if Pete were acquainted with Cook he would realize even better than he does why I feel that The Modern Kitchen is not destined to hold any significant place in my life.

Pete informs me that he is anxious to introduce me to charming and capable woman, friend of his, who runs the book department of the store. Am impressed by her office, which is entirely plastered with photographs, mostly inscribed, of celebrities. She asks if I know various of these. I have to reply each time that I don't, and begin to feel inferior. (Recollection here of Katherine Ellen Blatt, intimate personal friend of every celebrity that ever lived.) Become absentminded, and hear myself, on being asked if I haven't met George Bernard Shaw, replying No, but I know who he is. This reply not a success, and Marcella ceases to probe into the state of my literary connections.

Soon afterwards I am escorted back to book department—should like to linger amongst First Editions, or even New Juveniles, but this is not encouraged—and young subordinate of Marcella's announces that quite a nice lot of people are waiting. Last week, she

adds, they had Hervey Allen. Foresee exactly what she is going to say next, which is What do I think of *Anthony Adverse*, and pretend to be absorbed in small half-sheet of paper on which I have written rather illegible notes.

Quite a nice lot of people turns out to mean between four and five hundred ladies, with a sprinkling of men, all gathered round a little dais with a table, behind which I am told to take up my stand. Feel a great deal more inclined to crawl underneath it and stay there, but quite realize that this is, naturally, out of the question.

Marcella says a few words—I remind myself that nothing in the world can last forever, and anyway I need never meet any of them again after this afternoon—and plunge forthwith into speech.

Funny story goes well—put in another one which I have just thought of, and which isn't so good—but that goes well too. Begin to think that I really am a speaker after all and wonder why nobody at home has ever said anything about it, and how I am ever to make them believe it without sounding conceited.

Sit down amidst applause and try to look modest until I suddenly catch sight of literary friend Arthur and his friend Billy, who have evidently been listening. Am rather agitated at this and feel that, instead of looking modest, I merely look foolish.

At this point Pete, who hasn't even pretended to listen to me, for which I am grateful rather than otherwise, reappears from some quite other department where he has sensibly been spending his time, and says that I had better autograph a few books, as People will Like It.

His idea of a few books runs into hundreds, and I sit and sign them and feel very important indeed. Streams of ladies walk past and we exchange a few words. Most of them ask How



does one write a book? and several tell me that they heard something a few weeks ago which definitely *ought* to go into a book. This is usually a witticism perpetrated by a dear little grandchild, aged six last July, but is sometimes merely a Funny Story already known to me, and—probably—to everybody else in the civilized world. I say Thank you, Thank you very much, and continue to sign my name. Idle fancy crosses my mind that it would be fun if I were J. P. Morgan, and all these were checks.

On our return literary friend Arthur, with great good feeling, says that he knows there are some letters waiting for me, which I shall wish to read in peace, and that he is sure I should like to rest before dinner-party, to which he is taking me at eight o'clock. (Should like to refer Katherine Ellen Blatt to dear Arthur, for lessons in *savoir-faire*.)

Letters await me in my room, but exercise great self-control by tearing off my hat, throwing my coat on the floor, and dashing gloves and bag into different corners of the room before I sit down to read them.

Only one is from England: our Vicar's wife writes passionate inquiry as to whether I am going anywhere near Arizona, as boy in whom she and Our Vicar took great interest in their *first* parish—north London, five-and-twenty years ago—is supposed to have gone there and done very well. Will I make inquiries—name was Sydney Cripps, and has one front tooth missing, knocked out at cricket—has written to Our Vicar from time to time, but last occasion nearly twelve years ago—Time, adds Our Vicar's Wife, passes. All is well at home—very strange not to see me about—Women's Institute Committee met last week, how difficult it is to please everybody.

Can believe from experience that this is, indeed, so.

*November 1st.* Visit the World's

Fair in company with Arthur and his family. Buildings all very modern and austere, except for coloring, which is inclined to be violent, but aspect as a whole is effective and impressive, and much to be preferred to customary imitations of Ancient Greece. Individual exhibits admirably displayed, and total area of space covered must be enormous, whether lake—of which I see large bits here and there—is included or not. Private cars not admitted—which I think sensible—but rickshaws available, drawn by University students—to whom everybody says It's Interesting to Talk—and small motor-buses go quietly round and round the Fair.

Arthur and I patronize rickshaws. I take a good look at my University student, and decide that conversation would probably benefit neither of us—and visit various buildings. Hall of Science not amongst our successes unfortunately, as the sight of whole skeletons, portions of the human frame executed in plaster, and realistic maps of sinews and blood-vessels, all ranged against the wall in glass show-cases, merely causes me to hurry past with my eyes shut. Arthur is sympathetic, and tells me that there is an exhibit of Live Babies in Incubators to be seen, but cannot decide whether he means that this would be better than scientific wonders at present surrounding us, or worse.

Resume rickshaws and visit Jade Chinese Temple, which is lovely, Pre-historic Animals—unpleasant impression of primitive man's existence derived from these, but should like to have seen a brontosaurus in the flesh, nevertheless—and Belgian Village, said to be replica of fifteenth century. (If not fifteenth, then sixteenth. Cannot be sure.)

Here Arthur and I descend and walk up and down stone steps and cobbled streets and watch incredibly

clean-looking peasants in picturesque costumes dancing hand in hand and every now and then stamping. Have always hitherto associated this with Russians, but evidently wrong.

Just as old Flemish Clock on old Flemish Tower clangs out old Flemish Air, and Arthur and I tell each other that this really is beautifully done, rather brassy voice from concealed loud-speaker is inspired to inquire: O boy! What about that new tooth-paste? Old Flemish atmosphere goes completely to bits, and Arthur and I, in disgust, retire to Club, where we meet his family and have most excellent lunch.

Return to Fair after lunch—new rickshaw student, less forbidding-looking than the last, and I say feebly that it is very hot for November and he replies that he can tell by my accent that I come from England and he supposes it's always foggy there, and I say No not always, and nothing further passes between us. Am evidently not gifted where interesting students from American Colleges are concerned, and decide to do nothing more in this line. More exhibits follow—mostly very good—and Arthur says that he thinks we ought to see the North American Indians.

He accordingly pays large sum of money which admits us into special enclosures where authentic Red Indians are stamping about (stamping definitely discredited henceforward as a Russian monopoly) and uttering sounds exclusively on two notes, all of which, so far as I can tell, consist of Wah! Wah! and nothing else. Listen to this for nearly forty minutes but am not enthusiastic. Neither is Arthur, and we shortly afterward go home.

*November 4th.* Singular and interesting opportunity is offered me to contrast Sunday spent on Long Island and Sunday spent in equivalent country district outside Chicago, called Lake

Forest, where I am invited to lunch and spend the afternoon. Inquire of Arthur quite early if this is to be a large party. He supposes About Thirty. Decide at once to put on the Coming Molyneux's best effort—white daisies on blue silk. But, says Arthur, country clothes. Decide to substitute wool coat and skirt, with red beret. And, says Arthur, he is taking me on to dinner with very, very rich acquaintance, also at Lake Forest. I revert, mentally, to blue silk and daisies, and say that I suppose it won't matter if we're not in evening dress? Oh, replies Arthur, we've got to take evening clothes with us and change there. Our hostess won't hear of anything else. I say that I'm not sure I want to go at all. At this Arthur is gloomy but firm.

*November 5th.* Literary friend Arthur, still plunged in gloom, takes Billy and me by car to Lake Forest, about thirty miles from Chicago. Arrive at about one o'clock. House, explains Arthur, belongs to great friends of his—charming people—Mrs. F. writes novels—sister won Pulitzer prize with another novel. At this I interject, Yes, yes, I met her the other day—and feel like a dear old friend of the family.

House, says Arthur all over again—at which I perceive that I must have interrupted him before he'd finished, and suddenly remember that Robert has occasionally complained of this—House belongs to Mr. and Mrs. F. and has been left entirely unaltered since it was first built in 1874, furniture and all. It is, in fact, practically a Museum Piece.

Discover this to be indeed no overstatement, and am enchanted with house, which is completely Victorian, and has fretwood brackets in every available corner, and a great deal of furniture. Am kindly welcomed and taken upstairs to leave my coat and take off my hat. Spend the time instead in looking at gilt clock under



glass shade, wool-and-bead mats, and colored pictures of little girls in pinafores playing with large white kittens. Have to be retrieved by hostess's daughter, who explains that she thought I might have lost my way. I apologize and hope that I'm not late for lunch.

This fear turns out later to be entirely groundless, as luncheon-party—about thirty-five people—assembles by degrees on porch, and drinks cocktails, and nobody sits down to lunch until three o'clock. Have pleasant neighbors on either side, and slightly tire some one opposite, who insists on talking across the table and telling me that I must go to the South, whatever I do. She herself comes of a Southern family and has never lost her Southern accent, as I have no doubt noticed. Am aware that she intends me to assent to this, but do not do so, and conversation turns to *Anthony Adverse*—as usual—and the popularity of ice-cream in America. Lunch over at about four o'clock—can understand why tea, as a meal, does not exist in the U.S.A.—and we return to the porch, and everyone says that this is the Indian Summer.

Find myself sitting with elderly man who civilly remarks that he wants to hear about the book I have written. Am aware that this cannot possibly be true, but take it in the spirit in which it is meant, and discuss instead the British Museum—which he knows much better than I do—trout-fishing—about which neither of us knows anything whatever—and the state of the dollar.

Soon afterward Arthur, with fearful recrudescence of despair, tells me that there is nothing for it, as we've got another forty miles to drive, but to say good-by and go. We may not *want* to, but we simply haven't any choice, he says.

After this we linger for about thirty-five minutes longer, repeating how sorry we are that we've got to go and

hearing how very sorry everybody else is as well. Eventually find ourselves in car again, suitcases with evening clothes occupying quite a lot of space, and again causing Arthur to lament pertinacity of hostess who declined to receive us in ordinary day-clothes. Fog comes on—is this a peculiarity of Indian Summer?—chauffeur takes two or three wrong turnings, but says that he knows where we shall Come Out—and Billy goes quietly to sleep.

Silence then descends upon us all, and I lapse into thoughts of Robert, the children, and immense width and depth of the Atlantic Ocean.

Just as we get out of car Arthur mutters that I *must* remember to look at the pictures. Wonderful collection, and hostess likes them to be admired. This throws me off my balance completely, and I follow very superb and monumental butler with my eyes fixed on every picture I see, in series of immense rooms through which we are led. Result of this is that I practically collide with hostess, advancing gracefully to receive us, and that my rejoinders to her cries of welcome are totally lacking in *empressement*, as I am still wondering how soon I ought to say anything about the pictures, and what means I can adopt to sound as if I really knew something about them. Hostess recalls me to myself by inquiring passionately if we have brought evening things, as she has rooms all ready for us to change in.

Am struck by this preoccupation with evening clothes, and interesting little speculation presents itself as to whether she suffers from obsession on this point and, if so, could psycho-analysis be of any help? Treatment undoubtedly very expensive, but need not, in this case, be considered.

Just as I have mentally consigned her to luxurious nursing-home, with two specialists and a trained nurse, hostess again refers to our evening

clothes, and says that we had better come up and see the rooms in which we are to dress. Follow her upstairs—more pictures all the way up, and in corridor of vast length. I hear Arthur referring to “that marvellous Toulouse-Lautrec,” and look madly about, but cannot guess which one he means, as all look to me marvellous alike, except occasional still-life which I always detest—and shortly afterward I am parted from Arthur and Billy, and shown into complete *suite*, with bedroom, bathroom, and sitting room. Hostess says solicitously: Can I manage?

Yes, on the whole, I think I can.

(Wonder what she would feel about extremely shabby bedroom at home, total absence of either private bathroom or Toulouse-Lautrec, and sitting room downstairs in which Robert, children, cat, dog, and myself all congregate together round indifferent wood fire. This vision, however, once more conducive to homesickness, and hastily put it aside and look at all the books in the five bookcases to see what I can read in the bath.)

Am surprised and gratified to find that I have remembered to pack everything I want, and perform satisfactory toilette, twice interrupted by offers of assistance from lady's maid, who looks astonished when I refuse them. Look at myself in three different mirrors, decide—rather ungenerously—that I am better-looking than my hostess, and on this reassuring reflection, proceed downstairs.

Decide that I am, beyond a doubt, making acquaintance with Millionaire Life in America, and that I must take mental notes of everything I see and eat, for benefit of Robert and the Women's Institute. Hostess, waiting in the drawing-room, has now gone into mauve chiffon, triple necklace of large uncut amethysts, and at least sixteen amethyst bracelets. Do not think much of mauve chiffon, but am defi-

nitely envious of uncut amethysts, and think to myself that they would look well on me.

Hostess is vivacious—talks to me in a sparkling manner about World's Fair, the South—which I must, at all costs, visit—and California which is, she says, overrated. But not, I urge, the climate? Oh, yes, the climate too. Am disillusioned by this, and think of saying that even Wealth cannot purchase Ideal Climatic Conditions, but this far too reminiscent of *The Fairchild Family*, and is instantly dismissed.

Arthur and Billy come down, and I experience renewed tendency to cling to their society in the midst of so much that is unfamiliar, and reflect that I shall never again blame dear Robin for invariably electing to sit next to his own relations at parties. Guests arrive—agreeable man with bald head comes and talks to me and says that he has been looking forward to meeting me again, and I try, I hope successfully, to conceal fact that I had no idea that we had ever met before.

Dinner follows—table is made of looking-glass, floor has looking-glass let into it and so has ceiling. This arrangement impressive in the extreme, though no doubt more agreeable to some of us than to others. Try to imagine Robert, Our Vicar, and even old Mrs. Blenkinsop in these surroundings, and fail completely.

After dinner retire to quite another drawing-room, and sit next yellow-satin lady with iron-gray hair, who cross-questions me rather severely on my impressions of America and tells me that I don't really like Chicago, as English people never do, but that I shall adore Boston. Am just preparing to contradict her when she spills her coffee all over me. We all scream, and I get to my feet, dripping coffee over no-doubt-invaluable Persian rug, and iron-gray lady, with more presence of mind than regard for truth, exclaims



that I must have done it with my elbow and what a pity it is! Cannot, in the stress of the moment, think of any form of words combining both perfect candor and absolute courtesy, in which to tell her that she is not speaking the truth and that her own clumsiness is entirely responsible for disaster. Iron-gray woman takes the initiative and calls for cold water—hot water no good at all, the colder the better, for coffee.

Extensive sponging follows, and everybody except myself says that I ought to be All Right now—which I know very well only means that they are all thoroughly tired of the subject and wish to stop talking about it.

Remainder of the evening, so far as I am concerned, lacks *entrain*.

*November 6th.* Chicago visit draws to a close, and Pete, after a last solemn warning to me about the importance of visiting bookstores in all the towns I go to, returns to New York, but tells me that we shall meet again somewhere or other very soon. Hope that this is meant as a pleasant augury rather than a threat, but am by no means certain.

*November 7th.* Wake up in the middle of the night and remember that I never asked Robert to water indoor bulbs planted by me in September and left, as usual, in attic. Decide to send him a cable in the morning. Doze again, but wake once more with strong conviction that cable would not be a success as (a) It might give Robert a shock, (b) He would think it extravagant. Decide to write letter about bulbs instead.

Final spate of social activities marks the day, and includes further visit to World's Fair, when I talk a great deal about buying presents for everybody at home, but in the long run buy only Indian silver bracelet with turquoise, for Caroline C. (Will take up no extra room in flat, and am hoping she will wear it, rather than leave it about.)

Telegram is brought in the course of the afternoon, am seized by insane conviction that it must be from Robert to say he *has* watered the bulbs, but this stretching long arm of coincidence altogether too far, and decide instead that Robin has been mortally injured at football. Turns out to be communication of enormous length inviting me to lecture in New York some weeks hence followed by lunch at which many distinguished writers hope to be present which will mean many important contracts also publicity Stop Very cordially Katherine Ellen Blatt. Read all this through at least four times before any of it really sinks in, and then send back brief but, I hope, civil refusal.

Eat final dinner with Arthur and his family—tell them how much I hope they will all come and stay with Robert and myself next summer—and part from them with extreme regret.

Just as I am leaving, another telegram arrives: Please reconsider decision cannot take no for an answer literary luncheon really important function will receive wide press publicity letter follows Stop Very sincerely Katherine Ellen Blatt.

Am a good deal stunned by this and decide to wait a little before answering.

Arthur sees me off at station, and I board immense train on which I appear to be the only passenger. Procedure ensues with which I am rapidly becoming familiar, including unsatisfactory wash in small toilet compartment which only provides revolting little machine that oozes powder instead of decent soap. Reflect how much Robert would dislike this. Thought of Robert is, as usual, too much for me and I retire to sleeping accommodation behind customary green curtains, and prepare to sink into a sentimental reverie, but discover that I am sitting on green paper bag into which porter has put my hat.



## THE CEZANNE MYTH

BY ALBERT STERNER

THROUGH the ages, from time immemorial, the painter's or sculptor's task has been to set down in concrete form with his color, with his chisel and stone, the things of his vision. These things he may see with his eye mechanically and merely attempt to imitate, or he may perceive and digest them through his mind, understanding and shaping them through the devices of art into an invented transcription. Whichever method he uses, he is, however, always doing this in order to communicate something. His main purpose, therefore, must be lucidity. How well or ill the artist's task has been accomplished is a question deducible only after the fact. That fact is his actual creation. With the exception of the rare creative critic dealing with the fundamental principles of art, it is doubtful whether description of any specific painting or sculpture or piece of music can do more than advertise or record its existence. This is so because the actual play, musical score, painting, or sculpture reveals in concrete and final fashion all that there is to know or to see or to hear and, to the earnest spectator or auditor, much more than can ever be expressed about them in any other medium.

No writer can convey to the eye, to take an obvious example, the colors of a sunset as a painter can with a few poignant sweeps of his brush. Still less can he describe the effect of a diminished chord of the seventh on the

ear of the listener or tell him how he must look or listen. On the other hand, neither painter, sculptor, nor composer of music can analyze the character of another human being in its myriad phases and changes, as the playwright or author can with his words—the symbols of a much more conventional and generally accepted language.

The fundamental purpose of the graphic artist in its varied but unlimited development is an attempt to make something which may emotionally move those who are unable to make it themselves. Artists do not work for other artists. Though the language of the painter differs from that of the writer or composer of music, the main purpose of all creative artists is the same one, *viz.* the lucid statement, the concrete presentation, of a *human emotional message* within the technical limitations of his chosen medium.

Cezanne's entire work, considered from this basic purpose of all art—the *emotionally moving power of its intentional human message*—is, with very rare exception, utterly void of interest to the non-artist whose opinion has remained uninfluenced. In its comparative relation to the great art manifestation of the ages, Cezanne's output as subject matter, as *meaningful message*, is negligible. Whether considered from the standpoint of propaganda, comment of any kind on,



or in relation to the community in the period of its making, judged from an intensely human emotional or mood actuation, or appraised on the ground of technical accomplishment, Cezanne's clumsy, painful experiments in painting, his ill-composed, unarranged or overarranged canvases of apples, napkins and jars, his distorted ill-drawn figures, his dull and unselective landscape motives, or the still more puerile and always unrealized attempts at imaginative conceptual composition can make no appeal to the non-artist spectator.

Yet before the work of this simple peasant painter of Aix the cognoscenti, artists, and a horde of specious critics lower their voices and bow the head. To question the validity of the supreme place accorded him, to question Cezanne's fatherhood, so to speak, of the large family of so-called modern painters, is among his reputed progeny and its many propagandists and followers little short of heresy. About this simple peasant painter there has been built up, mainly through the written word, a myth—the Cezanne Myth.

Nevertheless, in all the history of painting and craftsmanship, its inevitable coexistent, a greater bungler cannot be found than Cezanne. The verdict, almost unanimous by his contemporaries during his lifetime, has now been reversed by the high tribunals that be; but despite the later opinion, it is obvious that this sincere, ill-tempered, sometimes vulgar meridional Frenchman never knew how to paint. "*Je ne peux pas réaliser*" was his own woeful plaint during all his lifetime, voiced constantly to his contemporaries and by his most ardent propagandists; nor, except in rare instances, where he leans heavily on this or that earlier master of line for assistance, could Cezanne draw.

Nothing can controvert the statement that to draw or paint well one must be a practiced craftsman and have spent the main part of one's life in acquiring and developing adequate means for the expression of pictorial ideas. There can be no exception to this assertion. All the fine arts are founded in craftsmanship.

The story of the man who was asked if he could play the violin and answered that he did not know, as he had never tried is possibly ridiculous, but serves to make clear my point, which is that the materials and means of an artist must be as completely as possible under his control to enable him to state any theme lucidly. This is, or should be, the fundamental unchangeable belief of the artist. It is based on the inherent human—one might almost say animal—attribute of *wanting to do a thing well*. The untutored primal savage carving his idol was trying with all his energy and his rude tools to do his work well. He was constantly endeavoring with all his might to perfect his means of expression in order to impress, to awe the tribe. The halting, ill-proportioned forms of savage primitive art, the vague, awkward, distorted transcriptions of nature we know are the result of lack of adequate technical methods, the use of crude tools and materials, and unexercised observation.

To-day the exaggerated interest evinced by artists and critics in many of these incoherent carvings or paintings is no more logical (unless for chronological classification) than might be a sudden cult or admiration for all adults who could walk like two-year-old children. The child's instinctive desire is to walk well, but it is not only compelled but encouraged to practice persistently in order that it may ultimately do so.

With its first box of paints the child,

coloring an outlined design, tries in vain to avoid going over the line and eventually finds out that it is still more difficult to lay a transparent clean wash of water-color on the paper. It is, if left to itself, persistent in its efforts, however, to overcome the difficulties of the medium it works with, whether it be paint, words, or notes of the musical scale. This persistence in the orderly enlargement of his means to the highest possible degree distinguishes the professional, the man who devotes the main part of his activities to the development of a special work, from the amateur. The artist abandons this quest for more and more adequate means of expression only when the false aberrations of mode and novelty-seeking propagandists convince him, erroneously, of their uselessness as compared with the greater importance of his *self-expression*.

It is the latter-day encouragement of this cult of riotous *self-expression* without the delimiting demands by the spectator of actual definite *expression* of a theme which opens the way for the mass of unrealized pictorial matter masquerading to-day as Art. Adequate means of presentation, a fine delivery never injure or detract from the content of any message; whereas negligence in the matter of its presentation necessarily does so.

In his book, *The Modern Movement in Art*, Wilenski contends that "No original artist will admit that the criterion of value of his work is the incidence or non-incidence of any special reaction on the part of spectators other than himself." This is a preposterous, an absolutely untenable premise. The judge of the clarity, power, or stimulation of any message is, of course, he to whom the message is delivered.

Psychologically there is no difference between a graphic art message and a language message or speech.

Both messages may be appraised apart from the value and quality of their idea. In all art manifestation there can be no graver affectation than to believe that the presentation part of any art idea is of minor value because of the importance of the idea itself. If playwrights wrote or actors on any stage spoke their lines in the obscure unintelligible manner in which many so-called modern artists present their ideas, audiences would not stay for a moment in the theater. The artist then who thinks he can paint if he tries and bungles something on canvas should no more be tolerated than the mumbling actor or the scraping noises of the violin tyro.

There are two reasons for bungling in the craft part of any creative undertaking: first, inability of the artist to develop and perfect his means; second, intentional lack of attention to such means in order that he may be different, or what is worse, original.

No great painter ever attempted to become consciously original. His originality occurs only by reason of his unrelenting, his sincere endeavor to find adequate means wherewith to set forth his ideas.

Naturally, the first cause to which bungling may mainly be attributed is inability to acquire technical competence. The second reason is generally the one unconsciously or deliberately espoused by the mass of imitators of the primal bungler. In the work of the primal bungler we may find at least a certain naïve sincerity, and some degree of expression, while in the hordes of his imitators we are confronted with nothing but spurious and empty affectation.

That super-mind which is competent to carry both idea and technic in any of the creative arts to the point of their complete fruition, so expressing a final and absolutely clear or definite message is rare. The vague



suggestiveness which exists in all the arts to-day bears best witness to my statement.

## II

It is necessary to consider briefly the influences under which the painter of Aix worked and by which he was affected. Taking into account Cezanne's warped and unbalanced nature—a fact trustworthily recorded by all his biographers—it is easy to understand that he always had wheels in his head. Most of the time he was in a state of mild fanaticism about everything and, while he seemed to take on in a confused manner the tenets of the various movements in painting occurring about him, he never quite digested or assimilated any of them. And yet, like all of us, he culled, perhaps unconsciously, from many sources.

Cezanne, though it is the custom to proclaim him as such, was *not* the father of the so-called modernist movement. It was Courbet, born in 1819, twenty years before Cezanne. Gustave Courbet tired of the academic school of David Lebrun, Gérard Prud'hon; tired of the Napoleonic classic imperialism which drove, perhaps commanded, painters to reproduce outlived Greek and Roman motives; tired of the romantic orientalism and theatricality of Delacroix, great painter though he was, Courbet daringly turned completely face about and painted "The Funeral at Ornans," "The Stone Breakers," "Bonjour M. Courbet," "Allégorie Réelle," splashed and loaded paint on, plastered it heavily with a palette knife, and set a bad technical fashion in the craft of painting which, alas, too often still persists. Courbet painted the people in their shirts and pants with their implements of toil, painted his mistress as she was, naked, in all her splendid animal voluptuousness, as Goya had

done in Spain before him; painted the landscape as green as he saw it. Courbet was the father of so-called modern painting—the first rude realist in the whole history of French painting.

Daumier, great and sane artist, in all this time swerved neither to the right nor to the left but remained an unaffected expresser and was, therefore, like Courbet, the one other very vital influence on the artists to come after him.

Impressionism, founded about 1865–70, a valuable technical movement soon degenerated into an exaggerated cult, content to deny nearly all significant subject matter. Satisfied with realizing the painting of air and light, it was the harbinger of more and more flagrant anarchy.

It was at this period that our American painters began to flock to Paris for instruction—and Paris, with its insidious Gallic tongue in your cheek intellectually, has remained and is still the most influential European School of Art.

Out of the various technical experiments of the Impressionists with their persistent inattention to subject matter, there gradually emerged the theory of so-called "pure painting." Adherents of this fantastic idea were concerned with graphic treatment which, divorced entirely from *associative human ideas*, would present merely *forms*; symbolic forms, which might convey for the spectator the reactions of the artist to some emotional experience—as Wilenski puts it, "an enlarged architectural experience," whatever that may be. Out of this futile belief have occurred as many different forms as there are painters, each artist arbitrarily inventing his own, nearly always unintelligible, language. A veritable Babel of tongues. This state of affairs led gradually to the spawning of the Neo Impressionists, The Cubists,

The Fauves, The Dadaists, Vorticists, Abstractionists, and all the other "ists" and "isms" that have lived feebly and are fast becoming moribund.

The often curious laboratory searchings of these bands with their absurd deformations and distortions put forth to-day in the market place—based on *a priori* formula, scientific mechanical designs, dissections, and analyses—never did nor ever can produce great art.

Separated wilfully from the fundamental drama of life, of human emotional existence, these intellectual, synthetic, and æsthetic manifestations are nearly all obvious affectations dependent upon the ephemeral modes and cults established periodically by pedants or sensation-mongers and, therefore, like all fashions, doomed eventually to oblivion and annihilation.

Despite attempts to enthrone him as an extraordinarily original artist, Cezanne in all his endeavors obviously leaned heavily on Courbet and Dauterive. Delacroix was far too elegant and refined for Cezanne's bourgeois stomach and, though he revered Delacroix, one detects little, if any, of this painter's influence in Cezanne's work. Manet developed his way on the Chinese—he saw Velasquez and Goya in Spain, and was equally too dainty for the peasant of Aix. Gauguin and Van Gogh, Cezanne declared he detested. They too had founded their painting on the realism of Courbet, Gauguin assuming the two-dimensional flatness of the primitives in his South Sea Islands work—though eschewing their fine detail—while the insane Van Gogh with some slight variation of his own used the ever-changing and experimenting technic of the Impressionists with their Virgulism and Pointilisme, mere manners of applying paint. Renoir, sensualist painter, fashioned himself on

Rubens but lacked the great Fleming's power and distinction.

Cezanne sensed the one-sidedness, the superficiality, of the so-called Impressionists. He said he would try to "*faire quelque chose de solide*"—to make something solid out of it. This idea became an obsession with him and caused Cezanne to make things too solid; he made little if any use of the high-keyed, brilliant color which the Impressionists may be said to have invented.

Cezanne was a simple provincial Frenchman, unworldly, a man who no doubt got pleasure above all things by trying to paint. During his entire life he wanted to set down romantic, classic ideas in compositions which were the inventions of his mind and imagination, the stuff that all *great* painting has been based on. But Cezanne never once succeeded in doing this. He had absolutely no imagination. I use the word imagination as denoting the ability to conjure up an image. Try as he would, Cezanne could not devise even in the most elementary fashion a significant compositional design which might express a *pictorial idea*; so he was compelled to paint, to set down the things definitely before his eyes—apples, jars, draperies, actual scenes, or such human beings as would pose for him. All his portraits are painted in the same way as he painted the apples and jars—as *things*, inanimate things. Again and again he returned to his endeavor, to state something pictorially evolved out of himself, but in vain.

By his own repeated avowal and by the results he obtained, Cezanne evidently encountered at all times difficulties in expressing anything at all with his material. This fundamental lack, this inability to master and use his means easily forced him to labor a long time before he arrived at even the semblance of the things before him.



Most often he must have found after hours of patient toil that his painting and drawing were utterly meaningless and chaotic—a mess. It is said that for his portrait of Ambroise Vollard he required one hundred and fifteen sittings, after which he declared that the shirt-front in the picture was pretty good! What did Cezanne do? He scraped out the unsatisfying passages and patched and plastered them over and over again in a vain effort to represent at least fairly the objects before him, or he threw the failures out of the window into his apple trees—canvases that are now exhibited and sold.

In the craft of painting (but especially in oil painting) an uncertain hesitating method is peculiarly inimical to success. There is an intrinsic beauty of pigment which depends preponderantly on a rhythmic flowing application of the actual material. In all great manifestations of painting this virtue, complete and spontaneous marriage of content with the material means of its expression, though not obviously visible, is invariably felt at once by the spectator. Before such pictorial works he is put unconsciously into a state of enjoyment and fascination. His emotional sensuous being is immediately aroused while the intellectual critical faculties are simultaneously subdued under the spell of this mysterious marriage of an idea with its concrete presentment.

The spontaneous creative concept of Cezanne's mind (if he ever had a definite one), even of the simple objects before him, was constantly balked and interrupted by his lack of knowledge and masterly familiarity with his means.

The planning and design of painting is one thing, the decisions and intentions that take place in the artist's mind, during its actual performance, are another. The good painter knows

very well that his materials must be so used as to make them appear finally magnificently spontaneous. The successful accomplishment of this main technical feat of painting is, I believe, one of the most difficult tasks that man can essay. The almost impossible desire of the graphic artist is to allow no moment to elapse between a visual emotion, his conception of a form or color note, and its realization on his canvas or with his clay. If he could, he would breathe and like to see the concrete image appear. He knows how easily the slightest extraneous disturbance injures the living moment of his conception. It may be different with the writer or composer of music whose intrinsic matter is not, perhaps, put in jeopardy by repeated changes. The sheets of paper on which he writes or composes may easily be discarded. Not so with the painter. He paints, if he is intensely himself, half in a trance, with conscious unconsciousness. No scientific formulæ can hope to explain such moments, nor if they could, would explain the magic of great painting. One sweep of a pregnant, passionate brush can tell the story of meaningful form and inscrutable color—and in the next moment of hesitation can destroy it forever. *The matter of the painter matters always.*

Hardly, if ever, did Cezanne succeed in conveying a message in such an exciting form. His painting is hard, ugly, tortured, built together clumsily, and left nearly always without that vital spontaneity which, like the creation of life itself, is an inevitable attribute of all fine art execution.

If we consider the portrait canvases of Cezanne, it is difficult to find any finite characterization of a human being firmly realized and set down from the premise of deep feeling and comprehensive understanding; neither realization of the bodily aspect nor

the more important psychologic side of his portrait subjects is apparent.

In the many portraits of himself, his wife, Choquet, Vollard, Geoffroy, hampered as he was by his technical inability, it was impossible for him to give adequate attention to the inner psychic meaning, the mysterious enigma of life, to fasten down the communicated intelligence of his subject. Much better did he fare with certain renditions of peasants whose stolid animalism allowed him to ignore subliminal consciousness and wrestle indefinitely with his paint problem.

Roger Fry in his volume, *Cezanne, A Study of His Development*, says, "Still, on the whole the main preoccupation of Cezanne's youth was along the more ambitious lines of poetical inventions. He thought of himself as a visionary." Yet it is in these constantly recurring invented compositions, mostly of an erotic nature, that the greatest failures of Cezanne as an artist may be traced. Even when he plundered the main lines of the composition of these projects from the masters of the past, from Rubens, Poussin, Courbet, Daumier, the absurdly unintelligible blotches and lines which he set down to represent the nude female figures of his inhibited eroticism fail in every instance to convey his tortured idea—any idea—to the spectator.

Every artist of importance through all times has in the heat of his conception set down a few poignant lines to insure its permanence. However cursory these may be, his acquired habit and the knowledge of forms and observed objects enable even mediocre artists to make an intelligible statement. Cezanne in no instance did this. In despair he was finally forced to renounce any exercise of the imagination, and retired into the far less important domain of mere representation. And even in these exercises Ce-

zanne in most instances failed to leave his canvases in a state of luring artistry. He was unable to invest actual representation with the mystery by which great artists sometimes succeed in distinguishing it.

What then remains is the unflagging honest sincerity of the painter of Aix about which there can be no doubt. But are sincerity and honesty the only attributes which distinguish the great artist from those who faithfully toil? No! Much more is required of the artist. Among his qualities should certainly be the power to exalt. He must be in the great sense dramatic. He must have strength, but with grace and charm, and certainly fine craftsmanship wherewith to set forth his message of character and beauty.

The preponderant number of *natures mortes*—dead natures, as the French aptly call them—the mass of apples and crooked jars which constitute so important a part of Cezanne's *œuvre*, inanimate objects, surely offer no emotional content for the artist to deal with. They may be excellent matter for the exercises of his craft and have been used as such by all painters. True, the older masters did contrive a faint purposefulness in these still-life paintings by grouping together objects of the chase, fruits, flowers, kitchen stuff, in a certain co-ordinate fashion. As pictorial subject matter they are trivial and, though they may by their technical accomplishment interest the artist spectator, they are hardly worthwhile message to the layman.

Into Cezanne's work his eulogists constantly read abstruse meanings in the domain of geometry, plasticity, dimensions, volume, cones, and cylinders. All these underlying essentials of the grammar of art which concern none but the maker of it have been used a thousand times before in all the phases of great painting we know. The subtle degree of their hiding al-



ways denotes great work, but even in these exercises of Cezanne, with their technical blundering, we are confronted at every turn with the blatant presence of his means. We are left then in most cases with neither wonderful message nor adequate presentation.

The great painter Rubens, perhaps the most consummate craftsman the world has known, would surely have smiled at the work of Cezanne and bade him go into some studio to learn at least the rudiments of his chosen profession. I believe that Cezanne would have followed his advice had he realized that painting and its technical properties can be taught and learned, transmitted from master to pupil as it was in former days in the shops of the painters. A technic was acquired in the youthful time of the apprentice so that he might have adequate means at his command wherewith later to *express* his ideas of life as he gathered them with experience and maturity when he became a master. He was taught to make grounds of gesso, grind colors and know their properties, draw and paint well, even in the way of his masters. These methods led to great meaningful expression as the chief attribute of painting.

But to-day it is the fashion to deify and extol the lack of these fundamental, inevitable principles in all the arts. It is decreed that competent technic is of no account, that an intrinsic beauty of paint on a canvas (there are many kinds) is not of importance, that absurd distortions and deformations are the unlimited privilege of the painter, that drawing as it has been known through the ages is useless, that color values build form, that masterly composition is negligible, that only *self-expression*—the peculiar and particular idiosyncrasy of the artist—is worth while. It is in this belief that the men,

the art critics, that Meier-Graefe, Roger Fry, Klingsor, Clive Bell, Riviere, etc., have written, have espoused the Cezanne cause and builded the *Cezanne Myth*. It is in this belief that the horde of young painters have followed in Cezanne's bungling footsteps and put forth their puerile endeavors.

### III

Throughout the whole history of painting periodical reactions have constantly occurred. These are mainly concerned with technical methods of statement. We find schools and cults overlapping, reverting to the remote past for means wherewith to revivify outworn theories and manners. The Pre-Raphaelites in England—a band of painters who attempted to imitate the manner of the artists before Raphael—may serve as an example. Nothing very new came out of this movement. The painfully conscious application of meticulous attention to realistic detail was after all only a hybrid wedding of Anglo-Saxon conception with pseudo-Italian technic.

The French painter, Matisse, rummaged obviously among the Persians and Egyptians for his "little sensation," using the all-over arabesque of the antique designs to "*épater le publique*." His heads and figures with their huge heavily outlined eyes and bodies consciously distorted and deformed are all derivative. One particularly striking source of his plundering is observed in the portrait of a man from a sarcophagus unearthed at Fayoum in 400 B.C. and its strong resemblance to the manner of his well-known self-portrait. In all times, however, the genius has been able—despite his traditional knowledge—by the greatness of his theme and its inevitable marriage with the means of its presenting, by the individual passionate revelation of his dynamic life message, to produce work which marks

him for immortality. These are the rare men of Art. Cezanne was not one of them.

Though the great hue and cry of the so-called modernist is for subordinate technic—which may not interfere with his *pure enlarged emotional experience*, as Wilenski states it—his unalloyed *self-expression*, we find him, nevertheless, searching diligently for novel means, for they also must be *pure*. Once he has found these new technical fads he is like a child, pleased with his new toy, and takes great joy in inflicting its various motions and peculiarities on the family. Forgotten, the vital human message. The mechanical tin drummer boy is bright and hard with a red coat and blue trousers and yellow plume, and he drums and drums when he is wound up, drums the same hard notes on his tin drum. Then the drummer boy is run down. The child is tired of his drummer boy and must seek a new contraption to amuse himself and the more weary family.

It is in this spirit that the propagandists have made of Cezanne their toy, in the spirit of a manufactured novelty.

In the book *Cezanne* by the German critic, Meier-Graefe, we find allusions to the age in which Cezanne painted—to our materialism which Cezanne transforms, to the Gothic influence, to the architecture of his color, to his building for an age without temples—all are so many transcendental words, much more concerned with Gothic and Germanic race questions, with the psychology of fanatic, originality-seeking pioneers and their tortured martyred gropings and failures than with the actual quality of Cezanne's art. Meier-Graefe's pseudo-scientific probings into obscure motives invented by himself for something to write about are completely foreign to and absent from Cezanne's experiments, as most im-

puted motives are from any painter's work, for that matter.

Here is an actual passage from Meier-Graefe's panegyric on Cezanne:

He was dangerously overwrought, naïve to the point of being ludicrous, and withal incalculable. What he really wanted remained vague, and his pictures did not contribute to supply enlightenment; awkward deformations painted from memory on principle, directed against nature, in opposition to every form of tradition. All that was evident.

From Roger Fry I append the following obscure and meaningless words—a description of one of the interminable still-lives:

Thus in the "Still-life with a Cineraria" we find an intensely personal conception of composition and one that is utterly at variance with his earlier practice. It may be expressed by saying that it indicates a return to Poussin, a renunciation of Delacroix and his Baroque antecedents. Poussin pushed his intense feeling for balance so far that he habitually divided his compositions by a marked central line or gap—as it were a *cæsura* in the line. And here we find Cezanne, probably quite unconsciously, doing the same thing, by placing the handle of the drawer, the dish of cherries, and the large pot one above the other on the center line. We find him, too, accepting the utmost parallelism of the objects to the picture plane. Thus, in direct opposition to all Baroque ideas, with an almost exaggerated return to the most primitive practice, he arranges the table exactly in the middle and so as to be seen at right-angles, parallel, that is, to the picture plane. Elsewhere we find strongly accented verticals. This extremely rigid architecture is only broken by the repeated diagonals of the canvas stretcher on the floor and the recession of the room to the left; this is balanced by the sharper diagonal of the ladle in the pot and the edge of the napkin as it falls over the table. This architectural rigour and this primitive simplicity in the angle of approach, reveals the essence of Cezanne's conception. Everything here reinforces the idea of gravity, density and resistance. In relation to this may be considered the phrase, reported by M. Joachim Gasquet: "Everything we see is dispersed and disappears."



Nature is always the same, but nothing remains of it, nothing of what we see."

Or again:

We have to recognize his heroic, his almost contemptuous candour, and the desperate sincerity of his work. We cannot for a moment suspect him of wishing to impose on us an image which was not his own. The most fantastic personages, the most incongruous *mises en scène* always represent a reality which he is seeking to realize and express. Even under the exacting conditions posed for him on the one hand by his insatiable ambition to rival the masterpieces of the seventeenth century, to be grandiose and impressive, and on the other hand by his want of verisimilitude, he never covers himself by a trick. He would rather appear absurd than show a want of loyalty to his art. Everything is frank to a fault, and audaciously honest.

One of Cezanne's most ardent expositors, Ambroise Vollard, in conversation with the great Zola, boyhood friend of Cezanne, and later estranged from him, remarks, "But Cezanne was a furious worker and besides he had the imagination of a poet," to which Zola replies, "My dear fellow, Cezanne had the spark, but if he had the genius for the making of a great painter he had not the talent to become one. He indulged too deeply in his dreams—dreams which were never accomplished. By his own avowals he became the nursling of his illusions."

Vollard also tells us that Cezanne thought Gauguin had stolen his little sensation. "I have a little sensation but I cannot succeed in expressing it. I am as one who possesses a gold piece without knowing how to use it," said Cezanne.

#### IV

In 1905, a year before Cezanne died, Charles Morice in his "Inquiry on the Tendencies of Plastic Arts," published in the *Mercure de France* a questionnaire in which he asked several prominent artists of the time—What do you

make of Cezanne? The following statements ensued:

- 1 Cezanne—A fine fruit gone rotten.
- 2 I would never pay six thousand francs for three wooly apples on a dirty plate.
- 3 Cezanne has a fine temperament but one finds no conscious development of it.
- 4 As to Cezanne, I have nothing to say and think less as I am not charged with the sale of his work.
- 5 I am seduced by Cezanne's sincerity but his gaucherie astonishes me.

Throughout the writings of all Cezanne's eulogists numberless passages may be found similar in character to those I have just quoted. It is hardly comprehensible, though thoroughly evident that the inability and fumbings of the painter of Aix, his personal idiosyncrasies, the obscurity and abuse which he suffered are the very factors which these writers all use to build upon. It is on them that ironically enough they have built the Cezanne Myth.

And then there is the mass of associative anecdotal propaganda, the personality mongering which must be relegated to oblivion if any just appraisal of Cezanne and his disciples, or of any other artist for that matter, may be made. It is necessary to do away with the limelight which in our day is unsparingly shed on the personal peculiarities of these artists, on their vices or their lives of joy or misery—this one drinking too much, that one insane to the point of cutting off his own ear and sending it as a present to the brothel; another needing the South Sea Islands as a stimulus to a jaded dissipated vitality. All these vagaries, made easy for the lazy reader and fiction-seeking layman, have nothing whatever to do with the appraisal of any man's art. It is the actual result which is to be taken solely into consideration—a task if it is justly done for a superman.

Insidiously actuated by Cezanne's

commercial propagandists, these writers have clothed the painter and his victimized progeny—the Braques, the Rouaults, the Dufys, the Legers, the Rousseaus, to mention but a few of the most flagrant anarchists—with the mantle of authority which in rare cases belongs to them. For all these writers the least novelty and the most absurd statements in paint pass for fundamental originality. The slightest murmur of foggy self-expression is mystery to be cherished and widely exhibited. Does the layman not understand? What matter? He is a Philistine, let him learn. With such astute, if false, publicity, the obscure may be easily pushed into the center of the stage, into the glare of the limelight.

Yet the just appraisal of any man's achievement is necessarily of vast importance. It may be said that time deals out finally apt decisions discarding that which is ephemeral and placing its wreath on that which is to be kept and cherished. But in our democracy, with its lack of standards, its riotous individualism, its insidious publicity machinery influencing at every turn indiscriminate mass opinion, it is incumbent now and then to put a check on these false values that bewilder the public by their insincerity. This public, if treated more fairly, more seriously, might gradually emerge and become conscious of its cultural needs—might be glad if it knew that the teachings it sought were based on a fine and honest foundation.

It is well to note that this chaos in the arts is, in comparison with Art's long history, of very recent growth. It is pardonable, therefore, if those engaged in any particular craft seek out the causes and try to inculcate more order into the conditions in the hope of securing finer results.

One of the chief causes of the purposelessness in art is the frequently

careless appraisal of it in any form, by the writers who fail for one reason or the other in the austerity of their statements, in their demand on themselves for deeper standards of judgment of the contemporary output. That there is a great over-production to-day in all the arts is undeniable. That fact should make it doubly needful to separate definitely and with authority the sheep from the goats.

This then is the plea which is made, a plea not against the sincere simple painter of Aix and his lifelong bungleings, but against those who have sought by insidious methods to set him in a place which is unwarranted measured by his achievement, conceptual or technical. By such spurious methods not only the layman suffers, but perhaps the more important young art student is led unconsciously into methods which leave him struggling in the bypaths, whence he must turn back again and again to find the great high-road of the tradition of all art with its ever-recurring asperities to be patiently overcome.

The cold mechanistic, pseudo-scientific manifestations in the arts that have invaded the great centers of the world may reflect the restless reconstructive social phase we are experiencing but cannot, do not, stem in any degree the sordid commonplace that necessarily accompanies such social upheaval. These changes are concerned with the utilitarian needs and desires of the masses.

Art stands above political propaganda. In all periods the minor artist has made bald realistic reports of the actualities. They are useful and valuable documents. They belong to History.

Only the poet creates great art, the art that encompasses the spirit of the mysterious enigma of life—bearing order and serenity into the passing chaos.





## PAN AMERICANISM, NEW STYLE?

BY HUBERT HERRING

PAN AMERICANISM is a trade term made in the United States. It means buy from us. Conversely, it means don't buy from England. Pan Americanism is an article of faith. It proclaims that those who happen to live in this hemisphere should love one another, and must buy one another's pots and pans. It is freely used at dinners for visiting Argentines and Peruvians, sponsored by sales managers of cable companies, shipping interests, and automobile concerns. It is the custom at these dinners to have the twenty-one flags of the free and more or less sovereign republics of America draped together over the speakers' table and several speeches in which the names of Simon Bolivar and George Washington are gracefully coupled. These dinners are held with sufficient frequency to keep the Pan American article of faith glowing warmly in the souls of several hundred New Yorkers who have goods to sell to the Latin Americans, and of an almost equal number of Latin Americans resident in New York who are there to sell their goods.

It was not always thus. Another kind of Pan Americanism was hopelessly envisaged during the second decade of the nineteenth century, in that chivalrous period when the peoples of America were severing their ties with the Old World. Simon Bolivar was its prophet. He had set free the people of a great empire, but was not content. Ranging restlessly over his empire, wrestling with rival chieftains to pre-

vent the division of the empire into petty struggling states—and failing—he still had time to grow lyrical over the New World, free from the hold of the Old, eternally bound together in spiritual unity and dedicated to perpetual peace and the ways of democracy.

It was Simon Bolivar who invented Pan Americanism, not the advertising manager of All America Cables. He struggled chivalrously to teach the rest of us about it. He confidently believed that we Americans, living in that expanse which stretches out from Hudson Bay to the Strait of Magellan, could be caught up in a great continental unity, that we would espouse a warm-hearted Pan Americanism which would bind all together and prevent our duplicating the stupidities and hates of other continents. It was a generous dream. There would be no spears and swords in America. Bolivar summoned a conference of all the American states to make his dream come true. It met in Panama in 1826, with the representatives of six states in attendance. The United States did not participate. The Pan Americanism of Simon Bolivar died a-borning.

That deadness of Pan Americanism is readily explained by two facts which stand out in nineteenth-century history. First of all, the Latin Americans killed it. Freed from Spain, they failed to act like angels of peace and blessed concord, and promptly proceeded to act like Europeans. Bolivar's empire broke up in short order.

and Bolivians and Peruvians and Colombians and Venezuelans and Ecuadorians learned to despise one another roundly. The nineteenth-century marked a running fight in which everyone took a turn. Some of the fights are still on. Bolivia, denied access to the Pacific, now strikes desperately at Paraguay for access to the Atlantic. Peru and Colombia threaten to cut each other's throats in the head waters of the Amazon. There is a monumental Christ high in the Andes and ample gun emplacements hard by.

In the second place, the United States killed Pan Americanism. We expanded. At each successive step in our expansion the fear of us was deepened. We bought Florida and Louisiana. We took Texas and California. We recognized Panama. We fought Spain, annexed Puerto Rico and the Philippines, and put Cuba in escrow. We annoyed Haiti and Santo Domingo and Nicaragua. We prodded Mexico. At each flick of our imperialistic whip a cry of rage went up from the South. The literary sons of Bolivar sprang into action and turned out books and tracts depicting the deadliness of *El Imperialismo Yanqui*. Outcry became a regular business in Latin America. Poets, essayists, novelists accepted it as a mission. They had justification, and they more than improved upon their opportunity. The only weakness in their argument is that they almost unanimously forgot to note that some of the governments under which they toiled showed evidence of being fully as imperialistic as the United States, if not so successful. It is significant, for example, to remember that Argentina, which has produced the greatest volume of outcry, is the nation whose itching fingers are soundly feared by all of her neighbors. We may have our Cuba, but Argentina has her Paraguay. However, without pausing for the pot to call the kettle black, the fact

remains that we too killed Bolivar's Pan Americanism. It has become an item in history and a pleasant memory.

An attempt to breathe life into dead Pan Americanism was made in 1889. Secretary of State James G. Blaine made the momentous discovery that South America was buying its sewing machines and silver spoons from Great Britain. This obviously would not do. The ungrateful Latin Americans must buy from us. Blaine went into deep seclusion in the dull buried vaults of the State Department and came out with the triumphant remedy—Pan Americanism. Swiftly the nations were bidden to the feast. The first international conference of the American states was scheduled to meet in Washington in 1889. Blaine's proposal had the virtue of honesty. There were no lyrics. The American nations were invited to talk trade.

## II

This then is the clinical record of official Pan Americanism. Conceived of the spirit, it was born of the flesh. The gestation period was a full sixty years. Bolivar's angel of peace turned out to be a drummer for sewing machines.

Official Pan Americanism, launched in 1889, moved on during these forty-four years pleasantly and expensively. The six conferences held in Washington, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Mexico City, Santiago de Chile, and Havana were carried through with circumspect good taste and scrupulous regard to protocol. The right people always sat at the right tables. Noisy people representing nations with grievances were usually silenced. Little was done, but always with exquisite regard to the traditions. Conventions on trade procedure, postal regulations, and the interchange of college catalogues were drawn up, and some of



them have been ratified by the respective states. Peace pacts and treaties on conciliation and arbitration were launched, and again some nations have affixed their seals. At each session there were enlivening discussions of a projected Columbus Memorial Light-house to be erected on the coast of Santo Domingo, but this project has not reached the blueprint stage. Much money was spent on transportation and champagne, much speechmaking was done, a great many statesmen enjoyed trips to hitherto unvisited capitals. During this period the nations of the Americas have had their upturns and downturns of business. Also, during this period the trade of the United States with her neighbors has tended to decline, and England has gradually won a decisive lead. One substantial deposit has been made by these years of official Pan Americanism. Its energy has been crystallized in the organization of the Pan American Union, with its seat in Washington, housed in a building of grace and distinction contributed by Andrew Carnegie, who always wistfully sought peace but never managed to do much about it.

The Seventh Pan American Conference was formally scheduled to meet in Montevideo in December of last year. The announcement provoked no shout of joy. The attitudes of governments and press, north and south of Key West, were a blend of resignation and fatigue. Neither hope nor faith was entertained. Almost all would have been content with a postponement for one year or for ten. International conferences were in bad odor. There was a widespread conviction that of all useless international conferences Pan American conferences stood first. But habit is strong, the invitation went out, and the twenty-one nations were urged to send their delegates. All save Costa Rica complied. That pocket republic decided to con-

serve its junket fund for a happier season. With few exceptions, delegations were not appointed until the last possible moment. Little preparation and preliminary study was made by the nations concerned. Mexico alone gave months of thought and planning.

The atmosphere of Montevideo during the first days of December was melancholy. Delegates settled down unhappily in the fly-infested hotels of the city and watched the boats sailing for happier ports. Most of them would have been happy to be aboard, bound for home or Paris. The mood of the delegates was interpreted by the editorials which appeared in the newspapers of Buenos Aires. It was a monotonous refrain: We might as well start home.

Uruguay furnished a tragi-comic setting. The redoubtable President Gabriel Terra, who rules that little republic by ukase and bayonet, would have countermanded the invitation so generously given if he had been able. It was obvious from the beginning that he heartily wished the whole thing over. All of the gold and marble of the Legislative Palace could not conceal the fact that Dr. Terra sits none too securely upon his throne. Communists and socialists and peace disturbers of all breeds are bent upon sending him packing. Their pronouncements upon the sins of Terra were regularly distributed to all delegates. The word went out on the first day of the conference that the Republic of Uruguay would be grateful if the visitors would adjourn by Christmas. Dr. Terra's daily prayer, doubtless inspired by his sense of hospitality, was that the conference might quit before the shooting began.

Dr. Terra is not the only dictator in Latin America. His tribulations were in the foreground, but the backdrops bore the superscriptions of those other valiant generals who are to-day

ruling in the majority of the Latin American nations without benefit of parliament or constitution. Their shadows fell across the conference. They stood behind the men whom they had sent to the conference and made unreal the sentiments so generously and fully expressed. These dictators are of various orders of intensity and brilliancy. There is General Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, whose great friend Gerardo Machado is on leave. Trujillo emulates his friend's example but seems to have overlooked the full moral of the tale. There is General Gomez of Venezuela, who sees to it that his country is always out of debt and that his enemies are all in jail. There is President Justo of Argentina, and President Alessandri of Chile, each of whom won power and holds it because of the solid backing of the few thousand landowners in those feudal realms. There is President Vargas of Brazil, whose tenuous hold may be loosed at any minute, and for whom it is possible to find neither enthusiasm nor excuse. There is President Benavides of Peru, who alternately inclines toward kindness and firmness, and who knows perfectly well that it is only a matter of weeks or months before the Apristas will brush him aside. These are the more conspicuous of the dictators, and they have their imitators in the pocket nations of Central America. Dictatorship is the rule in Latin America. Constitutions are honored in the breach.

The picture of Montevideo was blurred by the dictators. They rendered colorless and meaningless many of the delegations which sat in the half-circle of the Uruguayan senate chamber. Nevertheless, certain delegations stood out and gave color to the sessions.

There were the Haitians for example. The one Negro republic of the hemisphere was represented by five men who came in peaceful mood.

They had been picked for that purpose by President Stenio Vincent, who having been elected as a stern defender of Haiti's clipped rights, has settled down into a peaceful cultivator of the good graces of Washington. The more energetic Haitians, who bitterly denounce the agreement signed last August by the Haitian foreign minister and the American minister, with its provision for the extension of American financial control until the last red penny is paid in 1952, were not appointed as members of the delegation to Montevideo. The five representatives were picked on the basis of their safety. They had been ordered not to offend. But the urge to liberty is strong, and the salt air breathed between Port-au-Prince and Montevideo had set them up and fight was in their veins. They had conferred with Mr. Cordell Hull on that long trip. He had listened with sympathy and with understanding. Obviously, he had not realized the justice that is meted out to little peoples by those little men who for years have been buried from public gaze in the deep vaults of the State Department. Hull became the Haitians' ally. A memorandum was drawn up which seemed to promise quick relief. The Haitians showed this to me. They saw their country relieved not only of all marines but of all financial overlords as well. Their happiness was shortlived. The press despatches brought word that President Roosevelt had definitely denied the Haitian petition. The agreement signed on August 7th was to stand. The Haitian delegation at Montevideo, bewildered but undaunted, decided to appeal to the conference for sympathy. They took refuge in speech making, but it was obvious that no one really cared what Haitians thought or demanded. They are black. They speak French. There was one man



who did care—Cordell Hull—but the suspicion grew that he had again been repudiated by Washington. In the meantime the Haitians made speeches in French which were not interpreted into Spanish.

There were the Cubans. Dr. Grau San Martin, president by grace of the privates and students, unrecognized by Washington, sent a delegation to state Cuba's case against the government of the United States. This delegation was not picked for sweet reasonableness. Grau and his aides were persuaded that Sumner Welles was in Cuba representing the old imperialism concerned for the collection of the last dollar of debt and the protection of the last vestige of privilege. Grau was persuaded that the New Deal was an empty promise, and that Washington, in spite of all disclaimers, was intent upon unseating him. He scoffed at the protestations of Washington that there had been no intervention and pointed to the line of battleships and to the refusal to accord his government recognition as final proof of the dishonesty of these claims. Cuba hoped for a chorus of sympathy from her sister republics of Spanish blood. She expected that Latin American unity would be triumphantly demonstrated and that the peoples who shared the language of Cervantes would join in defying the aggression of the United States. This was the hope. The delegation was led by Angel Giraudy, Grau's minister of labor, a bleak windswept figure of a man, glowing with apostolic fury. Associated with him was Herminio Portel Vilá, one of the ablest and most devoted of the younger professors in the University of Havana. The most memorable hours in the conference centered in the appeals of these two men. They injected passion and reality into a conference which had been planned upon the basis of quiet, safety, and decorum.

The delegates of the nations did not respond to Cuba's appeal. Giraudy and Portel Vilá brought word of the fall of dictators, of the struggle for radical reforms in government and the economic order. Their talk smacked of revolution and disorder. These were not the notes to bring happiness to dictators or the appointees of dictators. The end of Machado was not good news to Venezuela's Gomez, nor was the division of lands among the poor a pleasant thought to Justo and Alessandri. The appeals of Giraudy were greeted with contemptuous smiles and perfunctory applause. The comic footnote was added by the shifty-eyed and sole representative of the Dominican Trujillo, who hurried back and forth doing his best to block the Cubans' right to speak, and offering his services to the American delegation in silencing them. Mr. Hull did not accept the proffered help.

There were the Argentines. Their country represented a sore point in our inter-American relations. They have not loved us overmuch. They have suspected us, and they have voiced their suspicions for many years. Buenos Aires has for a long time been the center from which has radiated the most virulent criticism of the United States. The Argentines have much to say about our money madness, our imperialistic lust. I suspect that Argentines are well equipped to appraise these traits in us, for of all the South Americans they most resemble us. Their distrust bears strong evidence of being the sort which springs up between blood kin. The delegation of Argentina was headed by Carlos Saavedra Lamas, the brilliant and versatile minister of foreign affairs. He quickly emerged as the most prominent of the Latin American spokesmen. He spoke upon every subject, and always with assurance and full-rounded ease. He never forgot that

he was the spokesman for the nation which aspires to the domination of South America. He has studied the ways of statesmen, his bearing suggests that he has practiced statesmanship before the glass. His speech betrayed that he always was aware of the audience at home on the other side of the Rio de la Plata; at times his manner revealed the consciousness that even posterity was cocking an eager ear in his direction.

There were the Mexicans. Mexico took the conference with a seriousness which no other nation accorded it. Her facile foreign minister, Dr. Puig Casauranc, assembled a group of competent economists and statisticians in Mexico, and they produced a series of memoranda embodying proposals for the study of tariffs, debts, currency, and trade agreements. Puig is a delightful combination of dilettante, astute politician, and sober patriot. He believes that Mexico is called to lead in Latin American affairs. He envisages an Ibero-American alliance which will give the peoples of Latin America a better bargaining position with the United States. He carried this message to the capitals of the West Coast and on over to the court of Justo and Saavedra Lamas. He was given great receptions but his proposals were received with scant enthusiasm. Argentina, in particular, takes little interest in the idea of Mexico's assuming a position of leadership. Mexico, they say in Argentina, is an Indian country, and what spiritual traffic can there be between Whites and Indians? This line of reasoning was carried over into the conference at Montevideo. The Argentines did not say it, but they meant, what do Indians know about economics? Nevertheless, Puig presented his proposals with grace and convincing argument, and they were brushed aside, postponed, committed to a future conference. But Mexico

made its impression upon the conference. Puig's addresses were among the ablest delivered, and the conviction grew that the future of any realistic Pan Americanism depends fully as much upon the Mexican as upon the Argentine.

There were the Americans. The American delegation was unimpressive and disappointing. There was no such galaxy of eminence and importance as had marked our delegation to the sixth conference in Havana. The six delegates sent to Montevideo seem to have been picked to maintain our amateur status. The pattern was cut by Mr. Cordell Hull. Mr. Hull came to Montevideo fresh from the humiliations of London. There he had his notables, brave speech-making senators forever electioneering from London rooftops. He had his Moley. He had his repudiations from Washington. The following specifications governed the selection of the Montevideo delegation: no notables, no speechmakers, no Moleys. There was Alexander Weddell, our Ambassador to Argentina, whose previous record includes a term as consul-general in Mexico and sizeable contributions to the Roosevelt campaign funds. There was Spruille Braden, who had dug copper in Chile and acquired a rough and ready knowledge of economics and Latin American psychology along the way. Both stood him in good stead in Montevideo and made his contribution valuable. Butler Wright, minister to Uruguay, proved an indefatigable and resourceful manager of the delegation. Sophonisba Breckenridge, social worker and teacher, while almost totally without knowledge of the intricacies of inter-American problems, contributed the leaven of her grace and socially sensitive attitude. J. Reuben Clark, former Ambassador to Mexico, was the one member who knew the back-



grounds and foregrounds of our Latin American diplomacy. Cordell Hull was the chairman.

Cordell Hull was the American delegation. The gaunt, gray Tennessean, slumped down in his chair, seemed miles away from the business under discussion. Yet everything which happened at Montevideo happened because of Cordell Hull. His dominance of the conference was as real as was Charles Evans Hughes' at Havana, but the reasons were as different as are the two men. Hughes knew everything about the intricacies of inter-American relations; Hull little. Hughes had a program; Hull seemed to have none. Hughes moved with the assurance of an accepted statesman; Hull with the reticence and the faltering accent of a man who is feeling his way. Hughes dominated Havana and left a trail of bitterness and recrimination. Hull dominated Montevideo and left an almost unanimous body of loyal friends.

The amateur status of the American delegation was personalized and thrown into relief in Mr. Hull. He pretended to no profound knowledge of the issues at stake. He had read the books with which his trunk was packed, but by background and personality he is set off from the Latin American by a great gulf. The exuberance of the Latin American spokesman stands out in vivid contrast to the austerity and spareness of Mr. Hull. The Latin American is a born orator, whose sentences are always packed with passion and color. Not so Cordell Hull. He has an Anglo-Saxon fondness for few words, stripped of adornment. His delivery is halting. He never spoke, as Charles Evans Hughes could do so well, with the air of a pro-consul out to survey his far-flung dominions. This was as well, for the Latin Americans have grown weary of our pro-consuls.

### III

The great majority of the delegations arrived without programs and without proposals. Four nations, however, early revealed their ambitions and their hopes. Cuba was determined to press for a clear and definitive statement on the sovereignty of states and for the outlawing of intervention. Argentina hoped for ratification of the anti-war pact sponsored and launched by her. Mexico came with an elaborate program for economic action. The United States, it appeared as the days went on, hoped for several things: a beginning in economic co-operation for the furtherance of trade, the end of war in the Chaco, the strengthening of the peace machinery of the hemisphere, and in general, the improvement of North American relations with all Latin American peoples, and especially with Argentina. These emphases set the pace and determined the course of the conference.

The Chaco War was the first test of the conference's mettle. That particular bit of fratricide was just over the horizon from the city of Montevideo. It stuck like a burr in the side of everyone at the conference. Cordell Hull, on the steamer from New York, was advised by some of the little men from the State Department that the Chaco must not be touched, that the American delegation would burn its fingers in that tinder blaze. Mr. Hull decided that if nothing was said or done about the Chaco the conference would prove empty and futile. Upon arrival in Montevideo he made personal calls upon the heads of all the delegations, making personal and moving appeals for the ending of that idiotic war. This move, quite unexpected and quite outside the limits of ordinary Pan American procedure, gave Mr. Hull a place of moral leadership which he maintained throughout.

The truce which was finally reached was a tribute to his appeals. The breakdown of that truce is evidence that some of the tall talking at Montevideo was without substance.

One of the most sensitive spots in inter-American strategy was that of the peace pacts and covenants which have been solemnly launched and blithely forgotten. The chief offender was Argentina, which had failed to ratify any of the pacts for preserving peace—the Gondra pact, the conciliation and arbitration agreements of Washington, and the Kellogg-Briand pact. Argentina must be settled with if the peace machinery of Pan America were to be given the semblance of life. Not least of the factors was the pact of his own that Saavedra Lamas of Argentina wished the United States to support. The Argentine anti-war pact was more than a pact. It was a banner. It bore the name of Argentina. It proclaimed the fact that Argentina is also a nation among the nations. More than that, it carried the name of Saavedra Lamas. Statesmen give their names to pacts—Kellogg and Briand for example. Saavedra Lamas was determined to have his pact.

Certain members of the American delegation would have held back, but not Mr. Hull. Mr. Hull went to Mr. Saavedra Lamas and talked things over. It was an eminently satisfactory talk. The discussion came to the floor of the conference. The delegates vied with one another in expressing their admiration for the statesmanship of Mr. Saavedra Lamas. That gentleman modestly disclaimed all credit, and announced that Argentina had turned over a new leaf in its international record, and as evidence, announced that his government proposed to ratify the Gondra pact, the Washington conciliation and arbitration agreements, and, for good measure, the Kellogg-Briand pact. Mr. Hull, for

the American delegation, announced the American adherence to the Argentine pact. Swiftly the delegates of other nations promised the adherence of their governments.

The alliance thus entered into by the premiers of the United States and of Argentina was no idle and passing one. Throughout the conference Argentina betrayed its willingness and eagerness to work with the empire of the north. In fact, Argentina showed a willingness to anticipate the wishes of their new-found friend, and would have choked off Cuba's full-throated eloquence had not Cordell Hull revealed his Jeffersonian enthusiasm for freedom of speech. When Mexico proposed to remake the economics of the hemisphere and offered blueprints for the task, Argentina relieved the United States of the onus of opposition.

Thus came to pass the rapprochement between Argentina and the United States, thanks to the vanity of Saavedra Lamas and the political sagacity of Cordell Hull. Far be it from any casual onlooker to question the value of any segment of peace which finds lodgment between nations. However, there are some who question how much significance can be attached to a rapprochement with a government which stands in the position of the present ruling group in Buenos Aires. Argentina is a land of great ranches, owned by a few thousand families. The present dictator, President Justo, and his right-hand man, Saavedra Lamas, represent those families. The country boils. The present regime cannot last. The inevitable question persists—Have we made progress in a rapprochement with the real Argentina?

A different footnote must be added in which the question must be raised, Who is responsible for the failure of the truce between Bolivia and Paraguay? Paraguay was in the position



to make that truce stick, and she did not. Her reasons are obvious: she had the advantages on her side, and Bolivian arms showed signs of breaking. Paraguay willed that the war continue, but the long finger of suspicion reaches Argentina, for Argentina plays the tune to which Paraguay dances. The impolite question will not down. Mr. Saavedra Lamas, with all of your joy in your anti-war pact, why did you not make peace in the Chaco?

The discussion of economic questions had been explicitly banned by President Roosevelt. It would not be downed. Mexico, with a realism which does her credit, insisted that an international conference in which debts and trade barriers and currency control were not mentioned would be futile and meaningless. Mexico's proposals were referred to a special economic conference to be convened later. But the temper of the conference demanded some statement from Mr. Hull. When that statement came from him it carried nothing but vague generalities. He suggested the possibility of bilateral agreements between nations as a starting point and intimated the willingness of the United States to enter into the study of such agreements. He suggested the need of standing together for the principle of international study and control of factors limiting trade and for the progressive lowering of tariff barriers. He made no promises. He could not. Nevertheless, the temper of his address, which voiced the sense of common peril which the United States shares with all nations, great and small, won friends among the delegates in Montevideo. Here again it was the man who won, rather than the explicit promises which he was able to make.

The question of intervention was injected into the conference by Cuba. This is the tender nerve which American Secretaries of State have been

prone to cover and to protect. Mr. Hughes did it at Havana and, in alliance with Mr. Machado, managed to keep refractory Nicaraguans and Haitians silent. At Montevideo, under the cover of the commission on the rights and duties of states, the Cuban delegation prepared to launch another effort to assert the right of each state to be free from the intermeddling of all outsiders. The declaration of principles which they prepared applied in greater or less degree to many situations in the Americas, but its chief significance was as a sort of Magna Charta of the Cuban people, addressed to the United States.

Mr. Hull's attitude on Cuba was sympathetic. At the same time, he could never understand why the Cuban delegation did not settle down and wait peacefully for the Washington administration to deal justly and wisely with Cuba's affairs. His attitude seemed to say, If you Cubans will be good we will take care of you. But the Cubans would have none of it. They wrote their convictions into explicit words, into principles which they hoped would be adopted, principles which provided that the nations of the Americas abjure the business of interfering with one another's affairs.

Then the rumors grew that the steamroller was about to be wheeled out and that Cuba and her non-intervention plank would be gently but decisively postponed to another and more convenient season. The plans were well laid. America's new-found friend, Saavedra Lamas, would smother the offenders with fair but lethal words. Chile's Cohen, astute and indefatigable politician, would add his drops of poison. Cordell Hull would complete the process by suggesting that a matter of such importance should be given more study and should be subjected to more careful codification. This was the plan, but

it went astray. The authors of the plan did not count upon the fervor which would sweep the assembly when for the first time such a proposition was placed before the representatives of the American nations. When the proposals came before the conference, it was no longer a deliberative and careful assembly of political representatives. It was a revival meeting in which men testified and prayed, and in which converts were caught by the swing and the power of words. Cuba made its plea through Portel Vilá. It was a dramatic appeal of the island republic to the great republic which held it in the hollow of its economic hand, an appeal for the chance to develop the national life of the island in self-respect and dignity. Then followed the pleas of Panama, Colombia, Haiti, Nicaragua—all of whom had felt the weight of our Caribbean policy. Puig Casauranc of Mexico, whose part in the conference throughout furnished highlights of sustained and thoughtful strength, made his appeal directly to the United States, to the extension of the New Deal to the relations of the United States with its neighbors.

While the flood gates of argument were opened, Mr. Hull sat slouched over, eyes down, with his prepared manuscript before him. His interpreter whispered the thread of the argument in his ear. As Dr. Puig developed his appeal, Mr. Hull began to write, to interline, to revise his manuscript. Evidently it would not do. Then a messenger made a trip between Mr. Hull and Mr. Saavedra Lamas. Every delegate in the room knew that plans were being changed. Mr. Saavedra Lamas arose and calmly announced Argentina's adherence, without reservations. Chile's Mr. Cohen announced that Chile accepted the resolutions.

It was then time for Mr. Hull to

speak. He held his manuscript in his hand, interlined and unreadable. He tried to follow it and gave up. He spoke haltingly, feeling his way as he spoke. He expressed the conviction that the United States had no quarrel with the spirit of the resolution, that it was in line with the program of the Roosevelt administration, and the certainty that so long as Mr. Franklin Roosevelt remained in the White House there need be no fear of the United States' intervening in the affairs of any other country. Then he stopped. Opposite him sat the Cuban delegation. He knew that all the nations of the Americas were asking what this meant in relation to Cuba and the Platt Amendment. He went on, still haltingly, but with increasing firmness, to say that the Roosevelt administration proposed to take up with Cuba the question of the revision of the permanent treaty which contains that troublemaking clause. It was awkwardly done, but its effectiveness was increased thereby. There is more joy in heaven over one sinner who repenteth—and the representatives of Latin America viewed the action of the United States in terms of repentance. It was a revival meeting in which the Tennessean Cordell Hull had represented the United States at the altar rail.

From that hour the air of Montevideo cleared. Pan Americanism took on meaning which it had not possessed since the day when Bolivar first dreamed. Editorial writers in Montevideo and Buenos Aires began to say, "Perhaps after all there can be a living Pan Americanism." Delegates who had dismissed the conferences as idle talk came to life and pronounced the conference the greatest of all conferences. Mr. Hull was responsible. He had not planned to say what he did. But he had said it, and that was the important thing.



## IV

The Montevideo conference stands, therefore, as the first tangible evidence of the possibility of an authentic Pan Americanism. The hope which it offers is at best faint and remote. The tangible achievements of Montevideo are not impressive. There may be listed the brief truce in the Chaco—good in itself and tribute to the moral concern of the conference. There was also the breaking down of the barriers between Argentina and the United States, although it is difficult to say how far and how deep that rapprochement goes. There was progress made in the ratification of peace pacts, evidence of interest, and possibly provocative of peace. There was a realistic approach towards inter-American economic planning, vague perhaps but symptomatic of a newly won consciousness of interdependence. Chief among the gains of Montevideo was the shift in focus. Hitherto Pan American conferences have been hamstrung by dominating American delegations. Suspicion of the United States has poisoned the wells of inter-American goodwill. More was done at Montevideo to end this suspicion than has ever been done before. Cordell Hull stands out as the banner bearer of a new kind of inter-American relations. The United States is trusted to a degree that has not been true since Bolivar summoned the nations to meet in Panama in 1826. How enduring this newfound trust will be, cannot be foretold. It depends upon the steps which Washington will now take to give substance to the implicit promises of Cordell Hull. There are four things which obviously must be done.

First of all, we must liquidate the absurdities of our Haitian policy. Haiti is small, but it is a symptom. We have promised to call off our marines who have walked the Haitian streets

for eighteen years, but we have forced the Haitians to sign a covenant inviting us to leave a financial "adviser" who will see to it that the National City Bank loses no money. The executive agreement of last August stands as a last obstinate symbol of the Caribbean policy which we have now officially abjured. If the New Deal means anything for the Caribbean, the National City Bank will be told to collect its own debts.

Second, we must keep our promises to Cuba. We have gone on merrily intervening all winter, in spite of all that Mr. Hull and Mr. Roosevelt have said. Sumner Welles booted Grau out, and Jefferson Caffery put Men-dieta in. These statements may have to be shaded, but they stand as substantially correct. Welles and Caffery created an atmosphere, Colonel Batista moved in that atmosphere, and the changes in Cuba resulted. These changes may or may not have been for the best—that is not the issue. We intervened, and we must stop intervening or there will be no Pan Americanism worthy of the name. Any adequate solution of the Cuban question is bound up with sugar arrangements. The fixing of the Cuban quota, the rearrangement of the tariff—these are questions which Washington is facing to-day. The clipping of the Platt Amendment is the next step. We must get out of Cuba and stay out. If we will do this our American stock will rise sharply in the Pan American market.

Third. If reality and vitality are to be injected into our relations with the other American nations, President Roosevelt must send a wrecking crew to break open the sealed walls of the Department of State. There are men there who write the agreements, draw up the contracts under which Haitians and Cubans and Nicaraguans live and die. There is an air of sanc-

tity which pervades the place which is due for a great disturbing. There is not in the whole department a man of large caliber who is sympathetically in touch with the problems and the peoples of Latin America. Mr. Roosevelt has proved himself a capable house-cleaner. We can only pray that he will find the time to tackle the State Department.

One thing more must be done if our relations with the other Americas are to be lifted out of the morass. We have ambassadors and ministers in twenty Latin American capitals. These men might do much for the improvement of our relations with the countries to which they are accredited. In actual practice they do little. They are appointed because they have earned their places by career service—often in Asia or Europe. They are appointed because they gave money to the campaign chest of the dominant party. They are appointed because their wives have money enough to support those expensive offices. The results are apparent. Our representation in Latin America is feeble, vague, and pathetic. Here and there a man of good intentions wins a circle of friends and is accepted as a success. But for the most part these men turn out the work which comes to their desks, wear the proper clothes at the official banquets, make the proper calls, and pass on.

Mr. Roosevelt proves himself adept in cutting new patterns. I propose that he try his hand in the subject of Latin American diplomatic posts. Why not have something altogether new by way of an Ambassador to Argentina? Argentina is bound to prove increasingly important. We must trade with her, work with her, conspire with her for the peace of the hemisphere. We have an Ambassador there whose qualifications include sufficient private fortune to enable him to live in the million-and-a-quarter-

dollar palace which belongs to the Government of the United States. This Ambassador probably does all of the things which have traditionally been assigned to the office. But the greater thing remains to be done. We must build up our relations with the real Argentina—not the plush-and-gold Argentina of Justo and Saavedra Lamas. Argentina pounds with energy and resourcefulness. There is a new generation coming up to prominence. They will turn the generals out. The present policy of Washington is to play with the generals, and our appointments are adequate if we are satisfied with that policy. But why not a new policy? Pick the man who speaks Spanish without blushing and who knows Cervantes and Goya. Pick the professor or the novelist or the poet who can, upon occasion, grow ecstatic over Latin American culture and who upon such occasions will have something worth saying. Put that man in Buenos Aires, give him a ten-room house in which to live and salary enough to meet expenses. Tell him to do all the regular things which kings and dictators expect and how to use his knife and fork at official dinners. Tell him also to make his embassy a place where the real Argentina will find a cultural home, a place through which warm and glowing contacts will be established between two great peoples. If this were done, if a dozen really sympathetic and intelligent men were discriminatingly placed in the more important capitals of Latin America, more would be gained for the achievement of a genuine Pan Americanism than anyone has dared to dream. We are to-day judged in Latin America by our drummers, our tourists, and our Ambassadors. The New Deal may not be able to do much about the drummers and the tourists, but it should be competent to handle the Ambassadors.





# NATURAL ENOUGH

A STORY

BY SUSAN ERTZ

“WHAT on earth are you going to do about him?” Mrs. Blythe asked. She was resting on the couch in her bedroom, her big, solidly built body, which yet tired so easily, covered with a peach-colored silk eiderdown, while silk cushions of varying shades swelled plumply under her head. The room might have been designed for a Pompadour, so rich was it in brocades and silks and mirrors and silver, and it enabled Mrs. Blythe’s heavy, homely face to look triumphantly out of place. But though she contrasted so oddly with these extravagant, feminine, eighteenth-century surroundings, she conquered this discordance by her sturdy genuineness and by her complete unconsciousness of self.

She lay looking with a half-humorous, half-grudging affection at Louise, about to go home, who was carefully wriggling her small fingers into a pair of tight, black kid gloves.

“I will see first what he is like,” said Louise.

She showed no consternation, no excitement. She was entirely unruffled, and as she sat there, severely neat, she was as out of place in that room as Mrs. Blythe herself. Her small, pointed face looked precisely as usual, her becoming, fashionable little hat was perched, as always, on her smoothly brushed hair, and even the familiar white imitation gardenia was in its accustomed place on the collar.

“Yes, but after that?” persisted Mrs. Blythe. “And after that and after that?” she wanted to ask, to satisfy her greedy interest. She was an ogress, a kind ogress, for news. She wanted to hear everything, everything. She frankly wanted to poke and pry, and in her friendly, sympathetic curiosity squeeze out the whole truth about this astonishing situation. These things, naturally, didn’t happen to oneself. How then was one to know about them unless one asked and asked?

“After that, I don’t quite know yet,” said Louise.

That extraordinary calm! It couldn’t be simply, Mrs. Blythe reflected, because she was a Frenchwoman. Some Frenchwomen would have been excited, hysterical, voluble. No, but it was because she was a certain type of Frenchwoman—the quiet, matter-of-fact, fatalistic sort. And a very perfect specimen of the type besides. Even so, her quiet acceptance of this thing was astounding.

“But how can you keep so calm? I’d be nearly out of my mind with worry. I think that in a way it’s the most awful situation I ever heard of.”

“It is interesting,” said Louise, thoughtfully.

“Interesting!” Really, thought Mrs. Blythe, could any word be more inadequate?

“One must take things as they come in this life. I will give the children

their lessons this week as usual. After that, I don't know."

"Of course," said Mrs. Blythe, "I don't want to stand in the way of your happiness; but how can you be sure? And if you do what he asks, think what you'd be throwing away. You're making quite a good living now. You're perfectly free and independent. You've made good connections . . ."

"*Grâce à vous, madame,*" said Louise quietly.

"Part of it was due to me, I admit, but you've got a way with you, Louise. People like you. You'd better stay. Just dig your toes in and say you won't go. Surely he can't make you."

"No one can make me go to Australia or any other place if I don't wish," said Louise, smoothing the thumb of her glove.

"Well then," said Mrs. Blythe.

"On the other hand," Louise went on, "I do not find it amusing, living alone."

Mrs. Blythe was startled by this intrusion of a fundamental need and faintly annoyed. "If that isn't just like a Frenchwoman!" she exclaimed. "Really, you shock me, Louise. Anyone might think you couldn't live without a man."

"I am sorry, madame, but surely it is natural. Men and women should live together. It was doubtless intended by the good God."

Mrs. Blythe wondered, for a fleeting second, if it was by the Divine Intention that she herself occupied that large, satiny apartment and Mr. Blythe its slightly more masculine counterpart on the far side of the bathroom.

"That dreadful French logic of yours," she said, returning quickly to the business in hand. "I hardly know what to say to you. But in spite of all you've done, in spite of the hideous mess you got yourself into, I'm convinced you're a thoroughly nice

woman, and I'll never forget what you've done for Roland and Catherine. I'm really very fond of you, Louise."

"I am very fond indeed of you, madame," said Louise, with decorous warmth, "and I love Roland and Catherine next to my own son. As for the mess you say I got into, surely it was natural enough. I was an ignorant, neglected young girl. I had no mother. My father forgot me most of the day only to remember me with annoyance. You cannot expect the wisdom and prudence of forty on the shoulders of seventeen. But even when all that is admitted, I have my son. In ten years, when I am not quite forty-three, he will be twenty-five. Think, what happiness for me then to have a fine son who is already a man of the world. It is true I have suffered much for him, but all that is now behind me, and doubtless my love is all the greater for it."

"I don't know where you get so much philosophy, at your age," said Mrs. Blythe, in half-unwilling admiration. "What was the young man like? Can't you remember him at all? You've told me very little, you know."

"I saw him twice only," said Louise, "more than fifteen years ago. The first time he was sober. The second time he had been drinking. Not badly, but a little. He was doubtless like many other young men. He could be chivalrous if it did not cost him too much. He was on leave and was spending a few days in Paris. wishing for a little excursion, he took a boat down the Seine to Mantes, and so came to the auberge kept by my father. He saw me first in the garden, with the baby in my arms. I was crying. When he heard my story—"

"What did you tell him?" Mrs. Blythe asked.

"But the truth, naturally. That I was engaged to a young soldier who,



at eighteen, had just been called to his regiment. It was in the last year of the War. I told him what I told you, madame, that we had anticipated our marriage, and so suddenly was he sent for that there was no time for the ceremony before he left. He was killed, and my baby when it was born had no father. My own father was very angry, for now he had two on his hands, and the crying of the child was an added irritation. He worked hard only to have leisure to read, and he read Voltaire and Rousseau and Diderot. He cared nothing for his family; only mankind existed for him. It is a type. So when the young man heard my story he was sorry for me. He himself had had a serious disappointment. He had been engaged to a young English girl, but she had married his best friend instead."

"So he was feeling reckless, I suppose," said Mrs. Blythe.

"He said he did not care what happened to him. He offered to marry me and leave the same day. I should then if he were killed, as he expected to be, receive his pension. Also my child would have a name. My father was pleased, and so it was done. He left at once, and I have not seen him since."

"Well, but then after he left," prompted Mrs. Blythe.

"Then a kind English lady who sometimes stayed at the auberge, brought me to England to live with her for a while. She taught me English, and I taught her and her friends to speak French. Soon I took a room and with my teaching kept my child and myself. Now fifteen years have passed since my marriage, and I have not heard one word. Suddenly my husband returns from Australia, goes to Mantes to see my father, and gets my address from him. To-morrow he comes to London to ask me to return with him to Australia and to live

with him as his wife. I do not say I am not a little troubled. That is natural enough. But I must decide what it is best to do for the sake of my son."

"It's an extraordinary situation," said Mrs. Blythe.

"It is curious, but doubtless not unique," said Louise.

For a moment Mrs. Blythe's thoughts were busy with her own life. One married, oneself, after the marriage had been carefully considered and approved of by one's family. Then, after a conventional honeymoon in the Lake District, one settled down to housekeeping and children, moving as the years passed from one comfortable house to another more comfortable. One's husband increased in girth and wealth, and one soon gave up the struggle to preserve one's figure. What contrasts life could and did embrace!

"I shall miss you dreadfully if you do go," she said, her thoughts winging back again, "and Roland and Catherine will be inconsolable. But, as you say, you must think of yourself and your son. How do you imagine you'd like living in Australia?"

"I find one place very like another," said Louise, with composure. "And even in Australia I can doubtless continue my French lessons. My method, I believe, is superior to other methods, and I shall hope for the same success there as here."

"But your friends?" said Mrs. Blythe.

"Ah, that is different. To leave you and the children and a few others to whom I have become attached, that is a real grief. Now I must go, madame. Louis will have returned from school and will want his supper."

Mrs. Blythe held out her hand.

"Good-by, Louise. I'll be thinking of you. It seems to me a ghastly situation, but I suppose you'll deal with it in your own way. We'll expect you the day after to-morrow then, and I

hope I shan't hear that it's for the last time."

Louise went down the stairs with her usual quiet dignity, and along the hall to the front door, her small heels tapping the marble floor of the vestibule. Lawson, the head parlor-maid, heard her, and came hurrying to let her out. Louise was a great favorite in the house, and Lawson always liked a word with her if she could get it.

"Good-by, Mrs. Williams. Nasty day for walking, I'm afraid. It's horrid and wet underfoot too. If Crawford was here he'd give you a lift as far as the bus, I'm sure, but he isn't back yet from taking the children to their grandmother's."

"Never mind, Lawson. I have my umbrella," said Louise, taking it from the stand. "I would rather ride than walk, that is natural enough, but it is better that I take exercise, even though it is raining a little."

"And how is the boy?" asked Lawson. "Back in school again, I hope, after that bad cold he had."

"Quite well again, thank you. It is kind of you, Lawson, to remember."

She walked briskly away toward Oxford Street, and so vanished, temporarily, from the lives of the Blythe family in their comfortable house in Bryanston Square. After some delay she succeeded in boarding a crowded bus that bore her swiftly along the brightly lit, shop-infested length of the Edgware Road. When she reached the far end of it, a five minutes' walk brought her to a new block of flats whose square, dark bulk was pierced by lighted windows. After climbing three flights of stairs she opened a door marked Number 13. She had acquired this flat at a considerably lower rental as, by some ironic coincidence, there had already been a death from illness there and a suicide. Louise, not being superstitious, cared nothing for this, but regarded it rather as a

fortunate circumstance. It was sad that such things happened, but happen they did, and if someone were able, indirectly, to profit by them, so much the better for them. She closed the door and called, "Louis! Louis! Here I am. Now we will have supper at once."

A dark, handsome boy of fifteen or so came down the passage to meet her. He kissed her affectionately and said in French, "I have cut the bread, I have put the soup on to heat, I have lighted the fire, I have done everything but make the omelette."

"Speak English, speak English then!" his mother said. She took off her hat and coat and changed her shoes in a tiny bedroom that was almost completely occupied by a large, old-fashioned double bed, the only piece of furniture the flat contained that had come with her from Mantes. After putting her things neatly away, she washed her hands and went to join her son. The whole flat was in perfect order and shone with cleanliness. In the one small living room a table was laid for two and a fire was burning. The curtains and chair-covers were all of washable material, and had been made—and recently washed—by Louise herself. She gave the room a quick survey and then pointed to her son's schoolbooks which were lying, still in their leather straps, on the sofa.

"Oh, bother!" said the boy, in English this time, "I forgot them. That means a black mark, I suppose."

"I don't expect you to be quite perfect," his mother said, "and apart from that, you have done well. Now I'll make the omelette."

The kitchenette was as neat and shining as the rest of the flat. Louis stood watching while his mother broke three eggs into a bowl, mixed them with a few strokes of the fork, seasoned them, and poured them into a hissing, buttered omelette pan. She shook



and stirred with expert hands, then pushed the mixture away from her, folded it, and with a cunning turn of the wrist, slid the oblong shape out of the pan upon the waiting dish.

"That's what I call magic," said Louis. He covered the dish and bore it into the living room, where he set it down by the fire to keep warm. Louise followed with the soup. As she was breaking her bread into it she said:

"Louis, to-night I must talk with you seriously. As I have told you often enough before, you have a father living in Australia. That is, he married me after your own father was killed in the War, and gave us both his name. He left me as soon as we were married and went to Australia, where his work is. I have not seen or heard from him since. Now he is coming to England for a short visit. He arrives to-morrow. He is coming here to see us, and he wishes us to go back with him to Australia."

The boy gave a long whistle and stared at his mother with astonished eyes.

"That's what I call a surprise! Shall I like him? Will you be glad to see him?"

"That I cannot tell," she said. "It is so long since I've seen him that he will be a complete stranger to me. But complete, complete! If you ask me what he is like, I can only answer that when I saw him fifteen years ago, he was well enough. He was young, he was healthy, he wore the uniform of an Australian soldier. That is all I can say."

"Australia!" said Louis. "I knew a boy at school who'd been to Australia." Louise saw that his interest and excitement were growing.

"Yes, well, it is not yet settled by any means that we shall go. Not by any means. Now the difficulty is this. It takes a long time to know someone well

as a rule, and unfortunately I must decide quickly, as he will be here less than a week. So I have been thinking very hard what it will be best to do, and what steps I shall take. Bring the omelette now, and I will tell you my plan, for I will need your help."

When Louis had gone to bed in his little room next to the kitchen, Louise went carefully through all her papers, burning a number of recent letters and some photographs, at one of which she looked with some tenderness before laying it on the flames. She then went to bed, for she intended to get up very early so that she would have time to do all the things she had to do before going to the station to meet her husband.

Mrs. Blythe thought of Louise most of the following day. "What is she doing now?" she wondered. "Has he arrived yet?" And, "What was the meeting like? How did he behave? How did she feel toward him?"

She had broken the news to Roland and Catherine that their beloved "Mrs. Louise," as they called her, might soon be leaving them for good. There were tears, and Catherine was not the only one to shed them.

"Now don't cry, children," Mrs. Blythe said. "I only wanted to warn you that she might be going. I thought it better for you to know. There must be plenty of nice Frenchwomen in London who'd be glad to come and give you lessons. I don't say they'd be as nice as Mrs. Louise, of course, but you'll soon get used to doing without her. I shall probably miss her longer than you will."

At two-thirty on Thursday, prompt to the minute, Louise arrived. Mrs. Blythe intercepted her on her way to the schoolroom, unwilling to wait till the lessons were over to hear the news.

"Well?" she asked.

"I am going to Australia," said Louise.

"What? You've decided already?"

"It is better to make up one's mind quickly, I think, than to hesitate between yes and no. That is too fatiguing."

"Will you come and tell me about it while I'm resting?"

"But certainly, madame. You shall hear everything."

"Are you happy about it?" she asked, trying to guess what was under that quiet, composed manner.

"I will tell you everything, madame, at half-past four."

"You don't seem to have turned a hair," said Mrs. Blythe.

Louise went on her way, and Mrs. Blythe went out to do some shopping. She bought, among other things, a set of fine underwear for Louise. "Though I don't suppose she needs it," she thought. "Frenchwomen will go without anything else, but they'll always contrive to wear nice undergarments." By half-past four she was in her dressing-gown and on her sofa. Poor health weighed lightly on her, for she was indolent by nature. She gave generously to charities, asking only that she be spared the trouble of sitting on committees. Lawson brought in tea, which she placed on a table beside the couch. She brought up a chair for Mrs. Williams, poked the fire into a blaze, and left the room. Mrs. Blythe waited in delicious anticipation. Five minutes later Louise came in, a trifle behind time, she explained, owing to the children's farewells, and Mrs. Blythe thought she saw moisture in her eyes.

"Now for heaven's sake, Louise," she said, "sit down and don't make me drag it out of you. You know how interested I am. I needn't stir from here for an hour, when some people are coming in for sherry, so stay as long as you can."

"As long as you please, madame," said Louise. "I need not even hurry home to give Louis his supper."

"Do you *mind* telling me about it? You mustn't, of course, if you'd rather not. My husband says I ask far too many questions and am far too much interested in other people's affairs."

"But, madame, I look upon you as my best friend. But certainly I will tell you. First of all I should explain what it was that I decided to do. Here is a man, I thought, who has come all the way from Australia, hoping to take his wife and her son back with him, for no doubt he thinks he has lived as a bachelor long enough. Well, how will he behave? He will do his best to please. He will be very polite. He cannot take his wife by force; he must try, therefore, to persuade by pleasant behavior. So I decide I will not make that too easy. I tell Louis what I propose to do and I ask for his help."

"How did you manage to explain to the boy what it was all about?"

"I tell him the facts, quite simply. Well then, he is anxious of course to help as much as he can. So I get up early and take the clean covers from the chairs and the sofa, showing the faded covers in which I bought them. I leave the breakfast dishes unwashed, the kitchen in disorder. I make everything untidy. I leave the beds unmade, the hearth uncleaned. I buy a bottle of whiskey, open it and leave it on the sideboard. Madame, you never saw such a flat. It was terrible. Then I leave Louis, and go to the station to meet my husband. Twice I pass him by, looking for someone quite different. At last we find each other. He is not at all bad, I think. His face is brown, his teeth good. His manners, perhaps, are a little rough, but he has been nicely brought up. These are my impressions. We shake hands, then he kisses my cheek. We talk about the voyage, and this and that. He says I have changed very much, but he makes me some compliments. We take a taxi, as he has some suit-



cases, and drive to my flat. On the way we look at each other and think perhaps, 'Well, he is not so bad,' and, 'She is well enough; she is better than I expected.' I tell him I am very busy, that I have many engagements that day, and that I must leave him at the flat with Louis until the evening. So I let him in and then I go."

"What? You left the boy all alone there with a strange man?" Mrs. Blythe asked.

"Louis is no longer a child. He understands quite well what to do. I go next to his school and say I am keeping him at home because his father has just returned from Australia after many years. After that I do what I please to kill the time. I look at shops, I lunch at a dairy, I go to picture galleries, I go at last to a shilling cinema. Then it is time to go home. I open the door of my flat and go in."

Louise paused, recollecting the scene of which Mrs. Blythe was now to be told.

"Really," she went on, "he is extraordinary, that man. I told Louis that if his father wished to make the flat tidy before I returned that was a good sign, and he could help him. Very well, madame, when I arrived, that flat was in perfect order. More than that, there were flowers everywhere. Flowers even in my bedroom. He had bought bowls to put them in, and they were nicely arranged. He had bought fruit and nuts and sweets. He had bought—" she paused, to give effect to her words—"a wireless set. You can imagine, madame, the joy of my son Louis, who has never had a wireless set. When I went in they were playing it. The fire was burning well, and they had had tea. You may be sure I was pleased to see all this. And another thing, the bottle of whiskey had been put away. He

had not drunk any of it. The beds were made, and though my own bed was not made quite as I like it, that was soon put right. That evening we had a splendid dinner. But a splendid dinner! He can grill a steak, that man, to perfection. You see, madame, living alone on a farm—I understand they are called stations in Australia—he has had to do much for himself. In spite of this he is a man of some taste and refinement. Really, I was most agreeably surprised."

"I suppose in time," Mrs. Blythe suggested, "you might grow quite fond of him." Then as Louise paused at some memory of her own, she said, "Go on. Tell me the rest."

"Well," said Louise, "when Louis and I told him how we had made that test of his orderliness and good temper he was much amused. In fact we all laughed a very great deal. We were like children. Louis and he are the best of friends now. And I told him that as for myself there was but one thing I could complain of, and that was the way he had made my bed. But he excused himself for that. He said that in Australia he had been sleeping for some years on a camp bed, and that is a very simple matter. So this morning I said to him when we woke up, 'Well, Jack'—his name is Jack, madame—'I never expected, yesterday'—but perhaps madame has heard enough, now, and it is time for me to end my story."

"This morning!" cried Mrs. Blythe, staring at her. "When you woke up? What on earth do you mean, Louise? You don't mean to tell me that—almost complete strangers as you were—?"

"But certainly, madame," said Louise, smoothing out, upon her knee, the fingers of her neatly fitting, black kid gloves. "He is my husband. It is after all natural enough."



## RIFT

BY HELENE MAGARET

**S**WEET were the years, my friend, we worked together  
So unremittingly we learned to tell  
The violins in Lycidas and whether  
Phrases of Keats were singing in Ravel.  
And many nights the hours dropped behind  
The hills like trailing sheep . . . to us it seemed  
All lighted universes were designed  
To contemplate the victories we dreamed.  
Where have they gone? Perhaps my shadow too  
Covers the leafless path. It is not clear.  
I only see the dark surrounding you  
And feel the hoarfrost of invading fear.  
Sweet were the years, my friend, we worked and made  
Our plans for glory. We were both betrayed.

## II

For I have watched the light that once was sun  
And starshine to your need grow quickly dim.  
How could so much be lost, so little done  
Of all you prayed for in that interim?  
Not even I, who knew you best, can find  
A cause for snowfall on the leaves of May,  
Or learn by what strange curse the sun declined  
And night drove out the second hour of day.  
Yet by our friendship this I claim is true:  
That some unrest for long had harried you,  
And we, in sin of blindness, did not mark  
Those dreary seasons heart and soul were driven  
Like bats between the lightning and the dark,  
Or many times you would have been forgiven.



## RIFT

### III

*But lesser minds than yours have ceased to strive.  
Recall the lad we loved who combed the creek  
For scars of crinoid stems, who could revive  
All Mytilene in three lines of Greek.  
And she who woke at midnight terrified  
Lest music wither on her throat, and stirred  
The darkened houses until dawn replied,  
Silencing one half-woman and half-bird. . . .  
Now we are old. In different cities we  
Commit the crimes we once despised and slay  
The art we loved for scraps of liberty  
That will not last a short December day.  
Now we are old and chatter in the sun  
What deeds, had life been free, we might have done.*

### IV

*You are the last to go. I loved you most.  
I shall not seek another friend, but choose  
To wander with your cold, reluctant ghost.  
Comrade to nothing, I can never lose  
Such faith again. O many pitiless things  
Are on my lips, but who would taunt with words  
The pheasant fluttering on broken wings  
Because he joins no migratory birds?  
May you be happy! Yet I know some strain  
Of Bach shall bring again the swelling pain  
Under your heart. In such a moment try  
To clear away the darkness that has grown  
Like trees whose black boughs canopy the sky.  
God speed you, for you go your way alone.*





# THE PARIS RIOTS

THE STORY OF AN EYEWITNESS

ANONYMOUS

The writer of this article is a doctor of philosophy at the Sorbonne, who has contributed critical articles to the more serious French and Belgian reviews. He has never hitherto taken any part in party politics.—*The Editors.*

I SHALL try in what follows to report the point of view of the ordinary Frenchman—still more, of the ordinary Parisian—as regards the appalling massacre of quiet and ordinary citizens in the streets of our Paris on Tuesday, February 6th. The accounts of that event which I have read in the English and foreign newspapers seem to me singularly misleading, and what the foreigner should understand is that the Sixth of February saw not a revolt of the lowest elements of the Parisian population against the Chamber of Deputies, but the revolt of the Chamber of Deputies against the will of the highest elements of the people of Paris.

The demonstrators of February Sixth who marched down the boulevards were composed not merely of the Anciens Combattants, of the Croix de Feux, veterans who have received three decorations for gallantry on the field; not only of the Camelots du Roi, who are Royalists; of the Jeunesses Patriotes, who are the Republican youth; or of the League des Contribuables, who represent the principal taxpayers of Paris; but one of the immense columns that massed against the parliament buildings was headed by a deputation of the Municipal Council. It is a little difficult for the foreigner to

understand the particular reverence with which the Conseil Municipal is regarded by Parisians. This body has the tradition not only of having brought about and stabilized the first French Revolution, but also of continually safeguarding the liberties and fortunes of the citizens of Paris. The real note of the Sixth of February was given in the reply of one of the Councillors to M. Frot, Minister of the Interior and responsible for the police, in the Chamber of Deputies. The column headed by the deputation of Municipal Councillors had marched from the Hotel de Ville toward the Palais Bourbon. It had been met, attacked, and broken up by M. Frot's police, three of the councillors being wounded. In spite of that, two councillors succeeded in entering the Chamber, where they were met by M. Frot and reproached for having come. M. Frot then asked the councillors, to the sound of rifle and gunfire that was going on round the Chamber, what they proposed that he should do. One of the councillors replied, "If you will authorize me to go to the Place de la Concorde and announce that you and the Daladier Ministry have resigned, I will undertake that the crowd will disperse at once, quietly and without



disorder, and that within twenty minutes there will be no sign of rioting in the whole of Paris."

This attitude—and remember that it was the official attitude of the Municipal Council—is sufficient evidence of what was actually the position of M. Daladier, M. Frot, and their associates. They were the leaders of a Fascist attempt by the Radical-Socialist party of the Chamber to secure for that party a dictatorship in the face of the will of the people—to secure it with gunfire and with charges of cavalry armed with sabers, upon an orderly crowd which as I saw had given no offense until, without warning, those instruments of death were launched upon them by apprentice Hitlers and Mussolinis. And I remember a friend of mine saying, "While the Government is winning votes of confidence from the Deputies in the Chamber, it is defeating itself, and being defeated by the people of Paris in the streets."

Before stating what I myself witnessed in the Place de la Concorde, I had better give you some information as to what brought those immense crowds of officials, of ex-officers of high rank, and of wealthy and quiet citizens to be present in the ranks of the demonstrators.

France has for long been sick and tired to death not of the Republic, but of the men who, as you might say, "one down and the other come on," in an endless round, succeeded one another in administering and impeding the wheels of the government machinery. It has had an endless succession of almost the same men, without character, without distinction, without common ability, and—above all—without scruples. M. Daladier, completely without personality, is Prime Minister; M. Paul Boncour is Foreign Minister; M. Cheron is Minister of Finance. The Government falls. M. Chau-

temps becomes Prime Minister; M. Daladier, Minister of Interior; M. Boncour, Minister of Finance; and M. Cheron, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the eternal *chassé-croisé* goes on. And the eternal whisperings in the streets of Paris are that all these indistinguishable men, all tarred with the same stick, are all implicated in the same miserable and repugnant scandals—of finance, of incapacity for administration, and of every kind of proceeding which can only be indicated by the French word *louche*. You might express it by suspect, off-color, shady. And suspect, *louche*, off-color, shady, and what is worse, utterly undistinguished, all these men are. The Frenchman will stand small irregularities at the hands of a man who is brilliant, humorous, witty, sardonic, or merely of strong character. But to be wronged, maladministered, and put through the successive stages of uneasiness, anxiety, fear, and at last, terror for the public weal, by a close and indestructible stranglehold of nonentities—that is what we in France will not, will never, stand for.

I and my friends, professional men, business men, manufacturers, and in general, respectable middle-class citizens, take little interest in politics. But when extra-parliamentary public events or catastrophes penetrate by brute force into the parliamentary arena, then we pay attention for a moment to the bubblings that go on in that distasteful and closed pot. We know that we are wronged by these people; we know that we stagger each along the road of his own life burdened by taxation that the incompetence and banality of these indistinguishable gangsters impose on us. We know that the Frenchman—every Frenchman, including leaders of the Action Française—is a radical, and that in consequence, one or other branch of the Radical-Socialist party must be

in the majority in our parliament. That cannot be helped. And as long as the body politic seems to be able to stagger along its way we divert our attention to the other facts in the newspaper. But when the body politic seems to be coming to a standstill we can no longer do so. This was already the case in the early days of last December. You must take into account that France, a country that, however it may grumble at taxation unparalleled among other nations, is the most prosperous of them all in this time of crisis, is said by these politicians to be within a hair's breadth of being unable to pay the domestic debts of the Republic. (For that is what is meant by the unbalanced budget.) And when scandal succeeds scandal, and disaster, disaster, and the whispers as to the corruption of our political leaders grow louder and more multitudinous—then by the curious working of mass psychology and suggestion, whole classes of the community begin to think, "Is it not time we took charge?"

You have to remember that scandal has succeeded scandal and disaster, disaster, and maladministration, maladministration, for many years now. The Oustric scandal succeeded the Hannu scandal, and involved deputies, former ministers, former ambassadors. The great ships of France are the pride of France, and one after the other of our most beautiful and proudest vessels caught fire and burned to the water's edge. Each burning was attended by a cloud of whispers, and attestations even, making us think that venality and incompetence were rife among the very government inspectors who had given testimonials to the seaworthiness of those lost vessels. And every one of us who was in a profession, or who had a son being trained for one, or who was a manufacturer, or executive, or administrator, or even a peas-

ant—every one of us knew that if he was to prosper in his profession, if he was to gain promotion in the magistrature, or public offices, if his business was to be run without eternal petty hindrances, or innumerable unjust taxes were not to be piled upon him—every one of us knew that this must be brought about by some sort of bribe, or by some sort of servility, or by some sort of connivance and venality of a Deputy, an Ambassador, or above all, a Minister. We knew that we lived under a tyranny, an entanglement of tyrannies. It needed only the sharp outcry of a horrible public event or disaster to make us say that the time had come when we must take in hand a knife and cut away the nets that were paralyzing our public life.

I repeat, we were perfectly loyal to the Republic. The Royalist party may have taken a considerable part in organizing some of the demonstrations of February the Sixth, but it was upon the crowds singing the Marseillaise that the emissaries of M. Frot sprayed bullets from rifles and revolvers. And the strains of the Marseillaise were still resounding when the drunken cavalry of M. Daladier charged upon the peaceful crowd and cut with their sabers the cheeks off young girls and the ears off men who had escaped crippled from the battle of the Marne.

I heard it.

The horrible event, the tragedy which aroused us to action had come. And not one horrible event, not merely one tragedy, but two. On Christmas Eve came the Lagny railway catastrophe. On the last day of the year it was known that warrants had been issued for the arrest of Stavisky and a few of his confederates. What famous Christmas and New Year's presents from Parliament to the people! The Lagny accident would probably have brought about a public uprising if the Stavisky affair had not supervened.



## II

The Lagny accident in itself was horrible. The Paris-Strasbourg express crashed at night into the Paris-Nancy local. There were two hundred and thirty killed and three hundred and fifty injured. These were all people going off for the holidays, visiting families for Christmas, returning from their Christmas shopping, or children going home from school for the Christmas vacation. The actual, mechanical cause of the accident has not yet been established. The real blood-guilt which was the cause of the immense multiplication of deaths is without doubt established as that of the directors of the railway, who were Deputies and financiers, the friends and supporters of Ministers. A railway accident is a relatively usual event. What marked this accident out from all others in horror was not only that it happened at Christmas, that many of the victims were children, but what happened afterward. The railway authorities delayed in notifying the police of the gravity of the disaster. Medical and ambulance services were delayed for hours, so that it is impossible to establish how many deaths were actually caused by the accident itself and how many by exposure. Ten miles from Paris wounded men, women, and children lay on the railway embankment for four, five, and six hours during the night without receiving any attention in a temperature below freezing.

It is not pleasant to think of such things, and the thoughts of the people of Paris and of France were not pleasant during that Christmas season. To appease them the magistrature, acting under orders from the Ministry, arrested the engineer and fireman, of whose innocence everyone was thoroughly convinced. They were released two days later. The directors,

who for reasons of their own delayed reporting the disaster, have gone unscathed to the moment of writing.

On a Paris thus seething with horror and indignation there burst the news of the Stavisky affair. He was a crook, like other crooks, more ingenious, more amusing, and more skillful than most; but the peculiarity of this particular fraud was that it was at the expense of our savings. Your Frenchman has two passions, one his children, the other his *économies*. Within a single week both were struck to the heart.

The appalled city and country were faced by the fact that it was the Ministers who had officially, and with the whole authority of the state, advised the people of France to entrust the leisure of their old age and the education of their children into the hands of this ingenious, amusing, and delightful crook, by whose side they sat at dinner, and by whose stolen money their return to Parliament had been assured. For in France the political parties do not have party chests, as they do in England and America, and election campaigns are paid for haphazardly by business men, financiers, or as in the case of Stavisky, by crooks who expect in return opportunities from the newly elected Ministers to fleece the state or to extract for fraudulent enterprises the money of the public.

The worst rumors ran throughout Paris in the early days of 1934, and the best people said, "Now it is time that we should act."

## III

The small but very efficient body called the Action Française was first in the field with small, sporadic public protests. The Taxpayers' Association was next, with hugely attended meetings in halls whose exits and entrances were already guarded early in January

by large bodies of police, squadrons of the cavalry, called the Garde Mobile, and other branches of the armed forces. The Government—it was then that of M. Chautemps—had already begun converging troops upon the Capital. We knew that artillery from the center and infantry from the south, and various troops from the east, were being quietly concentrated in public buildings, even in dance halls, such as the Bal Bullier off the Boulevard Montparnasse. We saw them. As a reply, organizations of veterans began to issue protests, to hold public meetings, and to demonstrate in the streets. There were demonstrations by the students of the Sorbonne, and these compose a formidable body. There were demonstrations by the communists.

A demonstration in Paris means the assembling at a given point of members of an organization, who then form fours and march through the streets. If the police do not interfere, the group marches in an orderly fashion, singing party songs and waving banners until some central point is reached where the leaders deliver speeches, resolutions are passed, and the demonstrators fall out and disappear. If the police interfere, the demonstrators will attempt to build barricades with chairs from cafés, with buses they have overturned, with paving stones, grilles from trees, and any materials for street repair that may be lying about. The physical violence of these demonstrations will be measured by the violence of the opposition of the police, or the violence of the emotions of the participants. One of the main purposes of a demonstration is to test and gain the sympathy of the average bystander. A demonstration crystallizes public opinion. During the demonstrations that took place in January the average crowd of bystanders showed itself to be more and more in sympathy with the demonstrating parties. Between

the 9th and 28th of January, 1325 demonstrators, or bystanders who joined in, were arrested. About 80 per cent were citizens of Paris; about 12 per cent came from the provinces, and 8 per cent were foreigners. Almost all of them were released, with the exception of the foreigners, who were usually expelled from France.

Meanwhile the Government had not been altogether idle. Two unimportant deputies were arrested, accused of having accepted money from Stavisky and of using their influence with ministers to help Stavisky dispose of forged bonds. There was a melodramatic hunt for Stavisky who had disappeared on December 23rd, it was supposed with the connivance of the authorities. His chief assistant was arrested. The Empire, a music hall in which Stavisky was interested, suddenly closed. M. Dalimier, Minister of Justice, was accused of complicity in the dispersal of the forged bonds. That was on January 3rd. Two days later, the Prime Minister, M. Chautemps, declared that M. Dalimier had proved his innocence. On the 7th of January the Deputy-Mayor of Bayonne, the city where Stavisky's forced bonds had been issued, was arrested, and M. Dalimier was asked to resign. After refusing, he resigned the following day.

All these events were followed closely and intently throughout France, and particularly in Paris, and we all began to feel that we were taking part in some sort of fantastic detective story in which the principal, Stavisky, had escaped. Suddenly Stavisky was found—dying in Chamonix, and the thought that immediately ran through my mind, and that of almost everyone in France, was that he had been murdered by the police. He may not have been murdered, but the effect on the community is the same if everyone believes that a murder has been committed. That we did, and still do so



believe, will perhaps indicate our state of mind and the degree of our confidence in the authorities.

I must mention the friction that developed between M. Frot, the Minister of the Interior, and M. Chiappe, the Prefect of Police of Paris, because it served to bring to a head the unrest that culminated on the tragic night of February 6th. M. Chiappe was one of the most popular figures on the Paris boulevards, as well as being one of the most influential men in France. As such, he desired that the demonstrators be treated as leniently as possible. As Minister of the Interior, M. Frot was responsible for the police, and he insisted that the demonstrators be handled with exemplary ferocity. This was in line with the character he presented to the public—a strong man, a dark horse, perhaps a Napoleon in the making. The Radical-Socialist party began to demand that Chiappe be forced to resign. They declared that he too had the design of becoming a Napoleon. It became a case of Greek meeting Greek. At this point M. Dalimier began to take lessons in riding. (No dictator could think of entering Paris except on horseback.)

While the dissensions and bickerings continued and the public tension grew, it was revealed that M. Pressard, the brother-in-law of the Prime Minister, had been responsible for delaying Stavisky's prosecution for four years. The same afternoon a demonstration of protest of veterans and the Action Française took place, to the accompaniment of a great deal of street fighting. That was on January 11th. I will add that on the 14th, M. Reynaldy, Keeper of the Seals, was deputed by the Ministry to appoint a committee of inquiry into the Stavisky affair. M. Reynaldy was one of the ministers particularly suspected of complicity in another swindle—that of the fraudulent banker Sarcazan. It looked as if

the Stavisky affair was to be hushed up. And posters on the billboards exhorted us not to forget the two hundred and thirty dead of Lagny.

I cannot, of course, continue a minute analysis of the situation. I think I have said enough to indicate the nature of the anxieties, suspicions, and real fear of the population of Paris. On January 27th, despite a continued majority in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Chautemps and his Cabinet resigned, and it was the Governmental behavior of the next ten days that led directly to the terrible events of February 6th. Instead of appeasing the population of Paris, it seemed that every governmental step after the Chautemps resignation raised the public fever to a higher pitch.

It was evident that no Cabinet formed, as usual, from within the House, would satisfy the French people. Ex-President Doumergue was appealed to, but refused office on account of his great age. In this emergency nothing was done but to call on one of the familiar, rotating figures of ancient cabinets. M. Daladier became Prime Minister, and his most active supporter was M. Frot. After diverting themselves with a scrutiny of Stavisky files, they threatened to dismiss the too energetic Judge of Bayonne who was issuing inconvenient warrants against supporters of the Government. The dissatisfaction in Paris grew worse, and there was rioting in Bayonne. The fact that the Chamber of Deputies was in conflict with and determined to override the will of the people became startlingly manifest. M. Chiappe, who enjoyed the complete confidence of the Parisian public, was dismissed on February 3rd, and the Prefect of the Seine resigned in sympathy. It was then evident that fighting must occur in the streets of Paris. Demonstrations, not against the regime but against those in charge of it, began

to be organized for Tuesday, the 6th of February, the day the new Cabinet was to ask the Chamber for its vote of confidence. We all wondered over the week-end what would happen on Tuesday, for we knew that extreme violence would be used to suppress the demonstrators. It was because we all knew that something dire was likely to happen on Tuesday, the 6th, that we went out into the streets, either to watch or to show by our presence that we were in sympathy with the demonstrators rather than with the Cabinet Ministers.

#### IV

I may as well state, before recounting what I myself witnessed, that I have no political associations, that I belong to none of the parties that organized the demonstrations, and that I was present in the Place de la Concorde as a simple spectator until the brutality of the drunken Garde Mobile so aroused my indignation that I did take part with the demonstrators. This, I think, was the attitude of the great bulk of the people present in the Place de la Concorde and in the other quarters where there was trouble. Police estimated that demonstrators numbered twenty thousand in the Place de la Concorde, the Place de la Hôtel de Ville and on the neighboring boulevards, and they estimated the sympathetic crowd at eight hundred thousand, many of whom, like myself, eventually took part with the demonstrators.

I should tell you too that the taxi strike which had started a few days earlier was completely effective. Without the usual speeding cabs, the streets of Paris were practically bare of wheeled traffic. The quiet of the streets struck one as unnatural and sinister.

You are to imagine, then, the wide spread of the Place de la Concorde at

6:15 of a winter's evening. The spotlights blazed up and revealed the pale obelisk of Cleopatra's Needle and the fountains spouting round it. All over the Place were black knots of police, and people going about their affairs. Though there were no taxis, occasional omnibuses and private cars still passed through the Place. Behind the railings of the Tuileries Garden that look down on the Place de la Concorde you could see the white faces of a great crowd of impartial spectators who had come to see the fun. For the Place de la Concorde, at the end of the bridge that leads to the Chamber of Deputies, was the converging point of the various demonstrating groups. You are to remember also that while we gathered round the Place de la Concorde, we knew the Chamber was in session to meet and decide the fate of the new Daladier Cabinet, against whom public feeling had risen to the breaking point.

On the balconies of the Hotel Crillon, in the windows above the Guaranty Trust and the Admiralty, other spectators were packed, but as yet there were no signs of a demonstration. I, myself, was standing on the base of one of the statues in the southeast corner of the Place. There was a good deal of talking, but no sign of disorder, except for occasional cries of "*démission*,"—"resign"—intended for the occupants of the Palais Bourbon meeting across the bridge.

Just before 6:30 I saw the head of a crowd shouting "*démission*" debouch, black, between the buildings of the Guaranty Trust and the Admiralty. At the same time, a smaller crowd had formed in the rue de Rivoli, and from them the notes of the Marseillaise blew across the square. At once, and without warning, the Garde Mobile—the mounted police with their brass helmets and horsehair plumes—executed charges against the people in



the rue Royale and the rue de Rivoli. They used their sabers without mercy on the defenseless people and they functioned to the sound of screams from spectators behind the railings in the Tuileries Garden, horrified at this wanton display of naked steel.

The demonstrators in the rue de Rivoli were driven back. I could not, of course, see how far, but I have heard that after this first charge, wounded people were picked up streaming with blood from saber cuts as far back as the statue of Joan of Arc at the other end of the Tuileries Garden. I saw several horses go down with their horsemen, and later saw them being carried away in the direction of the Palais Bourbon. These falls were caused by the horses stepping on billiard balls and bowling balls which demonstrators had rolled in great quantities across the Place. Immediately after this first cavalry charge, which had completely failed to force back the massed crowd that blocked the opening of the rue Royale, I saw an autobus topple over into the roadway and catch fire. This was done to afford the demonstrators shelter from further police charges. Until then the demonstrators had remained comparatively calm, and I had the impression that the police who surrounded the monument on which I was standing—the real police, not the Garde Mobile—were not very angry. Shortly after 6:30, the demonstrators, who had pulled up the paving stones, awaited a charge of the police; and when their batons came into play, the crowd hurled their paving blocks at the Garde Mobile behind the police.

Toward seven o'clock, however, both police and Garde Mobile withdrew to the opening of the Pont de la Concorde, which is on the other side of the Place from the Hotel Crillon and the Admiralty. The crowd—to the number of at least sixty thousand—

streamed into the Place de la Concorde, opening out into a fan until the leaders were up against the police and troops stationed on the bridge itself. This withdrawal of the police was incomprehensible and one can only say criminal. They were not forced back by the public; the only action of the demonstrators had been the hurling of a few paving blocks, which seemed to wound no one. I, at least, saw no policemen or gendarmes fall out at that time, and the forces of the authorities marched back in perfectly good order.

The crowd in the Place now became enormous, fresh streams pouring in from every one of the main and side streets that enter the Place. For—and this is equally incomprehensible—the police had entirely neglected to block any of the entrances to the open Place or even to station any bodies of men along either the Champs-Élysées, the Avenue Gabriel, or the Cours la Reine. Thus the entire Place was filled with people wedged in and being constantly pressed forward by the crowds that came in behind them.

Into these wedged crowds the Garde Mobile charged, sabering, half a dozen times between 7:15 and 7:25. Before the first of these charges I heard one single bugle call, which might have been intended as the equivalent of what is called in English "reading the riot act," but which was perfectly useless if it was intended really as a warning, since no call of the sort had ever sounded in the streets of Paris for sixty years, and Parisians were utterly unacquainted with its meaning.

Interspersed with the singing of the Marseillaise and the cries of "*démision*," there were now shouts of "*assassins*"; in the open spaces where the crowds swirled temporarily away, there were now wounded lying on the pavement. The police had made a barricade across the entry to the bridge

with trolleys and police wagons. The lights playing on Cleopatra's Needle and the façades of the houses now went out, but the gas lamps were still alight and two autobuses blazed; then there shot up flames from the orifices where lamp-standards had been torn down. All these flaring lights and the shouts, screams, and clattering of horses' hooves as the Garde Mobile incessantly charged, gave the impression of a witches' sabbath. A new sound was to be added to the sinister tumult.

## V

Suddenly—it was just 7:45—great sprays of water like white fountains began to play from the dark masses of police on to the heads of the crowd. They had brought firemen into play.

I have spared you my emotions. But I will here record that at this point I found myself running at the head of a contingent of the crowd, straight on the firemen. The fire-hose is a poor weapon. You dread it till you are wet, but once wet you do not mind it. A fireman surrendered his hose into my hand, phlegmatically, as if he had been giving up a hay fork or any other tool. I turned the hose upon the police; another man helped me to hold and direct it. The sound of the hose so near drowned other sounds. But one sound is unmistakable—the sound of a rifle bullet droning beside your ear. The last time we had heard it it had not been Frenchmen who had caused that familiar noise.

The man beside me fell to the ground; I directed the hose as well as I could myself. Then the water ceased and I heard the sound of the fusillade. Afraid of being wetted, the police and Garde Mobile were firing at us from the other side of the roadway that goes over the bridge, that is to say, from the Cours la Reine side; we were on the Tuileries side, in darkness. They

were at a distance of about thirty meters. They had cut the fire-hose; my efforts were, therefore, now useless, and I understood that we were being fired on from thirty meters away by trained men using revolvers and rifles. Another man fell, throwing his arms to the sky with the familiar gesture that we had seen on the Somme. The man on the ground was dead beside me; at any rate he did not move then or so long as I was there.

I had not come there to be a hero. I sprang into one of the police wagons—long automobiles holding forty men—that they had drawn up across the roadway, and there cowering down so as to have the shelter of the side, I watched from the darkness the rest of those fantastic and atrocious proceedings that were illuminated by the great jets of flame from the broken gas-standards. With that illumination the images of the cities of France sat on their high thrones, tranquil and white, round that great square. I did not know what to think when my eyes fell on the statue of Strasbourg. To the sound of what I was then hearing we had rescued Strasbourg for France: now Frenchmen were turning that sound against us. What was the moral? I don't know. Before the war that statue was always decorated with wreaths of immortelles—to show that France mourned for her lost city. They had better put some more immortelles round the base of that quiet statue, to show that France mourns some more.

Those heroes killed with a rifle bullet a chambermaid standing in the window of the Hotel Crillon!

The police fired with revolvers and rifles, with what we called "*mousquetons*"—carbines, I think. They fired steadily into the crowd. I could see them just below me. It is said that they also used machine guns. I did not see any myself. That fusillade in



the night went on uninterruptedly, except at the moments when the Garde Mobile were sabering the crowd, from 7:45 till ten minutes past eight.

By that time the greater part of the Place had been emptied. I slipped down from my police car and ran along under the wall of the Tuileries Garden to the rue de Rivoli, which was also nearly empty. I helped to pick up and put into a private car a young girl—of perhaps twenty—elegantly dressed but insensible. The side of her cheek, from near the right eye to the jaw bone had been cut away by a saber. To encourage, presumably, the future mothers of France!

I supported as far as the Café Weber an almost unconscious *ancien combattant*. He had lost a leg on the Somme. Now he had lost an ear—by a saber cut from an intoxicated protector of the peace of the country.

The rue Royale was then dark except for three or four flares, and we staggered along fairly deserted sidewalks. There were no ambulances and no sort of assistance for the wounded. Several men were still lying in the gutters. There was very little sound of anything—some groans.

The Café Weber was gay—with new decorations of white and red—the white of lint and tables that had become operating tables and the carmine of blood. They had turned it into a first-aid field-dressing station—a dug-out, I think you call it. There were some dead there too.

The rest of the city was quiet; the streets rather empty as I went homewards. That was all I saw. There was more slaughter later; I preferred to see it only in imagination.

I will make the note that the police surgeons who attended to the wounded policemen and Gardes Mobiles gave evidence to the parliamentary committee which is inquiring into these inci-

dents that none of their wounds had been caused by bullets or cutting instruments—this proving that the crowd had come unarmed. The same witnesses gave evidence that all the wounded Gardes Mobiles—not the police—were drunk, the inference being that they had been supplied with drink by M. Frot or some other person in authority over the police. In order to give them courage to use their sabers! I find it difficult to imagine the man who will contemplate letting loose on an unarmed, singing crowd squadron after squadron of drunken cavalrymen armed with sabers. He must want to be a Hitler very badly.

In addition, the police gave evidence that not one of the hundreds of prisoners they made that night carried any weapon of any sort.

*Postscript.* Perhaps I had better add that the net result of the deaths and casualties of February 6th was that the Government was changed again, this time a semi-national coalition taking charge, such as we French had clamored for since January. Had it been formed a week earlier there would have been no tragic night of the 6th, with its thirty dead and hundreds wounded; nor its aftermath, the looting and rioting of the hooligans and toughs who came up from the gutters on the 7th like ravens after a battle; and the Communist demonstration of the 9th would not have developed into an armed clash. As it was, both of these nights resulted in more casualties. While the Cabinet has been changed, and these lines are written during a period of comparative calm, the foreigner should remember that the underlying conditions I mentioned as bringing about the public protests of the Sixth still remain, and seem likely to continue very much as they have been.



# MICKEY MOUSE'S FINANCIAL CAREER

BY ARTHUR MANN

NEWFOUND wealth, regardless of its source, is viewed with the same fact-distorting enthusiasm as that which greets a gold strike. News and rumors fly thick and fast, gathering exaggeration as one wild-eyed narrator whispers to another.

The latest gold-strike gossip concerns Walt Disney, pied piper of the nation's children—of the world's children—and his supposed record-breaking financial harvest from the popularity of his animated cartoon sound pictures. The contagious national enthusiasm over the Mickey Mouse films and, since last summer, over "Three Little Pigs," has given impetus to an erroneous belief that the creator of these quaint characters is gaining fabulous riches from the movie-going public.

This widespread misapprehension may be due to subtle film publicity. From time to time official publicity items have placed peculiar emphasis on the fact that Disney takes a modest salary, \$150 or \$200 a week, and "puts the rest back into the business." No publicity items have attempted to explain what is meant by "the rest."

On several occasions the artist has personally denied the rumors of his vast income from the films. As an obvious attempt to correct the misconception, he declared that his net profits on the amazing "Three Little Pigs" would total about \$25,000 from world-wide sales. And this picture is

the most popular short feature ever produced.

A study of Mickey Mouse's film finances seems to uphold Disney. His revenue from other sources may attain unprecedented heights, but a few actual film figures and contract clauses indicate that Disney's wealth from the motion pictures has been exaggerated. The story of his financial adventures constitutes a significant chapter in the unhappy chronicle of the artist among the business men.

Disney has been successful for only five years. That is, his product has been marketed successfully for the past five years. Prior to that he was woefully unsuccessful for five bitter years.

He was born in Chicago thirty-two years ago, and he absorbed a smattering of knowledge of art before his family left for Kansas City. There he tried a variety of art jobs. He failed at newspaper cartooning. He limped through trade-paper drawing and commercial art, where he developed his "steel-die" taste in drawing.

When Disney sank to the level of making barber-shop signs for his Kansas City haircuts he felt that a change of medium was necessary. He tried the animated movie cartoon business. He began by raiding the fairy-tale classics for his productions. They were free from copyright entanglements. Evidently his mind has always been drawn to the fantastic



material in fairy stories, for his determination to produce them in the face of repeated financial losses amounted to stubbornness. But the Kansas City film venture failed.

Disney's brother, Roy, had \$250 and poor health. Walt had \$40 and good health. They pooled their resources. Roy agreed to a fifty-fifty split, if and when.

They headed for Hollywood. Walt was the artist. Roy was the business manager. They borrowed enough money to make \$500 capital and began to make animated film cartoons. That was in 1923.

Disney's first production on the Coast was a curious *mélange* called "Alice." He used a few real actors, photographic wonderland settings, and pen-and-ink animals. It failed. The Disneys joined the independent shoe-string producers of "Poverty Row." They went hungry. Nothing seemed to succeed; and Roy's health didn't improve on a diet of financial worry and little else.

The pioneer animated cartoons, "Little Nemo," "Colonel Heezaliar," "Krazy Kat," "Felix the Cat," etc., had resembled one another pretty closely, and none of them had caused any dancing in the streets. The picture people very naturally refused to buy something that had already been done. Disney had nothing worth while for them, not even a copy of something good.

His funds were exhausted. His plans for independent production were thwarted, temporarily at least. For some time he made "Alice comedies," on the basis of an outright sale contract (at prices ranging from \$1500 to \$2250 each), for Charles Mintz. The Universal Film Company wanted some animal cartoons. "Krazy Kat" was the most successful and popular in the field. They asked Mintz to submit samples. This was done and, of

those submitted, they liked a rabbit cartoon best. P. D. Cochrane, a Universal official, named the animal "Oswald the Lucky Rabbit." Mintz put Disney to work on the rabbit film and it sold pretty well. It is still selling. It did not, however, attain the popularity of Krazy Kat and her companion, Ignatz Mouse.

George Herriman's Krazy Kat, you may or may not recall, is somewhat masochistic. She loves to be socked with a brick, especially if it is thrown by her sadistic companion, Ignatz Mouse. It usually lands on Krazy Kat's head in the last picture, and its force is indicated by a bold-face "Pow!" Ignatz Mouse was an important part of the supporting cast of Krazy Kat cartoons.

Singularly enough, it was while Disney was working for Mintz that he conceived the idea of making a mouse picture. He worked out ideas and stories. To this end he saved every nickel he could spare, and so did his brother Roy.

## II

Enter at this point—in 1928—the first of Disney's mouse pictures. Two reels were made up by Disney and Ub Iwerks, who was then and still is the best animator in the film cartoon business. Ub Iwerks was the artistic genius behind the early Disney animated cartoons, and his name appeared on the title flashes.

Straightway a new partnership was drawn up for production, Iwerks received about a fifth, and the Disneys divided the remainder equally.

Walt Disney arrived in New York City in the spring of 1928, armed with fifteen hundred dollars in cash and two silent films, his first mouse pictures. The pictures were essentially of the same sort that had been created for fifteen years. They were, how-

ever, admittedly better. The motions of the figures were fluid. The ideas were crisp and ingenious. Disney and Iwerks were an excellent combination.

Up and down Broadway marched Disney, peddling his two films from door to door among the distributors.

Realizing that his difficulty in selling these silent pictures was partly due to the rising popularity of sound effects, he returned to the coast and started work on "Steamboat Willie," which was to be a sound picture. On his reappearance in New York with the partly finished "Steamboat Willie," he met Patrick Powers, an independent film producer, who had once been Treasurer for Carl Laemmle's Universal Company. Powers was a pioneer in the film business from the old General Film Company "trust" days. Powers had seen the old silent films develop into a national institution for the multitude. A shrewd Irishman, he had foreseen the approach and significance of talking pictures. At the time he met Disney, in the fall of 1928, he was trying to find a marketable outlet for his Cinephone, a process of placing sound on film, which he controlled through the Powers Cinephone Equipment Corporation.

They entered into a ten-year recording agreement. Powers agreed to distribute the films, to promote the idea generally, and to lend money to Disney to finance the making of the pictures.

Powers went to work at once and peddled the animated cartoons. The addition of sound made them easy to sell. "Steamboat Willie," the first Mickey Mouse picture, was shown at the old Colony Theatre in September, 1928.

After surmounting several difficult obstacles, Powers succeeded in getting a second Disney film into the Roxy Theatre. When Roxy saw it and

observed the significant reaction of the audiences he ordered it held over for two additional weeks.

Those were the first steps in Mickey Mouse's march to fame.

Disney, back on the Pacific Coast, turned out pictures on a fairly heavy schedule. Six months later, or about midway through 1929, the demand for Disney pictures was so heavy that another series, the Silly Symphonies, was offered to the market. These cartoons were then without color, but they were cleverly synchronized with music and rhymes.

Here, however, the artist ran over his budget. He encountered unexpected expenses, such as the high rates which had to be paid to union musicians, the retakes for perfect synchronization, and so forth. But Powers advanced the extra capital.

Powers' success with releases and distribution continued, but he ran into the usual difficulties which beset the independent distributor. He found that theaters in certain desirable territories were bound by pledges to other distributors. In order to get the pictures widely shown, he had to "sub-let" them to rival distributors and holders of state-rights privileges. There was no other way to get the Disney pictures into the desired theaters.

One of these concerns through which Powers had to deal was the Columbia Pictures Corporation. Columbia handled Mickey Mouse in certain portions of the United States. The Silly Symphonies were distributed or sub-let exclusively through Columbia to the United States and Canada. Business boomed for more than a year.

By January of 1930 Disney had turned over to Powers a unit of twelve Mickey Mouse pictures, a unit of six Silly Symphonies, and three pictures of a second Mickey Mouse unit, a total of twenty-one productions.



Disney had produced these films at a total cost of \$116,500, or an average of over \$5000 per picture. This was much greater than the amount which he had originally figured on. And yet this sum was less than a third of the gross income obtained by Powers from the leasing of the films to April 1930. By that time the pictures earned \$354,000, or an average of \$16,848 each.

Ordinarily, this might permit of a substantial profit for the creator of the series. But the motion picture industry is not an ordinary business, as a few of the following figures, taken from the actual record of the earnings, will show.

Powers, as distributor, took the customary 35 per cent of the \$354,000 gross. From the remainder he deducted the \$116,500 which had been advanced to Disney for production. By agreement the distributor was also permitted to be reimbursed for additional expenses incurred outside of actual distribution, Cinephone fees, and so forth. Specifically, these expenditures were for extra prints, print processing, negative and laboratory expense, advertising (more than \$3,000), censorship and licensing, insuring negatives, music copyrights, recording fees and print royalties, and territorial recording (in foreign languages).

This left a net profit of less than \$100,000, which was further reduced, for Powers as backer was entitled to one-fourth of the net as a return on his investment. After a few other charges and costs to meet, Disney came out of it all with about ten per cent of the entire gross for himself. He had only Roy to share with, because some enterprising employee in the Powers organization had persuaded Ub Iwerks to sign an independent producing contract, similar to the one under which Disney was working. Since then Iwerks has produced a clever piece called "Flip the Frog," which was released through Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

And Disney didn't even get his profit, because at this point he and Powers had a disagreement. Disney wanted to look at the business end of the Mickey Mouse films, but Powers refused to show his books, not because there was anything to hide, but because he wanted Disney to sign a regular distributor's contract. They had been working under a mutual agreement, executed through a series of letters. The Mickey Mouse idea had grown into more than just a program filler. The demand for Disney films pointed to unprecedented business. Powers realized that he must have something stronger and more legal than an exchange of letters to protect himself and his investment. They parted company and Powers received no more Mickey Mouse or Silly Symphonies pictures. He was left in something of a predicament, for he had orders and contracts for the Disney features from all parts of the world; it looked as if the business for 1930 would double that of 1929.

Presently Disney came to New York with a motion picture attorney, who insisted upon seeing the gross income figures. Powers, buttressed by the batch of orders and contracts for the pictures, felt certain that Disney would weaken first. But he did not, and the break between them became final.

### III

The Columbia Pictures Corporation now persuaded Disney to negotiate with them. They gave the artist a contract that was indeed a contract. It assured him of an advance of \$7,000 per picture—three times the sum agreed upon with Powers. More important, however, was that Columbia contracted to advance to Disney money to the extent of \$25,000 to defray the legal costs of settling the disagreement

with Powers and actually did advance \$10,000 for this purpose.

Powers realized at once that he was up against a stone wall. He suggested a cash settlement for complete release of Disney and his twenty-one films. The figure was more than \$100,000. Disney, like a true artist, agreed. He wanted to get things straightened out, so he could work in peace.

But, since he had considerably less coming from Powers than the distributor wanted, Disney had to borrow \$50,000 from Columbia to close the deal!

Having shaken off, as he supposed, his business troubles, the Mouse man went back to the Coast to resume production of his brain children.

Disney worked with Columbia for two years under a contract that could hardly be expected to make him independently wealthy. To begin with, after turning over to Powers every cent of the profits on his first twenty-one creations, he went to work owing his distributors \$60,000. The Columbia contract stated that Columbia, as distributor, was privileged to exact the usual 35 per cent of all collections taken from film exchanges and exhibitors direct. It further stated that Columbia, as distributor, was to retain all balances until reimbursed for the advances made to Disney for the production of pictures. Columbia was also given the privilege of regaining all moneys spent which were not attributable to actual distribution, such as ". . . to defray costs of prints, recordings, transportation charges, insurance on negatives, advertising and furthermore, with respect to Canada and foreign countries, duties, censorship fees, censorship reconstruction charges . . ." etc.

Whatever chanced to be left over after all this had taken place was divided into two equal parts, one of which went to Columbia Pictures, and the other to Disney.

Late in 1930 Disney wisely reorganized his partnership with brother Roy and formed the Walt Disney Productions, Ltd. Membership in the corporation is confined to Mr. and Mrs. Walt Disney and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Disney.

The two-year association with Columbia may or may not have been as profitable as Disney expected; but it is significant to note that in the two years he produced about fifty pictures, and that each of these pictures was saddled with a deficit before he drew a line because of the \$60,000 which Columbia advanced to finance the break with Powers.

That the artist was dissatisfied is probable for, when his contract was about to run out, Columbia refused a request to double the amount advanced to him for production, that is, to make the advance per picture \$15,000 instead of the prevailing \$7,000. The gossip went through Hollywood that the Mouse Man was getting "tough."

A meeting on a Hollywood thoroughfare with an executive of United Artists—once the haven of dispirited creative geniuses of the film industry—was all that Disney needed to select a new distributor. What apparently won him over to United Artists was that they handled no other short pictures and therefore would be able to sell the Disney pictures by themselves, instead of selling them along with others in "block booking" arrangements. But they also agreed to pay him the much-desired \$15,000 advance for each picture.

So Disney signed a contract to release through United Artists. Hadn't this fifteen-year-old "declaration of artistic independence" made Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, and Douglas Fairbanks the three richest artists in the film business?

But Disney's financial tangle soon



became deeper. He was thrust into a whirlpool, an endless chain of debits and credits. The money advanced for production was not an out-and-out gift to have and to hold. Would things were as simple as that.

#### IV

Briefly, the new arrangement was as follows: The artist, or his company, received the cash advance from a finance unit, which took his note of indebtedness for the amount. The note was underwritten by United Artists as distributors, but the indebtedness remained on the books against Disney. If, when, and as the distributor took in the dollars for Mickey Mouse rentals, it paid them over to the finance unit until Disney's obligation was liquidated. But by the time one of these obligations was settled, Disney or his bookkeeping department obtained another substantial advance on a second production, and possibly money for a third or a fourth. He was likely to be charged with from \$45,000 to \$75,000 for advances against subsequent productions before sizeable returns began to come in from the first release.

Profits? Theoretically there are no profits until a unit of pictures—usually thirteen films, but sometimes six—is completed. At the completion of a unit an accounting is rendered and the profits, if any, are relinquished to the artist or his company.

Yet still the profits, if any, may not be relinquished. For by the time the accounting on the first unit is completed, Disney has obtained an advance or advances to finance one or two or more productions of the succeeding unit of Mickey Mouse or Silly Symphonies!

Why doesn't he use his own money for productions? He does—but it does not reach very far, for he is engaged in

a very expensive business. And the advance, even though not actually used, is there "in case." Disney's pictures of to-day are vastly superior to the productions he made for \$5,000 each when he was distributing through Powers. They are works of art. The Silly Symphonies are works of both science and art. The famous "Three Little Pigs" required 12,992 drawings. Disney not only animates figures to-day; he animates color. And he matches every move with sound effects or measured music. All this work is done in an up-to-date studio, built two and a half years ago at a cost of \$250,000. The studio is devoted solely to the Disney Productions, which include newspaper cartoons, the designing of figures, and supervision of the various royalty-bearing items which have a wide market.

For the making of his films Disney has a staff of at least a dozen story men, gag men, and scenarists. There are forty animators who draw the movements of the figures, and forty-five assistant animators. There are thirty girls who trace and color non-moving parts and paint backgrounds. There is an orchestra of twenty-four skilled musicians. Then there are sound-effects workmen, special voices, electricians, photographers, and Technicolor experts, film developers, laboratory chemists, a fully equipped and staffed projection room, a "dubbing" outfit for scoring and synchronizing sound tracks after the silent film is made, and, of course, menial workers about the plant and offices. In all, there are 187 people in the organization.

Over in a secluded corner of this cozy-looking white building which is far out from Hollywood Boulevard, Roy Disney and his staff of bookkeepers endeavor to keep pace with the finance unit. The studio is identified at night by a large figure of Mickey Mouse and a sign which blaze forth to the world.

Probably the most unique feature of the Studio is that it is owned solely by Disney and is free of mortgage.

Film production at the plant is done on schedule, and it is not a light schedule. Thirteen Mickey Mouse pictures are made each year, one every four weeks. Thirteen Technicolored Silly Symphonies are fashioned annually, one every four weeks. And that is only one phase of it. The sound track of Mickey Mouse is dubbed in two foreign languages. (In France he is Michel Souris; Germany, Michael Maus; Japan, Miki Kuchi; Spain, Miguel Ratoncito, also Miguel Pericote; Greece, Mikel Mus; Italy, Michele Jopolino. Other Latin-speaking people call him Michael Mus.)

It is a far cry from "Steamboat Willie." Maintaining the heavy schedule and running a fully equipped studio requires a steady stream of cash. The income from film rentals does not come forth in a steady stream of cash. The flow is spasmodic and, alas, sometimes not at all. The earning life of a short talking picture is anywhere from six months to five years. That life can be prolonged only by salesmanship, like the life of any product on the market.

Meanwhile, however, the money guaranteed by the distributor for the making of each picture is ready in advance of every new production, regardless of how well or how poorly the preceding film may have fared in the open market. Disney therefore used to be constantly "in hock" for the advances, which mounted up when passed out in regular sums of \$15,000 each.

He is now out of debt, it is said, and able to finance his picture-making without using the advance; but even now he has only enough cash to run the business, and no more.

Furthermore, the prospective earnings on the pictures he is making will

be slow in coming in, and the successful ones will have to help pay the cost of making the less profitable ones.

Take the "Three Little Pigs" as an example. The cost of this picture was \$20,500 and it took four weeks to make, although Walt Disney had been trying for a year to persuade his story staff that the idea was a good one. This picture has turned out to be a freak in the matter of sales. Nothing has ever been seen to equal the demands. A total of over 400 prints were made so that all parts of the country could have it when they wished. Of course, all 400 prints are not earning money simultaneously, but all have produced income. The gross returns on this eight-minute picture have been unofficially estimated at anywhere from \$150,000 to \$200,000, and of course rumor has set them at much higher figures even than those. But the profits, whatever they may be, will never be announced, for "Three Little Pigs" is only a part of a unit. Its income will be pooled with that of the preceding and subsequent films in the unit. In short, much of the profit of the "Three Little Pigs" may have to cover the weaknesses in the earning record of other pictures which have failed to return a profit, if such films exist.

## V

Meanwhile a barrier in Disney's path to wealth is still Columbia Pictures. That organization's contract with the artist, dating from January, 1930, was not merely for two years of production. It reserved the right to rent out each picture for five years after the date of initial release!

This privilege has brought about an unusual state of affairs. Columbia Pictures have on their books more than sixty Disney pictures. These include the twenty-one productions obtained from Powers, and two years of



shorts made under contract. The Powers pictures are running past the five-year date line now, and each film must be withdrawn from the market when it passes this five-year line. But many old Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphonies films are still obtainable. This is a sharp competitive weapon against all of Disney's new productions.

For instance, suppose the children of your neighborhood want to see Mickey Mouse pictures, and refuse to tolerate other animated cartoons. They threaten to leave the neighborhood theater. The manager is in a quandary.

He first calls up United Artists or its territorial agent. The new Mickey Mouse, he is told, can be rented for, let us say, \$20 for three days. He winces at the price, but he must have a real Mickey Mouse. Happily, however, his distributors' bulletin shows him that he can save money. Columbia has shelves full of Mickey Mouse prints. He can have his choice of the lot for, let us say, \$5 for three days.

Does he take the "New Mickey Mouse" at \$20 or one of the old series at five dollars? In these times there is no alternative for the neighborhood theater manager.

The first-run houses in the large cities welcome the new productions as the best of their kind, and Mickey frequently gets top billing on the canopy. Silly Symphonies go into the RKO Music Hall in New York City for a rental of \$500 a week. But there is only one Music Hall.

It is in the smaller cities and neighborhood theaters that the costly new productions face serious opposition from ghostly Mickey Mouse pictures of the past. And Disney's productions are costly. The Mouse films average \$18,000, and the Symphonies \$20,000. Color-print costs add another \$18,000 to \$20,000. This necessitates high rental prices, which are pro-rated so as

to wipe out all existing costs within eighteen months. Only unusual demand for a picture produces a profit before the eighteen months have expired.

Three more years will elapse before Columbia's supply of Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphonies prints becomes nullified by contract. And there is no telling through whom Disney will be releasing three years hence. At present he is releasing through the specific outlet of a big producing company, for the controlling stock in United Artists was purchased recently by 20th Century Pictures.

It is quite true that Walt Disney is not exactly in need of sympathy, for he has other channels of revenue over which he has better control. His newspaper cartoon strip returns a handsome profit, largely because there is no distributor soaking up 35 per cent and "extras" for mailing out the mats. There are several varieties of Mickey Mouse books. A half-million were printed recently exclusively for one group of the five-and-ten-cent-stores. There are Mickey Mouse toys, writing paper, printed card insertions for gum and candy, cloth prints, novelties, effigies, gramophone records—in fact, anything that will produce a royalty for the use of the name or figure. Of late the "Three Little Pigs" have invaded the Mickey Mouse territory, vying with the mouse for popularity and royalties. Fortunately Disney has copyrighted and registered his various brain children in every possible way to protect himself from infringement and gross imitators.

So long as he can keep Mickey Mouse films popular, these various royalties will continue to pour in, and he will shed no tears over profitless films. But it remains a curious fact that his chief returns thus come from by-products, not from the pictures themselves which have given delight to so many million people.



## THE "NORTHEAST PASSAGE"—BY AIR

BY BURT M. McCONNELL

IT is quite reasonable to assume that the leisurely flight of Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh which began last July and ended in December was the indirect result of an article that appeared in HARPER's for October, 1927. The writer of the article predicted that we were on the verge of an intellectual discovery: namely, that a Northwest Passage to the Orient (or a Northeast Passage to Europe) was possible—by air. He felt certain that within a few years we might also realize, as he had realized for more than a decade, the fact, well known to Arctic navigators four centuries ago, that one may go east or west by traveling north. The sixteenth-century navigators were stopped by the impenetrable ice fields; but, as this writer pointed out, there are no natural barriers in the air, "only shackles of the mind to loosen and pry off." The flight of Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh seems to have pried off a few of these shackles.

The article (you may have guessed it by this time) was written by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, my preceptor in Arctic exploration, who believes the shortest, safest, and best of all air routes to Europe is the Arctic route. To my certain knowledge, this has been his steadfast belief for sixteen years. So far back as 1919, Stefansson outlined the advantages of a northern airway in a letter to the Premier of Canada. In the article mentioned above the explorer advocated an air route to the Orient—the same route, with slight

variations, which Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh followed in the summer of 1931.

The flight of the Lindberghs last year was the logical outcome of the many experimental voyages by air across the Atlantic, successful and unsuccessful. Their route lay over the course which the Colonel's Viking ancestors steered in their voyages to "Vinland" nearly a thousand years before. It is entirely unlikely, however, that Colonel Lindbergh was thrilled by this thought, even if it occurred to him. It was his duty, as technical adviser of a great American air transport company, to investigate and report upon the advantages and disadvantages of a northern air route to Denmark, by way of Greenland and Iceland.

The Atlantic has been crossed dozens of times by airplanes and dirigibles; by the slow and stately *Graf Zeppelin*, the lumbering *DO-X*, the mass formation of Savoia-Marchetti seaplanes under General Balbo, and our own round-the-world Army fliers. The factor of safety, however, always left something to be desired, and the planes never carried pay-loads. There was a great deal of spectacular pioneering, followed by tentative announcements of a regular air service between the two hemispheres, but no concrete example of how to make a trans-Atlantic air route commercially practicable.



Almost six years ago definite moves were made by air-transport interests, both here and abroad, toward establishing a round-the-world air line. Hassell and Cramer made the first flight from the United States to Greenland in 1928. Three years later, in an effort to prove the feasibility of the Arctic route, Cramer and a radio operator undertook an aerial survey, and had almost reached their goal, Copenhagen, when they encountered a storm and were lost in the North Sea.

Meanwhile Stefansson realized that operating rights and mail-carrying franchises in the countries to be traversed were necessary; any pioneer air transport company would consider them tangible assets. Without these flying concessions a competitor simply could not operate an airway, because of laws which forbid foreign-owned air lines from having bases in another country. Operating rights in Greenland, Iceland, and other intermediate points along the route must, therefore, be exclusive in order to justify the expense and risk of pioneer flights.

A college classmate of Stefansson's went to Finland and obtained the exclusive right to carry the United States mails through that country on inter-continental air traffic for fifteen years. The Danish Government, which controls Greenland, then granted Trans-American Air Lines, sponsors of the Hassell and Cramer flights, the right to carry out field surveys in Greenland for three years. If at the end of that time both government officials and American transport interests agreed that a commercial route across Greenland was feasible, a franchise would be granted. Iceland, the birthplace of Stefansson's parents, was then approached. This isolated outpost of civilization welcomed the advent of tourists, better business connections with the United States, and faster mail service—and the stage was set.

In 1932, Trans-American Air Lines transferred to Pan American Airways (the only American concern operating outside continental United States) the concessions and operating agreements obtained along the proposed route. The company retained Stefansson as its Arctic consultant, and in the summer of 1933 Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh set out to check the work of their flying predecessors.

Pan American Airways is peculiarly fitted to inaugurate an Arctic air route. It is a far-flung system, with more than sixty radio and control stations. On one section of its route, between Jamaica and Colombia, there is an over-water hop of more than five hundred miles. This is made twice a week in an amphibian plane seating forty-four passengers, and furnishes the best sort of laboratory for testing flying and radio equipment, and for the training of pilots, mechanics, and wireless operators for the business of trans-oceanic flying.

At the outset the obstacles in the way of maintaining regular schedules over the Arctic route seemed almost insurmountable. Suitable harbors, in which seaplanes could be sure of safe landings in all weathers, must be located; alternate courses over central Greenland and northern Iceland must be plotted for those days when fog rolls over the southerly shores; navigational and practical flying problems must be solved. For the setting up of an air-transport system involves something more tangible than the purchase of a number of planes. There must be beacons, buoys, ramps, emergency landing fields, hangars, repair shops, fuel supplies, spare parts, accommodations for passengers, transportation connections, two-way radio equipment, storage warehouses, and a weather forecasting and reporting service.

The fundamental difficulty, however, was the uncertainty of the

weather, and the meager data on meteorological conditions in the Greenland and Baffin Land areas. Professor William H. Hobbs, of the University of Michigan, organized two scientific expeditions to Greenland, and was there when Hassell and Cramer arrived on their pioneer flight. Dr. R. L. Belknap, also of the University of Michigan, led a third expedition to study weather conditions in Greenland. Each of these scientific parties stayed in Greenland an entire year, and obtained day-to-day observations on the direction and frequency of storms, characteristic wind velocity, the direction and force of upper-air currents, and other meteorological, aerological, and topographical data. Behind the more recent Lindbergh survey, therefore, lies a great deal of scientific research.

## II

The proposed route, as laid out by the pioneers in Arctic aviation, lies from New York and Detroit across northern Canada to Baffin Land, the planes flying far inland in order to escape the Newfoundland and Labrador fog areas. During this part of the journey it would never be necessary to fly at an altitude greater than 4,000 feet; there are no mountains. Davis Strait, between Baffin Land and Greenland, is the first water jump of any consequence—340 miles. Next would come a 450-mile hop across the Greenland ice-cap to Angmagssalik, on the east coast. In Iceland, where it is seldom stormy on the south and north coasts at the same time, a stop would be made at Reykjavik or Eskafjord, as the weather dictates. The longest leg of the tentative route would be the over-water jump from Iceland to the Faroe Islands—a distance of 495 miles. At the Shetland Islands it is planned to establish a branch airway to London, while the main route continues on to

Copenhagen, Denmark, which is the central and natural distributing base for all German and East European traffic.

It is planned to have an air base every 400 or 500 miles, where pilots can be changed and passengers can stroll about; where engines can be repaired, fuel and oil replenished, and weather reports sent and received. Emergency landing fields, beacons, and field lighting equipment, similar to that installed on modern airways in North and South America, will lighten the worries of pilots and passengers. The expense of such an airway will be small, compared with the cost of building a trans-continental railway.

The delay in capitalizing the experimental flights of Lindbergh, Wilkins, Chamberlin, Byrd, Williams, and other trans-Arctic and trans-Atlantic aviators was to have been expected; it was not until nineteen or twenty years after the steam and sailing ship *Savannah* crossed the Atlantic in 1819 that steam packets began regular trips between Great Britain and the United States. A few years later a new ship out of Baltimore dropped the Chesapeake capes astern and stood out to sea, bound for China. She was cleanly built, with raking masts and an incredible amount of canvas—the first of our clipper ships, which were to give to this country the leading position on the seven seas.

Colonel Lindbergh visualizes a time when Yankee clipper ships of the air will touch the shores of every sea-faring nation. The flying Colonel has announced that the company with which he is connected will build such a fleet and send them into the trade routes of the world. Like the clipper ships of 1843, these seaplanes are to be built with an eye to speed and efficiency, rather than size. Better perhaps than anyone else, the Colonel realizes that the world struggle for transportation



leadership is rapidly shifting from the seas to the air.

It was part of Colonel Lindbergh's job, as technical adviser of Pan American Airways, to determine by a personal survey whether airplanes could get through the fogs in the vicinity of Greenland regularly enough and safely enough to justify a commercial air route to Europe. In order to obtain complete data, Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh visited every possible European terminal from Oslo and Moscow to Lisbon. They made an intensive study of European passenger-carrying planes, airports, safety precautions, beacons, field lighting equipment, government subsidies, and possible international collaboration, particularly with Imperial Airways of Great Britain. They learned at first hand the advantages and disadvantages of the Arctic air route, the "great circle" course from Newfoundland to Ireland, the Bermuda-Azores route, and the equatorial course already covered by French and German aircraft.

The Lindbergh survey puts the United States definitely in the race for a substantial share of the world's airways. The British, French, Germans, Dutch, Italians, and Russians are rapidly extending their air lines, having in mind the eventual linking of the hemispheres. Great Britain is operating an airway between London and India and another between London and South Africa. There is regular flying between India and Batavia, and an airway from India to Australia is being projected. Russia has made astounding progress in commercial aviation in the last five years. Germany has projected a line, 6,200 miles in length, between Berlin and Shanghai. The Dutch are planning to link Java with Hong Kong.

Regular weekly air-mail flights between France and South America will be inaugurated early in the spring; the

French government has underwritten three huge flying boats for use on this route. German air transport interests announced in January that a five-day trans-Atlantic air mail service between Germany and South America, using both planes and the *Graf Zeppelin*, would be started within two months. Meanwhile, the Germans are building the world's largest airship—larger than our own *Macon*—and plans have been outlined for another.

In establishing an air route to South America, Germany has solved the problem of an intermediate "landing field" by sending a tank steamer, the *Westphalen*, to a point midway between Africa and Brazil. This vessel is equipped with a catapult similar to those in use on American warships, a crane, and an ingenious drag sail, reinforced with wooden strips. As the German mail plane circles for a landing, the *Westphalen* heads into the wind, with the huge apron trailing astern. The seaplane is landed near the strip of canvas and taxied upon it, out of reach of the waves. It is then lifted on board by the huge crane, refueled, overhauled by engine mechanics, and later catapulted into the air.

A few American engineers hope to solve the re-fueling problem of trans-Atlantic commercial flights by erecting huge seadromes at sheltered spots along the Atlantic coast, towing them to points approximately five hundred miles apart on the route to Europe, and anchoring them to the ocean floor. These large, inherently stable, floating airports, costing more than \$6,000,000 each, would be equipped with hotels, fuel depots, hangars, radio stations, and all the appurtenances of trans-continental airports. The seadrome corporation would charge the airway a toll on every passenger, as well as on mail and express. Secretary of the Interior Ickes, however, has declared that the Government will not loan

Public Works Administration funds to build these floating airports unless foreign governments guarantee the neutrality of the seadromes in the event of war, and also contribute their proportional share of the cost.

American aeronautical experts advocate also the use of dirigibles on trans-Atlantic air routes. But one of these leviathans of the air costs at least \$5,000,000—enough to purchase sixteen large seaplanes. A dirigible is slow, comparatively speaking; it requires favorable weather conditions, expensive hangars, and a large crew. It can not come in for a quick landing; and, while a dirigible can carry sufficient fuel for the entire flight across the ocean, this is more than offset by the superior speed of the seaplane, even though it be required to stop and refuel half a dozen times. Colonel Lindbergh has placed the stamp of his approval upon the seaplane.

About three years ago, the Colonel drew up specifications for a giant all-metal seaplane capable of carrying a load of fifty passengers, mail, and express on a non-stop flight of 2,500 miles. Moreover, said the chairman of Pan American's technical committee, they must have a top speed of 125 miles an hour and carry extra fuel in case of head winds. Such a superplane could take off from New York City and come down on the Thames near London twenty-four hours later.

The clipper ships of the air, according to the Colonel's specifications, would be smaller than the German *DO-X*, with its twelve engines, but larger than the planes of any air transport company following trade routes regularly in any part of the world. The four engines would be streamlined into the leading edges of the wings, and size would be disregarded in an effort to obtain maximum efficiency. These ships, declared the Colonel, must be liners of the air in

every sense; they must be air-worthy, as well as sea-worthy. That meant, in the language of aviation, that these seaplanes must be able to descend upon the open ocean in the event of a sudden storm, ride out the storm, and take off afterward. If one—or even two—of the engines failed to function properly, the others must be able to keep the plane going at cruising speed until repairs could be effected.

A number of conservative aeronautical engineers maintained that such a plane could not be built. Others submitted tentative designs, and for nearly a year these were tested and studied by Army and Navy experts, working in collaboration with scientists of the National Advisory Council on Aeronautics. At the end of that time, contracts to build six planes, each to cost about \$300,000, were awarded to two American aircraft manufacturers. These huge flying boats are now being built at Bridgeport and Baltimore. They have comfortable accommodations, including cabins and promenades on two decks, large windows, sleeping quarters, dining room, lounge, smoking room, observation promenade, and of course a bar. They are capable of transporting pay-loads across the Atlantic or the Pacific.

Which route the planes will take to Europe or whether Pan American Airways will enter into a working agreement with British Imperial Airways or some other foreign air line has not been announced. The British concern has the franchise for trans-Atlantic operation to Bermuda, but with the exception of France, no European country has developed a seaplane that will meet the Lindbergh specifications. French aviation interests have the exclusive right to land in the Azores. Whatever route is chosen by Pan American Airways, singly or in conjunction with European air transport



companies, the flights must be made on schedule, regardless of weather conditions. Innumerable trial flights, with pay-loads of mail, freight, and express, will have to be carried through successfully before the lives of passengers are risked in the new trans-Atlantic service.

With French, British, and German interests paramount in the South Atlantic, there remains for the American concern only the "great circle" course and the proposed Arctic route by way of Iceland. In either case, operating rights in Newfoundland or Canada must be forthcoming. Those who know Colonel Lindbergh believe he will recommend that the Arctic route be flown in summer, spring, and fall; and the Bermuda-Azores route in winter, in collaboration with European airways.

The southern route has been favored by aviation enthusiasts because of its mild weather. But if New York, London, and Paris are expected to furnish the bulk of mail and passenger traffic, the southern route is so much longer than the northern that, even with super-planes having a speed of 125 miles an hour, the advantage over the fastest steamships would be slight. The average distance between America and eighteen European cities is 5,520 miles by way of Iceland, and 6,176 by way of Bermuda. Flights over the southern route could be made in perhaps three days, as against a fast steamship schedule of four days, seventeen hours between Cherbourg and New York City. The Bermuda-Azores route offers uniformly good weather conditions and it lies in close proximity to the steamer lanes, but the considerable stretches of open ocean demand the development of long-range seaplanes by any European nation that enters into a working agreement with the American concern.

The main difficulties on the "great

circle" route and the Newfoundland-Azores air line are fog off the Grand Banks and the long gap between Newfoundland and Ireland or Newfoundland and the Azores.

### III

On the other hand, the Arctic route, as advocated by Stefansson, has four distinct advantages over the others: It saves hundreds of miles; it provides on the average better weather conditions; it furnishes more natural landing places, over both land and water; and the over-water flights are comparatively short. Since the greatest distance over water is never more than 500 miles, the route can be flown with smaller—and, therefore, more economical—planes. The route is logical and practical; its harbors are ice-free for the greater part of the year. In fact, Chicago in January has a mean daily minimum temperature several degrees lower than that of Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland.

One of the advantages of the northern route in summer is that all voyages by air could be made during daylight hours. Another is that nature already has provided a sprinkling of rafts, in the form of ice fields, far more stable than artificial landing fields can ever be. The open ocean anywhere is usually rough, but the effect of scattered ice fields, even in a gale, is to keep the surface of the water fairly calm. Nature also provides numerous smooth spots on land, by converting in winter every river and every lake into an emergency landing field; one can come down almost anywhere with pontoons in summer and skis in winter. Surface drainage is prevented in part by the frozen sub-soil.

In the early days of aviation winter flying would have been uncomfortable in the Arctic. But those days passed with the development of the cabin

plane heated by the exhaust from the engine. This enables air transport companies to carry on flying operations throughout the year in the coldest of countries—Canada, Alaska, and Siberia; heating the cabin of an airplane is as simple as heating the interior of a closed automobile. There still persists, however, the impression that many of us got in our school days, namely, that the Arctic regions are cold in summer as well as in winter. As a matter of fact, summer temperatures in the Arctic lowlands are sometimes as high as those of Florida—85° to 90° F. in the shade—and even higher.

Iceland is as warm in July as Milan, Italy. Stefansson even goes so far as to declare that the temperature at the North Pole would be as high as it is at the Equator on the Fourth of July, for example, if the North Pole happened to be located on low land, away from mountains and open water. He also points out that for five weeks in summer more heat per day is received from the sun on a square mile of the Arctic than on a similar area at the Equator; the heat per hour received in the Arctic is less, but the sun shines a greater number of hours. That is one reason why Winnipeg is frequently hotter than New Orleans in July.

Ever since the Canadian Pacific Railway was built, the orthodox way of traveling from London to Tokyo has been by steamship to Montreal, by rail to Vancouver, thence by steamer to Japan—a distance of more than 11,000 miles. The distance by air, over the Arctic route, would be less than half that. Seattle is 2,000 miles closer to a number of European cities by air than it is by rail and water. If you draft on a globe the shortest distances between New York City and Peiping (Peking); Detroit and Tomsk; or Seattle and Copenhagen, you will find these lines running across the Arctic.

One of the difficulties that faces the sponsors of an Arctic air route is the conviction of the average person that the Arctic is a region of raging blizzards and perpetual cold; of high winds and treacherous fogs. Yet the weather records of such well-known explorers as Peary and Nansen show that strong winds at great distances from land are very rare. Scientists believe that the storms which originate over Greenland, when icy blasts meet the warm winds from the Temperate Zone, influence in an important way the climate and weather vagaries of the entire North American continent. The more the weather observers learn about these air currents, the more accurately are they able to forecast weather disturbances in the Northern Hemisphere.

It used to be believed quite generally that the land in the Arctic was covered with a permanent layer of ice and snow; that the Arctic Ocean was covered with a solid sheet of ice. As a matter of fact, the average snowfall in the Arctic is less than that of Michigan or Illinois—and in the summer the snow melts except in the vicinity of mountains. The Arctic is a region of low temperatures in winter, but it is no colder than the winter weather of Canada, Alaska, Siberia, or Minnesota. Half a mile above the ground the temperature ranges from 30° to 50° warmer than on the ground. And in summer, says Stefansson, the average temperature just above the Arctic Ocean is approximately freezing, while the temperature at an altitude of 1,000 feet is from 45° to 52° above zero. The much-labeled Arctic Ocean is not covered with an unbroken expanse of ice, for the winds and currents are continually breaking it up, so that we have even in midwinter millions of floes of various sizes drifting about, with large patches of open water between them. In fact, scientists now agree that there



is no area in the world comparable in size to the Arctic where gales are so few, and where the highest wind velocities of the year are so low, as in the Great White North.

There are, of course, local spots of violent storms, as there are everywhere on the globe; but the pilot whose plane is equipped with two-way radio can avoid storm areas, as a ship's navigator avoids reefs and shallows. He may outwit the weather on a trans-Atlantic crossing, and do it regularly and on schedule with the aid of the radio, which keeps him in touch with ground stations at all times.

In the Arctic the air is clear, like a Manitoba January, and neither so cold nor so stormy. Six or seven of the winter months are almost entirely free of fog; and when fog does exist in the warmer months it is not so serious an obstacle to flying as it is over the North Atlantic. In the Arctic the fogs are low-lying, so that the pilot can fly above them and navigate his plane by the sun and stars—if he happens to "lose" the radio beam that guides him from one airport to the next.

This is not the case in the treacherous fog areas of Labrador and the North Atlantic, where thick curtains of mist are sometimes found from an altitude of 18,000 feet right down to the turbulent, gray-green waves of the Atlantic. As for rain and snow, precipitation of one kind and another in the Arctic does not vary greatly from the average rain- and snow-fall in representative cities in the United States. The records of Angmagalik, Greenland, for example, showed during one year a precipitation of rain, hail, snow, and sleet of 35.6 inches. For the same year the precipitation in New York City was 42 inches, and in Chicago 33 inches.

One hears a great many disparaging remarks about the cold and inclement

weather of the Northern Hemisphere, yet the wealth and power of the world, commercial and military, are at present generally concentrated in the cities of that hemisphere, together with the great land masses of the earth. Stefansson and other students of colonization believe that, with increased cultivation of the grain belts of Canada and Siberia, large cities will grow up along the great rivers flowing into the Arctic Ocean. They remind us that the center of civilization is no longer in Egypt, as it was five thousand years ago, or in Greece. It is not even in Spain, as it was in the Middle Ages. The course of empire has been northward through all history, and the trend is still away from the Equator. Northern Canada, northern Europe, and northern Asia lie, not at the end of the civilized world, but well toward its middle. Trans-polar air routes to Europe and the Orient, therefore, are certain to become more and more important, decade by decade.

Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh, by charting an airway to China and Japan along a "great circle" course, and a "Northeast Passage" to Copenhagen by way of Greenland, have shown the way. They have blazed an Arctic trail that is calculated to lure the air traveler of the near future to Greenland, with its glistening cap of ice 7,000 feet above sea level—a flat, inland plateau, swept almost clear of snow by the winds; the world's largest natural landing field. A bleak and rocky, but habitable coast line, with gorgeous steel-blue fjords and fertile, grass-covered valleys.

"Of what use is Arctic exploration?" was a question often leveled at explorers before the flying era. Now, however, we realize that outlying islands can be used as fuel and repair bases for Arctic airways; they are assets, not liabilities.



# THE CHICAGO BOMB CASE

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

BY SAMUEL P. McCONNELL

I HAD been living in Chicago and for fourteen years engaged in the practice of law. On the night of May 4, 1886, I had with my wife attended a theater, and at about half-past ten we were on our way home, riding in a Madison Street car. When the car was between Canal and Union Streets we were startled by an explosion which seemed to be louder than that of a gun, but as we had no explanation we were not alarmed.

The next morning we read in the newspaper that at about 10:30 P.M. a bomb had been thrown into a squadron of police and that seven had been killed and many wounded. We knew then the source of the explosion we had heard. I was downtown early and found everyone I met greatly excited. The general opinion prevailed that there had been planned an uprising of anarchists and that no one was safe. It is no exaggeration to say that there was a reign of terror during the early part of the day. As, however, nothing happened, the feeling of fright faded away into a conviction that, while revolution and a reign of terror had been planned by the anarchists, the authorities had it checked.

It was several weeks, however, before the fright and hysteria subsided. There was left a conviction that person and property would not be secure until the anarchists who had been responsible for the murder of the

policemen were apprehended and hanged. No one seemed to doubt that there was a large organization back of the bomb throwing, with a design to overturn the government and destroy the lives and property of the well-to-do. I think that during that day I shared in the general hysteria, though I am glad to remember that I was not frightened. I think, however, I was for several days under the impression that we were in great peril.

I lived at that time in a house opposite that of the Honorable Carter H. Harrison, the mayor of the city, with whom I was intimately acquainted. He was very much engaged after the night of May 4th, and it was not for several days that I had a chance to talk with him. When I did see and talk with him he dispelled all my fears. He scouted the idea that there was any anarchist organization threatening the lives and property of the citizens. He told me that he knew that a meeting had been called of those in sympathy with the strikers at the McCormick factory, and that the meeting was to be at Haymarket Square. He knew, he said, that there had been trouble at the factory, and that the police had treated the strikers roughly and had used their revolvers, and that some strikers had been wounded. He said he had been afraid that there would be incendiary speeches made at the meeting and that trouble might follow.



He had instructed the chief of police to have a squadron of police at the Union Street Station, two or three blocks from Haymarket Square, as he could not be sure that the sympathizers might not be excited and get disorderly. He decided to attend the meeting. He told me that the crowd did not exceed a thousand and that there was no undue excitement; that he listened to the speeches and discovered nothing objectionable in them, and that he remained there until the crowd began to disperse. From the meeting he went to the Union Street Police Station, where Captain Bonfield was waiting, and told him that the meeting had been peaceful and that the crowd was dispersing.

Shortly after the Mayor had left the station someone came running in, saying that there was a fight at the Haymarket. Captain Bonfield immediately called out the squadron of police and started with it to the square. Just before they reached the square someone—forever unknown—hurled a bomb at the policemen, resulting in the death of seven of them and injuring more.

I asked Mr. Harrison if he believed that the bomb was a prelude to an insurrection or in obedience to any plot of anarchists or socialists. He scouted the idea and said the bomb thrower was a madman or a lunatic.

I inquired whether there was any organization in the city plotting a movement against organized society. He was irritated by that question and answered, "Don't you know I am mayor, that I am head of the police force, that it is my duty to guard the citizens against all dangerous movements? I have attended all the meetings of these fellows. I have read all their papers and I know that, while some of them talk like damn fools, they are not plotters. They like to hear themselves talk. They fancy themselves orators; but they are not a

bad lot really." I think I have given the gist of my talk with Mayor Harrison. I had other talks with him on many matters. As to the Haymarket murder, he never changed his mind.

Carter H. Harrison was a graduate of Yale; he came of an old and very prominent American family, he was a man of large means and, of course, had no sympathy whatever with any movement such as was imputed to anarchists, socialists, or communists. He approached the character of a great man, perhaps was one.

After the Haymarket murder the prosecuting attorney became very active in an attempt to discover the bomb thrower and the accessories to the terrible crime. He and his assistants could not find the bomb thrower; they could not find his associates; they could not find anything whatever about him. The police and the prosecutor could not believe that he had acted alone, though they might have reflected that if he had had accessories there would have been more than one bomb, and that other bombs would have been found in the possession of some of those who attended the meeting. None was discovered. Though the theory was entertained that a great uprising had been intended, the only bomb in all the crowd was the one thrown by the unknown madman.

But something had to be done; somebody must be punished; revolution and anarchy must be stopped. It was generally assumed that there was a conspiracy which had led to this atrocious murder. The police and the prosecuting attorney must do something to allay the fright of the citizens.

I do not know who was responsible, but the theory was adopted that the bomb thrower, if not assisted by others, must have been advised by others to make the bomb, and when a good time came to use it to kill a few policemen and begin the regeneration of society.

It was, of course, imputing idiocy to those who might have so advised, but that could be overlooked.

The police, therefore, arrested eight men who had written or spoken against the present structure of society, condemned capitalism, and denounced the police. These men were August Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, Oscar Neebe, Louis Ling, and Albert Parsons.

Papers were found and speeches reported that some of the eight men had made which seemed rather incendiary. Anyway, they seemed to the police and the prosecuting attorney provocative to the killing of policemen whenever a chance to shoot them occurred. That was the theory adopted by the prosecuting attorney. (Parsons, one of the men indicted, attended the Haymarket meeting with his wife and children.)

This was a good theory and the only difficulty was to show that the miscreant who threw the bomb had ever read any of the writings or heard any of the speeches of the men whom the police had thrown into jail and whom the prosecuting attorney had induced the Grand Jury to indict.

I presume it must have been thought in the State's Attorney's office that it would not be hard to convince a jury, considering the state of public opinion, that this fellow must have read some of these papers and heard some of these speeches. The failure to find out who he was was a severe handicap, but with a pliant judge and a frightened jury the prosecutor saw his way to getting these men hanged.

The State's Attorney, Julius S. Grinnell, was an absolutely honest man and, being so, was unsuspecting. He had on his staff, as his principal assistant, a man who had no conscience whatever. I knew this man and discovered him to be what I have just said. I am not

guessing about his character. He worked with the police to get the testimony to go before the jury and he worked tirelessly and unscrupulously. Before I knew him to be a scoundrel I heard him claim credit for the verdict which convicted the eight men.

## II

The case came on for trial before Honorable Joseph E. Gary of the Superior Court. I knew him well. Gary was an honest man, as honest as Grinnell of whom I have spoken. He was not learned, he was not a student. He took the world lightheartedly. I heard him say that he never worked after five o'clock and never thought of a case except when it was being presented. One day some years later I was calling on him at his house (I also was a judge then) and I noticed he was chewing tobacco and that he did not use a spittoon. I wondered and asked him why. He said, "Why, I swallow it and have for many years." He lived to be eighty-five. Judge Gary in the summer frequently visited a Clark Street saloon. He would order a glass of beer, blow the foam off it and then ask the bartender to fill the glass. He and the bartender enjoyed the joke.

For a time he held court across an alley from the building in which the Appellate Court convened. When a ruling was criticized he would say, "Oh, take it across the alley." Later, when the Appellate Court was located in the Opera House, he would say to the defeated and protesting attorney, "Oh, take it to the opera." Plainly, he had a sense of humor, a redeeming quality.

When the case was called, and before the jury was empaneled, a motion by the defendants' attorneys for separate trials for the defendants was made, but the motion was not only promptly but brusquely overruled. There has never been a case which so plainly demanded



separate trials for the defendants as did this one. If it had been granted, not a single one of the defendants would have been convicted, as will appear from what I shall shortly relate.

But it would have taken a long time to give each man a separate trial, and Gary considered that speed was essential. It has been charged that the jury was selected for conviction by the bailiffs, but I doubt that because it certainly was unnecessary. Any jury, considering the state of public opinion and Judge Gary's rulings and instructions, would have convicted the defendants.

Among the indicted men, as I have already said, was Albert R. Parsons. Although he had been diligently sought by the police, he had not been found. The case was called on June 21, 1886.

The judge was on the bench, the talemens were waiting, the prosecuting attorney had risen to begin his presentation of the State's case before he began examination of the men summoned as jurors, when there walked down the aisle a man who approached Captain Black, the defendants' leading council, shook hands with him, and then took his seat among the defendants. Captain Black announced to the court the appearance of Parsons, and accepted without objection all the proceedings of the court but desired to plead not guilty for his client. Parsons was the only one of the defendants who had a wife and children and he, therefore, hazarded more. His appearance created a great sensation not only in the court but throughout the city.

I attended the trial almost every day and read every word of the testimony. My father-in-law, the Honorable John C. Rogers, Chief Justice of the Circuit Court, lived only half a block from my house and I saw him almost every day during the trial and went over the testimony with him.

Each of the defendants had three peremptory challenges in the selection of the jury. They had, of course, the right to challenge for cause. Judge Gary was very rigid in his rulings as to cause, holding that even if a talesman said that he had an opinion regarding guilt or innocence of the defendants, he was acceptable if he said he could change it if the testimony justified. That ruling is against human experience. Opinions are not formed by thought, but by impression. In my experience a juryman never changes his opinion. He is always true to the type of Goldsmith's parson. The defendants, by Gary's rulings, were forced to use their peremptory challenges to get rid of prejudiced men, and they were soon exhausted.

From the first we were critical of Judge Gary. Neither Judge Rogers nor I liked his rulings nor his conduct. I never was in the courtroom during the trial when he did not have on the bench sitting with him, or near him, three to five women. He seemed to treat the affair as a Roman holiday and so did the women, and the thumbs were all down from the start. One day my wife sat on the bench and Gary showed her a puzzle. When I heard of this I was shocked at his levity, with eight men sitting there in dire peril of their lives, certain to die if he continued to rule every motion against them as he did. Judge Rogers agreed with me that Gary was making new law and ignoring every rule of law which was designed to assure a fair trial for a defendant on trial for his life.

When testimony was introduced showing that Spies had written violent abuse of the police, the defendants' attorney objected that what Spies wrote should not be considered against Parsons and the others. The judge then would instruct the jury that what was proved against Spies should be ignored



by the jury in considering the other men. Then a violent speech was reported to have been made by Parsons. The judge generously instructed the jury that in considering the others' defense they should ignore what Parsons had said. And so the case went on this way. The eight men were sitting together and had the same attorneys; how could a frightened jury discriminate, even when so admonished by the judge?

In his closing address the prosecuting attorney shouted to the jury, "Anarchy here is on trial. Do your duty, gentlemen!" The court did not reprove the prosecutor or remind the jury that the defendants were on trial for the murder of Patrick Degan, and not for anarchy.

I have just mentioned the fact that the same attorneys appeared for all the eight. There were two of these attorneys; one of them had just been admitted to the bar. Neither had ever tried a criminal case before and neither had a decided personality.

I have always known that had these men on trial been represented by William Forrest, Clarence Darrow, or Martin Littleton, there would have been no conviction. Both Judge Rogers and I were shocked at the instructions finally given by the court.

Though no scrap of testimony had been introduced to show even the slightest connection between any of the defendants and the assassin, or that any of them had ever seen or heard of him or he of them, the jury was allowed to guess that the terrible crime had been committed because of something they had said or written. The reader must bear in mind in reading this article that at the time, and in all the forty-seven years since then, there has not developed the slightest evidence of the identity of the bomb thrower.

The inevitable followed and seven of the defendants were convicted and

sentenced in due course to be hanged. For some obscure reason one of the defendants, Oscar Neebe, was only given fifteen years in the penitentiary.

### III

Every principle and precedent of Anglo-Saxon law was outraged by the rulings of Judge Gary, and he so confessed in the remarks he made when overruling the motion for a new trial. He said, "This case is without precedent. There is no example in the law books of a case of this sort." He manufactured the law and disdained precedent in order that a frightened public might be made to feel secure.

I want to be frank enough to admit that the hanging of these men did do away with the hysteria which had pervaded the body of the people. And, aside from the injustice of such an occurrence, perhaps it did not matter who was hanged provided the public was satisfied.

An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of Illinois, the same attorneys representing the condemned men, and after six months the verdict of the trial court was affirmed.

Why that Court took so long it is hard to understand. Except one, the men upon it were all from the country towns and there was not a big man among them. I knew that one of the judges said afterward that he had made a mistake in agreeing to affirm the verdict. All of these judges have gone long ago to meet, I hope, the Greater Judge. They ignored the major questions involved in the case. I do not know how well the case was presented and, knowing as I did the lawyers who represented the condemned men, I doubt whether the court had the questions involved properly or luminously presented. I forgave Judge Gary for his rulings. He was the victim of public opinion.



I remember that I was with Judge Rogers at his country place in Michigan when news came that the Supreme Court had affirmed the action of the lower court. He was as much shocked as I. We had both felt certain that the verdict would be reversed.

Of the decision of the Supreme Court, William Dean Howells in a letter to the *New York Times*, November 4, 1887, said:

The Supreme Court simply affirmed the legality of the forms under which the Chicago court proceeded; it did not affirm the propriety of trying for murder men fairly indictable for conspiracy alone; and it by no means approved the principle of punishing them because of their frantic opinions, for a crime which they were not shown to have committed. The justice or injustice of their sentence was not before the highest tribunal of our law, and unhappily could not be got there. That question must remain for history, which judges the judgment of courts, to deal with; and I, for one, cannot doubt what the decision of history will be.

When I was dining with Howells in Chicago during the World's Fair, he said, speaking of the case, "In all history men with such long and solemn deliberation with the forms of law have never committed such a tragic error."

Some weeks before the date set for the execution of the seven men I determined to see what I could do to secure a commutation of the sentence of these men. To accomplish this I drafted a petition to the governor, then Richard J. Oglesby, praying for a commutation of the sentence; and then I started to solicit signatures. Almost the first signature I obtained was that of Lyman Trumbull, who had been a judge of the Illinois Supreme Court and eighteen years a United States Senator. I remember my interview with him. He read the petition, then buried his face in his hands and said, "I will sign. Those men did not have a fair trial."

I secured also the signatures of

Henry D. Lloyd, William Salter, William C. Goudy, the leader of the Chicago Bar, Stephen S. Gregory, later president of the American Bar Association, Murray F. Tuley, then the Chief Justice of the Circuit Court (succeeding Judge Rogers, deceased), and Thomas Moran, one of the judges of the Appellate Court. We got a good many other signatures, among them, as I remember, that of Lyman Gage, later Secretary of the Treasury. I remember that Melville W. Fuller, afterward Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, very curtly refused to sign.

Notwithstanding my activity in this anarchist case, I was selected by a bar primary, in less than three years from the date of the Haymarket murders, as its candidate for a judgeship on the bench of the Circuit Court. There were five other candidates, but I received more votes than all the others combined. I was the only one of them who had criticized the trial of the so-called anarchists. I had no superior qualifications and was the youngest of all. I mention this not from conceit but because I think it indicated that the people of the county had already begun to feel that I was right in my intervention in favor of the men condemned by Judge Gary and the jury.

#### IV

A few days before the date set for the execution of the seven men, Henry D. Lloyd, William Salter, and I went to Springfield to present the petition to Governor Oglesby.

During the forenoon of that day I met Captain Black in one of the halls of the State House. He had been watching for me.

He said, "I want to talk with you, McConnell. I have heard that you are to have an interview with the Governor this afternoon. Won't you do

what you can for Parsons? If he is hanged I shall be responsible for his death. He was safely away and I advised him to come back and enter his appearance. I thought that would save him and I thought it would help the others. It was a great blunder. I have blundered, McConnell, clear through. Those men, all of them, were innocent and I failed to save them. None of them ever dreamed of murder. None of them ever dreamed of revolution. They were just like Parsons, dreamers, and unfortunately, some of them were talkers. They liked to talk. I believed too much in the court. I never suspected that new law would be made in order to convict the indicted men. But, oh God, I have blundered clear through! Their conviction and their execution if it happens will be on my shoulders and will always be on my heart. I should never have taken the case. It was not in my line and I have ruined the firm and my family. But do all you can for Parsons. I got him back. I ought not to have done so."

He was shedding tears and part of the time his talk was broken with sobs. I promised that I would call the Governor's attention to Parsons' voluntary appearance in court, but I said that I did not see how in other respects his case differed from that of the others.

Of course it was a great blunder on Captain Black's part to advise Parsons to return when he did, for if he had waited until the jury had been impaneled and then had had Parsons return, Parsons could have secured a separate trial and, as I have already said, any one of them tried separately could not have been convicted. Black's blunders, which were quite apparent, were due, I think, entirely to the fact that he had allowed his sentiment to influence his conduct of the case. He was extremely conscientious, deeply devoted to the cause of his clients, too

trusting, and not a good fighter. Year after year he visited the graves of the men whose lives had been taken by the law and became more or less associated with the societies to which these men had belonged. As a matter of fact, business men ceased to patronize his firm. It was a sort of boycott. Black died a poor man and his partner ended his life in a charity hospital.

Governor Oglesby promptly gave Lloyd, Salter, and me an audience. Lloyd read a long and eloquent paper reciting the many instances of police brutality in dealing with the strikers at different periods before and in connection with the lockout at the McCormick factory. It was plain that the Governor thought that Lloyd was finding or suggesting a justification for the bomb throwing. Salter followed, pleading mercy as a good policy. I followed, saying that Judges Trumbull, Tuley, Moran, and the other petitioners constituted a better tribunal than that of the court and jury who had found the men guilty in a time of terror and excitement.

The Governor gave us profound attention and we believed we had made a strong impression. He told us that he had agreed to receive and listen to the personal representatives of the condemned men and invited us to remain and listen to their pleas. Each of the men under sentence of death had a representative. I can never forget the scene and the occasion, as it was one of the most impressive and dramatic of my long life. It seemed to me that the men were there in person. I was particularly impressed by what was contained in Spies's paper. As I remember, he said, "I am not guilty of murder. I am not guilty of any crime. I am guilty of a deep desire to help humanity, particularly to help the working classes. If I could, I would sacrifice my life for the others who have been convicted with me and I



beg Your Excellency to save the others and let me go to the gallows. I am not asking for mercy. I am only asking for justice, and if Your Excellency cannot see that I want to be pardoned only because I am not guilty of the crime which is charged against me, then let me be hanged, but I beg you to save the others."

Some of the men had prepared papers which were read by their representatives. They were strong and lucid. There was no plea for mercy. All denied guilt and demanded justice. Not one of the representatives asked for clemency; they plainly had been so instructed. I felt that they were cutting off their last chance. It had been intimated—how that was known I cannot tell—that the Governor was inclined to commute the sentence of Parsons if he would make a plea for mercy; but this Parsons would not do, and in the paper read for him and which he had written there was not one word in which he asked for mercy or for pity. He strenuously demanded justice.

It was certain that the Governor could not overrule the findings of the court and jury. It was in his province to save their lives as an act of mercy, but it was not for him to declare them innocent. I felt that they were stepping on the gallows vainly denying their guilt. I was deeply affected and so was the Governor. So also were Lloyd and Salter. I do not believe that in all my life I ever saw so sad a face as that of Governor Oglesby.

Governor Oglesby was a very interesting character. I had known him during his first term as Governor (this was his second term) while I was a high school boy in Springfield, and in a way had always kept up my acquaintance with him. Once after I had gone to Chicago to practice law and was returning to Springfield to visit my parents, I met Governor Oglesby on the train. This was between his two

terms as governor. We occupied seats in the day coach; he, because he was to get off at Elkhart at four in the morning, and I, because sleeping berths cost money. We had a long talk during that night. I can remember some of it. He said to me finally, "McConnell, you have had greater advantages than I. I only had a common school education. You are a college graduate. Why," he exclaimed, "you know I never read Homer until last winter and then I had to read it in translation."

I reflected that I had read Homer while in college and had translated it in class and often wished that Homer had never lived; but Oglesby's simplicity, directness, frankness, and modesty at that time never left my memory. That interview with him that night is fresh in my mind to-day. When I went before him with that petition I knew that I was to address a man who was honest, fearless, and sympathetic. He had not only been governor once before but had served a creditable term in the United States Senate.

A gruesome thing then happened. During the night following the day on which we had interviewed the Governor, Ling, one of the condemned men, committed suicide. Some friend had smuggled into the jail a percussion bomb which by biting would explode. Ling used it and blew his head off. He didn't want to be hanged. The public did not take it that way. It revived the reign of terror and fear. In the minds of the public all the condemned were associated and all were anarchists and bombers, and this act of Ling seemed proof of this.

We had been promised many other signatures to our petition, but after Ling's horrible suicide the wells of mercy went dry. Governor Oglesby commuted the sentences of Fielden and Schwab to life imprisonment, but the other four were hanged on the appointed day. I was sad, very sad, on

the day of the execution. I felt that a horrible wrong was being done, that innocent men were being slaughtered by law.

## V

John P. Altgeld was elected a judge of the Superior Court in 1886 and was on the bench for three years after my election as Judge of the Circuit Court. As we were colleagues and both Democrats, we became very close friends. He resigned in 1891 and was elected governor. Our intimacy continued and I saw him frequently at Springfield on occasions of visits to my parents who lived there. In 1893, as I remember, I was at Springfield and as usual called on the Governor. I knew that a petition signed by thousands of people asking for the pardon of Neebe was before him. Someone had requested me to join my appeal to the others. I promised that I would. And on this occasion I said to him, "I hope you are going to pardon Neebe." He answered that he had the record before him in his library and was going over it. I said, "If you go through that record you will see that you ought to pardon all three of them, and I hope you will. If you do though it will be the end of your political career."

"If I decide they were innocent I will pardon them, by God, no matter what happens to my career!" he answered. He seemed annoyed with me for suggesting that in a case of that kind he would consider his ambition.

Some months later I was at Springfield again and had dinner with Altgeld at the mansion. After dinner he took me to his library. Pointing to a stack of great volumes he said, "There is the record of the anarchist case. I have read every word of it and I have decided to pardon all three of the men and I want to read you my message." He read it and I listened carefully.

He asked me what I thought of it.

I answered, "I am glad you are going to pardon these men but, frankly, I don't like your message."

"Why?" he asked.

I answered, "There's too much Altgeld and not enough Governor in it. It ought to be in the third person. You are Governor now and not Altgeld."

After a long pause he said, "I believe you are right and I will rewrite it and follow your suggestions." He told me that no one in the world knew of his intended action. I promised I would keep his confidence.

Some months later I read the pardon message in the newspaper. He had not changed a word; it was exactly as he had read it to me.

One day, some months, I believe, after Fielden and Schwab had been pardoned by Governor Altgeld and while I was on the bench, my bailiff came to me and told me that there were two men in the courtroom who had asked for an interview with me. I told him to find out who they were. He reported to me in a short time that the two men were Fielden and Schwab. They had written their names on slips of paper. I told the bailiff to tell them that when court adjourned at noon I would see them. I was sorry to have to have this interview. In a way I felt I was meeting men who had come back from another world. Later they came to my chambers and presented themselves. I shook hands with them. They both expressed their gratitude for my intervention on their behalf with Governor Oglesby and my aid in helping to procure their pardon from Governor Altgeld.

We did not talk about their case. I asked them what they were doing and ascertained that they both had found work and were doing fairly well. I was very much impressed with both of them. They were both intelligent, plain workmen. I forget now what



Schwab was doing but I remember that Fielden was driving a truck. I must admit that after this talk with them, I felt deeply grateful that I had participated in the effort to save the lives of two such men. Whether they are alive now, I do not know; but the last I heard was that they were both working and were earning honest livings.

Altgeld's pardon of these men brought down upon him a nation-wide flood of abuse. Even Theodore Roosevelt, as late as 1896, when he was a candidate for Vice President, in an address made in Chicago declared that Altgeld's "hands were dyed in blood and had condoned murder." These words were examples of the abuse heaped upon Altgeld by those who, like Roosevelt, knew little of the case except that men had been found guilty and then pardoned.

It has been said that this abuse accounted for Altgeld's early death.

This is not true. I knew him well. I am sure he was happier to have pardoned the men, convinced as he was of their innocence, than if he had left them to die in prison as condemned murderers.

And strange to say the pardon did not, as he—and I too—expected, ruin his career. In 1896 he was the dominant figure in his party, was renominated for governor and at the election polled ten thousand more votes than the head of the ticket. When not terrified the people are just.

The conviction had grown among the people of the State that in granting the pardon Altgeld had acted nobly and courageously. He had dared to do the right thing, and the people of Illinois began to awaken to a knowledge of his great character. He was a great man, not always right, but always deeply convinced that he was helping to make the world better for those who had to work and struggle.



# DON'T SHOOT THE PROFESSORS!

WHY THE GOVERNMENT NEEDS THEM

BY JONATHAN MITCHELL

ONE disturbing thing about the Roosevelt Administration to some people has been the professors. Suddenly, for the first time in our history, Washington is swarming with college professors. Especially to the heads of our business and industry this has been an irritating, even alarming, fact. However, if there is anything which may be called certain about Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal it is that the professors are in Washington to stay, at least for a good many years. We ought to learn to love them if we can, or at any rate understand them.

Perhaps one reason for the bafflement about the professors is that the two best-known professorial specimens have been extremely untypical. The most headlined of the professors has been the dour Cornell gold-hater, George F. Warren, advocate of the commodity dollar and the bankers' Public Hobgoblin No. 1. Before him we had Prof. Raymond Moley, who didn't quite save the London Economic Conference. The examples of these two men are useful to us—but useful principally to show what the professors as a group are not and can never be.

Professor Warren seems to be the cause, more than anyone else, of the thoroughly silly belief that the professors "run things in Washington." There is some slight evidence that Professor Warren himself once had the

notion that he would prescribe the country's monetary policy. He was under the best auspices. As was apprehensively commented upon by the scouts for Wall Street, he had constant access to the White House, and Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Jr., now the Secretary of the Treasury, was one of his old pupils. It is highly instructive to note what has happened to Professor Warren's commodity dollar. A year has passed, and we now find Secretary Morgenthau announcing that the United States is prepared to enter into a stabilization agreement with Europe. As this article is written, the British are holding back, hoping for a lower value for the pound, and conceivably we, on our side, may still make a last cut in the dollar to an even fifty cents gold, old style. But once an agreement has been finally arrived at with England, and particularly with France, it is safe to say the commodity dollar will be as dead as King Thutmose III.

If the people who have been fretting themselves into near apoplexy over professor-rule in Washington had understood political processes they would have anticipated this. They would have known that laws are not enacted because a certain professor is seen popping in and out of the White House or because the professor's pupil is in the Cabinet. Laws in this and every other country, generally speaking, are enacted because they have



effective political pressure behind them. The pressure may consist of votes, money, storm troop battalions; it does not matter so long as it is effective. Very rarely would you expect to find political pressure behind classroom-bred, professorial ideas. There proved to be comparatively little behind the commodity dollar. Almost all bankers and wealthy investors were against it, and the mass of the electorate has never understood what it was about. Had the commodity dollar been enacted into law, all Mr. Roosevelt would have gained would have been the approval of a minority of gold-hating economics professors who mostly don't vote. The professors have an immensely important function in the New Deal, but theirs is not the dictation of policies. The major policies of the Administration necessarily have been and will be determined by the conflicting pressures brought to bear by the farmers, by the workers, by business men, and by bankers (who, despite their popular disgrace, still exercise more pressure than is commonly believed), and by the other organized groups of the country.

Professor Moley is another professor whose now celebrated activities in Washington have given a misleading impression of the professors' share in the New Deal. The professors cannot lay down Administration policies; neither can they, as Professor Moley tried to do, hold the gaudy Administration posts of power. Professor Moley set out to be *de facto* Secretary of State; for weeks before the London Economic Conference the State Department had two chiefs, Professor Moley and Secretary Hull, each of whom maintained a private service of espionage against the other. At London the pair met in head-on collision, and as a result Professor Moley ricocheted completely out of the Administration.

The writer confesses that he is one of the benighted people who think Professor Warren's commodity dollar a lamentably crude, naïve device for stabilizing the price level; it seems to him that Professor Moley, in contrast, was demonstrably in the right. He predicted that the London Conference would be premature, as it obviously was. Once the Conference began he proposed to end it as hurriedly as possible with an empty, face-saving resolution, a step which would have obviated a great deal of hysterical turmoil. However, in the circumstances, the rightness of Professor Moley was highly immaterial. Secretary Hull is a leader of the conservative Southern Democrats, is respected and beloved by every old-time Democratic politician in Congress. Mr. Hull was a political force; Professor Moley was not. When after the London Conference Secretary Hull wrathily visited Hyde Park, and Roosevelt was forced to choose between them, Moley went. In jettisoning Professor Moley, Mr. Roosevelt risked alienating no one but Dr. Moley himself (Dr. Moley's devotion, in fact, has continued unabated); had he dismissed Secretary Hull, Mr. Roosevelt would have brought about the first open split in Democratic Party ranks.

No professor can be as valuable to Mr. Roosevelt as the assurance of a loyal Democracy. By the logic of politics every leader is bound to maintain a political party. Even if, through his success in reconciling the pressures brought on him by economic and cultural groups he possesses wide unorganized popularity, he must have a definite body of followers to act on election days and combat the growth of rival parties. The sure way to hold the support of a political organization is to give its representatives the good Administration posts, which means the professors never will have them.

In the entire Roosevelt Administration there is but one professor at the head of a governmental unit, Professor William I. Myers of Cornell, protégé of Professor Warren and the successor of Mr. Morgenthau as head of the Farm Credit Administration.

Next to Professors Warren and Moley, perhaps the most publicized Washington professor has been Rexford G. Tugwell, now Assistant Secretary of Agriculture. Professor Tugwell has written a number of bold books on economics, and in his youth composed a poem on the desirability of making America over and making it better. He has thus been a shining target for reactionary Administration critics. Yet Professor Tugwell has been conspicuously successful in Washington; he is as good an example of how the professors should and must behave as Professors Warren and Moley are not. He has strongly held beliefs about the policies of the Administration, but you have not found him pushing forward his beliefs as Professor Warren pushed forward the commodity dollar. Nor have you found him, as happened with Professor Moley, openly opposing the Administration's political appointees. In the great row inside the Agricultural Adjustment Administration which ended in the retirement of Administrator George N. Peek, the hands may have been partly the hands of Tugwell, but the only audible voices were those of President Roosevelt and Secretary of Agriculture Wallace.

## II

The professors do not out of their professorial wisdom run the country; they do not hold the posts of honor; their unique value to the New Deal is of another sort. Let us go back to Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration, a year ago last March. The country then was

torn by group struggles, the deepest and most murderous of which was that between debtors and creditors. In the Mississippi Valley farmers had taken up arms against the local authorities; in the cities dispossessed small home owners were ready for any sort of militancy. Remember how rapidly Technocracy spread in the January preceding the Roosevelt inauguration? Remember Gen. Art Smith's Fascist Silver Shirts?

To whom was Mr. Roosevelt to turn for aid? Here were massive pressures being brought upon him, and upon his success in meeting them would rest his Administration's fortunes. In this situation the spavined, flea-bitten Democratic party workers, then flooding into the Administration in redemption of party promises, were entirely useless. Generally speaking, the capable people of America have been in private business. But had Mr. Roosevelt upon his inauguration picked his adviser on monetary affairs from Wall Street, a cry of baffled rage and despair would have burst from the whole debtor class. Inevitably, Mr. Roosevelt would have lost the country's confidence and wrecked his Administration. In choosing as a slogan, "The New Deal," Mr. Roosevelt had run great risks. It could easily have been paraphrased to "The Stacked Deal."

However—and this is what many people forget—Mr. Roosevelt could not strike blindly against the creditor class. Had he taken as adviser an avowed spokesman for the debtors, a person like the inflationist Senator Elmer Thomas or Senator Huey Long, he would have started an exodus of capital from this country compared with which last spring's little speculative flight of capital would have been as nothing. The propertied people of America would have deliberately moved their conveyable holdings to,



let us say, England, and there awaited events. We should have had the same paralysis of private industry which Germany experienced at the time of the great flight from the mark in 1923. We should have had deepening unemployment, misery, and hopelessness, which in the end would have brought down Mr. Roosevelt's Administration as surely as yielding to Wall Street would have done. (That is, of course, unless Mr. Roosevelt had been prepared for the irretrievable step of taking over and operating American industry, a step which would have meant not the Roosevelt "revolution" represented in the New Deal, but a real and possibly very bloody revolution.)

What Mr. Roosevelt needed was a neutral, someone who didn't smell of Wall Street but who, on the other hand, wouldn't too greatly scare the wealthy. Moreover, he needed someone who would have the brains, competence, and willingness to carry through whatever policies he determined upon. Mr. Roosevelt chose college professors; there is no other group in the country which these specifications fit. As it turned out, Mr. Roosevelt's most important choice, Professor Warren, was a somewhat unhappy one. Professor Warren is an inbred conservative, but he happens to be semi-religiously possessed by a belief in the sinfulness of a rigid gold standard, which made him nearly as frightening to Wall Street as Senator Thomas himself. With his sure political gift, Mr. Roosevelt sensed his mistake. Unwilling to abandon Professor Warren, he added to him Professor Rogers of Yale and for a time (for as long as his nerves could stand the New Deal atmosphere) Professor O. M. W. Sprague of Harvard. In this way the needed neutral personality was synthetically created. Professors Warren and Sprague offset each other,

and Professor Rogers, like Professor Tugwell, has a genius for keeping his own counsel.

A demonstration of the delicacy and importance of this matter of neutral advisers came last January with the appointment of Mr. Morgenthau as Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Morgenthau wished to bring into the Treasury Mr. Earl Bailie, a friend of long standing. According to all testimony, Mr. Bailie is a capable and public-spirited person, but he happens also to be a member of the Wall Street firm of J. and W. Seligman & Co. Senator Couzens declared that his presence in the Treasury would be scandalous and that, unless he departed, he would fight against Mr. Morgenthau's confirmation by the Senate. There is no doubt that a majority of the Senate, and of the country, felt as Senator Couzens did, although a few years ago the presence in the Treasury of the ex-head of the Mellon National Bank of Pittsburgh was regarded as not only not scandalous but pretty lucky for the country. Mr. Morgenthau learned from this adventure. He appealed to Professor Herman Oliphant, then head of Johns Hopkins Law Institute, to find assistants for him. He has since obtained Professor Oliphant himself and a number of other law and economics professors.

### III

An almost equally acute set of pressures with which Mr. Roosevelt had to deal upon inauguration were those produced by the farming crisis. In the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, Mr. Roosevelt's instrument of farm policy, were from the beginning a number of professors, headed by Professor Tugwell. It contained also, however, men drawn from active business life. In the misadventures of this latter group is perhaps the strongest

example of the need for neutrality among the men of the New Deal.

The A. A. A.'s first measure—its crop restriction plan—was worked out by Prof. M. L. Wilson of Montana Agricultural College, now a Department of Agriculture adviser, and earnestly advocated by Professor Tugwell. Incidentally, it is worth noting how gently, in contrast to the angular positiveness of Professor Warren on monetary matters, Professors Tugwell and Wilson urged their project. As Mr. Roosevelt's deputies, they interviewed the leaders of farm organizations, then still hopeful that our swollen surpluses of cotton, hog products, and wheat, through subsidies, might be sold abroad. But where, Professors Tugwell and Wilson mildly inquired, are these export markets to be found? In the end it was the farm leaders themselves, with the immense pressure of the farming half of the country behind them, who insisted upon crop curtailment.

Here the pressure was all from one direction. The troubles of the A. A. A. arose when its codes came to be written. For many years one of the vultures preying upon the farmers, according to bucolic conviction, has been the Chicago packer. The codes were at last to give the farmer a "fair" price. Against this pressure from the farm areas there was the unrelenting pressure of packers and canners to continue as they had in the past.

During the period in which the conflict over the Packers' Code was gathering explosive force, the men of business affairs within the A. A. A. proceeded to their first exploit. The Administrator, Mr. Peek, for many years a manufacturer of farm machinery and leader of varied farm projects, had brought Mr. Charles J. Brand into the A. A. A. with him as Coadministrator. Mr. Brand had been, and continued throughout his term as Coadministra-

tor to be, the paid Secretary-Treasurer of the National Fertilizer Association. He promptly busied himself with writing the A. A. A. Fertilizer Code, which was as promptly approved. Perhaps the farmers do not hate the "fertilizer trust" quite as ferociously as they hate the packers, but they have scant affection for it. You will recall that Muscle Shoals Dam was built partly to break the "grip" of the "fertilizer trust." The news that a hired official of the fertilizer companies had written the code under which the companies were to be regulated by the Federal Government created uneasiness in the farming States. As far as this correspondent can discover, Mr. Brand's code was unobjectionable; but had Mr. Brand proposed the immediate socialization of the whole fertilizer industry, the farmers would still have been suspicious. Because of personal loyalty or whatever reason, Mr. Peek supported Brand. Eventually, in October of last year, Brand was forced to resign, but not until some of the distrust which had collected about him had been transferred to Mr. Peek.

Meantime the conflict over the far more important Packers' Code boiled up into the open. The specific point in dispute was the right of the Secretary of Agriculture to inspect the packers' books at will. Mr. Peek, espousing the packers' side, opposed this. What thereupon occurred was unjust, cruel, and inevitable. On the best evidence obtainable, Mr. Peek assumed the position he did because in the depths of his laissez-faire soul he hates the idea of the government "running" any man's business. But at once questions were framed: why had Peek supported Brand; why was Peek, in appearance, supporting the packers? The negotiation of the Packers' Code, with the savage pressure of the farmers' votes on one side and the financial strength of the pack-



ers on the other, demanded neutrality on the part of the negotiator in the highest degree, and Mr. Peek, however innocently, seemed to be unneutral. After wild turmoil, in which Secretary Wallace, Professor Tugwell, and the A. A. A.'s General Counsel, Mr. Jerome N. Frank who, although in fact a brilliantly successful corporation lawyer, became more professorial than the professors, all were involved, Mr. Peek moved over to the quiet haven of the Administration's experimental Exports Banks.

Since then, under the regime of the professors, the A. A. A. has proceeded amid relative calm. As this article is written, the conflicting pressures of farmers and packers have not been reconciled, and the Packers' Code, rechristened the Packers' Marketing Agreement, is still unsigned. But what needed to happen has happened. The farmers no longer suspect that the machinery of the government is being manipulated against their interest, and the professors' neutrality is believed.

In the N. R. A.—showiest of the Roosevelt Administration's instruments—the professors have had, up to the present time, small influence. The pressures which the N. R. A. was created to resolve probably are not as ancient and bitter as those of debtors and creditors, nor of the farmers. However, the conflicts of the business and industrial world are complex as Hampton Maze. There are the rivalries of great international groups, exemplified in the oil, shipping, and many other industries. There is the losing warfare between monopoly industries and the little business men. You find, in infinitely varied forms, the unending quarrel between manufacturer and distributor. Outside these internecine business feuds stands the historic division of interest between employers and workers. And,

lastly, there are the grievances of the hapless and resentful consumer.

Straight through these impinging hostile interests strode General Johnson. The Blue Eagle has been placed in every store window, the N. R. A. codes have been promulgated and, as General Johnson's "field day" for critics last March demonstrated, it is hard to say who, other than the General himself, is contented with the outcome. Two groups of dissidents are most clamorous: workers, who say the collective bargaining clause of the N. R. A. has not been enforced, and consumers, who protest that retail prices have not been controlled. Both these groups say acridly, "Look who drew the codes up."

Let us see. General Johnson's administrator for the most important code of all, the Steel Code, was Mr. Kenneth M. Simpson. Mr. Simpson's *dolce far niente* manner has at times irritated those who worked with him, but he is an admirable, public-spirited character. However, it must be remembered that from the workers' point of view the Steel Code was crucial. Had the N. R. A. backed the workers who struck in the U. S. Steel Corporation's Fayette County coal mines during the hearings on the Steel Code, the cause of collective bargaining would have gained a conclusive victory. It happens that Mr. Simpson is a consulting mining engineer; some years ago he was general manager of Commercial Solvents. His business associations of the past and his future business career lie with the same group of corporate interests which the workers were asking him to fight. When union recognition was not obtained from the steel companies, the workers felt, however unjustly, that their case had been prejudged.

Another critical code is the Retailers' Code, with which many small business men are dissatisfied. The ad-

ministrator of the Retailers' Code was Mr. Arthur D. Whiteside, regarded as one of General Johnson's ablest assistants. He is, however, president of Dun and Bradstreet, and his business friendships are with large corporations rather than neighborhood shopkeepers, and again distrust was created. According to universal admission, the most piratical of all codes, in the opportunities it gives to industrialists to raise prices, is the Lumber Code; and it happens that the chief of the N. R. A.'s Trade Division is Mr. Wilson M. Compton, a lawyer and the secretary and general manager of the Lumber Manufacturers' Association. Mr. Compton was not administrator of the Lumber Code, but his presence in the N. R. A. while the Code is under attack is the subject of criticism.

Examples could be multiplied throughout the more than five hundred N. R. A. codes. General Johnson, questioned about the prevailing big-business trend of his deputy administrators, made his famous "dead cat" reply. Reflectively waving his spectacles, he pointed out that the day would come when the air would be filled with dead cats and he, General Johnson, would have to answer for the N. R. A. in toto. He must have men about him whom he knew and trusted, and his friends were among those in big business. It is, however, arguable whether it is more important for General Johnson to have confidence in his deputies or that the small business men, the workers, and the consumers should.

One thing needs to be said. The N. R. A. is a functioning organization; its codes have been written and it has encountered no major disasters. It is possibly true that there is no great need, in the N. R. A., for reconciling opposing pressures. The pressures exerted by the workers and consumers, at least at the present time, are so

feeble, and the contrary pressure from business and industry is so overwhelming, that it may be that the question of the confidence, or lack of confidence, which the workers and consumers have in the N. R. A. is of minor moment. Let them like it or lump it providing business and industry are cared for. Should, however, we have an outbreak of worker militancy in this country, or should there be a determined consumers' buying strike, General Johnson might find that he would need to have a great many of his codes written over again.

A more probable source of future difficulties for General Johnson are the disputes within the business and industrial world itself which have already arisen round the N. R. A. codes. Many codes, partly because of the bias of the deputy administrators who supervised their drafting, contain still unresolved conflicts over the preservation of high-cost concerns through restriction of the industry's output, over the permissible extent of manufacturers' and jobbers' discounts, and such matters. The one professorial code-maker, Prof. Lindsay Rogers of Columbia, was remarkably successful in creating peace in the industries under his charge. The N. R. A.'s Consumers Advisory Board has a full complement of Professors whom General Johnson has consistently ignored. It may yet turn out to have been a mistake to have run the N. R. A. without benefit of professors.

There is one department of the New Deal the noiseless functioning of which contrasts illuminatingly with the A. A. A. under Mr. Peek's administration and with General Johnson's N. R. A. This is the administration of the railroads, under Coordinator Joseph B. Eastman. It is not because the railroads are not a fundamental point of conflict. About the railroads are knotted the interests of the farm-



ers; of all industry, which must use them to fetch its raw materials and carry away its finished products; of the railway labor unions; of many life insurance companies and savings banks. The goriest chapters of our economic history concern the railroads. The reason for the calm surrounding Coordinator Eastman's Washington office is partly that Mr. Eastman and the Interstate Commerce Commission have been at the business of regulating the railroads for a long time, and the railroads have had equal experience in being regulated. The conflicting forces of farmers, industrial shippers, labor unions, and railway bondholders have had a chance to wear against one another, and they no longer oscillate with violence. The reason is partly Mr. Eastman himself. Not so long ago the Interstate Commerce Commission was reputedly dominated by the railroad managements. Largely because of Mr. Eastman's presence, this is no longer believed. Mr. Eastman is trusted by the railroads' customers and their investors. The managements and the investment bankers behind them do not like him—no one likes being regulated—nor his advocacy of eventual government ownership, but they do not fear him. Mr. Eastman is one of the very few great civil servants this country has produced. He has created that technic of even-handed administration which elsewhere, throughout the New Deal, is being supplied only by the professors.

#### IV

Taken from the long view, what has happened to this country since Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration last March can be simply stated. Before then, it used to be that conflicts between economic and cultural groups in America were fought out with naked hands to a remorseless finish. The Federal Gov-

ernment, it is true, had permanently intervened in the railroad tangle; the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and the Clayton Act attempted to keep the bloodshed in the war between big and little businesses within bounds; the Supreme Court Consent Decrees for the Chicago packers, and similar decisions, tried to protect farmers and consumers. But these measures were exceptional. Generally speaking, wages and hours in industry were determined by periodic strikes, ending only when one side—almost always the workers—was exhausted. Price wars between industrialists continued until one contender reached bankruptcy. No quarter was ever given by the big manufacturer or distributor to the little man.

Henceforth, under the New Deal, in business and industry and throughout our national life, the Federal Government will sit as impartial arbitrator of such conflicts. The universal relief with which the ending of the previous claw-and-fang regime has been accepted by the country, even by our freebooting business feudal lords, has been one of the most extraordinary episodes in our history. In all the protests of the great New York investment banking houses against the Federal Securities Act the utmost they have asked for is a relaxation of its criminal penalties; not once have they disputed the principle of government supervision. The New York Stock Exchange, through its president, Mr. Richard Whitney, has proposed its own plan for Federal regulation. True, it was offered to escape the rigors of the Fletcher-Rayburn bill, but a year ago the suggestion of the New York Stock Exchange inviting Federal control would have seemed fantastic.

The whirling course of the New Deal has more than once seemed perplexing and unfamiliar. But, in essentials, Mr. Roosevelt has only been doing convulsively, and in one great

gulp, what has been done throughout the last fifty years, slowly and by piecemeal, in England and Germany. Neither of these countries ever had anti-trust laws; in both workers' unions grew to strength early. More than a generation ago, nation- and world-wide monopolies and powerful trade associations arose in England and the cartel system became established in Germany. Wages and hours agreements between employers' groups and industry-wide workers' unions grew to be the practice. Along with this, hesitantly and unevenly, supervision of trade practices, prices, and employer-worker agreements began to be exercised by the British and German governments.

Government regulation has not produced paradises in England or Germany; we ought not to believe that the New Deal will in America. However, for such mitigation of class and group struggles as it may bring we cannot have government regulation without the creation of a civil service. The indispensable factor in government regulation in England and Germany has been the British Civil Service and the Prussian Beamten. In them the impartial arbitration of the government between warring private factions is personified. In both England and Germany the civil servants represent a type we do not possess. The British civil servant, at his best, comes from one of the English county families, landowners since the Conquest. In Germany the Beamter is (so far he is unchanged under Hitler) the descendant of the Teutonic Knights who won their East Prussian lands five centuries ago. In England the first son of Viscount Shoetree, in Germany the first son of Baron von Edelweiss, joins a guards regiment, the second son goes into the Church or the diplomatic service, the third, fourth, fifth, and thereafter into the civil service. It has been

so for half a century, and for longer in England.

The essential qualification of young Shoetree or von Edelweiss is not brains, or administrative ability, but neutrality. They are outside and above the economic and cultural conflicts of their countries. Because of their birth, they are above social ambitions. As civil servants, they are well-paid, well-pensioned. Again because of their birth, their utmost wants are upon retirement to own a horse and follow foxhounds in the south of England, or to shoot birds in the East Prussian marshes. The almost universal urge of common folk to gain wealth for power, for ostentation, or to found a family is not in them. They cannot, the best of them, be bribed or influenced; for there is nothing you can offer them. And beyond this, the best of them are upheld in their duties by a curious kind of loyalty, an indescribable devotion to the soil of their families. The sweating, toiling, struggling citizens of England and Germany value them for these qualities and, at each of the infinity of points at which the civil service touches their lives, accept its judgments. It would, of course, be grossly untrue to describe the British and German civil servants too rosily. Along with their admirable traits, they are most of them fussy, unimaginative, unsupple, and occasionally one turns up who is venal. But while Administrations rise and fall, while party politicians crowd into glamorous government posts, while party leaders, responsive to shifting pressures from the nation, decide the broad objectives of policy, the civil servants are the ones who, day by day, govern.

At its minimum, Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal means regulation, through the N. R. A., of business and industry, at least to the extent of preventing homicidal competition and of safeguarding workers and consumers; it



means regulation, through the A. A. A., of the farmers' production, his sales and markets; it means supervision, presumably through the Federal Trade Commission, of the country's capital investment, of its commercial banking and its stock exchanges. This is a task impossible with our traditional governmental personnel of political party workers. They are, as a class, in politics as an indolent means of livelihood, and their distinctive standards of integrity have entertained, and very rarely outraged, Americans since the founding of the country.

We have in America no hereditary land-owning class from which to recruit our New Deal civil service. Our nearest equivalent are the college professors, and the neutral professor in Washington is the element which will decide the New Deal's success or failure. Like the county families of England and the petty East Prussian nobility, the professors are in a sense above and outside the preoccupations and temptations of the rest of us. Their college posts establish them in the community, give them a sure livelihood, and in due time, presumably, a pension. Beyond this, they have, or are supposed to have,

a loyalty to scientific truth and to the scholar's way of life.

There was once a time in this country when we did have a class set apart, to whom others submitted their disputes without question. That class was the colonial ministers, particularly of New England. They were generally unconcerned with worldly things; they regulated their communities with a sterner hand than Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal is ever likely to employ, and they gave judgment according to the light they had. With all its sadistic barbarities, it is possible that the New England Puritan tradition represents the highest pitch to which the art of government has yet been carried on this hemisphere. The New England ministers have long since departed, but the college professors are their collateral heirs. If the Federal Government henceforth is to fix limits to the destructiveness of private competition and impose a peace of governmental regulation upon us, more and more college professors must go to Washington until, in the future, we shall succeed in building for ourselves a professional American civil service, supported by its own loyalties and tradition.



## The Lion's Mouth



BUMS' RUSH

BY JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

EVER since the depression the streets have been overrun with Social Investigators who have become bums *pro tem* in order to find out at first hand what it's all about. The newspapers and magazines have been equally overrun with articles concerning their experiences. The latest of these temporary tramps is David Binney Putnam, whose serial about his experiences has been appearing in a New York newspaper. After holding out for some time I decided to try it myself. Here is the true story:

Little did I dream when I first decided to become a Social Investigator what adventures awaited me. It was first of all necessary to look like a bum. "All you have to do," said my wife, "is to take that colored handkerchief out of your breast pocket." After I had done this I went out to see how much a bum could make by begging.

I had just solicited one man, who snarled, "Beat it, you dirty social investigator," when a dilapidated looking bum approached me. "How goes it, bo?" he inquired. I told him I had just started the day's work. He asked if I had had anything to eat, and when I said no, he offered to stake me to a meal. We went into a cheap restaurant. After we finished eating we be-

gan talking. He told me his story. I felt called upon to tell mine in return, so I made up a lot of lies about a father beating me, running away from home, and so on. Finally my new friend got up. "I'll have to hurry along," he said, "so that I can write down your story before I forget it. I'm not a bum at all," he explained, noticing my surprise, "I'm a social investigator."

By this time I was hungry again. So I went to a Bowery mission and sang for my dinner. I then went to the Bernarr Macfadden penny restaurant and did setting-up exercises for my supper. Here I ordered fourteen portions of stew. Numbers 1, 5 and 9 were very good. In order to win the confidence of the man on my left I gave him Nos. 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14. He smiled and said, "T'anks, bo." I then asked him how long he'd been on the bum. "I'm a social investigator myself," he replied, handing me back Nos. 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, and 13. He had already eaten No. 14, all except a small potato which had become lodged in a crack in the bowl. He thought it was his potato. (As a matter of fact it belonged to someone else, as I had noticed the potato in the crack before the bowl was filled.)

It was then time for bed. I like a sleeping place well ventilated, so decided to go to the Pennsylvania Station instead of to the Grand Central because the ceilings are higher and the air has more of a chance to circulate. I curled myself up on a bench in the waiting room, pulled the covers over me, set the alarm clock, and was soon



fast asleep. I was awakened at about three o'clock in the morning by something scratching at my leg. It was the cat! I had forgotten to put it out. I got up, carried it to the 31st Street door, and put it in the yard. I again awakened, shivering, at about five. Someone had opened the window in the south corridor. Once again I got up, put on my dressing gown and slippers, and closed the window, and slept soundly for the balance of the night. When the alarm clock went off it awakened the man sleeping on the seat next to me. "Say, bo," I inquired, all my social investigating instincts alert, "do you prefer the Pennsylvania or the Grand Central for sleeping?" He reached over his hand and grabbed mine. "I'm a social investigator too," he said, "let's have breakfast together." We breakfasted out of the same bean can with that easy camaraderie which makes social investigators' laboratories so clubby.

One of the tabloids which I picked up out of a trash can said that there was a considerable amount of unemployment. I decided to find out for myself by trying to get a job as a dishwasher. I went into a travel agency. "Do you need a dishwasher?" I inquired. The man said he did not. Successively I tried a haberdashery, a bowling alley, a theatrical agency, a railroad office, a barber shop, and a postoffice station. The result was the same everywhere. I had just about concluded that the rumors concerning unemployment were correct when, more in despair than with any hope of getting a job, I decided to try a restaurant. "Do you need a dishwasher?" I asked the proprietor. My heart leaped at his reply. "No," he said briefly.

Armed with this information I decided to try the bread line. It was excellent, running straight and true for two blocks, then turning left and going

directly to the place where the bread was located. As I walked down the line to take my place at the end I heard men everywhere asking questions of their neighbors: how did it feel to be a bum, how much money could they beg in a day, had they ever tried to get a job, and so on. I was too discouraged to go on as I realized that practically every man in the line was a social investigator.

That night I slept in a flop house in Delancy Street. It was on coming out in the morning that I found what I had been looking for for days—a *real bum*. He was lounging at the curbstone puffing at a corncob pipe. He was weatherbeaten and weary looking, his clothes were literally in tatters, and his face wore that expression of real sophistication which comes only from being thrown out on the world on one's own resources for many years. He looked forbidding, but I decided to try to draw him out.

It was well worth the effort. For an hour I listened entranced as he told me all about himself. His name was Mike Dolan, and he came from Amarillo, Texas. He had four brothers and five sisters, the family unbelievably poor, a drunken father who beat him, and a big brother who bullied him. For eleven years he had roamed the country, riding in box cars or on the rods, fighting with "shacks," as he called railroad brakemen, doing petty thieving and begging here and there, but never by any chance a stroke of work. "I went back to Eagle Pass a mont' ago," he said at the conclusion of his absorbing story, "an' the old burg ain't changed none since I run away more'n eleven—"

"Eagle Pass!" I exclaimed. "I thought you said Amarillo."

A faint blush appeared under his swarthy skin. "I may as well own up," he said. "I ain't a bum at all. I'm David Binney Putnam."



## LEFTWARD HO?

BY ROBERT HALE

NOWADAYS when I am not actually engaged in earning my living or in worrying about my collateral loan, I spend my time in thinking about the social order. It was not ever thus. I am one of those honest souls well characterized by Harold Laski as "stimulated to consider principle" only on the brink of an abyss. I dislike to think. Everyone does. It spoils most of the fun. I am by temperament and education a Tory. When the tension is sufficiently severe I can decide whether to make a game-going bid. Decisions graver than this I shun. My native bent is for agreeable food and attractive beverages in the homes of the affluent and the well-connected. But the circle of the affluent and the well-connected is now so grievously diminished that I am constrained to reflect about the causes which brought us to this pass. There is the further and more disconcerting fact that the well-connected have not uniformly been the well-behaved. There is the further and only slightly less disconcerting fact that the well-connected have not been very bright. In this respect they have something in common with the poor and the humble.

There is every reason why we—Tories and all—should do a little amateur thinking about the social order and no reason why we should hesitate about it. No professional thinking now being done about the social order—or none that has been brought to my attention—is so good as to keep us amateurs from competing in an all open

tournament. Rather the reverse. One of the few consolations I can find in thinking about the social order is that it is going to be finally settled by the amateurs and not by the professionals. I mean to keep my amateur standing.

When I set about to survey the social order I start with the New Righteousness. I like to lose myself in an umbilical contemplation of the major prophets of the New Righteousness. It may restore to me the grace I had outgrown. Youth, I learn, is the hope of the New Righteousness. The youth of our land have "little to unlearn of the hard and cynical habits of the past. . . . Their sensitive spirits catch the assurance that it is a new atmosphere in which we are living. They hope because they have not seen the blasting of hope."

I am not like that. I am a sinner born in corruption, unready to put on incorruption; and I have a submerged collateral loan. I once knew full many a roselipped maiden and many a light-foot lad who had little to unlearn of the hard and cynical habits of the past, and the first thing I knew they had collateral loans like myself and went broke like myself. It may have been the profit motive that got them. Along about 1925 they caught the assurance that it was a new atmosphere in which they were living. And now all they know is the hard and cynical habits of the past.

I am not so terribly young. I am old enough to have lived in several new atmospheres. My sensitive spirit first caught the assurance of a new atmosphere when Roosevelt (Theodore) busted the trusts and broke up boss rule forever with the direct primary. With the initiative and the referendum and the recall, he restored government to the People, to have and to hold forever. *Consule* Taft, that genial man, my sensitive spirit got a good rest. But in the next consulship, un-



der the evangelical influences of the New Freedom, the new atmospheres came thick and fast. My sensitive spirit caught the assurance of a new atmosphere when I went to France to make a world safe for democracy, to safeguard the rights of small nations everywhere, to promulgate and to apply the right of self-determination. It caught the assurance of a new atmosphere when I sat down at the Hotel Crillon, Paris, France, to scrap the old diplomacy, to achieve open covenants openly arrived at, to make a peace of justice on the basis of *die vierzehn Punkte—nur die vierzehn Punkte*. It caught the assurance of a new atmosphere when I came home and found that we had by constitutional inhibition forever banished the corrupting influence of alcohol from our social and economic life. I don't know so much about the end of Laissez Faire, but in those days I witnessed the salutary end of Laissez Boire. Once again, *consule* Coolidge, my sensitive spirit caught the assurance of a new atmosphere when I rose to affluence by a great appreciation in the value of my "sound common stocks" and I came to see that at last we were abolishing poverty.

So now I say God rest my sensitive spirit and give me for the nonce an atmosphere that is not new. Even if it means sacrificing youth, wouldn't it be a good thing to have some governmental ideas which would appeal to people even after they were completely grown up? I like my politicians with enough humor and enough sense of the hard realities of a sinful world to desist from the constant pursuit of these beautiful butterflies of sweet illusion.

There are admittedly embarrassments for the New Righteousness. We Tories are the worst. The President of the United States in filling positions "must often choose between compe-

tence on the one side and sympathy with his policies on the other. Often he has to select people in whom there is *more sympathy than competence*." (Italics ours.) It may be so. I know some banks in which the receivers were selected on the basis rather of sympathy than of competence. Sympathy, I mean, for the organization, not sympathy for the depositors. They are not so important as the moment "*in two and a half years when the great test before the electorate comes*." (Italics ours.) Reader, gentle or otherwise, does your sensitive spirit detect in this any reminder of the "hard and cynical habits of the past"?

No longer young, but still sensitive, my spirit ranges on for further assurances that it is a new atmosphere in which we are living—and finds it. Looking back, I remember hearing Professor Scott Nearing make a speech to us about the social order. He explained things with an admirable clarity. Under the profit system, a group of men having some money that they had been foolish enough to save—capital—get together and decide that they can build a blast furnace in, say, Gary, Indiana, and make more money with it—income or profit. This is our old friend the profit motive. These hard and cynical men take no cognizance of the social needs of Gary or the effect of a new blast furnace on the social order. Their insensitive spirits catch no assurances except those of the profit possibilities of the proposed blast furnace. They build the blast furnace. If they have planned wisely they make the profits. They and the holders of the first mortgage six per cent gold bonds. Otherwise it is just too bad.

With a planned economy it would certainly be nothing at all like that. The planning board would meet and decide whether we needed a new blast furnace and where to put one if necessary. They would have no

profit motive. Their sensitive spirits would catch no assurance but the greater social good. They would locate that blast furnace, Professor Nearing told us, with the same cold flawless logic that is employed to-day in locating a post office. Nothing would be considered but social and economic needs.

The simile was helpful, because only the day before I had had a delegation of citizens in my office talking to me about our new post office. You see—this was in the hard and cynical administration of Herbert Hoover—our efficient and enterprising Congressman had got the appropriation for a new post office to replace the outgrown marble building with Corinthian columns across the street from where I practice law. I never thought that the new post office was necessary. It seemed to me that we could do with an annex to the old. A new post office seemed to me much less important than reshingling the roof of my extremely modest summer home—a repair which I can't possibly afford. But that is individualism and another story. Anyway, our enterprising Congressman got the new post office, and a delegation of citizens came to talk to me about it. They represented a very important group of landowners and business men in the uptown section near State Street and they begged me to use my influence in Washington—my indubitably great influence in Washington—to bring the new post office into that neighborhood where it would so admirably serve the needs of the community in view of the city's growth to the westward and the shifting of the business center of the town. And so on. One of the most high-minded citizens even ventured to remind me—in the most delicate way, mind you—that my aunt had a large parcel of land near the proposed post office site, the value of which would undoubtedly be en-

hanced by the increase in business and the dignified development which would certainly ensue if the State Street location were chosen.

On the following day, the afternoon before Professor Nearing's talk, I had been waited on by another delegation of citizens who represented a very important group of landowners and business men in the downtown section near Federal Street and they begged me to use my influence in Washington—my indubitably great influence in Washington—to keep the new post office in the old neighborhood where it would so admirably serve the needs of the community and where it might be hoped to assist in arresting the unfortunate growth of the city westward with the consequent dislocation of real estate values and the great injustice to those who had done so much to develop the old business district. One of the most high-minded citizens even ventured to remind me—in the most delicate way, mind you—that the resort of clients to my own office might be very materially affected if the Federal Street location were rejected and the State Street location chosen.

As it happened, I just didn't use at all my great influence in Washington, and the expensive new post office found its way on to Park Avenue with a very expensive marble annex on Federal Street, which is still wholly unused some twelve months after completion. In the past, when habits were hard and cynical, they had different words for this sort of thing. But under the New Righteousness, the sensitive spirit catches the assurance that this is the restoration of prosperity by public works.

Well, that is mere nomenclature. What I wished to point out was the sharp difference between the hard and cynical greed of the profit-motive capitalists who put a blast furnace in Gary because they thought they could make



money out of it and the cold selfless precision of planning which built a post office (or offices) in my town with no thought of anything but social needs.

I have digressed a little but I trust not too impertinently from the social order. What we had in this country was called, for lack of better name, capitalist democracy. It still prevails in a developed form and under greater or lesser difficulties in England, France, Belgium, Holland, Scandinavia, and Switzerland and probably in other places as to which I am less well informed. The principal competing systems are Communism, Fascism, and other miscellaneous forms of autocracy, punctuated by occasional revolutions.

I have no concern with the ideologies of these competing forms of government and society—one must talk now about ideologies. Only I should suppose that any strong and able form of government resting on the general consent of the governed could get along without constantly having to tell its citizens how much they liked it.

When I look overseas to Berlin and observe a Ministry of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment, I just wonder. I should still wonder if the Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment styled himself by another name, like, say, Commissar of Education, or Secretary to the President. I should think it a bit odd if my wife were to post a daily communiqué at the breakfast table reminding me that I loved her madly and that our marriage was a perpetual beatitude. That is just the type of thing that a man—or a citizen—likes to discover all by himself. Otherwise you hurt his pride.

I wouldn't myself fancy any aspect of citizenship under an illiberal or unfree government. But I could endure almost any government in a cowering kind of way and in a sort of *c'est la*

*guerre* spirit so long as I didn't have to pretend that I liked it. We never pretended that we liked shellfire or being bombed by Gothas or even lice.

Do the American people want now a drastic change from their old ideologies and traditions? If they do, they ought to have it. I, even with my indubitably great influence at Washington, am not going to prevent our people from bolting to this, that, or the other form of alien social, political, or economic system if they want to bolt. Do they, or are they just milling about in bewilderment longing for prosperity and looking hopefully but without conviction now this way now that?

The Tories, I admit, haven't been very articulate or very constructive. When they just sit about and say, "Oh well, this is another depression and we have come through them before," they are disqualified before the opening round of the social order tournament, as far as I am concerned. When they shake their heads about "those radicals" in Washington and tremble because we recognized the Soviet Republic, they have done nothing but fear. When they say that the old order can never change because it is founded on unchanging human nature it is just another and a rather dreary piece of rationalization. But on the other hand, this seems to me fully as palatable as the broth that is thrown together with a little Sacco Vanzetti, a little Ontario Power Commission, some eloquence about the unemployed, and a flavoring of sneers about the profit motive. Plenty of people now are dishing up pottages like this and getting away with being great liberal thinkers.

The lamentable fact is that this country does need, as it hasn't in two generations, a new accession of solid, robust integrity. It needs it in high places and in low. The crisis in character is real and it has been desperate.

Such a crisis is not met by cheap denunciations of admittedly wicked men or by any such solemn priggishness as is now being gloriously indulged in quarters aspiring to influence. In all solemnity I rise to inquire whether anything now taking place in governmental circles is calculated to exalt morals, public or private, or to strengthen individual virility and honor. Because whatever the social order, character is the affair of the individual.

Speaking in behalf of former borrowers on high-grade marketable collateral, I am willing to offer to wear my loan as a scarlet letter up and down the streets of the New Jerusalem and to abide in meek silence the jeers of the blameless youths who hope because their hopes have never been blighted. But if I make of myself a burnt offering for blameless youth is it going to do any good?

If we are going to abolish the profit motive and the profit economy do let us do it in a manly and honest way and tell the people we are doing it. If we aren't going to abolish the profit motive and the profit economy, do let us allow *some* people—I don't care who—to make *some* profits and not look at them as if they were Samsons tugging at the pillars of society.

I have spent a lot of time reading the hospital records of our sick society, the fever charts, the urinalyses, the diagnoses, the prescriptions. Any number of highflown theories may have merit. But I'm not satisfied on all the evidence that anybody has proved anything more than the very obvious facts that we had a war which we couldn't possibly afford, that it raised utterly destructive nationalistic and other passions which we can't now allay, and that we followed it by the creation of an over-complicated debt structure which our financial and political lead-

ers and I along with them thought—with appalling stupidity—could be sustained.

No one, we are told, will go back to the old thinking since the "mandate of repudiation" in 1932. Before we talk too much about the mandate of repudiation, wouldn't it be nice for some of us to get together and decide just what it was that we repudiated? Did we mean to repudiate individualistic capitalism or individual initiative or the profit system or the democratic form of government or the federal constitution or what Mr. James Truslow Adams calls the American Dream? We repudiated Ivar Kreuger no doubt and Samuel Insull and a lot of bankers and people, like myself, who drag from out the harsh and cynical past a collateral loan. But did we repudiate my great (five times) grandfather who not so very long ago was taken into captivity by the Indians at the time they scalped his father at the Congregational meeting house at Kittery? He was an individualist but he never had a collateral loan. He never organized a holding company and he never permitted his directorates to interlock. Did we in 1932 repudiate that stout Tory, my own grandfather, whose income in good years would run as high as five hundred dollars? The farm was rocky but the benighted man never heard tell of federal aid for agriculture. He envisaged no salvation from making government complicated and expensive. Have we repudiated him or haven't we?

This is not a rhetorical question. I want an answer. If we have, we ought to be told. If we aren't told, I for one am going to get angry and I shan't care who knows it. If the deeds go beyond the mandate then in the hard and cynical days we used to have a word for it. What was that word now? Was it betrayal?





## *Editor's Easy Chair*



### NRA ME DOWN TO SLEEP

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

A DOCTOR writes from Texas to the Easy Chair that he has been looking over HARPER's for many a long month and has latterly become drowned or nearly so in criticisms, economics, and such like.

Is life as serious, he asks, as all this? Are we never to be joyous again? And he dismisses the idea that he cares much about the chance of a Japanese-Russian war, or has more than a casual interest in bloated bondholders, or thinks shouting of marital relations to the multitude particularly interesting. He has had to go back to Lamb, Hazlitt, and Montaigne, so he says, for acceptable reading.

Well, at this writing spring has come! For the moment the winter of our discontent does not hang around zero. It looks more as though life would go on and that our pleasure in it would find new demonstrations in the world about to be. Indeed, even in this last winter one could read in the papers of cheerful doings in Florida.

But, after all, the big things that are going on demand attention. We sit at the board, the dice are thrown, and we watch the throws and the throwers. We bet Mr. Roosevelt is right or wrong or that he will survive his mistakes. Hardly anyone bets that he won't survive them. Immense

changes seem to be going on in the occupation of earth by human beings. Possibly we are fooled in thinking they are so extraordinary, but "the usual" does not seem to be happening. Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, and they say it was because he had in mind to build a better one. No objection to our Texas friend's fiddling a bit! He can't help the case by being gloomy.

A Philadelphia lawyer, busy with clients affected by new plans for the transaction of business, finds his philosophy expressed in a new version of an old petition:

NRA me down to sleep  
I pray the Lord my codes I'll keep.  
If I should bust before I wake  
A.F.O.L. my plant will take.

That is the right spirit: cheerful resignation but not hopeless. Far from it; far from it! When we get out of the woods in a couple of years, the going, it seems, is to be smoother for some time to come. And meanwhile there is evidence that 1931 was low year, that we hit bottom at 1932, improved last year, and are moving steadily upgrade to a condition of comparative contentment.

ALL the same, the problem that occupies the contemporary mind to an enormous degree is how to get along on a reduced income. This

very morning headlines say the President asks ten per cent rise in pay and ten per cent shorter hours of labor. Splendid, if the paymasters can find the money; but can they? Shorter hours of labor can always be produced. The President wants to cure this condition of reduced income. Reductions almost universal run all the way down from affluence to a mere competence and from enough to live on to destitution. People accustomed to living on a certain economic level and who have had means to sustain themselves socially and fiscally on that plane are notable indeed if they can maintain a philosophic attitude in a reduction that drops them from the perch they are used to. But millions of people have had or are now having that experience and, of course, the great problem of government just now is to help them out of it if possible. Those who have been used to pay their bills and find that they can't do it any longer are pretty sure to run into debt before they stop. But there is a limit to how far they can subsist on credit. Some of them will ask themselves if it is necessary to keep alive. The answer to that is, yes; they should keep alive. They should not die by their own choice, because if they do they don't know what will happen to them next, and there are abundant grounds to believe that they will not like it. It is a duty to stay alive until one's summons comes outside of his own volition.

Then what is the problem? Enough food to sustain health, life, warmth, clothing, shelter—those are the basic necessities of the physical man. As much as that should be supplied if necessary and possible out of the public purse, and that it should be so supplied is at present the primary aim of government.

But after all, ours is not the only country in which this problem has had to be faced. Most of the others

have had it in turn—Austria, Germany, France, England, Russia, China. In a country where farmers are paid money not to plant full acreage and where the great fiscal trouble has been thought to be due to overproduction, feeding everybody ought to be comparatively easy, but it requires organization of distribution. There has to be somebody to hand out food to others, somebody to cook the food, somebody to make flour, cereals, all other things that support life. That distribution is going on at large expense, increasing the public debt. But what else is there to do?

There must be also proceeding a vast dislocation of people, from cities to the country presumably, and perhaps from cold regions to warmer ones. In the State of New York and the States near it a lot of the usual fruit seems to have been killed, the peaches, especially. We don't know yet where all that zero weather has left us. Sixty years ago and longer peaches were looked upon as a gamble, the crop depending upon the time and degree of the cold weather that they had to bear. This year it is said that even apple trees have been killed. However, that's only a detail of the problem of getting down to brass tacks and facing destitution.

Millions of people need help, many of them need it desperately. There are other millions who can get along with present strains and pinches, and a large proportion of them can do something for others if they will. Of course as taxpayers they will be the basis of what the government can do except that the government—that is, the Federal Government—has much more credit than anybody else and can run deeply into debt without submerging. But beyond that and between individuals, money is ceasing to be money and becoming food, clothes, warmth, and such things



which pass from hand to hand without creating obligation.

OUR greater newspapers are confronted by a highly diversified collection of readers. The more startling news of the day, whatever it is, appeals to pretty much everyone, and you have it on the front page. If something remarkable has happened, as when the good King Albert fell and died, or the big storm held up railroad traffic, everyone is interested. There is a volume of normal news that gets general attention because it is generally interesting. Beyond that on the inside pages there are, of course, the advertisements, to which all well-wishers of newspapers take off their hats; an assortment of news for different groups of readers; the foreign news—what the Nazis are doing—what the Austrians are doing—whether the prospects of a war in Asia are brighter or less so; the columns of lighter remarks; the sporting news, the theatrical news, the book news, the stock market news, the real estate market news, and the editorial page. A large company will read the stock-exchange reports; another will read about sports and another about the theater, still another about books, and selected groups of readers will read codes and the details of the efforts of the administration to make all things work together for good. All that means that you have to skip a lot in a newspaper in order to get along with it at all. Probably everybody skips the codes except persons affected by them, and so with all the other departments. Persons interested in foreign affairs and finance could skip the theaters, the movies, and sports.

One observes that pictures are an increasingly notable detail of the news. They are very informing, easy to read, can be looked at quickly, tell more in the same space of time than

most of the print does. And perhaps it is because they count for so much that so many papers print so many pictures of the domestic fluctuations of the movie people, the attachments they form and the detachments that eventuate pretty regularly. One may ask what do these girls and these fellows matter? In their private lives how many of them have any characters, how many of them have any particular reputation? Those that have reputation as orderly persons, are they careful of it? Consider Douglas Fairbanks mixed up with the British nobility and considerably speckled as a result of it. One could have spared those headlines and many others. The bandit, bank-robber, kidnaping, and jail-breaking stories are better reading. Detective stories from current life run nowadays in every issue of every newspaper, and they are not bad reading and not unwholesome.

TO ANOTHER line of popular literature there is more objection. The newsstands have been cleaned up. So far as they were concerned March came in like a lion. Stimulated by Father McCaffrey, Chaplain of the Police Department; and back of him by Mons. Lavelle, Vicar General of the R. C. Diocese of New York and rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral; and back of him by Cardinal Hayes in a pastoral letter against immoral publications, and back of him by the Holy Father in Rome, Paul Moss, Commissioner of Licenses, prohibited the sale and display of fifty-nine magazines and illustrated papers from licensed newsstands, and Police Commissioner O'Ryan instructed Chief Inspector Valentine to see that the prohibition is carried out.

Oh, well! Quite likely the newsstands will be none the worse for some deflation though some of the publishers of banished magazines object. If

the cleansing goes too far it can doubtless be abated sufficiently. Whether it will do any good or not is another matter. Literature can be sold in Paris that cannot be openly sold in New York, and one would hardly say that Paris is any better off for the increased freedom in the matter. And there is Judge Woolsey to fall back on if the strings here are drawn too tight.

The clean-up is probably timely and is likely to be useful, but evidently it proceeds from the celibate mind, and the celibate mind in these matters that concern sex can hardly be regarded as sufficiently up to date to be trusted with the police power. Consider, for instance, Mons. Lavelle, Rector of St. Patrick's, as before said, who is quoted as saying that he made a trip to Boston to learn how it was that censorship of books could be enforced there. He probably discovered, though he does not say so, by calling on Cardinal O'Connell, who would be apt to know.

A very successful book in current literature is *Anthony Adverse*, which has sold something over three hundred thousand copies and is still selling. Mons. Lavelle has read it, so he says, and calls it the rottenest book he ever handled. He sent his copy to be burned in the furnace. It will be news to persons who have not read it that this very popular story is so objectionable, and many new readers may want to see what ails it. Father Lavelle was quoted as saying, "There was no kind of wickedness that Anthony Adverse did not investigate." Perhaps that is why it has sold so big. People good and bad have always been interested in wickedness. There is a lot about it in the Bible and full candor in narrating cases, and the Bible is the leading best seller of all time.

In the matter of clothes there has been something approaching a revolution. In the 19th century clothes

were not only well thought of and bountifully provided but looked upon as necessary to propriety, particularly for women. To go round half naked was something that was not done. People felt about it much the same as doubtless Father Lavelle does now. This writer also, being born about the middle of the 19th century, shudders a bit at the degree of nakedness that goes on, and though interested is not unaffected by a feeling that he ought not to be. The younger generation are growing up with very different traditions from Father Lavelle and the present writer. See the daily paper pictures of what the young ladies of high fashion wear or don't wear on the sun-beaches of Florida. Amazing! But, after all, the youngsters may be right. Among the publications to be removed from the newsstands was the monthly publication of the Nudists. Now there is nothing bad about that except that the Nudists go naked. The old notion that clothes were part of the Christian religion has weakened a great deal. It has been discovered that it is more a matter of climate than of piety, and that in some climates the natives are healthier, cleaner, and just as good if they go naked. Missionaries have made this discovery. Clothes are a convention but, of course, they are related to climate and to style. They are not going to pass out of use, not in this climate, but they have diminished for women from two-thirds to three-quarters in the last fifty years and most of the change has been good. The Greeks were more or less indifferent to clothes. The Japanese were very indifferent to nakedness, perhaps are still so unless they have been corrupted by Western manners. That seems nearer to the ideal state than too much reverence for clothes, but still, for us at least, nudity will continue to have limits. The textile interests will hope so.











